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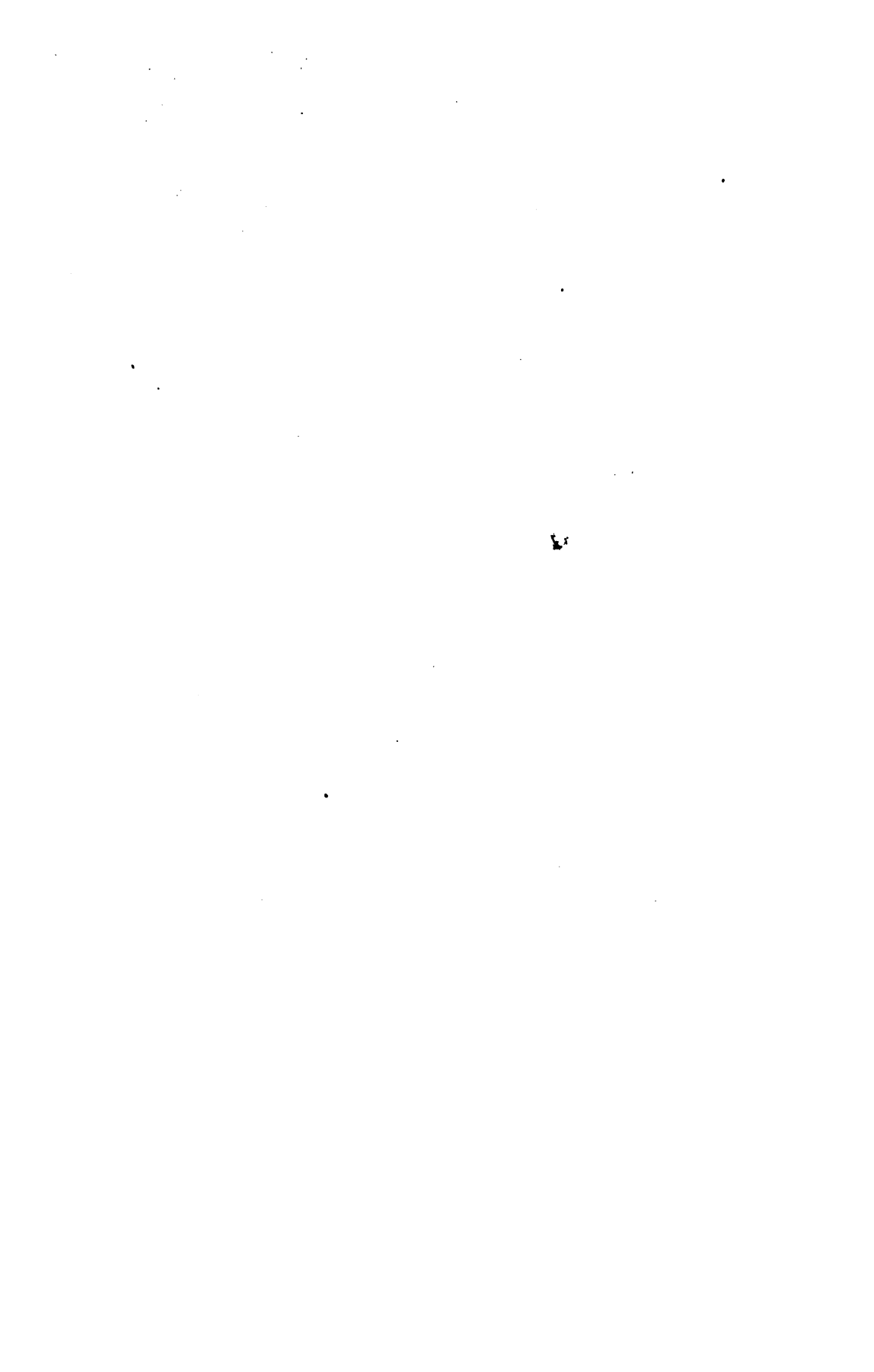
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THE ROMAN CHILDREN.

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MAN AND SCIENCE: A REPLY TO TYNDALL.*

BY CHARLES ELAM, M.D.

WHEN the history of modern thought comes to be written in the future, nothing will appear more remarkable to the student of these times than the great divergence, or rather the irreconcilable antagonism, between the utterances of philosophy and the revelations of exact science. That philosophy should transcend science, that it should be something more than a summary of results, is too evident even to require admission; that it should be in absolute contradiction to these results, that it should set aside or distort the most familiar facts, the best established data of science, will scarcely be claimed by its most ardent votaries. Is this the case?

What is philosophy? *'It is the systematisation of the conceptions furnished by science.* As science is the systematisa-

tion of the various generalities reached through particulars, so philosophy is the systematisation of the generalities of generalities. In other words, science furnishes the knowledge, and philosophy the doctrine.' What is truth? 'It is the correspondence between the order of ideas and the order of phenomena, so that the one becomes a reflection of the other—the movement of thought following the movement of things.' For practical purposes, nothing more clear or comprehensive can be required than these definitions, which are given by Mr. Lewes in the preface to his *History of Philosophy*.

The knowledge referred to is defined as arising from the 'indisputable conclusions of experience;' and the domain of philosophy is thus limited:—'Whilst theology claims to furnish a system of religious conceptions, and science to furnish conceptions of the order of the

* Prof. Tyndall's Birmingham Address, to which this is a reply, appeared in the *ECLECTIC* for January, 1878.—ED.

world, philosophy, detaching their widest conceptions from both, furnishes a doctrine which contains an *explanation of the world and of human destiny.*'

In furnishing this explanation, has our modern philosophy been subject to these limitations? Has she been content to generalise the 'indisputable conclusions of experience'? Or has she wildly plunged into the ocean of reckless conjecture, and with worse than Procrustean intolerance lopped, stretched, and mutilated the well-known facts of science, in the vain attempt to adapt them to the exigencies of a foregone conclusion? A glance at the diverging views taken by philosophy and science in the domain of biology will answer these questions.

What does *science* teach us as to the origin of life and living organisms? Professor Tyndall, in the January number of this Review, demonstrates in the most forcible, clear, and logical manner that 'life does not appear without the operation of antecedent life.' Philosophy, on the same authority, tells us that there is no difference in kind between organic and inorganic nature, that the sun is the source of life, and that 'if solar light and heat can be produced by the impact of dead matter, and if from the light and heat thus produced we can derive the energies which we have been accustomed to call vital, it indubitably follows that vital energy may have an approximately mechanical origin.'* And we are assured that nature is constant and uniform in her operations, and that 'life in all its forms has arisen by an unbroken evolution and through the instrumentality of what are called natural causes.'†

With respect to the infinitely varied forms of animals and vegetables, science tells us that neither by observation nor by experiment has the phenomenon of transition from one species to another been witnessed, and that therefore the 'indisputable conclusion of experience' is that the *physiological* characters of species are absolutely constant. Philosophy 'generalises' this statement by setting it aside altogether, teaching us that these characters are plastic, that species are not fixed, but always becoming some-

thing else, and that all living beings have been derived from one or a few original forms of the simplest kind.

As to the highest study of the philosopher, the nature and origin of man, science teaches us that whilst he approaches the higher animals in many details of his organisation, his essential nature is entirely apart from theirs; that he possesses faculties and endowments of which no germ or trace is found even in the highest brutes, which differ not in degree only but in kind from theirs—that between them and him there is a 'vast chasm,' a 'practically infinite divergence,'* a gulf bridged over by no known living or extinct forms, the boundaries of which cannot be approximated even in thought. *Philosophy* tells us that man is but the latest term in an *unbroken evolution* (!) from the nebular haze until now—an evolution effected without 'the intervention of any but what are termed secondary causes'†—the direct descendant of a catarrhine ape.

Why do so many amongst us believe in these things, that have neither truth nor verisimilitude to recommend them, that are supported by no phenomena in nature, and are opposed to all the known facts of science? Why do we give ourselves over, bound mind, soul, and conscience, to accept anything that 'is told us with sufficient confidence and iteration? Why cannot we look sometimes with our own eyes, and not always accept the testimony of others? When we are told, *ex cathedra*, that the 'mystery and miracle of vitality' consists in the 'compounding in the organic world of forces belonging equally to the inorganic,' it is surely competent to us to inquire further about this compounding, viz., *what* forces are compounded, what amounts of each, and what resemblance to vital force we can produce by any such artificial compounding. If, in reply to this, we can get nothing but vague generalities as to what might possibly occur under unknown conditions, it might be wise at least to suspend our judgment, in this as in the other innumerable instances where our philosophy (so called) is at issue with science.

* *Fragments of Science*, p. 460.

† *Ibid.* p. 507.

* Prof. Huxley's *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 103.

† *Ibid.* p. 108.

But in truth we are victims to the art of phrasing. 'Men believe,' says Bacon, 'that their reason governs their words; but it often happens that words have power to react upon reason.' Aristotle said that 'Nature abhors a vacuum,' and the phrase stood in the place of pneumatic science for well nigh two thousand years. Some of our modern philosophers have said 'Evolution, Natural Selection, Survival of the Fittest,' &c.; and the phrases are so much to the taste of many, both of those who understand them and those who do not, that they will probably represent, and obstruct the progress of, true biological science for an indefinite time.

The contradictions, however, between science and philosophy, are not only natural but inevitable, if we consider that exact science is chiefly a product of modern times, and represents the results of long-continued and patient labor and investigation; whilst what is presented to us as philosophy is borrowed wholesale from a period more than twenty centuries past, when physical science *was not*, in any proper sense of the term, and when natural phenomena were quite secondary in importance to the teaching of men.

In that very amusing and suggestive child's book, *Alice through the Looking-Glass*, there is a nightmare kind of vision of a headlong race between Alice and the 'Red Queen' to 'reach the eighth square,' in which, after long running, so fast that the wind whistled in poor Alice's ears and almost 'blew the hair off her head,' they find themselves in exactly the same place whence they seemed to start, it appearing from the Red Queen's explanation that in her country 'it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place.' Some of our modern philosophers have beaten these runners all to nothing; for in their breathless race for the eighth square of popularity and paradox, they have run so very fast that they have landed themselves, high and dry, about two thousand years backwards in the philosophy of Democritus and Epicurus.

It scarcely requires noting, that philosophy is neither better nor worse for being old, providing that it fulfils its *raison d'être*; but from this position there follows one curious result, viz., that phi-

losophy, instead of being the final preter of science, is entirely independent of it; hence the contradictions; to; hence also the utter poverty and barrenness of a philosophy so constituted.

Pereant, qui ante nos nostra di-
When the learned and modest Dr. Jenner announced as one of the grand modern discoveries, as yet only to himself and a very few elect, that matter could neither be created nor destroyed,* he forgot, or perhaps never known, that this position has been the common and undisputed property of the world ever since the days of Pythagoras of Elea. When Professor Clerk Maxwell says that the universe consists 'of ether and matter, and that there is no room for ghosts,'† he only modernises the teaching of Democritus, that 'nothing but atoms and empty space; all only opinion.'‡ When Professor Tyndall sees in matter 'the promise and tendency of all terrestrial life,'§ he sees what all the early atomists, Anaxagoras saw, or thought the same. When Professor Huxley makes the worthy discovery that the eye was made 'for the purpose of enabling an animal possessing it to see,'|| he is at least supported by the ancient authority of Epicurus, who held that the eye was not made for seeing, nor the ear for hearing, but that having been developed by chance, the soul could not help them for these purposes.¶ When Mr. Darwin propounded the doctrine of *natural selection*, he did more than reproduce, with striking originality of phrase, the ideas enunciated by Empedocles** above two thousand years ago.

But modern materialists and evolutionists claim to have *proved* what

* *Force and Matter*, chap. ii.

† *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1874.

‡ See Lange's *History of Materialism*, § Belfast Address.

§ *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 305.

¶ See Enfield's *History of Philosophy*.

** 'What Darwin, relying upon a want of positive knowledge, has achieved for our generation, Empedocles offered to the thinkers of antiquity—the simple and striking thought that adaptations preponderate in nature, just because it is their nature to perpetuate themselves, while what is long since perished.'—Lange, *op. cit.*

cients only *conjectured*. 'The naturalist,' says Dr. Büchner, '*proves* that there are no other forces in nature beside the physical, chemical, and mechanical.' Once for all, it cannot be too clearly understood that this claim is utterly without foundation. No vestige of what can fairly be considered *proof* of the doctrines of materialism and evolution has ever been offered. Now, as two thousand years ago, they rest only upon arbitrary assumption and conjecture. And as to this, it may be permitted to make one passing protest. It seems somewhat hard on those who seek truth for its own sake, wherever it is to be found, to be so urgently, even clamorously, called upon, under heavy and mysterious penalties, to believe in a certain doctrine, apparently for no other reason than that it is unsupported by evidence and insusceptible of demonstration. As Mr. Lewes observes concerning metaphysic, 'it is not verifiable, therefore not refutable.'* *Credo quia impossibile est*. Nothing can surpass the credulity of some modern philosophers. The speculations of Empedocles were sufficiently justifiable; they dealt vaguely only with the 'infinite possibilities' of mechanical events: '† but in these latter days, when inductive reasoning of the sternest kind is supposed to be indispensable in science, it seems almost too monstrous to be believed, that the entire science of organic ontology should be based upon a principle, or rather a phrase, which receives illustration from no one solitary fact or observation in the entire domain of natural history or palæontology.‡

By the latest conclusions of the doctrines of evolution, the important questions concerning man's origin, nature, and destiny are supposed to be finally and definitively answered. As to his origin, he is *proximately* the lineal descendant of some extinct ape; *generally*

he is the result of the 'interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past'—the latest link in an unbroken chain of mechanical development from *cosmic gas* to the *protogenes*, from the *protogenes* to 'our wormy ancestors,' † from these to the *ascidian*, and thence to the *anthropoid apes*—Q.E.D. The destiny of the *race* is not established with absolute certainty; it may dwindle to insignificance, like the gigantic reptiles of the sandstone epoch, or it may disappear altogether, to be replaced by some unknown and higher order of intelligence. The destiny of the *individual*, however, is obviously to be decomposed into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia—to be 'resolved into the infinite azure,' and to be known no more—to have no more future personal existence than a consumed candle.

Assuming these positions, our knowledge of man's nature and of his relations to the universe and his immediate environment follows naturally, logically, and of necessity. From mechanical interactions nothing can result but mechanical forces or energies. Man, being the product of mechanical force, can only represent a unit in 'the great series of causes and effects which, in unbroken continuity, composes that which is, and has been, and shall be, the sum of existence.' ‡ In fine, he is a machine, an automaton, with no more real control over his actions than has the planet over its motion around the sun,—with no more responsibility, for good or for evil, than a steam-engine or a galvanic battery.

But at this point an objector, startled by the enormity of the conclusion to which he has been led by an apparently scientific train of argument, may say: 'We all *know* that this is not true; therefore there is something wrong in your premises or your conclusions. We know that we *can* exercise a choice between two or more lines of conduct, that we are not always and irresistibly impelled by our organic tendencies or by surrounding circumstances. We know further that we *can elect* to act in direct *opposition* to these by a determined effort

* *History of Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 749.

† See Lange, *op. cit.* p. 13.

‡ We have certainly heard recently a good deal about the pedigree of the horse as furnishing a *complete demonstration* of the truth of the doctrine of evolution. It is not possible at present to enter upon this subject, further than to say that, however much one may admire, one can scarcely envy the contented state of mind that can be satisfied with such demonstration as this.

* *The Belfast Address*.

† Haeckel's *Anthropogenia*, Vortrag, xvii.

‡ Prof. Huxley, in *Fortnightly Review*, November 1874, p. 577.

of the will ; and that we can make this effort from what is called *motive*, because such an act is what we call *right*, and such another is what we call *wrong*. All this we know with a certainty that does not appertain to any of our convictions otherwise derived. We should distrust every evidence of sense rather than this fundamental intuition ; and we are ready to put this conviction to any test that you can suggest.' To which the philosopher replies : ' In a certain sense all this is true ; for instance, " the united voice of this assembly could not persuade me that I have not, at this moment, the power to lift my arm if I wish to do so. . . . But what about the origin of the *wish* ? " * Your *will*, as you call it, is but the symbol of the last position before action of certain molecules, which point to a certain course of conduct, just for the same reason that the hands of a clock point to the given hour, viz., because the clock was wound up and constructed to do this ; and " my physical and intellectual textures were woven *for* me, not *by* me. " † It is then evident that there is no thoroughfare in this direction ; nevertheless, the last word has not yet been said, as will shortly appear.

The history of this question is deserving of a moment's attention. About two hundred and fifty years ago, when physiology as a science of accurate observation could scarcely be said to exist, Descartes, an illustrious mathematician and an original metaphysical thinker, enunciated certain loose opinions as to the 'souls' of animals, in following out which he came to the conclusion that brutes had neither the capacity of thinking nor feeling ; that they did not eat because they were hungry, or evince signs of pain because they were hurt, or pursue their prey because they saw it, or perceived it by any sense ; but that all their actions were automatic, merely those of a cunningly constructed machine, and were attended by neither perception nor sensation.

The 'method' of Descartes was essentially *subjective*, and deductive, when not mathematical. He did not so much observe nature, and carefully analyse the

phenomena, as attempt to deduce those phenomena from the *a priori* requirements of his own consciousness. Thus ' to define the idea of God, and hence to construct the world—not to contemplate the world, and thence infer the existence of God—was the route he pursued. ' * It seems to have been the same in his biological speculations. He started from a foregone conclusion as to what ' the animal spirits arising in the heart ' ought to do under undefined circumstances ; and thence he inferred the nature of animal life. As might be supposed, all this was of no scientific value ; and, indeed, neither his contemporaries nor his immediate followers laid any stress upon this part of his philosophy. For the most part, it is omitted from the notices of his life and works ; or, if alluded to, it was considered in the light of an eccentricity of genius. Most probably, however, Descartes was only solemnly amusing himself with one of those subtle dialectic exercises which before his time were in such favor with the schools, just as the gravest mathematicians will occasionally demonstrate the impossible results that may be obtained from the manipulation of some algebraic quantities. †

Be this as it may, it would appear that some years ago Professor Huxley had taken these lucubrations *au grand sérieux*, and made them the text of sundry addresses, whereby the 'weathercock heads among us' (I borrow his own phrase ‡) have been much exercised. Weathercock heads indeed, that can be blown about by such feeble winds of doctrine as Evolution, Automatism, and Natural Selection ! In 1869, the learned Professor wrote thus :—

As the ages lengthen the borders of physicalism increase. . . . Even theology in her purer forms has ceased to be anthropomorphic, however she may talk. Anthropomorphism has taken stand in its last fortress—man himself. But science closely invests the walls, and philosophers gird themselves for battle upon the last and greatest of all speculative problems—Does human nature possess any free volitional or truly anthropomorphic element, or is it only the cunningest of all nature's clocks ? Some, among whom I count

* Lewes, *op. cit.* vol. ii. p. 153.

† *E.g.* vanishing fractions, as $\frac{x^2-1}{x-1}$, the value of which may be finite, infinite, or nothing, according to their treatment.

‡ *American Addresses, &c.*, p. 147.

* 'Science and Man,' in *Fortnightly Review*, November 1877, p. 609.

† *Ibid.*

myself, think that the battle will forever remain a drawn one, and that for all practical purposes this result is as good as anthropomorphism winning the day.*

Well, the Philosophers (as they term themselves) did gird themselves, and went forth to the battle, with the truly noble aim of reducing man to the dynamic dimensions of a clock. The attack was made in many different columns, and upon various points of the fortress; and the most flaming bulletins were from time to time issued, describing their successes. The confidence of the besiegers grew stronger, until from a 'drawn battle' they began to claim an absolute victory. I have heard skilful chess-players say that nothing is more dangerous than to attempt to win a drawn game, as it almost always results in utter ruin. It would appear to be the same in materialistic polemics. One of these columns, which may be distinguished as the 'Protoplasm' division, advanced to the attack with the loudest war-cries and much martial music. But the leader was smitten in full career by a 'smooth stone from the brook,' disguised as a scientific fact, from the sling of an obscure warrior, which sank into his forehead—he murmuring only that his opponent was not only uneducated in the science of projectiles, but had not 'even reached that state of emergence from ignorance, in which the knowledge that such a discipline is necessary dawns upon the mind.'† Since that time little has been heard of this detachment, and until very recently the other columns have exercised more discretion in their advances. Lately, however, the automatism of human nature, and the consequent irresponsibility of man, have been formulated in more distinct and positive terms; and we are told, in language so plain as to prevent any possibility of misapprehension, that we have no such thing as *volition*. Professor Huxley states that 'there is no proof that any state of consciousness is the cause of change in the matter of the organism'‡ and that 'the feeling we call *volition* is *not* the cause of a voluntary act, but the symbol of that

state of the brain which *is* the immediate cause of that act.' In like manner Professor Tyndall says: 'I have no power of imagining states of consciousness interposed between the molecules of the brain, and influencing the transference of motion among the molecules; these states of consciousness being further described as merely '*by-products*' which are not essential to the physical process going on in the brain.'*

All which translated into the vernacular amounts to this. A speaker in an assembly, or a discord in a concert, disturbs me, and to escape the unpleasant sensation I leave the room, and I *think* I do so of my own free will.

'No,' says the modern philosopher, 'you are quite mistaken. You *say* you have a sensation, and I cannot absolutely deny it, but this sensation has nothing whatever to do with your action—neither has what you *think* to be your volition. The brain acts automatically in causing you to leave the room, and what you are pleased to consider your sensation and volition are only delusive *by-products* that have no influence on the action.'

I can but reply: 'Many thanks for the information, but I *know* by daily and hourly experience that of several courses open to me I *can* select one and reject the others, and I offer to submit this faculty to any test you can suggest. He discovers only, who *PROVES*; and unless you can prove the evidence of my senses and of my fundamental intuitions to be a perpetual lie, I must decline to accept the conclusion. Permit me to ask if common sense is finally and for ever excluded from the domain of philosophy?'

Nevertheless it must be conceded that this is not a complete answer to our philosopher. Doubtless theology has something to say on the question, ethics more, and common sense most of all; yet when all these have said their last word, science will claim, and most justly claim, to pronounce the final verdict on this as on every question relating to the nature and constitution of man. But if we are called upon to relinquish not only every form of religious belief, but all the principles upon which society and its laws have been founded, and the most deeply rooted and fundamental in-

* 'The Scientific Aspects of Positivism,' *Lay Sermons*, &c., p. 164.

† See a *Lecture on the Study of Biology*, by Prof. Huxley, in *Nature*, January 11, 1877.

‡ *Fortnightly Review*, November 1874, p. 577.

* *Fragments of Science*, p. 561.

tutions of our consciousness, we on our part have the right to claim that the science in the name of which these requirements are made shall be sternly accurate in fact, rigid in method, cogent and conclusive in logic. To inquire if these conditions have been and are fulfilled, is my object in the remainder of this essay. And first as to Method.

It is not easy to construct a *definition* of scientific *method* in the abstract that shall be free from all objection ; it is, however, perfectly easy to understand what this method ought to be practically, by considering a few concrete instances.

While investigating the spectrum of a certain seleniferous deposit in 1861, Mr. Crookes noticed 'a single sharp and brilliant green line,' differing essentially from any line before observed. Had he been addicted to loose generalisation, instead of being a careful observer, he might have reasoned in this wise :—This line has never been seen in the spectrum of any substance before examined, and I cannot reproduce it by the use of any one or any combination of these. But *as I know* that there are only (about) sixty elements, and that of these the whole world is composed, it *must* be due to some of them influenced by unknown and unknowable conditions.' This would naturally close the investigation. Instead of this, Mr. Crookes adopted the *scientific method* of recognising that new phenomena implied new elements of causation. He said : '*There is something else* here, that I have not known before—what is it ?' This resulted in the discovery of a new metal, thallium. The same *method* applied by Bunsen, Richter, and others, led to the discovery of several other new metals, Osmium, Cæsium, Indium, and Rubidium, thus greatly enlarging our knowledge of elementary bodies.

About thirty years ago Leverrier and Adams observed certain perturbations in the motions of the planet Uranus, which they could not trace to the influence of the other known planets. They did not say 'Our system *consists only* of the sun and seven primary planets ; therefore these perturbations are due to some of these under *undefined conditions*.' They said '*There is something else*—what is it ?' Following out this thought by per-

haps the most beautiful train of investigations ever effected, they were enabled almost at the same time to direct a telescope to that point in the heavens where was found the disturbing element, the new planet Neptune.

To come nearer to the subject—the phenomena of light are known to be due to certain motions, tremors, undulations, or vibrations ; and where motion is there must be *something* that moves. What is that something ? Sound is also due to movements of a somewhat similar character ; but in this case there is a *material* something, the air, or some other elastic substance, which vibrates. Undulations of *air* will not account for the phenomena of light, nor will any form of motion of any of the ponderable matters with which we are acquainted. Do we then say, in disregard of the evidence, that light *is* due to the vibrations of ponderable matter, because there is *nothing else* in the universe ? No ; to account for the phenomena we hypothesise a medium possessed of such attributes as will meet the requirements—we imagine an almost infinitely elastic substance filling stellar space, through which the pulses of light make their way. This ETHER not only fills space, but penetrates and surrounds the very atoms of solid and liquid substances ; its motions are the light of the universe, yet it is itself invisible. It is imponderable and impalpable, it cannot be isolated, nor condensed, nor attenuated, nor exhausted, nor excluded from any space. It is of almost infinite tenuity, and yet in its properties it is more like a solid or a jelly than a gas.

Why do we believe in the existence of this ether, a substance with such contradictory and inconceivable if even not impossible properties ? We cannot demonstrate its presence, we know nothing of its essential nature. But we do know that we meet with a whole world of phenomena that cannot be rationally attributed to any form, combination, or operation of ordinary matter ; we know also that where there is a phenomenon there is a something underlying it, which possesses properties competent to produce it. If ordinary ponderable matter will not account for the phenomena, we infer that *there is something else*, and we ask, 'What is it ?' *Provisionally* we an-

swer, it is the ether, with such and such properties. This appears to be a truly philosophic *method*.

But in advancing to the study of the energies of organised, living matter, we meet with certain phenomena differing most widely from, and in many cases directly opposed to, the forces or energies with which we are acquainted in the inorganic world—undulations, vibrations, motions, special selective powers, to say nothing of more obscure, complicated, or exalted manifestations. Observation and experiment alike declare that no arrangement or combination of any of those matters or forces which we call inorganic will produce these effects; and they have this further specific distinction, that they are *never* originated, by nature or art, except in the presence and with the concurrence of previously living matter. Yet our philosophers are content to assert that life is but 'the compounding in the organic world of forces belonging equally to the inorganic.' If we inquire *what* forces these are, and *how* they are compounded, where and by what agency, we ever and utterly fail to get any reply, unless it be in the form of a monotonous repetition of the same assertion, or a vague statement that the sun is the source of life.

When a mathematician or a physicist speaks of a *resultant force*, he is prepared to define the forces and their 'dimensions' by the composition of which this resultant force appears. When a chemist affirms a certain compound body, X, to be formed by the compounding of elements, A, B, and C, in definite proportions, he is expected to be able to justify his position both by analysis and synthesis, to show that these elements, and these only, exist in the compound, and that by bringing these together, under given conditions, he can produce the compound. Supposing it to be demonstrated to him that no possible combination of these elements has ever been known to produce any substance in the least degree resembling X, what would become of his scientific reputation if he still persisted in affirming, without offering any evidence whatever, that the composition was as first stated? And would it at all add to the dignity of his position to bring imputations of ignorance

and incapacity against his opponent? * It is sufficiently evident that neither mathematics nor chemistry would be tolerated for a moment which did not fulfil rigorously these conditions. Yet in biological science it would appear competent to any one to say anything whatever, with a certainty of its being accepted as truth, only provided that it is sufficiently at variance with well-known facts and principles. Of this I can give no more striking illustration than the following wild passage from the most illustrious *monist* of the day:—

Such events as the origin and formation of the organs of the senses present to the eye of the understanding, guided by the light of evolution, no more difficulties than the explanation of any ordinary physical processes, such as earthquakes, winds, or tides. By the same light we arrive at the very weighty conviction that all the natural bodies with which we are acquainted are *equally living*, and that the distinction which has been held as existing between the living and the dead does not really exist. When a stone which is thrown into the air falls again to the earth according to definite laws; when a crystal is formed from a saline fluid; when sulphur and mercury unite to form cinnabar; these facts are neither more nor less mechanical life phenomena than the growth and flowering of plants, than the propagation and sensory faculties of animals, or the perceptions and intelligence of man.†

This is a most attractive programme, and one full of interest and promise: unfortunately nothing is effected here or elsewhere towards completing the 'explanation.' It is asserted again and again that life is but mechanical force, and that soul and spirit and thought are but higher manifestations of the same; but no attempt, even the feeblest, is ever made to justify the wild assumption, or to show how mechanical force can be conceived as representing or producing either life or thought.‡

Advancing to the higher functions of life and mind, we find it all but universally recognised that the connection of these with physics and physical processes is 'unthinkable,' and that there is a vast chasm between the two classes of phe-

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that there is no reference here to Professor Tyndall, who is ever courteous to friend and foe in scientific controversy.

† *Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte*. By Dr. Ernst Haeckel, 6th edition, p. 21.

‡ *Winds of Doctrine*, p. 105.

nomena which must ever remain intellectually impassable. In the *Fortnightly Review* for November 1875, Professor Tyndall quotes and adopts the words of Du Bois Reymond to the effect that '*it is absolutely and for ever inconceivable that a number of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen atoms should be otherwise than indifferent as to their own position and motion, past, present or future,*' and adds that 'the continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. . . is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split, whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind.'

Having arrived at so formal a recognition as this, that certain phenomena cannot rationally be attached to material agencies, we might naturally expect, on the *scientific method*, to be told that *there is something else* that is not matter, and to hear the inquiry *What is it?* perhaps to be followed by an introduction to a world of mind. But the method hitherto followed is here quite discarded, and we are told that it is all matter, 'THERE IS NOTHING ELSE; for I discern in matter the *promise and potency of all terrestrial life*'*—to say the least, a very remarkable corollary to what has gone before.

But leaving the question of *method*, I come now to the more important inquiry as to the accuracy of the *facts* of the science in the name of which such serious demands are made upon our belief. If it be true that man is an automaton, and therefore irresponsible, the position must be capable of scientific demonstration; and this demonstration must be founded upon a solidarity obtaining between the phenomena of force acting in the inorganic world, and those developed in or by organic tissue or muscle. This line of argument has been adopted by Professor Tyndall in his now famous Birmingham address, the general character of which cannot be better described than by quoting the leading article of the *Times* of October 2:—

Everything is made clear as the lecturer proceeds; everything is illustrated in the concrete. The general balance of the forces of nature, the laws of heat and motion, the methods by which impressions are conveyed to the supreme centre and orders sent off cor-

responding to them, are all set forth with a fulness and lucidity which seem to leave nothing to be desired. Then suddenly, and without a word of warning, our guide turns upon us. All the early words which we have been innocently drinking in are intended, we are duly shown, to bring us face to face with the problem of free will and necessity. Which side we are to take is already settled for us by our previous acquiescence. It is of no use for us to attempt to turn back. Professor Tyndall has got a tight grasp upon us, and will not let us go on any terms. We have become necessitarians whether we will or no, and it only remains for our teacher to prove to us that the belief into which he has seduced us is, after all, not such a very dreadful one.

Professor Tyndall commences, in his own inimitable style, with a lucid sketch of the 'interdependence and harmonious interaction' of forces in general. He dwells especially upon the principle of 'payment for results,' showing in a variety of aspects that whatever energy is manifested in any form has to be paid for by some consumption, some corresponding change, or some disappearance of another form of energy. There is no work without consumption of fuel; and the sum of the results is constant. If the fuel is consumed without any external work being performed, there is a perfectly definite quantity of heat produced, whether it be in the form of rapid combustion, as of coal in the steam-engine, or in the form of slow combustion, as that of zinc in the galvanic battery. If, on the other hand, external work is performed, still the quantity ($H + W$) is constant; H representing the heat produced within the machine or battery, and W the external work, whether in the form of heat or mechanical performance. This, being a most essential part of the argument, is dwelt upon at great length and with great fertility of illustration. It is shown, for instance, in the case of the galvanic battery, that the amount of heat developed by the slow consumption of a certain weight of zinc is approximately identical with what would be produced by its rapid combustion in oxygen; and that whether this energy be applied to the heating of an outer wire, or to effecting chemical changes, as in the decomposition of water, or to the production of mechanical work, the result, or ($H + W$), is always a constant quantity. Wherever work is done, it has to be *paid for*. 'No en-

* *The Belfast Address.*

gine, however subtly devised, can evade this law of equivalence, or perform on its own account the smallest modicum of work.'

The learned writer then proceeds to inquire *if the animal body is to be classed among machines*. In ascending a mountain, lifting a weight, or throwing a stone, we are conscious of exerting force; and every such exertion is proved to be attended by a perfectly definite consumption of fuel (say carbon) in the muscles, which performs just as much work as its combustion out of the body would effect. The identity of this mode of action with that of a steam-engine or a galvanic battery is then sought to be proved, on the ground that here also ($H+W$) is a constant quantity. As this is the very core of the argument, and that to which I propose to apply the testing question, 'Is it true?' I will not run any risk of misrepresenting it by any attempt at condensation, but will give it *in extenso*, in the very words of the author:—

Let us look to the antecedents of this force. We derive the muscle and fat of our bodies from what we eat. Animal heat you know to be due to the slow combustion of this fuel. My arm is now inactive, and the ordinary slow combustion of my blood and tissue is going on. For every grain of fuel thus burnt a perfectly definite amount of heat has been produced. I now contract my biceps muscle without causing it to perform external work. The combustion is quickened and the heat is increased, this additional heat being liberated in the muscle itself. I lay hold of a fifty-six pound weight, and by the contraction of my biceps lift it through the vertical space of a foot. The blood and tissues consumed during this contraction have not developed in the muscle their due amount of heat. A quantity of heat is at this moment missing in my muscle which would raise the temperature of an ounce of water somewhat more than one degree Fahrenheit. I liberate the weight; it falls to the earth, and by its collision generates the precise amount of heat missing in the muscle. My muscular heat is thus transferred from its local hearth to external space. The fuel is consumed in my body, but the heat of combustion is produced outside my body. The case is substantially the same as that of the voltaic battery when it performs external work or produces external heat. All this points to the conclusion that the force we employ in muscular exertion is the force of burning fuel and not of creative will. In the light of these facts the body is seen to be as incapable of generating energy without expenditure as the solids and liquids of the voltaic battery. The body, in other words, falls into

the category of machines. We can do with the body all that we have already done with the battery—heat platinum wires, decompose water, magnetise iron, and deflect a magnetic needle. The combustion of muscle may be made to produce all these effects, as the combustion of zinc may be caused to produce them. By turning the handle of a magneto-electric machine, a coil of wire may be caused to rotate between the poles of a magnet. As long as the two ends of the coil are unconnected we have simply to overcome the ordinary inertia and friction of the machine in turning the handle. But the moment the two ends of the coil are united by a thin platinum wire a sudden addition of labor is thrown upon the turning arm. When the necessary labor is expended its equivalent immediately appears. The platinum wire glows. You can readily maintain it at a white heat or even fuse it. This is a very remarkable result. From the muscles of the arm, with a temperature of 100 degrees, we extract the temperature of molten platinum, which is many thousand degrees. The miracle here is the reverse of that of the burning bush mentioned in Genesis. There the bush burned but was not consumed, here the blood is consumed but does not burn. The similarity of the action with that of the voltaic battery when it heats an external wire is too obvious to need pointing out. When the machine is used to decompose water, the heat of the muscle, like that of the battery, is consumed in molecular work, *being fully restored when the gases recombine*. As before, also, the transmuted heat of the muscles may be bottled up, carried to the polar regions, and there *restored to its pristine form*. The matter of the human body is the same as that of the world around us, and here we find the forces of the human body identical with those of inorganic nature.*

When in a certain kind of evening entertainment we have our watch taken from our pocket, beaten to atoms in a mortar, fired from a pistol, and otherwise maltreated, we know that it will in some way or other be restored to us, sound and perfect as before, perhaps from the middle of a yesterday's loaf, perhaps cut from the centre of a fruit grown to maturity on the table before our eyes. All this, however, is the very A B C of conjuring, compared with this effort of modern science, which bottles up the heat from our biceps and other muscles, carries it off to the North Pole or elsewhere, to be '*fully restored*' when the gases are exploded. We must confess this is no laughing matter either for the muscle or for the moral consequences involved in the 'transference.'

Before examining in detail this mar-

* *Times* Report, October 2, 1877.

vellous statement I would premise one observation. I do not concede that the whole train of argument even touches the essence of the question of automatism. I hold that even were all the facts here stated *fully established*, the question of *origination of action* would be left in precisely the same position as before. But I am content, for the sake of the argument, to assume it to be otherwise, and to allow that the scientific statements here (and elsewhere) made are not only necessary, but adequate, for the demonstration of man's clock-like nature; and as such, I propose to inquire how far they are founded upon *science*, or how far they come under the head of flights of fancy.

The answer is so very simple that I hesitate somewhat to give it, lest its very plainness, in reply to so lengthy and so eloquent an elaboration, should cause its immediate rejection without consideration; as it is very much the custom in these latter days to accept science rather on authority than on investigation. Nevertheless, whatever may be the case in ethics, it is generally allowed that in exact science there is some absolute standard of truth, independent of the source whence it emanates. Encouraged by this consideration, and with a full consciousness and recognition of the importance of all the work that has been done in illustration of this question, I venture to assert that the whole force of the lengthy quotation above given is destroyed by the fact of its being in *direct contradiction to the well-known and established facts of science*—a contradiction as absolute and astounding as it is inexplicable.

From this sweeping verdict I wish only to except *one* position. No one would for a moment suppose that animal muscle performs mechanical work without what may be called consumption of fuel. This is one of the most familiar facts in physiology; and this consumption would necessarily be the same on any hypothesis of action, whether automatic or free volitional. Beyond this, I do not hesitate to say that the facts or statements above quoted are evolutions of individual consciousness rather than representations of nature.

Professor Tyndall states that when the contraction of the muscle performs ex-

ternal work, 'the blood and tissue consumed . . . have not developed in the muscle their due amount of heat. A quantity of heat is . . . missing, &c.' I can only say in reply to this, what *physiologists* very well know, that THERE IS NO HEAT WHATEVER MISSING, and that the fuel consumed has here, as elsewhere, developed the due amount of heat. It is in this particular that animal tissue differs essentially from all machinery; and the difference is fundamental and conclusive. There is *no* transference of 'the muscular heat from its local hearth to external space.' Such a transference may easily be seen in any case to be impossible. *Where* the fuel burns, *there* the heat is given out. There is no such reversal as stated of the miracle of the burning bush—the body is consumed, *and burns*. The incandescence of the platinum wire neither is, nor can possibly be, the 'equivalent' of the heat 'missing' (which is in no sense whatever missing) from the muscle; and we cannot by any process obtain a temperature of 'many thousand degrees' from the temperature of the muscle, which is something below 100°. And it follows naturally that we cannot bottle up heat, *which is not missing*, and carry it to the North Pole, to be restored there by explosion and recombination of the gases.

If what I here assert be true, it is evident that the human muscle differs essentially from all machines, properly so called, and that any theory of animal automatism founded upon imaginary analogies between them utterly breaks down. All *machines* develop more or less internal heat, according as they perform less or more external work: $(H + W)$ is a constant quantity. With muscle it is not so; *the more external work is done, the more heat is developed in the muscle*: $(H + W)$ is therefore not a constant quantity, but, in mathematical language, it is a direct function of the variable W . As W increases, so does H , although not in an *absolutely* constant degree; for after a certain amount of work has been done, any increase in it is attended by a somewhat *greater ratio* of increase in H .

Supposing that I am able to establish this position, which I have set forth with as much directness as possible, the result would be that the *Equivalence of Force* attack upon anthropomorphism

has experienced as disastrous a check as did formerly the *Protoplasm* column. But it will naturally be expected that the demonstration shall be complete, and shall not rest upon mere assertion. I propose, therefore, very briefly to sketch what has been done by physiologists, and to note the results of their inquiries into the relation between muscular work and heat.

It has often been a favorite pursuit of physiologists to attempt to demonstrate the analogy between muscular work and that of a steam-engine. Bèclard, many years ago, made this attempt, and thought he had observed that *less* heat was developed in a muscle when it performed external work, than when it contracted without doing so, even against resistance. His experiments, however, were exceedingly rough, being performed with ordinary mercurial thermometers, and without any sufficient precautions against error. The thermo-pile as a means of research was unknown to him, and he himself was dissatisfied with his results. He even *proposed* a series of crucial tests, but did not carry them out into practice. Later Dr. Solger made some investigations in the same direction with more refined apparatus and method. He even detected, as he supposed, some *exceedingly momentary* fall of temperature of the muscle at the instant of contraction, which was, however, immediately followed by a *rise*. Mayerstein and Thiry followed on the same lines of experiment with doubtful results, but on the whole confirming Solger's observations. These observations are now merely of *historical* interest, as the more accurate investigations of late years have demonstrated that these somewhat anomalous results were due rather to physical errors in experiment than to physiological causes. It was shown in particular that the 'momentary cooling' was most probably a result of evaporation, as due allowance had not been made by any of the observers for this event.*

* Hirn also attempted to draw some analogy between the development of heat in the steam-engine and that in muscle—only a matter of interest as recalling the verdict that was passed upon it by C. Voit:—'Die Bemühungen welche Hirn zu dem Zwecke anstellte, nachzuweisen, das die mechanische Leistungen des Organismus zu seiner Wärmeproduktion in demselben Verhältnisse stehen, wie in

For the only thoroughly reliable researches into the quantitative relations subsisting between muscular heat and work, we are indebted to Professor Heidenhain, of Breslau, whose experiments, carried on for a long period at the Physiological Institute, are models of care and exactitude. It would be out of place here to enter into any detailed account of his apparatus, and of his almost infinite precautions against error. I may say that the chief elements used were a very delicate reflecting galvanometer, a thermo-electric multiplier of bismuth and antimony, by means of which the most minute changes in temperature, to which the ordinary thermometer would be quite insensible, could be readily detected, and an elaborate contrivance for suspending the muscles and keeping them in equable contact with the thermo-pile, both during rest and during the ever-varying amounts of contraction. The contraction of the muscles was induced, of course, by the action of the electric current. The full account of his proceedings would occupy a volume. I must be content to give a brief *résumé* of the most important results.

Heidenhain experimented on muscle contracting freely without any weight or hindrance, on muscle exposed to stimulation, but prevented from contracting by being firmly attached to an immovable frame at each end, and on muscle allowed to contract freely, but lifting varying weights. Varied in every possible way, the general result was always the same. Accompanying every action of muscle, there was an elevation of temperature; and this elevation was *invariably greater* when work was performed, than when the muscle contracted without doing work; it was also to a certain extent proportional to the amount of work done, but not always accurately so, as the phenomena varied according as the muscle was fresh in action or wearied after many contractions. In none of the many series of experiments, however, was there any departure from this general principle, that *the more external work was done, the more internal heat was developed in the muscle*.

der Dampfmaschine, sind aus mehrfachen Gründen als *geseheitert* zu betrachten.'

The latest conclusions of *accurate science* on this subject are very briefly sketched in *Nature* for September 20, 1877, and Heidenhain's experiments are thus alluded to :—

The fact that in the living muscle heat always appears when the muscle does work (Heidenhain having shown that of two muscles equally weighted and undergoing equal contractions, one doing external work, while the other does none, *the former gives out more heat than the latter*), is an exception to the general rule in mechanics, that heat disappears when work is done.

Thus, then, it is demonstrated that muscle is *not merely mechanical* in its action, and *a fortiori* that the animal of which it forms a part is *not a machine*. Its action is conditioned by forces, of the essential nature of which we know nothing, the correlative of which cannot be traced ; and to say that these are 'the compounding of inorganic forces' is merely to clothe our utter ignorance of the nature of life in a form of words which will amuse the unphysiological ear, but which has no correspondence in thought or fact. All that has gone before is perfectly familiar ground to the physiologist ; for those who care for further details I subjoin a few tables in a note.* But I would not leave this

* The following tables indicate several series of observations on muscle contracting under various conditions of freedom, and lifting different weights. Each table consists of two columns. One, headed W., represents the amount of external work done, reduced to the centimeter-gramme scale ; the other, headed T., indicates the *proportional* elevation of temperature, as marked in degrees of the arbitrary galvanometer scale. It will be remembered that the greatest elevation here indicated will be but a small fraction of one of our ordinary thermometer degrees.

TABLE I.		TABLE II.		TABLE III.		TABLE IV.	
W.	T.	W.	T.	W.	T.	W.	T.
0	8.5	0	8.5	10.6	8.5	9.7	7
0	8.5	20	13	31.2	11.5	27.3	10
20	11	40	14	76	18	48.3	11
20	12	60	12.5	57	11.5	67	11.5
40	14	80	13.5	31	9.5	66	11
0	8.5	40	12	10.7	7	46	9
—	—	0	7.5	—	—	27	7
—	—	0	7.5	—	—	9.75	4.5

Tables I. and II. and Tables III. and IV. respectively represent two sets of observations with two muscles, and with the thermometric scale differently arranged. Tables I. and III. represent the results with the muscle *fresh* in action ; Tables II. and IV. correspond to the

branch of the subject without entering a formal protest against the unscientific idea of burning fuel on a 'local hearth,' and finding the resulting heat in 'external space.' Even to hint at the possibility of such a thing is to ignore all the plain facts and possibilities of physical science. When an external wire is heated by an electric current, the heat in the wire is not *the* heat which was *generated* by combustion of zinc in the battery. The heat appears *where* it is generated (in this as in all other cases), *i.e.* in the wire itself by its resistance to the free passage of the current, in something of the same way as heat is developed everywhere by resistance of motion—in other words, by friction. That there is a *correspondence* between the *quantities* involved, depends upon the most obvious and well-known physical laws.

It is assumable that Professor Tyndall considered his entire argument, and all the scientific illustrations attached to it, to be '*solidary*' as bearing upon this 'burning question' of man's free will ; therefore, although I do not see the *direct* application of the following passage, I quote it as affording an opportunity for examining how much science has to say in the matter, and how much fancy :—

And here we are able to solve an enigma which long perplexed scientific men, and which could not be solved until the bearing of the mechanical theory of heat upon the phenomena of the voltaic battery was understood. The puzzle was that a single cell could not decompose water. The reason is now plain enough. The solution of an equivalent of zinc in a single cell develops not much more than half the heat required to decompose an equivalent of water, and the single cell cannot cede an amount of force which it does not possess. But by forming a battery of two cells instead of one we develop an amount of heat slightly in excess of that needed for the decomposition of the water. The two-celled

results with the same muscle *fatigued* with its previous work. In the latter cases the elevations of temperature are not so uniform as in the former. Table I. may be read thus :—When the muscle does no external work, but is caused to contract freely, the scale marks an elevation of temperature of 8.5°. When the work is represented by 20, the scale marks 12°, and when 40, the scale marks 14°. On relieving the muscle from all weight, the scale again marks 8.5°. The others are read in like manner. In all these observations the *duration* of the contraction in seconds was carefully allowed for.

battery is therefore rich enough to pay for that decomposition, and to maintain the excess referred to within its own walls.*

In this passage there are two most remarkable divergences from scientific accuracy—the first altogether incomprehensible, the second perhaps due to an over-estimation of the value of a certain hypothesis. It is stated here, as a puzzle or an enigma, that 'a single cell cannot decompose water.' This might be an enigma *were it a fact*; but it is a matter of constant experience that one cell *does* decompose water, as is shown familiarly in the polarisation of platinum plates in a voltameter in circuit with one cell. In attempting to measure accurately the electrical resistance of organic tissue, such as nerve, I have lost (or spent) scores of hours in attempting to obviate the exceeding inconvenience arising from the fact that one single cell did decompose water. For those who wish further confirmation of the fact by independent testimony, I would refer to the article 'Electrolysis' in the second supplement to Watts' *Dictionary of Chemistry*, where ample illustrations are given.

The second instance to which I have alluded is the assumption that the water in a galvanic battery is decomposed *by heat*. If the term 'heat' be used in the *non-natural* sense, which is now so fashionable, as being synonymous with all motion, all action, all affinity, all change in molecular arrangement of every kind, then the position is of necessity correct; if in its ordinary acceptation, then nothing can be further from the truth. It is not *absolutely* certain (although probable) that water can be decomposed by heat alone, without some catalytic or electrolytic agency; but it is quite certain that it cannot be so decomposed except at the temperature of white-hot platinum, several thousand degrees of Fahrenheit; and if we grant that the water in a battery might reach the temperature of 100°, we should make a very liberal allowance: so that it is quite impossible to attribute any given decomposition to *heat*, in any rational sense, that is in the present state of our *knowledge*. It may be very philosophical to consider all forces as *one*, and this one mechanical, and call it heat; but such hasty generalisations

tend but little to any true advancement of science.

As little can we hope for any true knowledge of the nature of life until the scientific world absolutely rejects from its domain, as *non-science*, all such statements as the following:—

On tracing the line of life backwards we see it approaching more and more to what we call the purely physical condition. We come at length to those organisms which I have compared to drops of oil, suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water. We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character.*

There are occasions where it is a duty to use the plainest of language, and this seems to be one of them; and I must be permitted say that this is in no sense whatever either physiology or physical science, but is in direct contradiction to both. There is no gradual transition from non-living to living matter; there is no approach, not the very slightest, to the physical condition, in any form of living matter. If the *protogenes* is a living organism, its *life* inheres in a compound just as complex in chemical and molecular constitution as the grey matter of the human brain; and its functions are as far removed, essentially, from those of non-living matter, as incapable of imitation or explanation by physical agencies. Professor Tait's recent remarks on this subject are well worthy of attention. In his recent address 'On the Teaching of Natural Philosophy,' he remarks:—

To say that even the very lowest form of life, not to speak of its higher forms, still *less* of volition and consciousness, can be fully explained on physical principles alone, *i.e.* by the mere relative motions and interactions of portions of inanimate matter, however refined and sublimated, is simply unscientific. There is *absolutely* nothing known in physical science which can lend the slightest support to such an idea.

Matter is here alluded to as *inanimate*, but some of our philosophers do not accept this qualification. Haeckel, as has been mentioned, considers all material objects as *equally living*; and Professor Tyndall, besides seeing in matter the 'promise and potency' of all life, considers that with more refined faculties we might observe 'not only the vegetable,

* *Fortnightly Review*, November 1877, p. 599.

* *Fragments of Science*, p. 524.

but the mineral world, responsive to the proper irritants ;' in other words, we should find that mere elementary matter is endowed with the attribute of sensation or consciousness. It is not necessary to dwell on these opinions ; for even on the very liberal supposition that they mean, or are intended to mean, anything at all, they certainly come under the category of positions which are not refutable because they are not verifiable. 'Life' and 'living' are collective (we may almost say arbitrary) terms applied to special phenomena only manifested in such combinations of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, as have attained a certain definite and uniform amount of complexity—combinations which preserve a virtual identity wherever they are found—whether in the dull foraminifer, or in those 'broad discs of glossy jelly which may be seen pulsating through the waters of a calm sea,' or in 'the flower which a girl wears in her hair, and the blood which courses through her youthful veins.'* To apply these terms, therefore, to any phenomena manifested in other and simpler forms of matter, elementary or otherwise, is just as rational as it would be to assert that an induced electric current can originate spontaneously in a rod of homogeneous metal ; or that, if our perceptions were sufficiently acute, we should observe every piece of brass or steel performing the functions of a locomotive engine. It is to be hoped that we have heard the last of these attempts to make science ridiculous, by calling upon her to support an absurd and impossible paradox. A scientific fact ought to be as sacred as a moral principle.

It is unnecessary to pursue this part of the inquiry further ; it is evident that this attack upon man's free will and his spiritual nature has failed as signally, as disastrously, as all similar attacks have failed under whatever banner they have advanced. It is not for us to say what the future may have in store for us ; but of one thing the monists may be perfectly assured, that whilst we are prepared implicitly to accept everything that true science can offer us, whatever may be the consequences, it is

only to true science that we will yield our faith, our conscience, the foundations of all our social organisation and our common sense. This, however, we shall not be called upon to do. The aggregate common sense of the world rejects these conclusions ; and the authors of them cannot write or speak six consecutive sentences on any question of ethics without practically confessing their own unbelief in the principles they are upholding. Like other men they speak, and speak eloquently, about duty, choice, right, wrong, virtue, vice, temptation, resistance, determination, and the like ; all of which, on the automatic theory, are simply unmeaning and ridiculous expressions for things that have no existence.

In Professor Tyndall's imaginary dialogue with his too logical criminal, he certainly tries to manifest 'the courage of his convictions.' He grants freely and in unequivocal phrase that the murderer *cannot help* murdering, but pleads also that we *cannot help* hanging* him : we are mutually compensating machines preserving the harmony of society. But he fails to argue it out logically, and if it would do the criminal any good to argue, he might easily show that his is a very hard case.

'If,' says the robber, the ravisher, or the murderer, 'I act because I must act, what right have you to hold me responsible for my deeds?' The reply is, 'The right of society to protect itself against aggressive and injurious forces, whether they be bond or free, forces of nature or forces of man.' 'Then,' retorts the criminal, 'you punish me for what I cannot help.' 'Granted,' says society, 'but had you known that the treadmill or the gallops was certainly in store for you, you might have "helped." Let us reason the matter fully and frankly out. We entertain no malice or hatred against you, but simply with a view to our own safety and purification we are determined that you and such as you shall not enjoy liberty of evil action in our midst. You, who have behaved as a wild beast, we claim the right to cage or kill as we should a wild beast. The public safety is a matter of more importance than the very limited chance of your moral renovation, while the knowledge that you have been hanged by the neck may furnish to others about to do as you have done the precise motive which will hold them back.'†

* 'You offend, because you cannot help offending, to the public detriment. We punish, because we cannot help punishing for the public good.'—*Birmingham Address.*

† *Birmingham Address.*

* P. 54. Prof. Huxley's *Physical Basis of Life.*

'Hold here,' says the criminal; 'you deny me any free agency in this matter, but you assume it for yourself. You say you are *determined*—what does that mean? You talk about malice, and hatred, and motive, and right to do this, that, and the other; also of *liberty* and of *evil action*. What do you mean by all this? If all action be mechanical and automatic, resulting from molecular arrangements over which we can have no control, how can anything be either evil or good; and are you not talking something closely resembling nonsense?' To which the only consistent or coherent reply would be: 'It may be as you say; I don't believe much in anything. All I know is that I have at present both the will and the power to hang you, and that I shall do so. And as it may be also that my words may represent a factor* in your final decision, I pray you to let this hanging be effected with as little preliminary noise as possible, as you disturb my harmonious molecular arrangements by creating aerial vibrations with your objections.'

Enough, and perhaps too much of this. The subject is an eminently distasteful one, and one that I would have avoided had it been possible. I have but in conclusion to make one or two observations on the claim that Professor Tyndall advances for the reception of his views generally, viz., that they are already admitted by the greater part of the thinking world. He says:—'It is now generally admitted that the man of to-day is the child and product of incalculable antecedent time;' and again:—

Most of you have been forced to listen to the outcries and denunciations which rang discordant through the land for some years after the publication of Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species*. Well, the world—even the clerical world—has for the most part settled down in the belief that Mr. Darwin's book simply reflects the truth of nature; that we who are now 'foremost in the files of time' have come to the front through almost endless stages of promotion from lower to higher forms of life. If to any one of us were given the privilege of looking back through the æons across which life has crept towards its present outcome, his vision would ultimately reach a point when the progenitors of this assembly could not be called human.†

* 'The preacher's last word enters as a factor into the man's conduct.'—*Ibid.*

† *Birmingham Address.*

I must be permitted to dissent, *most emphatically*, from the assumption that these are the *accepted* doctrines of the world. It is true that in England Mr. Darwin's views of what has been tersely styled the 'essential bestiality of man' have been accepted by many, both of those who think, and those (*a far greater number*) who allow others to think for them. But the number of those who are qualified to form any judgment whatever on such a point is exceedingly limited, and certainly many of the most distinguished authorities by no means accept these views. Where in England is there a more accomplished naturalist than Mr. Mivart? and his verdict is well known and remembered both by friend and foe—that it is a 'puerile hypothesis.' Is it supported by the great name of Von Baer on the Continent, or by the philosophic Ulrici? But why enumerate individuals? The height of a crowd is the height of the tallest man in the crowd. Amongst naturalists the name of the late Professor Agassiz stands easily with the very first in all lands. A few weeks ago I had a letter from his widow in America, sending me the last sheets to which he put his corrections, in which these theories are subjected to the most pitiless and destructive criticism. In Germany, where evolutionary doctrines at one time obtained considerable sway, there is now a great reaction in favor of the 'indisputable conclusions of experience.' When Haeckel, in the course of last autumn's meeting of natural philosophers at Munich, ventured to give, in a somewhat flippant style, his summary account of the development of man's body and soul from inorganic matter, he received what can only be called a severe rebuke from the veteran Virchow. The *Times* correspondent gives this sketch of the effect of Haeckel's address on the meeting:—

When this confession was uttered before the assembled professors and other aiders and abettors of the Muses, a shudder seems to have passed through the august conclave. The meeting, being the fiftieth since the institution of these annual assemblies, had a more solemn character than usually belongs to scientific gatherings. The extreme bias of the views expounded formed too marked a contrast to the lofty tone that pervaded the assembly to be ignored by the more moderate elements present. It was felt that, sceptically inclined as the nation and its learned profes-

sors might be, the majority were hardly disposed to adopt the materialist philosophy recommended to them as the only teaching consistent with the rational enlightenment of the times.

Four days afterwards, Dr. Virchow ascended the speaker's tribune, to enter a solemn protest against the unscientific mode of teaching that was so frequently adopted. He reminded the assembly that the production of the first organism from inorganic matter had never been proved; that the manner in which certain chemical elements were alleged to grow into a soul was incomprehensible to unprejudiced investigators; and that the connection between monkey and man, to say nothing of that between crab and man, was unintelligible to those zoologists content to argue from what came under their observation. The report of the *Times* is thus continued:—

This declaration coming from such a man as Professor Virchow made no little noise in German lands. The great pathologist being considered a luminary in natural science, opposed to every species of orthodoxy, and altogether innocent of faith, the cautious distinction he drew between fact and conjecture went far to convince the uninitiated that the production of man in the chemist's retort was not likely to be recorded among the discoveries of the age. The cold water the Professor dashed into the face of these vain imaginings has sobered public opinion and contributed to a wholesome reaction. Still, much is left unsaid in his speech. A dim notion of coming intellectual revulsion is pervading Germany at this moment.

Let me add to this the weighty testimony of one whose claims to be heard on all questions of philosophy are of the highest order:—

The question really stands thus: Is life physical or no? For if it be in any sense, however slight and restricted, physical, it is to that extent a subject for the natural philosopher, and for him alone.

There must always be a wide field of uncertainty (unless we choose to look upon physics as a necessarily finite science) concerning the exact boundary between the attainable and the unattainable. One herd of ignorant people, with the sole prestige of rapidly increasing numbers, and with the adhesion of a few fanatical deserters from the ranks of science, refuse to admit that all the phenomena even of ordinary dead matter are strictly and exclusively in the domain of physical science. On the other hand, there is a numerous group, not in the slightest degree entitled to rank as physicists (though in general they assume the proud title of Philosophers) who assert that *not merely life, but even volition and consciousness, are*

merely physical manifestations. These opposite errors, into neither of which is it possible for a genuine scientific man to fall, so long at least as he retains his reason, are easily seen to be very closely allied. They are both to be attributed to that credulity which is characteristic alike of ignorance and of incapacity. Unfortunately there is no cure; the case is hopeless, for great ignorance almost necessarily presumes incapacity, whether it show itself in the comparatively harmless folly of the spiritualist, or the pernicious nonsense of the materialist.*

Whether the 'clerical world' has settled into this belief or not, I do not know; nor would it appear to bear very closely upon the argument. The clergy, as a body, are so far from being competent to pass any opinion upon such a question in biology, that they are still a whole world apart from having formed any conception of the meaning and tendency of the doctrine. They cannot know that if these things be true, their occupation is gone; that the things they preach—God, the soul, a future life, human responsibility, conscience—are all delusions—'gross, selfish, and repulsive' delusions. If they once even distantly conceived this, we should hear no more of controversy about *mint*, *anise*, and *cumin*; about high, low, and broad; about attitude, gesture, and grimace; about pictures, flowers, and candles; about alb, cope, and chasuble; but all would unite to form one compact and powerful phalanx, to repel the common enemy that threatens to overwhelm them under the false name of science. They would no longer coquet, as many do, with a vain and foolish philosophy, because it loudly proclaims itself to be the latest development of enlightenment. They would no longer seek for weak compromises where compromise is, by the very terms and conditions of the case, impossible; but they would with one accord show to all men in what highest sense they are the children of our Father who is in heaven; they would cry aloud with him of old, 'If the Lord be God, then follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.'

Not because it is unutterably disgusting and humiliating, but because the idea is profoundly and irredeemably unscientific, founded on false data, false con-

* *Recent Advances in Physical Science.* By Professor Tait. Introductory Chapter, p. 25.

ceptions, and false reasoning, do I altogether repudiate our 'wormy' and ape-like ancestry. Upon man everywhere, debased, degraded, fallen from his high estate though he may be, I see the seal and impress of his *special* and divine origin. His commission is to have dominion over, not to claim kindred with, the beasts of the earth. His privilege is to do earnestly, faithfully, and intelligently—

not as an irresponsible machine, but as a free agent, able to stand, yet free to fall—the work given him by his Creator. His one supreme hope is, that when this little span of material existence is past, he may enter upon a higher and enduring life, to hear, as the portals of eternity open before him, the blessed words, 'Well done, good and faithful.'—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE EASTERN CRISIS.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

WHEN the world is listening for the first gun, the task of the monthly writer on current events is not easy. To-morrow may cancel what is written to-day. Before these lines are through the press the country may be at war. That war can be declared by England is scarcely possible, because England has no assignable ground for declaring it. She has received neither wrong nor insult. Of the interests specified as hers (though she has no more natural right to regulate the destinies of Constantinople than those of Rome) not one has been touched, and in spite of bitter provocation the language of the Czar and his ministers has remained studiously amicable and respectful. If it is not to the interest and honor of England but to the public law of Europe that wrong has been done, it is for Europe not for England to declare war. But as the *Times* says, the danger lies not so much in the diplomatic situation as in the position of the armaments which are confronting each other on the Bosphorus, and which by their proximity, in the mood in which their nations are, may any day produce a collision. And this danger again is indicative of another and a deeper danger. The pretext on which the British fleet was sent to Constantinople—the protection of British life and property—was manifestly feigned, no peril to British life and property having existed for a moment, and no other government having felt it necessary to take a similar measure of precaution. A pretext which is manifestly feigned suggests the presence of a real motive which is not avowed; and it was remarked by a speaker in the House of Commons that there is an influence

which throughout these transactions has been at work to baffle pacific effort and to draw the country into war. That which was clearly foreseen, must have been intended; and the possibility of a collision between the armaments on the Bosphorus must have been clearly foreseen.

One thing, however, at least there is which no to-morrow can cancel, let all the powers of evil do their worst. The Ottoman Empire has received its death-blow. The process of actual dissolution may be quick or slow. To restore the power of the Turk is apparently the present object of the British Government, which may possibly achieve a sufficient measure of success to sully the honor of the British nation. But the despotism of Bomba or that of the King of Hanover has a better chance of resurrection than that of the Turk after a great military catastrophe. To retrieve such a reverse there is no energy of a united nation, no buoyant resources, not even an organized government. Those who called upon Turkey for reforms forgot that she had no means of carrying them into effect, her only political and administrative system being in fact the domination of the Mussulman. The Ottoman Empire was in the camp of Osman Pacha. Those armaments created with money out of which the Turk had swindled the British investor were the last. Bankruptcy will now complete the work begun by the Russian sword. In a few years the army will be a scarecrow and the ironclads will be old iron. Greece had better wait for that time, now that she has let slip the opportunity of the war. Instead of grappling with the

stricken tiger, she had better let him die. Die he must ; in all parts of his disjointed empire the fatal blow is already felt ; and the doom of such empires, when their military power has once bitten the dust, is written in the most decisive records of history. If, with all those machinations going on, the time has not yet come for unqualified rejoicing, the end is not the less sure. The councils of diplomatic selfishness have been confounded and will be again confounded by forces which are stronger than diplomacy, and which work in favor of humanity. Woven anew, the web will only be rent and scattered more completely than before. The Ottoman yoke is broken, and over the regions which the Ottoman has for centuries desolated, blighted, and defiled may bloom again, as it bloomed before, a rich and varied civilisation, pouring anew the tribute of its wealth into the material and moral treasure of mankind.*

This revolution is clear gain. If there is a thing decisively proved by the experience of history, it is that Islam, the military religion of a plundering Bedouin, extend its borders as widely as you will, settle it as long as you please, place at its command wealth and slaves to the utmost measure of its lust, never can produce civilisation—moral, political, or even material. Industry, liberty, science, progress of every kind, are essentially alien to it. Militarism, despotism, fatalism, polygamy, concubinage, slavery, cleave to it as parts of its nature, everywhere and in all times. Its vaunted monotheism is unreal : its Allah is the power who gives the world over as a prey to Islam. It has no idea of Man, or of the relations between men and God, such as real monotheism has. Its morality is vitiated and paralysed as a motive power by the admixture of the most abject ceremonialism ; postures, pilgrimages, and ablutions, with their most frivolous details, being placed on a level with the weightier matters of its Law, and the value of prayer being assessed by an absurd tariff according to the place in which

it is made.* Of all systems it seems to be about the most effectual for destroying spiritual, moral, social, and political life ever devised by man ; and its history—the history of genuine Mahometanism—has been the rush of conquest followed by the stagnation of decay. If there has been life in Mahometan communities, it has been life imparted from without, not generated by Islam : the brief glories of Baghdad were the glories of rationalism, and the same may be said of the best period of Delhi. That to an African fetish worshipper Mahometanism may be elevating, is possible ; to any people above an African fetish worshipper it is degradation. Neither in the way of addition nor of modification, neither by tempering infusion nor by stimulating antagonism, can Islam be of the slightest use to the religious, moral, domestic, social, or political life of Christendom. If Mr. Cowen or any one else thinks it can, let him tell us how, and point out the experience on which his belief is founded.

People seem to think that the Mussulman is a paragon of religious toleration, and that in defending him against Russia or Greece, they are defending religious liberty. No doubt the Turk is tolerant. He tolerates the misbelief of the rayah, just as the slave-owner tolerated the blackness of the Negro, and as the Norman lord tolerated the Saxon blood of the villein. It is his exclusive orthodoxy that gives him a title to the land of the misbelievers, to the fruits of their labor, to their wives and daughters, to the daily delight of setting his feet upon their necks. He has no passionate desire to force upon them the true religion ; he is satisfied with making them, as the professors of a false religion, his slaves in this world, with the comfortable assurance that they will suffer the punishment of their misbelief in the world to come. Only, if they attempt to obtain the rights of man, he puts in force against them with pious energy the precept of the Koran which bids him smite unbelievers with the sword. The demand so often urged by the Christian powers upon the

* If any one wants another cloud of witnesses to the character of Ottoman rule, we commend to him Mr. MacColl's *Three Years of the Eastern Question*, where, among other things, he will find Mr. Layard the traveller confronted with Mr. Layard the ambassador.

* See Major Durie Osborn's *Islam under the Caliphs of Baghdad*, which, with his other work, *Islam under the Arabs*, we would strongly commend to the notice of any who may not be already acquainted with them.

Porte of civil equality for the Christian was, we repeat, a demand for the abolition of Islam. That the state of things which will take the place of Turkish intolerance is likely at first to be altogether edifying, or such as enlightened Liberalism would desire, we by no means affirm ; an improvement it cannot fail to be. As to Russia, we know by experience that though bigoted in her national faith, she is not propagandist, and that so far as her influence extends we may expect a real toleration of all religions which do not resist the government. The persecution in Poland has been political ; and matters there have been made much worse by the action of the Papacy, which fans the flame of insurrection in Poland from the same motives which lead it to support the worst of despotisms elsewhere.

Within the short space of twenty years we have seen the triumph of Italian unity and independence ; the unification of Germany and her liberation from the Austrian incubus as well as from a domestic brood of petty despots ; the abolition of slavery in the United States ; the establishment of a republic in France ; a revolution the net result of which is decidedly favorable to civil and religious liberty in Spain ; and the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire. Liberals need not despair, though a back-stream may be just now running in England. Toryism cannot appear more firmly seated in power than did Bonapartism on the very eve of its fall.

Great has been the deliverance : great and deathless is the gratitude due to those who have wrought it with their blood, let jealousy cast upon their graves all the calumnies and insults that it may. No doubt selfish motives largely mingled with the sympathy of the Russian people for their oppressed kinsmen and fellow-Christians. There was the desire, not unnatural surely in the eyes of Englishmen, to wipe out the disgrace of the Crimean war. There was the desire, ever present, of a young and growing nation to make its way to an open sea. But that there was also an impulse as unselfish as national impulses usually are, will hardly be questioned, unless we assume that the possibility of generous action is confined to England, and that the profession of disinterested motives on

the part of any other nation must of course be only a cloak for self-aggrandisement. Pluck as many leaves from the wreath of the deliverer as in common justice you can, still the deliverer has earned his wreath ; he has earned it perhaps as fairly as a foreign deliverer ever did. Who doubts either that diplomatic and personal objects mingled with sympathy for the oppressed Protestants of England in the breast of William of Orange, or that the sympathy of William of Orange for the oppressed Protestants was sincere ? The motives of everybody are mixed, and everybody is liable to uncharitable judgments accordingly. The Marquis of Salisbury's remarkable change of front, and his complete submission to a leadership which he has denounced in words never retracted as utterly untrustworthy and dishonest, are due no doubt to a sincere conversion ; but it is as certain that they have brought him, in appearance at least, nearer to the contested prize of the succession, as it is that the war with Turkey has brought Russia nearer to an open sea.

Great has been the deliverance, but terrible has been its price. The havoc, the slaughter, the agony, even of a war in which the Turk is one of the combatants, are not all, perhaps not the worst. There is besides the loosing of the fiend of war, the reawakening of those hellish passions to the gradual repression of which we owe our progress, such as it has been, in civilisation. Probably the evil is increased by the new machinery of telegraphs, war correspondence, illustrated papers, which makes us eye-witnesses of the distant struggle. Into the present war fever, enters, if we mistake not, besides the ordinary ingredients of national pugnacity, something of the excitement of the arena, generated by the daily spectacles of the last year.

And perhaps not the whole nor even half of the price has been paid yet. There are men, no doubt, who will go with a light heart into a war with Russia, as with a light heart they have done their utmost to provoke it. The habitual practice through a long life of selfish intrigue, without the slightest regard to the public interest, will render a man callous at last even to the fearful responsibility of dragging a country into war. But no heart in which English

blood runs, and in which a care for English blood resides, can be light with such a prospect before us. The present generation of Englishmen does not know what war is: even the elder part of it has seen no war but the Crimean, in which, by the combined fleets of England and France, the Russian navy was shut up in port. Not an English ship was then captured, English trade felt scarcely any interruption, and to all, except those who happened to have husbands, fathers, or brothers in the field, the conflict was an exciting drama, enacted on a distant shore. Of the powers which were our allies in that war, the French Empire, which notoriously acted in its own interest and from motives unshared by the nation, is now in its grave of infamy. Sardinia took part merely for the sake of obtaining European standing and securing aid for the cause of Italian independence, and she is now merged in Italy. No nation but our own has, or imagines itself to have, any interest in making the Eastern Mediterranean a British bay; and though the treaties, or the rags and tatters that remain of them after the Turkish defiance of the Conference, the war between Turkey and Russia, and the virtual forcing of the Dardanelles by England, are nominally recognised as still binding by the signatories, it is manifest that no mere signatory will draw the sword in their defence. To goad England on, in defence of "the public law of Europe," and "the menaced independence of nations," many of our friends are ready, especially those ardent lovers of right who, if the English carrying-trade were cut up, would come in for a large share of that trade. But our only alliance would be the miserable one with Austria, whose association with a Tory government of England for the purpose of curtailing a work of liberation is a curious recurrence of old times. "The next sick man" Austria has been called. She reminds us rather of the Old Man of the Sea, throttling with the unrelenting grip of his withered limbs the unhappy Sindbad of liberty and progress. Germany has succeeded in casting her off; Italy has succeeded in casting her off. Still she rides like a nightmare the communities of Eastern Europe. All life and growth in her neighborhood are danger-

ous to her heterogeneous and rickety frame, but especially the life and growth of Slav States; and if she can check these, she cares little for the Dardanelles, less still for Suez and Batoum, and nothing at all for public law. It would be manifest madness on her part to make a mortal enemy of Russia, against whom an English alliance can afford her no permanent protection. She will probably take what she wants for herself and be gone. Lord Derby has told us his mind about her value as an ally, with the frankness which is the ap- panage of resignation, and though Lord Salisbury does not find the facts upon which Lord Derby's opinion is based in the archives of the Foreign Office, they are to be found in the archives of history.

"This will be an Indian war"—so wrote a correspondent of the *Times*, advocating the employment of Indian troops. Yes, the Crimean war was an Indian war; the Abyssinian war, which cost nine millions, was an Indian war; and if the present imbroglio ends in a rupture, this will be an Indian war also. That fact is marked by the appearance on the scene of the barbarian mercenaries whose presence cannot fail to lend a savage character to European warfare, and those sinister figures may prove the heralds of a still more fatal influence to be exercised by the Indian Empire on the free country with which, under an evil star, it has since the fall of the Company been becoming politically blended. When the dissolution of Turkey appeared imminent, the first act of the British Government was, not to call the guardians of European law into conference upon the general danger, but to pounce upon the Suez Canal. For India England has sullied her escutcheon and degraded her foreign policy by complicity with the domination of the Turk. For India she, the land of liberators and philanthropists, has shut upon the Christian communities of Eastern Europe the gate of their cruel and loathsome prison-house. That we may convert and civilise India, we maintain the rule of Islam and barbarism in Bulgaria. So curious are the results when conquest undertakes to be moral.

Why the Eastern Mediterranean should be deemed so much more important than

all the rest of the line ; why a maritime power at Constantinople should be supposed to threaten our communication with Suez so much more than a maritime power at Brest, Toulon, Cadiz, or Brindisi—we never have been able to see. But such is the established belief. It is assumed as a cardinal principle of our policy, and we have learned to exalt it into a principle of European law, that no great power, especially no great maritime power, but our own shall be allowed to exist in the Eastern Mediterranean. Russia being in this respect the one object of present alarm, the Dardanelles were to be locked against her, and the Ottoman Empire, with all its barbarism and vileness, was to be maintained in order that it might keep the key. On the other hand, Russia was inevitably impelled forwards by the almost vital necessity of reaching an open sea, as well as by a religious idea and by the sympathy of her people with their kindred. Hence arose a conflict as irrepressible as that between freedom and slavery in the United States.

Still there were two courses. One course was to fight Russia ; the other was to make her our friend. The first of these policies is one of ever-recurring and interminable war. Thwart Russia, combine against her, beat her, throw her back—beat her even as severely, throw her back as far as you did with the help of France, Turkey, and Sardinia in the Crimean war—at the first opportunity, impelled by the dictate of nature, her eighty millions will resume their march. She will join or foment every combination against you. She will watch for the moment when you have other enemies on your hands. You will have many foes, she will have only one. She will paralyse your action in Western Europe, and in America, if any American complications arise. She will convert into a reality the bugbear of Russian intrigue in India, especially if she finds that India furnishes troops to repress her advance in Europe. Her military propensities will be continually intensified, and the tempering influence of commerce and peaceful progress on her character will be always retarded by the conflicts. All the energies of your empire will be absorbed by the struggle against that which after all must come. It will be the labor

of Sisyphus, only with the certainty of being crushed by the stone at last.

The other course which was open to us before the Crimean war, and as we believe before the late Russo-Turkish war, was to accept the existence of Russian power in the Eastern Mediterranean as inevitable, and to make Russia our friend. In no way and in no part of the world did the interests of the two nations really clash, while commercially there was everything to bind them together. The assumption that they must collide in Asia because their empires are continuous, though with an immense mountain wall, or desert spaces as good as any mountain wall, between them, is childish. Russian invasion of India is a bugbear scouted by every cool-headed and competent judge, while the falsified dispatches of Sir Alexander Burnes remain a shameful monument of the vain efforts to procure evidence of Russian intrigue made by the British intriguers who thrust their country into the Afghan war. In fact, before the Crimean war, Russia was the one cordial friend on whom England could reckon in Europe. To political liberty in Europe Czar Nicholas was an enemy, to England he was none. The offer of Egypt and Crete was not a mark of hostility. But Louis Napoleon and Palmerston were resolved, each for his own objects, that there should be a war. What the war was about, not one of those who were responsible for it could ever clearly say. We were told in general terms, as we are now, that we were fighting to uphold public right and truth, against a great conspirator and a giant liar ; but of all the strange associates with whom honest men ever found themselves upholding public right and truth against conspirators and liars, the strangest was the late Emperor of the French.

The Crimean war left a dark shadow of enmity and suspicion, across which, we admit, it was not easy to step. Still an English statesman, as we believe, would have stepped across it when he saw the Eastern crisis inevitably coming, if he had been thinking of England and humanity, not of himself. The Czar Alexander frankly held out his hand, and it was and still remains a hand unsullied by anything that could afford the slightest justification for ques-

tioning his sincerity. His character as a man of honor stands as high as any in Europe. That he pledged himself in the late war not to annex any territory, so that he has broken his pledge by the Treaty of San Stefano, is a mere calumny, though its repetition has unfortunately had a great effect. Before the war, when his intentions were questioned, he disclaimed in a general way the "desire" of territorial aggrandisement. When the war had begun, he said that he would not take more than the portion of Bessarabia wrested from him in 1856, and Batoum with its territory, provided that he was not obliged to carry the war south of the Balkans. Having been obliged, by the obstinacy of the Turkish resistance, to carry the war south of the Balkans, he has added to Batoum Kars, as any other belligerent, whose sacrifices were increased, would have exacted some increase of compensation. Not long before, he had shown his desire for friendly relations with England by marrying his only daughter to an English prince. Nor, in spite of the attitude of constant suspicion and scarcely veiled hostility assumed towards him by our Government, the insults cast on him, his father's memory, and his army by Court biographers, the torrent of calumnious abuse which, throughout their long and desperate struggle, has been poured on him and on his people, and which rivalled the torrent formerly poured on the American Republic, has he allowed himself personally, or any one who represented him, to depart from the language of perfect friendliness and courtesy. Twice—through Lord A. Loftus, and again through Colonel Wellesley—he has personally sent cordial messages of amity and reassurance, though on the first occasion his message was suppressed, and he was met with insulting bluster. In June, 1877, he took our Government into his confidence, and with the strongest expressions of his wish for a good understanding with them, communicated to them the project of a treaty which was identical, so far as we can see, in all material respects with the Treaty of San Stefano, and against which they entered no protest at the time, on the ground of British interests or any other interests; seeming, on the contrary, rather to re-

gard it with satisfaction.* His reign bears not a trace of territorial ambition; it has been devoted to great internal reforms, one of them of the most stupendous magnitude and difficulty. Poland he has held, as we have held Ireland, because an evil destiny had made it a part of his inheritance, but this no more prevents his liberating Bulgaria than it prevented our liberating Spain. An autocrat he is, and as such, perhaps, a natural object of aversion to Liberals who have not philosophy enough to discriminate between the autocracy which is legitimate and that which is usurped, the autocracy which is reactionary and that which is practically progressive. But for the leaders of the Tory party and the Prime Minister who, since he ceased to be a Chartist, has always been hostile to freedom, and notably the bitter enemy of Italian independence, the Emancipator of the Serfs was surely Liberal enough. Or have our Tories caught an inkling of the fact that Russia, though she has started late, is really a power of progress, while, mankind being rid of the French Empire, the Tory aristocracy of England is now likely to be the great power of reaction?

The Czar, in demanding that justice should be done to the Christian populations, had clearly right on his side—treaty right and right which was above treaties. He had treaty right on his side, because justice to the Christian populations was an essential condition of the whole treaty arrangement, and without it the treaties would have been mere scrolls of iniquity, and morally void; at least we suppose few Englishmen are yet cynical enough to contend with Sir H. Elliot that the strong are warranted in making compacts compelling, in their interest, the weak to submit to oppression. He had a right above treaties on his side, because the cry of the oppressed is, and ever will be, in itself a sufficient warrant for aiding them to him who has the power to do so, especially if he is bound to them by kinship or by any natural tie. That the Christian populations were oppressed, and most grievously oppressed—ten

* Mr. Layard, of course, objected violently, and urged on his client the Porte to its utter ruin. But it does not appear that Mr. Layard's objections were endorsed by the Government.

times more grievously oppressed than we English were when we called in William of Orange—it is not open to any one who took part in the Conference of Constantinople to deny. When a government, in place of law and police, imports a horde of murderous savages to keep down its subjects, its character and the condition of the people who are ruled by it need no laborious investigation. That the discontent of a population denied the rights of men was all the work of secret societies, and that the Czar got up massacres in order that he might have a pretext for intervention, are stories which cannot be confuted, but may be allowed to float down the kennel to the cesspool of oblivion.

Did the Czar show an eager desire for war rather than for peaceful reform and re-settlement? Both Lord A. Loftus and Lord Salisbury have attested in the strongest terms his personal desire for peace. But his case does not rest merely on their attestation. His pacific disposition, his moderation, his willingness to act not alone but with the rest of Europe, and to be guided by the common councils, will be held hereafter by all impartial judges to have been proved by his submission of the case to a European Conference, by his loyal co-operation with the other powers at that Conference, and by the reasonable, and more than reasonable, character of the terms which, with their concurrence, he pressed upon the Porte. Why did not the Conference succeed in averting war? Why did the Turk set European justice at defiance? Lord Derby did not hesitate afterwards to assert that the blame rested on Russia, because she had mobilised her army, though his own colleague and ambassador has said that Russia was "the motive power of the Conference." The Conference failed because Sir Henry Elliot was kept at Constantinople; because the ministerial press in England with one voice abetted the Turk in his resistance; because Lord Derby conveyed to the Porte, behind the backs of those with whom he professed to be co-operating in the effort to bring it to reason, an assurance, received by the Grand Vizier "with deep gratitude," that so far as England was concerned there should be no coercion. That the Czar was left to do the work alone was

due, not to any machinations of his, but to conduct on the part of the British Government which in the case of Russia would have been denounced as perfidy.

Posterity, we have little doubt, will say, You ought if you were statesmen to have stepped across the shadow, to have taken the Czar's hand and acted frankly and honorably with him so long as he acted frankly and honorably with you. If he proved faithless, you had your sword at last. Easy the new settlement would not have been. Easy it never can be to regulate the destinies of distant communities of which you are not the keepers, and which nature has in no way given into your hand. But a new settlement then would have been easy compared with a new settlement now. It would have naturally taken the form of a further extension of practical emancipation to the Slavs, countervailed by a corresponding extension of the territory of Greece. England would have gone in with Greece instead of Turkey, liberty instead of tyranny, youth instead of decrepitude, hope instead of despair, for her client, and her policy would have been a resumption of that of her more generous and her wiser days. That the Turk would have resisted pressure vigorously put upon him by England, Russia, Greece, and the Christian principalities combined, while his own empire heaved with domestic insurrection, seems utterly incredible. He must have seen that the British fleet would cut his empire in two, while an overwhelming force would descend on him from the Danube. Vigorous action on the part of England would probably have determined the concurrence of Austria. The Turk of Constantinople is not the resolute fanatic of Plevna: he would have been content with a lease for life of his corruption. If he was filled with "deep gratitude" by the promise that England would take no part in coercing him, he would have been filled with equal fear by the firm announcement that she would.

Our Government having declined to act with the Czar, the course of events was certain: War between Russia and Turkey, a desperate resistance on the part of the Turk, at last a Russian victory, with a corresponding extension of Russian influence and proportionate demands for a war indemnity, either in the

shape of money or of territory. Any chance which might have been left of modifying the Russian terms by amicable representations in the general interests of Europe was forfeited by the hostile attitude at once assumed by our Government, the irritating speeches of the Prime Minister, and the presence of Mr. Layard at Constantinople as the bottle-holder of the Turk. Another consequence almost equally certain was the ruin of our special client the Greeks, who were restrained from sharing in the Russian victory, and are now being crushed by the Turk, whom neither England nor Russia dares to estrange. If anybody in power wanted to bring about a situation which would almost infallibly lead us into war, much credit is due to him for his statesmanship. Otherwise it is difficult to see how the course of events could have been more unfortunately guided, or the practical objects of statesmanship more completely thrown away. The Suez Canal shares are ours; but the Ottoman Empire has fallen without any new settlement in its place; the chance of Greece is lost; and Russia, which must be the great power in those parts, has been made our enemy for ever. As to the torrents of blood, the hideous sum of human agony, the widespread devastation, the long legacy of hatred which already the conflict has entailed, we do not know whether to high diplomacy these are subjects of much concern.

In the personal character of the Czar, his honor, his humanity, his love of peace, the deep sense of responsibility which must have been produced by his long life of care, his good feeling, apparently not yet quite extinguished towards this country, lies about the best remaining hope for the nations of getting through this imbroglia without again making the earth a charnel-house and once more sowing broadcast the seeds of future quarrels and calamities. Every right-minded man must surely see that it is the duty of those on whom this tremendous responsibility towards England and humanity rests, to spare the Czar's honor as much as possible, to make allowance for the position in which he has been placed by all the abuse and insult that have been poured on him and his people, and strengthen his hands in re-

straining, if he will, the excited passions of his army and his people. Instead of this our new Foreign Minister exhibits his literary gifts in drawing up a manifesto by which the Russians are warned that England takes exception to every article of the Treaty of San Stefano, and will do her best, if the Congress meets, to rob Russia of all the fruits of her victories.

Besides the general deliverance from Turkey, the experience of the last eighteen months has given England one or two useful lessons which the chances of to-morrow cannot annul. She has seen once more the inherent tendencies of aristocratic government. When the Tories returned to power, if you had said that a war policy and war expenditure would return with them, you would have been treated as a party slanderer. Yet the law of nature has vindicated itself in this case as it did in the case of the military empire in France, which, at its advent, proclaimed itself, and perhaps sincerely, to be peace. So it is, and so it will be till in the conduct of our affairs the industrial element fairly gets the better of the aristocratic. In an apology for aristocracy which has recently proceeded from a distinguished pen, the modern institution is treated as a continuation of mediæval feudalism with improvements suited to our times. We doubt the soundness of this historical position generally; but it is certain that one most serious change has been made by the abolition of military service. That obligation, imposed on the members of the great council of the nation, was an important check on foreign wars. The struggle between the king and the barons which gave us the Great Charter was brought about by the refusal of the barons to follow the king's standard to France. The reckless foreign wars of Edward III. and his son were made not with the feudal militia, but with armies composed of men partly pressed, partly hired, and commanded by professional soldiers, such as Manny, Calverley, and the Captal de Buch. Even the Black Prince, however, though he was neither the most stainless nor the most beneficent character in history, was not a sybarite patronising a spirited policy of carnage; he was a gallant soldier; he wore his Garter where he won

it ; and though he dragged peasants from their homes for the objects of his ambition, he at least risked his life with theirs. If the firing of the first gun were to be the signal for all the titled members of the Stafford House Committee to embark for Gallipoli, or the Baltic, we may depend upon it the powder would be damped. But as it is we have on one side of the picture a field heaped with death, mutilation, and agony, shattered limbs, ghastly wounds, convulsions, lock-jaw, piteous cries for water, while the death-roll is on its way to the unconscious widows and orphans of many a cottage ; on the other side we have his grace's breakfast-table, at which, to the other morning luxuries, is added that of a highly exciting newspaper, as well as a proud glow of satisfaction at the thought of the patriotic policy of which his grace has been a prominent supporter in the House of Lords. Nor do the owners of great estates feel the pinch of war taxation any more than they face the shot. Except those general sentiments of humanity, which they no doubt possess in as large a measure as other men, but which are liable in their case to be overruled, not merely by pugnacity and national ambition, but by the instinctive feeling that militarism is the best support of aristocracy, these men, whom the country has allowed again to get its destinies into their hands, have nothing to prevent their pursuing a policy ruinous to industry, not only because it brings wasteful expenditure and interruption of commerce, but because by estranging from us the hearts of nations, it closes their ports against our trade. A pacific and kindly policy is the only road to Free Trade ; nations will not relax their tariffs in order to provide an aggressive power with the means of domineering over the world.

Lord Derby upbraids the English people with a variableness of mood which precludes a consistent foreign policy. The English people might find materials for a retort in a speech delivered some time ago at King's Lynn by Lord Derby, in which he condemned beforehand, on conclusive grounds, every part of his own recent policy on this Eastern question except his resignation of office. But Lord Derby, instead of saying that England is always changing her mind, should

rather say that there are two Englands, the aristocratic and industrial, which have different minds because they have different interests, and which in questions of foreign policy are always at strife with each other. Let industry have its way and it will be easy enough to carry on a consistent foreign policy of rational self-defence, combined with general non-intervention and friendliness towards other nations.

Again we have received a lesson in the form of a remarkable disclosure as to the relations between constitutional government and the personal power of the Sovereign, especially in questions of peace and war. The comments of Verax on the third volume of the *Life of the Prince Consort* were instructive, those of the *Quarterly Reviewer* on Verax are still more so. The *Quarterly Reviewer* does not deny that the account of the existing state of things drawn by Verax from the *Life* is correct. He takes the bull by the horns and maintains that this state of things is right. He says that "it is ignorance of the gravest kind to suppose that the occupant of the oldest throne in Europe, surrounded by a boundless prestige, possessed of a vast if undefined prerogative, and commanding countless sources of influence, could ever sink into the capacity of a mere mechanical register of the will of Parliament." His views as to the personal power of the Crown are very large indeed ; his views as to its responsibility he has not laid before us. If we understand him rightly, he holds that the constitution neither affords nor ought to afford us any safeguard against the exercise of an influence, and perhaps a decisive influence, in a question of peace and war by such a sovereign as George III. even when the light of reason was barely flickering in his mind. Towards this consummation no doubt the country is again moving, and of a series of intrigues the crowning one may be intended to depress the House of Commons and to restore the personal power of the Crown. Some day the Liberals will find themselves again, as in former days, in opposition to the Court as well as to the Tory aristocracy. If this idea is shocking to them, shocked they must be. We are even inclined to suspect that the defence of English liberty, and of Parlia-

mentary Government, is not unlikely to be rougher work during the next half-century than it has been during the last.

Such a tendency of things is, of course, increased by the weakness of the Opposition, which has made it almost worse than useless as a check upon the proceedings of the Government in this time of peril; so that the complacent acceptance by the representatives of the people of a long holiday at the very crisis of our fate excited no indignation, and scarcely any notice. We have already ventured to express our mournful conviction that this weakness arises from no accidental or transient cause, but from a serious, and probably permanent, divergence between the Whig and Liberal wing. No doubt individual Liberals have been carried away from the main body by idiosyncrasies of their own, by an exaggerated and exclusive feeling about Poland, or by ultra-scientific antagonism to the pretensions of Christianity, and the fear that a Russian war of liberation would prove a Christian crusade. Nor do we deny that personal eccentricities and rivalries of various kinds have mournfully attested the absence of any leading and controlling mind. Still we think it is evident that the line of cleavage in the main has been that which divides Liberals from aristocratic Whigs. The conduct of the Whig leaders, Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, towards their party is allowed by all to have been as honorable as their position has been trying; but with a party fundamentally united this would have been less remarked. Had fundamental union existed, the challenge thrown out by the Government in its demand for the grant of six millions might have been met not with mere fiscal objections, which were liable to obvious misconstruction, but with a broad avowal of the policy which the Opposition wished to see pursued. By the Whig *débandade* on that occasion, all Parliamentary action was discredited, and nothing was left but the press and the equivocal machinery of popular agitation. Nowhere, we believe, was there more rejoicing over the triumph of the war party in the Cabinet than in Whig circles. The secession of the Whigs commenced after the Reform Bill of

1832; it has been going on ever since; it is going on now; its causes are obvious, and no Whig seceder has ever returned. We would suggest nothing precipitate or ungracious. To no one do we pay a sincerer homage than to a man who, born in the aristocracy, casts in his lot with the people. But if a combination has hopelessly broken up, it is better to face the fact and provide for the future. Some intelligible basis, and some definite object, the party must soon find, or it will become a faction and a feeble one. The things which our godfathers and godmothers promised for us in our baptism are excellent, but there is no use in putting them into political language and calling them the principles of the Liberal party. They command universal acquiescence, and move no human being. Every party is a party of wisdom and virtue.

A third lesson which these events have taught us, and which the nation will perhaps be ready to take into its consideration when the series is concluded, is the necessity of placing under definite regulations the prerogative of declaring war. To talk of its being sufficiently under the control of Parliament because Parliament can withhold supplies is mere hypocrisy, if the Government can declare war when Parliament is not sitting, and thus place Parliament between the alternatives of granting the supplies and allowing the nation to be defeated. Even a formal and definite submission of the cause of war to the whole Privy Council would be some security against that which threatens us now—a war for which no intelligible cause can be assigned—a war of blind passion inflamed by stockjobbers and worked upon by intrigue—a war for which the signal may at last be given, not by any decision of the national mind, however misguided, but a mere physical explosion of the elements of mischief which have been brought together at Constantinople. Matters, we fear, have now passed beyond the control of national reason and morality. At the end of the dark prospect there is just a glimmer of hope that these calamities may prove blessings in disguise, and that the ultimate result may be, not a re-enslavement of the Bulgarian, but an emancipation of the English people.
—*Fortnightly Review*.

VIENNA AND VIENNESE LIFE.

THE latest of M. Tissot's volumes on Germany has made its appearance even more appropriately than his 'Pays des Millions.' He remarks in his introduction to 'Vienne et la Vie Viennoise,'* that Austria is exceptionally the country of contrasts; and we may say as much and more emphatically of the Austrian capital. That is the reason why eyes have been so anxiously riveted upon it of late. For the Austrians have so vital an interest in the Eastern Question, that to all appearance they should have spoken the words long ago that must have sent Europe into amicable conference. Unhappily, as matter of fact, the magnificent Austrian empire is a mere political expression. With its many and motley nationalities, jealously scrambling for equality or ascendancy, it has been shifting, as one of its diplomatists very justly observed to M. Tissot, from absolutism to federalism; from federalism to centralism; from centralism to dualism. The German race is in a small minority; while its more advanced Liberals are alien in their sympathies. As much indeed may be said of each of the people that compose what is anything but a happy family. The Magyars, who saved the throne of Maria Theresa from the cynical ambition of the Great Frederick, lay themselves out for foreign support in their aspirations after independence and self-government. It was the Russians of Nicholas, with the Slavs under the Ban of Croatia, who crushed out their rising of 1848 when its success seemed wellnigh assured. Thus they have an equal horror of their Russian neighbors and of their Slav fellow-subjects, and that is why they have gone heart and soul with the Turks, while laboring to force the hand of Count Andrassy. But Count Andrassy, although their countryman, has to reckon with the Court party, and with the formidable Slav element that re-established its ascendancy. Then the Slavs, whatever may be their apprehensions as to the future, are loath to break in the meantime with their Russian kinsfolk. The Czechs, surrounded

by Germans, are shut up in their *enclave* of Bohemia; they assert their pretensions to such privileges as are enjoyed by the Hungarians; and their deputies have refused to take their seats in the Cisleithan Chamber at Vienna, as the representatives of the coasts of Transleithania hold aloof from the Parliament at Pesth. Measures that are urged from the one side provoke bitter opposition on the others, because where interests are not actually in conflict, the atmosphere is charged with suspicion.

As we have no idea of entering into political questions, we refrain from even the most cursory *résumé* of the relative positions of the other provinces: we have merely glanced at the subject, because we see in Vienna the social embodiment of those antagonistic influences that hamper or paralyse Austrian action. Politically, the state of things is calamitous for Europe, and means the gravest anxieties for the dynasty of the Hapsburgs. But socially, and from the picturesque point of view, it makes Vienna one of the most attractive of capitals, at all events to the passing visitor. It is true that Old Vienna has been strangely changed, and by no means altogether for the better, even so far as its own inhabitants are concerned. For ourselves, we plead guilty to a sentimental conservatism in the case of venerable cities and time-honored abuses, although it clashes with common-sense, and will not stand the test of argument. We regret the reforms in Papal Rome which have swept and garnished its filthy old thoroughfares; which have white-washed the crumbling walls that used to be tapestried with gorgeous mosses; which have disengaged diseases and death in disturbing mouldering foundations; which broach schemes for embanking the yellow Tiber, although these seem to be indefinitely delayed. We regret the works of demolition that have let light and air into the Judengasse at Frankfort, replacing rookeries that gladdened the soul of the artist by a brand-new modern street with gas and water laid on. We lament the destructive enterprise of the municipality of Naples; and now that the energetic officials who

* Vienne et la Vie Viennoise, par Victor Tissot. Paris: E. Dentu. 1878.

carried it out have been brought into the law courts, we are inclined to say that it serves them right. We are by no means clear even as to the "improvements" in Paris; and we know that we move in pensive melancholy along those broad boulevards which traverse the labyrinths of oddly-named streets where we used always to lose ourselves after a long-standing acquaintance. A superbly imposing monotony of buildings is all very well in such mushroom cities as New York or Chicago; nay, there is little exception to be taken to it in quarters of our own metropolis like Belgravia or South Kensington, that encroach on what used to be fields or market gardens; but it is another thing altogether when it takes the shape of subversion, and transforms the Rome of the Popes, or the Paris of the Valois and the Bourbons. We love our comforts as much as most people; and we trust that we are no more immoral than our neighbors. Yet we sometimes wish we could have seen the Paris of the occupation after Waterloo, before the *Préfets* of the Seine were abroad wielding the besom of destruction, and intrusted with unlimited credit; when there was a romantic sense of insecurity in the streets after sundown; when bands of lawless Bohemians infested the suburbs, and water-thieves were said to swarm on the Seine; when every sort of irregularity was facilitated by the faint light of the lamps of oil that swung from lines across the tortuous thoroughfares; when the chink of the gaming-tables might be heard in broad daylight from the windows of the gambling dens in the *Palais Royal*.

Our feelings have run away with us, and we have said so much that we fear we are very likely to be misunderstood. And besides, we have been wandering away from Vienna and the promiscuous population that makes it what it is. But then, if there is anything of the past that one may be excused for regretting, it is the Vienna that we used to know down to some dozen of years back. It was then that those contrasts, to which we have made allusion, struck you so forcibly at every turn. The citizens were cribbed and confined, and the city was mean in some of its aspects. Though the fortifications had been dismantled,

they had not been removed; the inhabitants were cramped within an *enceinte* that reminded them of days comparatively recent, when the Turks came periodically to beleaguer their walls, and the Marchfeld was the habitual battle-ground of the Eastern Question. The proudest aristocracy of Europe lived in the very centre of the commercial quarter, looking out from the windows of their *salons* of state on rookeries that were crowded by the hard-working artisans. There was literally no elbow-room to be had for love or money. There was no throwing out a wing or altering a gable without interfering with the lights or rights of a neighbor; and you had to pick your way along the most fashionable street on the narrow border of flags that was the merest pretence for a pavement. The wheels of the carriages, when the weather was wet, cast showers of mud on the unfortunate passengers as on the windows of the court shopkeepers. When the wealthiest nobles were so indifferently housed according to our Western notions, of course their inferiors were by no means particular. We have inhabited the gloomy interior of rather expensive lodgings in the *Kürnthner Strasse*, and could judge by their internal appointments of the dwellings of the well-to-do middle classes. In short, light and air were not to be had upon any terms; and the tenants set small store by such modern conveniences as water and drainage. You had some idea of the habits of the Viennese in their homes when you groped your way into one of the restaurants they frequented. These restaurants still exist and thrive on the strength of their time-honored reputations side by side with more showy rivals. A popular chop-house in the city of London was a palace of ease compared to one of those old-fashioned Vienna eating-houses at noon-day. Packed together like a consignment of swine in a railway truck, these worthy Viennese could be dimly distinguished though the dense columns of vapor that rose from their savory food, or rolled up through dark subterranean passages from the vaulted kitchens below. The ceaseless clatter of knives and the clink of beer-glasses made the horrors of the hazy pandemonium more intense. And if these things were done in the green tree, what was

done in the dry? If that was the way of life of well-to-do people, who patronised establishments in the most frequented streets, one may imagine what it was when you penetrated into the labyrinth of lanes where the industrial and dangerous classes were huddled together, or when you made your way into the quarter of the Jews, that slopes down towards the arm of the Danube. The decrepit houses, piled stage over stage, threatened to topple over into each other's arms; the open gutters came with a rush after rain down the rugged acclivities of ill-paved *gasses*, to flood the pools that were stagnating at the bottom. There was no trapping or covering of sewers; it was seldom, indeed, that the scavenger penetrated thither; and as for the odors that tainted the air, the scents of the City of the Virgins were a trifle to them!

All that was one side of the picture. The natives did not seem to care, or it might be presumed that they would have agitated for sanitary measures; and we never heard that the death-rate in Vienna compared very unfavorably with that in other cities. The traveller might grumble at the gloom in the best hotels—in the solemn and grimly-furnished bedrooms of the "Archduke Charles" or the "Empress Elizabeth;" he might object to being jostled when he took his walks abroad—to having to swallow a peck of dust during his stroll—to being splashed from head to foot by the carriages; but all that only served with the rest to brighten the enchanting contrasts.

First, as to the city itself. Each individual dwelling might be incommodious—taken in the aggregate, they were most inconveniently huddled together. But then the general architectural and æsthetic effects were simply unrivalled, when the sombre harmony of the weather-stained tints was lighted up by the streams of brilliant sunshine that came pouring down upon the *places* and markets, or filtered through the gables and angular chimneys. Everything in the shape of public buildings seemed to wear the historic picturesqueness of hoar antiquity, from the Gothic glories of the graceful spires of St. Stephen's to the fortress-palace of the Burg, where the Emperor kept house among his people. At each turn of the narrow twisting streets you found yourself in front of

some imposing sculptured façade, among other buildings that had little to boast of but their solidity. At each corner you looked up at some quaint group of house-tops, dominated by the tower or the steeple of one of the innumerable churches. There were the massive convents, often looking out to the country from their commanding positions on the ramparts; the lofty townward wall, with its lines of grated windows, sometimes forming the side of an entire street. There were palaces of the nobles, that, though they left little space for the surrounding garden, sometimes looked out like that of the Esterhazys, on spacious *places* like the Freyung; while in the Jews' quarter, although it might scarcely be agreeable as a residence, there were the most fantastic eccentricities of curious outline, and specimens of the most elaborate workmanship in iron, that amply repaid the researches of the connoisseur.

But it was the open-air life of Vienna that was made so thoroughly enjoyable by comparison. The Viennese revel in the open air—and no wonder. If they could not exorcise the familiar spirits of gloom that haunted their closely-packed houses, at all events they could rush out and elude them. In bad weather and the long winter evenings there were the *brasseries* and the *cafés*, whose frequenters had been born to the manner of them, with the seasoned constitutions of salamanders and the lungs of stokers in the Red Sea. But these recommended themselves as a *pis aller* to the social townsfolk, who always preferred, when they could, to be *unter freiem himmel*, and if possible to take their wives and families along with them. In the first place, they had the intramural *places* within easy reach of their doors—most of them turned into markets on several mornings in the week. There they could lounge among the stalls laden with fruit from the neighboring orchards, and bunches of old-fashioned flowers, and great piles of vegetables in profusion if not in variety; among the mob of sturdy, noisy, good-humored peasants—the women in queer head-dresses and gay-colored bodices and petticoats that wonderfully brightened the scene;—among the wagons and carts and *ein-spänner*s that had been dragged overnight from

considerable distances by horses and ponies, donkeys and dogs. There among flocks of pigeons and sparrows from the overhanging roofs, that scarcely took the trouble to flutter out of the way, the good housewives of the town used to do their marketing, with their children clinging on to their skirts, and often escorted by the house-father, who carried the basket. How pleasant and wholesome it must have been in the city smoke to sniff up the freshness of the country from the basketsful of apples and cabbages! No wonder they prolonged the bargaining indefinitely, though they must have been tolerably familiar with the market prices, insisting on having a stock or a sprig of wallflower thrown in. These characteristic market scenes must always linger in one's memory, as they presented themselves to the curious traveller looking down upon them—say from the balconies of the Hotel Münsch upon the Hop-market.

It was chiefly the women of the *bourgeoisie* who went about the markets of a morning. The men looked forward to the mid-day meal, when they met their friends and discussed their affairs; to the gathering in the breweries and *cafés* when their day's labors were done; but above all to the cool of the evening in the gardens. There they inhaled the fresh breezes from the pine-covered hills of the Wienerwald; there they smoked their pipes and their favorite Virginian cigars, and listened to the lively waltzes by the bands of Strauss and Lanner. We need not loiter in the gardens now, for they are as great a feature of the Viennese life as ever. But nothing can bring back the old spectacle in the Prater on the gala-days and fine Sundays in summer. The noble clumps of timber are there still: the great shady stretches of turf: the lovely glades and impervious thickets, with the broad reaches of the rushing Danube sparkling in the brilliant sunshine or glooming in the shadows of the trees. There are still the streets of booths and dancing-saloons and eating-houses in the Würtl-prater, where the people pluck the passing day, and make merry in Rabelaisian fashion. But the old pomp and picturesqueness are gone, which were the most visible signs and symbols of a city that was still medieval. Then the court equipages,

carefully supervised by the master of the horse, according to the traditions of his office, used to turn out in grand gala-dress. Then the great magnates from all the provinces of the empire were wont to rival the imperial magnificence, and vie with each other in their degrees. Gorgeous *chasseurs* seated on the boxes, their good-humored features shaded by nodding plumes, outshone the glories of Western field-m Marshals. Princes and counts of the kingdom of Hungary would appear in the graceful national garments—in the long boots and embroidered *dolmans*—that delighted their semi-oriental taste. It was a firmament of which the imperial sun was the centre, and where hundreds of minor constellations had each its train of satellites. The people crowded with open eyes and mouths to gaze in ever-renewed delight at a glittering spectacle that no familiarity could stale. And what he saw in the course of his drive round the Prater showed the stranger a reflection of the interior of those forbidding-looking mansions, where no foreigners set foot unless they came with the best introductions. Each of these mansions had its little court. In more than one of them, like that of the head of the Esterhazys, a table was daily spread for the relations and hangers-on. Some of the princely houses were entitled to their personal bodyguards, and had even the right to confer honors and distinctions. Nor was the picturesqueness by any means confined to the ostentation of the high aristocracy. You drove back from the Prater to the Stephen's platz and the Kohlmarkt to find yourself in such a variety of costume as you saw nowhere else out of a fancy ball. The different *cafés* were patronised by different nationalities. There were Turks and Greeks, Jews and Poles, Bohemians and Servians, Wallachians and Moldavians, Tyrolese and people from the coasts of the Adriatic. They crowded each other and mingled their motley garb and speech on the broad flagstones of the Kohlmarkt, jabbering in each dialect of Eastern Europe, and smoking everything from the porcelain pipe to the cigarette.

Nowadays if you woke up in Vienna after having gone to sleep for a dozen or fifteen years, like Rip Van Winkle, or About's 'man with the broken ear,' you

might rub your eyes indeed. Vienna is the *Kaiserstadt* as much as ever ; the same agglomeration of clashing nationalities constrained to a common obedience to their imperial head. The strange diversities of feature and language are as striking as before. But the crowds of semi-orientals have learned to clothe themselves like ordinary Western Christians, so that the people turn to stare at the Turk who sticks to the costume of his country and climate. The Hungarian whose father draped himself in the *dolman*, orders his garments in Saville Row, and piques himself on their insular faultlessness of cut. The nobles who prided themselves on the profuse hospitality of their patriarchal state, have either been half ruined or have had to draw in their horns. Humbler men have taken to making and losing fortunes after the manner of those enterprising Americans who have the knack of falling on their feet. Venturesome speculators have come to the front, and the money-making tribe of Judah has asserted its financial supremacy. M. Tissot remarks that the Hebrew dream of the new Jerusalem has actually been realised on the banks of the Danube. It is the Jews, he says, who have built these modern palaces. It is the Jews who have bought up the Austrian press. It is the Jews who monopolise the money of the empire. It is the Jewish bill-brokers who have made themselves the masters of the feudal families that in former ages used to put them to ransom. "How the times are changed !" a Viennese sufferer remarked to him plaintively, referring to the good old times when the Jews were wont to be burned by the hundred, and when the poor Christian students came to turn over the heaps of ashes in search of the pieces of gold that the victims might have hidden in their garments. "How the times are changed ! Now it is the Jews confiscate our goods."

And as it is with the citizens, so it has been with their city. It may seem a strong thing to say when the march of demolition and reconstruction has been so universal, but nowhere are architectural contrasts more conspicuous. Hear M. Tissot on the subject, when he gives expression to the ideas that must suggest themselves to everybody :—

"The '*stadt*,' the city, which forms as it were a black island lost in the white sea of its suburbs, remains the centre of commercial, political, and social life ; the pickaxe of the destroyer has respected these tortuous streets, these narrow *places*, all full of old relics, and where still is palpitating, the same as before, the soul of the ancient monarchy. The six-storeyed houses, with their grand arched gateways, with their massive caryatides, encounter each other at each step in this labyrinth of picturesque and gloomy streets which worm themselves about, which cross, which meet, and which carry you back with your thoughts for several centuries ; their sharp-cut, engine-turned turrets which shoot up in the air like vegetation in stone, soften the angles and give a castellated air to those ancient constructions of feudalism, where personal power was so solidly entrenched. But to see this decorated architecture in all its splendor, you should make the round of the city by night, in a brilliant moonlight. Going out of an evening I have given myself over to the guidance of an artist friend, in this ravishing labyrinth of venerable streets which seem to be playing at hide-and-seek, and shrinking out of the way of the wind. I was in a rapture over the spectacle, with its unexpected effects and its delightful surprises. One part of the town seemed flooded in a sea of shadows, the other bathed in the limpid and silvery light of a dawn ; and under these reflections of agate and opal, the bearded faces of the caryatides showed as if they were living and grimacing ; you might have said that these great nude bodies of fauns and satyrs were making violent struggles to release themselves from their cases of mortar, that they might draw nearer to the nymphs who, like them, had half emancipated themselves."

M. Tissot remarks characteristically that the reconstruction of old Vienna, with the ruin it has brought on so many, was part of that fatal heritage of the milliards of which Prussia plundered unfortunate France ; that the impulse to wild speculation came directly from Berlin ; and that the embellishment of the capital of North Germany set brains on fire in the *Kaiserstadt*. In reality the Viennese had gone industriously to work long before the negotiations for the secret tripartite treaty which, it has been proved, precipitated the plans of Count Bismarck. The most inveterately Conservative aristocracy in Europe clung as long as they could to their old habits, with the odd blending of ostentation and simplicity. They disliked innovations in any shape as indicative of those popular movements they dreaded. The *bourgeoisie* was far too careful of its savings to offer an inviting opening to specula-

tive adventurers. Yet, considering the growth of luxury and the rapid development of speculative enterprise everywhere else, the only marvel is that the Viennese should have stood still so long. Had the French marched upon Berlin and laid the Prussians under contribution, the Viennese would have gone on all the same with that architectural transformation which was already fairly well advanced. As it was, the flush of cash and credit in Prussia no doubt accelerated the Austrian catastrophe. Moreover, the opening of the Exhibition contributed to it. The Viennese had dreamed the most extravagant dreams of the money they were to make by the strangers within their gates. They appear to have fancied that when once foreign visitors had found their way to them, they would continue to pour on in a perennial flood. So they run up whole quarters for the accommodation of their guests, and for the residence of those who were to make their fortunes by the inundation. Before the commercial crash they had already been undeceived. Some of the biggest of the new hotels were never filled beyond their *entresols*, and M. Tissot gives significant information as to the fate that has befallen them since. The Hotel Austria has been bought for a central police-office. The Tauber, the Britannica, the Union, have all been sold for what they would fetch—the first having been knocked down at a price which barely covered the mortgages. And we should say that if speculative shareholders have cleared the mortgages by their sales in all instances, they have good reason for gratitude. For the building crisis could never have become so acute, had it not been for the seductive facilities in obtaining extravagant advances. When all values were going up, when a swarm of mushroom financial establishments were bidding against each other for business, cash may be said to have been going a-begging. Neck-or-nothing men of straw would set their hands to "securities" to any amount, on the mutual accommodation principle. You bought your plot of land, and you borrowed on it, and made a contract with the builder. When you had built up to the ground-floor you borrowed again, and you repeated the operation at each successive stage, till at last you arrived at the roof,

and could survey your handiwork from the chimney-pots. The insurance companies conspired with the banking establishments to foster those financial follies, for they were a god-send to them—so long as they lasted.

When once the disillusioning set in, it grew to frenzied panic in a day or two. M. Tissot gives a most striking picture of the deplorable tragedies that occurred in the palace of the new Bourse. In six years the members of the Stock Exchange had increased from 1000 to 3200. Two-thirds of these sanguine speculators saw their occupation gone of a sudden, and their dreams of a golden future were changing into ghastly nightmares. Many of them had hopelessly committed themselves. Brought face to face with ruin in forty-eight hours, they found it impossible to stave off the evil day. The impulsive Southern nature passed swiftly from despondency to despair, and there were several suicides in the corridors. Some of the leading members of the great banking houses had fallen into evil repute with the new men. It was said that they had been locking up their cash in their strong-boxes that they might artificially aggravate the stringency and make a sweep among troublesome competitors. One of these bankers, the Baron de Schey—the Schey Palace is one of the most imposing in the Opera Ring—very imprudently drove down to the bear-garden, in the Schotten Ring, when the clamor and excitement were at their height. A frantic mob precipitated itself on him. "He was beaten, buffeted, nearly torn limb from limb, and only owed his life to a miracle. One of his clerks was picked up dying. Next day the house was closed and occupied by a picket of gendarmes." And it would be hard to conjure up a more horrible scene, than that crowd of smartly-dressed, scented and bejewelled pseudo-dandies, changed of a sudden into a troop of wild beasts, and rending in pieces, with savage outcries, a gentleman whose acquaintance they would have purchased the week before by any act of servility or baseness. Heaven only knows what is become of them nowadays. A few committed suicide—notoriously one of the most distinguished of the imperial generals; some died of broken hearts in the extremity of misery; many must

have gone back to the avocations in which they started, or descended to even more questionable walks of *escroquerie*. Some have succeeded in drifting ashore after the storm, on the spars that they saved from the wreck of their fortunes.

The city is beginning gradually to recover itself, though the effects of that panic of 1873 must be long felt through the empire, where it gave a rude shock to commercial confidence, and brought many promising public works to a standstill. The Viennese who had hastened to be rich—who had cut into the great gambling game with the savings they had hitherto been so careful of—who had changed their manner of living on the strength of their gains—have learned some lessons of prudence and over-learned them. They have had to leave their spacious new apartments to go back to their gloomy old rooms; and so far they might have done worse. But because they have once scorched themselves in the fires of speculation, they are more nervous than ever over the most legitimate enterprise. They put away the florins they may scrape and save, in what is the equivalent of the thatch of the Hindoo's mud hovel or the heel of the stocking of the old Highland peasant, and consequently their country must be so much the poorer. Then those years of ephemeral excitement and fictitious money-making have resulted in permanently bad times for the nobles. Many of them had speculated foolishly; but that was by no means the worst of it. For, as a rule, the enterprises into which they were tempted were legitimate improvements in their own districts—in their forests, mines, or low-lying marsh lands. The promoters and concessionaries paid themselves handsomely, of course; but, as a rule, those schemes themselves had some substantial foundation. The evil was, that so many of them were suspended before they were in a position to begin to pay. But the nobles were hurried, besides, into habits of unfamiliar extravagance. Formerly a man took his stand on his recognised rank and his quarterings. If he had large revenues from his estates, he spent them munificently and hospitably; if he were poor or encumbered, he felt no false shame in retrenching his household expenses accordingly. The wealthiest

of the citizens never dreamed of outshining him. They gained no social consideration by spending, and so they saved. But the influx of the foreign financiers and adventurers inaugurated a new state of things. As the new men had no known antecedents, they were obliged to *afficher* themselves and their means. By way of advertising their solvency as promoters, they flaunted their wealth in the face of the city. They built themselves magnificent mansions. They gave sumptuous entertainments amongst themselves in the new society they had formed. They ordered their equipages in Paris and imported their horses from England. It is true that they were not received at Court—that men sneered at their vulgar ostentation, and told good stories to their discredit. But none the less it was not in human nature for the hereditary aristocracy to submit to be eclipsed. So they drew on their incomes for the display which the *nouveaux riches* paid for out of credit and capital. And habits of show and self-indulgence are more easy to assume than to abandon. The result is, that the aristocracy have given themselves over to be spoiled by the Jews, who must have locked away in their strong-rooms a most remarkable collection of title-deeds. "So it is," says M. Tissot, "that a prince has been ruined, rich enough formerly to scatter his handfuls of gold in the streets of St. Petersburg, on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander II. They have laid hands even on his galsuit, and sold its diamond buttons in London." We presume that M. Tissot refers to the head of the great Hungarian family, who, when he mounted on horseback in his pearl-sewn tunic, reckoned on scattering some thousand pounds' worth of the gems.

Those years of thoughtless speculation have made Vienna what we see it; yet much as they have changed it, it is still unique in some respects, and more the city of contrasts than before. Materially the new Ring Strasse that encircles it with its roomy thoroughfares is an immense improvement. Disagreeably windy these thoroughfares may be, when the cold spring blasts are sweeping down from the mountains, enveloping you in whirlwinds of penetrating dust. But at those times the *flâneur* can always take refuge

in the ancient streets that used to be his favorite lounge; and when the weather is pleasant the Ring is delightful. The streams of the gay world may intermingle on the pavements with no fear of overflowing them.

Nowadays you need not make an expedition to the Prater to look on at the lines of carriages and equestrians. You have the seductive shops, showing in their plate-glass windows the variety of *articles de luxe* for which Vienna has always been famous. You may admire the substantial yet graceful furniture, with its artistic carvings of flowers, and fruit, and game, to the manufacture of which a whole quarter is devoted. Then you have the display of knick-knacks in morocco and Russian leather, which seem ridiculously cheap to the stranger, even in the establishments of most fashionable renown. And there are the delicately wrought meerschauts, with their mouthpieces of clouded amber, for which that city of smoking connoisseurs is celebrated; and there are the opals from the Carpathian mountains, and coral from the Levant, among the masterpieces in gold and gems, that show the taste of Austrian jewellers. There are rare carpets and hangings, woven in the Moravian and Bohemian looms, that vie in the softness of their texture and the subdued harmony of their tints with those specimens from Turkey and Persia alongside of them, which are imported by Trieste or the Danube. Next you are dazzled by the coruscations from the stands of Bohemian glass; and then you come upon a gunmaker's whose admirably finished arms of precision are adjusted in trophies under the spoils of the chase—mighty stags' antlers from the Carpathians, chamois-heads from Styria, or the Saltz-kammergut. In short, you lounge through a fancy fair or permanent imperial exhibition, which shows the visitor the ornamental productions of the empire. And when you are tired of lounging, as you may easily be, for the distances are great, and the air is apt to be relaxing, you have only to drop into a *café* and take up your position at one of the windows. These *cafés* are so numerous that they are never overcrowded, except possibly two or three of the most frequented in the fashionable hours of the afternoon. You call for your *mélange*

or your '*Capuciner*'—white, brown, or black coffee, as you prefer it—light your cigar, lie back in a cushioned-corner, and look out upon the boulevards, as you listen to the murmur of talk from the tables around you, though the listening is seldom likely to be indiscreet, thanks to the blending of unfamiliar dialects.

On the Ring or Viennese boulevards, you see nothing but modern architecture. Huge blocks of high-roofed mansions, with a general uniformity of *ensemble*, although each has more or less of a distinctive character. Great palaces, with archways almost as lofty in proportion as the gigantic *chasseur* or Swiss who stands on guard at the entrance. Palaces, whose stately façades are embellished with those grotesque satyrs and graceful nymphs to which M. Tissot makes allusion in his *uebersicht* of the city by moonlight. Here and there the lines of the mansions are broken by the foliage and flowers of lawns and gardens like those of the Stadt Park; by the parade-ground that surrounds some imposing barrack; by a grand opera-house or a sumptuous church. Everything gives you the impression of lavish expenditure, of buildings erected to endure, and with every modern convenience. Through some of the archways you look into shady courtyards where shrubs and flowers are grouped round fountains, reminding you of the *pátios* in Seville or Cordova. Through the open windows you get glimpses at gilded cornices and frescoed ceilings. Sovereigns and princes have taken up their quarters here. There is the palace of the Archduke Albert, perhaps the largest landed proprietor in the empire; there is the palace of the ex-King of Hanover, who has happily managed to retire on a comfortable income, although the Prussians have laid an embargo on revenues, which they devote in the meantime to the "reptile fund." At no great distance there lives, in luxurious exile, one of the ex-archdukes of northern Italy. So that the *nouveaux riches*, who greatly affect the quarter, find themselves in eminently aristocratic company. On the other hand, but a gunshot or so from the Burg Ring, the first gentleman of the empire is content to remain in the unpretending home of his ancestors. Francis Joseph

still inhabits the gloomy palace of the Burg, and a duller or more thoroughly old-fashioned residence no gentleman of his degree need desire. It is the very embodiment of the favorite style of architecture of the medieval city. It is large enough and rambling enough in all conscience, and a blending of the palace, the castle, the convent, and the *corps de garde*. If some of the front windows have a smiling out-look over the Hof Garten, the views over the sombre courts behind are enough to give any of its inmates the blue devils, even when they are enjoying a brighter existence than the unfortunate representative of the Hapsburgs. M. Tissot's remarks on the subject are a good specimen of his style, though of course he cannot resist an incidental fling at the Berlineses.

"You must not look at Vienna for edifices like the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg; the old palaces here have all either the uniform features of the barrack or the melancholy aspect of the convent. Vienna offers no work of elevated architecture; every one reminds you of the age of battle and alarms. The stone is bare; stained with a smoky tinge. Nowhere are there the wrought gratings, the gardens which extend their refreshing and velvety parterres under peristyles with lofty colonnades, but gates and entries which remind one of the fortress and the prison. The imperial chateau—the Burg, as they call it at Vienna—is a simple amalgamation of diverse constructions with no especial style, and united by its courts. But such as it is, with its massive walls, I like it better than that imperial palace of Berlin, of recent manufacture, that you might take for the country villa of a retired dealer in drum-skins. There is here, as it were, the shadow of the grand memories that float before you: these stones are speaking to you of a glorious past. The Burg in other days was surrounded by ramparts, defended by towers, fortified with gates, furnished with portcullises and drawbridges. The Dukes of Austria had at first established their residence on the heights of the Kahlenberg, whence they commanded this fertile and splendid plain of the Danube; when they shifted their castle to the banks of the river, Vienna had its birth."

The interior is quite as unpretending as the exterior. The substantial furniture and old-fashioned decorations may be renewed from time to time, but they have never been "restored." Indeed, the Hapsburgs would be flying in the face of all their family traditions if they were to desert the family mansion; and the Burg, with the simplicity of its domestic life and the stately for-

mality of its court ceremonial, is likely to remain for long a landmark of the old state of things. And what the Burg is as a specimen of castellated municipal architecture, the Church of St. Stephen is ecclesiastically. Surely M. Tissot, who admires the grand cathedral as heartily as any man, had let it slip from his memory when he wrote that Vienna shows no specimen of elevated architecture. St. Stephen's with its lofty, long-drawn choir of the purest Gothic; with its triple nave; with the glorious stained-glass in its traceried windows; with the fretted network of its vaulted roof, and its sculptured pillars, profusely decorated with statuary; with the airy strength and sublimity of its soaring spire, is a marvel and masterpiece of medieval genius. We have often admired the massive magnificence of outline of some stupendous dome on a remote horizon—of St. Peter's, seen over a rolling sea of malarious mist creeping across the flats of the Roman Campagna—of St. Paul's, behind the veil of London smoke, colored in an autumnal sunset—of St. Sophia's at Constantinople, against the azure of the sky—or of the Mosque of Omar on its mount at Jerusalem. The swelling dome comes in appropriately among the minarets of an eastern city with its *enclaves* of gardens, or over such a limitless expanse of stone and lime as that of London. But the sharp, soaring spire is the befitting crown and centre point for a walled city such as old Vienna, moated on one side by its river, and ringed in by its encircling hills. As a rule we dislike climbing interminable steps to risk a doubtful reward in the bird's-eye view of a landscape. But it is worth while ascending the spire of St. Stephen's, if you can only shake yourself clear of the attentions of the guide, were it merely for the sake of the historical associations. You read an epitome of the fortunes of the Hapsburgs and their empire, rolled out around you in the panoramic map where each salient point has its especial memories. Many a time the guardians of the bulwark of Christendom have looked down from that commanding standpoint on the tents of the beleaguering hosts of the Moslem, or watched their "baffled flight along the plain," when they left behind them those standards, kettledrums, and

horse-tails that are shown among the trophies in the Ambras collection and the Arsenal Museum. It was thence that the chivalrous Staremborg gazed out night after night for the concerted signs of the longed-for relief, till at last he was gladdened by the signal-rocket shooting up from the heights of the Kahlenberg. On that night Sobieski and the Duke of Lorraine were solemnly partaking of the sacrament in the solitary hill chapel on the Leopoldsborg, while the successful attack was being organised, which was so gallantly seconded by Staremborg. From St. Stephen's, you see at your feet the battle-fields of Lobau, Essling, and Wagram, where the fate of the empire hung trembling in the balance. From St. Stephen's the bivouac fires of the enemy were distinguished, when the Prussians, after Sadowa, had advanced to the banks of the Danube. And carrying your eyes towards the eastern horizon, they follow the winding course of the Danube—the imperial river after all, whether its mouths be Russian or Roumanian—till they rest beyond the plains of Hungary on the blue ridges of the Carpathians, and away to the south on the Alps of Styria, and behind these again on the snow peaks of Tyrol. While, if you drop your gaze over the parapets on the Stephen's-platz, you contemplate the dwarfed gables and chimney-stacks of the lofty houses ranged round the square; the stands of rickety *fiacres* with the liliputian coachmen nodding on the boxes, and the long lines of the omnibuses that ply to all points in the *environs*.

M. Tissot gives a picturesque legend of the building of the spire. He had it, he says, from a friend who persuaded him to the ascent, and *si non e vero e ben trovato*.

"Maitre Pilgram," his friend began, "the architect of the southern tower, on the summit of which we shall stand in ten minutes, was one of those artists of genius such as there were at Cologne, at Strasburg, at Ulm, at Spire. The cathedral pulpit is a marvellous masterpiece, which owes its construction to his chisel. Have you remarked the head up there, looking at us through a window? That is Pilgram himself, who placed himself there."

"Well, the old master had a daughter, beautiful and pure as the Virgin; her name was Cecile, and one of his pupils loved her as they loved in those days, and as they still

love sometimes at the age of twenty. He has given her features to the faces of the angels that he has sculptured on the cornices and on the doorway of the cathedral."

When Pilgram had finished his tower, one morning this pupil of his sought an interview with him. It was to ask the hand of the great architect's daughter: and the suppliant scarcely helped his suit by assuring her father that she reciprocated his passion. He urged that he was persuaded of making himself a reputation; that he had courage, perseverance, and ambition. "What, if you only had ambition?" sneered the master. "Put me to the proof," rejoined Puxbaum. "Build the second tower of the Cathedral, and Cecile shall be yours," said Pilgram, with an ironical and disdainful air, and then he turned his back on his pupil. The promise, which Puxbaum accepted in all seriousness, proved a rash one for Pilgram. The council of the city heaped honor and riches on the Master for the great work he had accomplished: then they charged him with the construction of the second tower. The temptation to accept was strong; the more so perhaps that he had little belief in Puxbaum's talent, and felt that both he and the municipality might be befooled. But he was the slave of his plighted word, and he succeeded in persuading the city council to transfer the flattering commission to his detested pupil. But there was one man who hated Puxbaum even more than Pilgram did. That was Herder, a fellow apprentice, his senior by a score of years, likewise in love with Cecile, and who therefore regarded the aspiring young genius with a double jealousy. As Puxbaum reared his tower under the admiring eyes of a sympathetic populace, Pilgram aged visibly, grew daily more morose, till at last he took to his bed and died. As for Herder, he swore that his rival had made a bargain with the devil, and that the death of the famous architect was one of the articles of the agreement. Puxbaum had remained in the cemetery after his master's funeral, lifting his eyes to the work that was fast approaching completion, when all at once, against the moonlight that shone through the Gothic lace-work, he distinguished a shadowy outline climbing the ladders of the scaffolding. Suspecting

the presence of an enemy, he hurried up and challenged the night-walker. The answer came from Herder, who precipitated himself on Puxbaum, and the rivals closed in a mortal grapple. Losing their balance, still locked in each other's arms, they tumbled into the void. In the fall, Puxbaum released his adversary, and succeeded in seizing a projecting beam, clinging to it with the clutch of despair. As to Herder, before touching the pavement, he uttered a shriek of anguish so piercing that it was heard all over the town: the neighboring windows and doors were thrown open; the people rushed out upon the *Place* in their night-dresses to pick up a bleeding and frightfully mutilated corpse. The face was shattered beyond recognition, and at first the people fancied it was Puxbaum whom the devil had flung down from the tower. When they learned the miraculous circumstances of Puxbaum's preservation, with more plausibility suspicions changed to convictions as to the reprobate's bargain with the Powers of Evil. So it became out of the question that he should remain in Vienna; he bade a mournful adieu to his Cecile—and the separation proved her death-warrant—wandered forth on a pilgrimage with staff and scrip, and never was heard of again.

There is another legend of the artist guilds of the middle ages, connected with the famous *Stock-im-Eisen*, which stands within a stone's-throw of the cathedral doors. The *Stock-im-Eisen*, as everybody ought to know, is the stump of a venerable tree, said to mark the ancient limits of the Wienerwald. It is clasped with a padlocked iron band, and sheeted with iron in the shape of nails driven in by the apprentices to the locksmith's trade before **they set out** on their probationary wanderings. About the genuine *diablerie* of this story there can be no mistake, since it is founded on historical facts, and confirmed by immemorial tradition. M. Tissot tells it thus: Erhard Marbacher, the most famous locksmith of Vienna, had taken a certain Martin Mux as an apprentice out of charity. Martin was very much of a *mauvais sujet*, so the worthy Master Marbacher was exceptionally severe with him. One evening Marbacher sent the lad on a message beyond the walls, with

strict injunctions to be back before the gates closed. Martin loitered till he was belated and locked out. In sore distress he tried to soften the inexorable gatewards, but all in vain. Then in the moment of his despair, a stranger appeared at his elbow and offered to help him. He gave his *protégé* a handful of gold by way of earnest, and gradually increased his offers of future patronage. Martin, being shrewd enough, naturally suspected the motives of the benevolent stranger, who moreover had all the attributes both in dress and costume that distinguished the Mephistopheles of the middle ages. By way of some small return for his generous promises, the stranger negligently suggested that Martin should sign away his soul; but though Martin was dazzled and tempted, he would not consent without bargaining. According to their final terms, the tempter stipulated to place the apprentice at the head of his trade, and instruct him in all the knowledge of good and evil. On the other hand, Martin bequeathed him his soul, providing that he failed on a single occasion to attend the Sunday Mass. Next day Martin's new acquaintance presented himself as a gentleman of the Court to Marbacher in his workshop. He came to order an iron circlet, to be secured by a padlock, that no mortal strength could force. It was a difficult commission at best, and had to be executed so quickly, that Marbacher hesitated, and finally declined. Then the visitor made an appeal to the apprentices. Martin, the youngest of them, venturously undertook the task, and received the inspiration that enabled him to execute it in a dream. His masterpiece met the full approval of the mysterious customer, who clasped and locked it round the stem of the old tree in the horse-market. The successful artisan went on his trade wanderings, and worked, among other tasks, under Master Veit at the great tomb of St. Sebald in Nuremberg. He chanced to come back to his native city at the very moment when the municipality were offering munificent rewards to the man who should open the lock that he had forged. He succeeded as a matter of course, and was acknowledged as the chief of his calling. He attained to increasing wealth and consideration, taking care

never to miss a mass, until one unlucky Sunday, when his vicious old habits got the better of him, and he carried the Saturday night into Sunday morning over a long game of cards. Then he made a rush for the church, but it was too late. The officiating priest was already at the "*Ita missa est*;" and lo! the other party to the fatal bargain was there to receive him with triumphant sneers and a demoniacal scowl of congratulation. Martin fell down senseless, and expired on the spot, his breath escaping from the body in a puff of black smoke. When they carried the corpse to his mother's, the skin had changed to the hue of the Ethiopian's; and although he was honorably buried in the cemetery of the cathedral, there could be no question as to the fate of his soul.

We can well believe that wild legends of this sort still find a shadowy credence. The citizens of Vienna have preserved their faith in their religion more than those of most Roman Catholic cities. A larger proportion of the men are to be seen in the churches; the lower classes are unmistakably devout. Religion or superstition still presides at grand imperial and popular spectacles, when the whole town is *en fête*. Where else could you see such a sight, for example, as is to be witnessed in Vienna on each festival of the *Corpus Christi*? Every shop and place of business are closed. The Emperor in person takes his place in a procession, falling into the ranks behind the clergy, followed by the court, the ministers, the municipal authorities, and the trade guilds. There are waving plumes, caparisoned horses, with all the noble Hungarian body-guard glittering in their medieval trappings. There are benedictions and genuflections at the successive stations; and as the crosses and the sacred symbols are held on high, the people drop devoutly on their knees in the mud or the dust. In the Austrian empire no ecclesiastical commissions have restricted the emoluments and retrenched on the privileges of the great church dignitaries. There are Hungarian archbishops and prelates who are still in the enjoyment of revenues that sound fabulous in western ears. And then the population of the city, religious as it evidently is—priest-ridden if you will—is being perpetually recruited from

provinces that are devout or benighted, as you may please to call them. The son of the peasant, or of the small country burgher, who comes up to try his fortune in the Kaiserstadt, brings with him something of the atmosphere in which he has been nursed. In the primitive valleys of the Tyrol and the Vorarlberg; among the bleak hills of Carinthia; on the thinly-inhabited plains of Hungary and Galicia; in the forests of Styria and Bohemia, or in the Transylvanian military borderland,—he has shuddered from his childhood at strange legends, and been taught to receive wild superstitions as articles of his faith. He has cherished the prejudices and animosities of his local patriotism; he half feels that he has emigrated into a city of foreigners where he is subjected of a sudden to unfamiliar companionship, that opens his eyes and quickens his intelligence; but it is very slowly that he responds to the influences of scepticism, socialism, and advanced ideas generally.

These circumstances have even a more marked effect politically, though the consequences are rather negative than active. There can by no possibility be such a thing in Vienna as an ardent and unanimous national impulse, as we understand it here. If the Emperor and his ministers, after most natural hesitation, make up their minds to some grand stroke of policy, they must infallibly run serious domestic risks. Imperial triumphs would be sure to aggravate active discontent in certain quarters. They must rely, in the meantime, partly on the support of the Court party and the semi-official leaders of opinion, but chiefly on the discipline and obedience of the troops; and these cannot be absolutely counted upon in all instances, in consequence of the conditions under which the army is recruited. It is a fact that at least one cavalry regiment at Solferino refused to charge at the word of command, when the colonel who had answered for its loyalty blew out his brains on the battlefield; while the strategy of the Bohemian campaign is believed to have been gravely affected by the necessity for peculiar dispositions of the troops.

M. Tissot is a careful and conscientious inquirer, and we have found him to be generally reliable where his thor-

ough-going partisanship is put out of the question. *Apropos* to the assertion that Vienna cannot be properly called a German town, he quotes with approval the following passage from a German writer, whom he does not name ; and it appears to us that the German is right in essentials, although doubtless he has exaggerated for the sake of effect :—

“Swamped for long centuries by the Slavs, the Magyars, and the Italians, this town, they say, has no longer a drop of pure German blood. You find at Vienna a Bohemian theatre as at Prague, an Italian opera, French and Hungarian singers, Polish clubs ; in the omnibus it is sometimes impossible to exchange a word, since nobody understands German ; in some of the *cafés* there are Hungarian, Czechian, Slav, Polish, Italian journals, and not a single German newspaper. If you have not lived long in Vienna, you may still be a German of pure breed, but your wife will be a Galician or a Pole, your cook a Bohemian, your nursemaid an Istriote or a Dalmatian, your valet a Servian, your coachman a Slav, your barber a Magyar, and your tutor a Frenchman. In the Government offices the Czech *employés* are in the majority ; and it is the Hungarians who fill the highest posts in the administration. No ; Vienna is not a German town.”

All that, as we observed in the beginning of our article, makes the city the more agreeable in a social point of view. The confusion of nationalities is so great that it becomes impossible to obtain trustworthy returns by a census. But we may form some vague general idea of it by statistical returns from the provinces. Thus in Bohemia, the Germans are to the Czechs as 1 to 2 ; in Hungary the pure Magyars are to the Slavs, &c., perhaps as 2 to 3. Possibly M. Tissot goes too far in asserting, that out of a hundred people whom you meet in the capital, no more than twenty are unmistakably of the German type. But it is certain that the less taking traits of the German character are pleasantly toned down with the harsher features of the Teutonic physiognomy, by the influences of a genial climate, and by intermingling with more warm-blooded southerners. No people impresses the stranger more favorably than those kindly, jovial, good-humored Viennese. The inner circles of the aristocracy are difficult of access ; but if you are fairly passed into their intimacy, you are welcomed in the most frank and friendly fashion. It is significant of their *gutmüthigkeit* that they

take it as a compliment when an acquaintance of their acquaintances asks permission to be presented to them. We cannot say that hospitality is one of the national virtues—partly, perhaps, because with their simple habits of life the *bourgeois* had few facilities for entertaining suitably. But they are always friendly and cordial when you meet them in the public resorts, in which they seem to be really more at home than in their houses. Nothing can be more cheerful than those merry family groups of an afternoon, sitting over their ices and coffee on the terraces of the Stadt Park ; or even more of a summer evening in the Volk's Garten, where all classes still meet on a friendly footing, though there is decidedly more segregation than there used to be. Black eyes and lemonade make the Persian's paradise according to Tom Moore ; and the genuine Viennese finds his terrestrial heaven in music, tobacco, and Dreher's beer. And his tastes in those respects are most liberally catered for. In the fine weather everybody crowds to the gardens, or takes the tramway to *casinos* among the woods in the suburbs, or runs down by rail to the more distant *anlage*. If you are storm-bound in the town, in wet weather, or in the winter, at every turn you come upon some *café chantant*, or “brewery,” or dancing saloon. We dare not say much for the morality of the Viennese. They stand self-condemned in that respect by the singularly free-and-easy advertisements they tolerate, and which sometimes fill entire columns of journals in general circulation. In fact, to assure them a wider circulation, these advertisements in the ‘*Tagblatt*’ are generally in French, which M. Tissot describes as “the language of love at Vienna.” A gentleman intimates his desire to form a connection, not always *pour le bon motif*, and sketches a fancy portrait of the object of his vague aspirations. Or he has been struck by the charms of some amiable *ingénue*, who has apparently exchanged *willades* with him from under the parental wing in a box at the theatre or an omnibus to the environs. Forthwith he rushes into type, inviting the fair unknown to pave the way to an intimacy by an assignation ; and that system of advertising would not be so common as

it is, were these assignations not very frequently responded to. In flirtations in good society and elsewhere, affinities go by the rule of contraries. The swarthy Magyar makes love to the plump German *blonde*; while the blue-eyed and more stolid Austrian selects for the objects of his adoration the Pole or Hungarian, with their French *esprit* and their wealth of raven locks, or the black-eyed daughters of sunny Dalmatia.

So far as the foreigner is concerned, there are few cities where he can amuse himself better than in Vienna—at all events, for a short time. If he comes supplied with introductions, and goes in for society, the winter is undoubtedly the season to see the city to advantage. In summer, the nobles and landed proprietors have gone to their estates, and the diplomatists are on leave; the merchants, bankers, and wealthier citizens are away in *villegiatura*; even the clerks, shopkeepers, and people of that class, have taken lodgings, when they can, in the surrounding villages. But in late spring and early summer, the passing traveller finds the place delightful. It may be hot, no doubt, in the day, but there is a most refreshing coolness in the evening; and at all times there is a wonderful purity in the air. If you are lucky enough to be lodged high up in one of the well-situated new hotels, like the "Metropole," you enjoy enchanting views up the river and over the house-tops, to the breezy heights of the Kahlenberg and Leopoldsberg. You make parties for dinner to Dommayer's at Schönbrunn, or to one of the *restaurants* in the Prater, or at Hitzing, Bruhl, or Baden. You get up an appetite before dinner in the Imperial Park, or in a long stroll through the pine woods, and smoke your cigar afterwards among the flower-beds under cool masses of foliage. The Viennese *cuisine* is very good—at all events to a man with an honest appetite; although the sauces, the salads, and the promiscuous mode of serving, may be trying to sensitive stomachs and livers. As for the Viennese themselves, they are blessed with most admirable digestions, and have slight consideration for weaker vessels. Their light amber-colored beer may be swallowed with impunity in almost any quantity, and they show their good sense in insisting upon

calling for it at their *petits diners* in the most fashionable hotels. The wines of Austria and Hungary need only be known to be appreciated, and they have the merit besides of being marvellously cheap, which, unhappily, is rather tending to send them out of fashion. Then there is an excellent opera, where the singing is always good, and the splendor of the *mise en scène* almost unrivalled; while you may pick and choose among polyglot theatres, ringing the changes from the legitimate drama down to the broadest farce. The mystery is how their managers can afford adequate remuneration to the numerous actors; for in some of the most popular establishments there is a double and even a triple company. Possibly the liberal engagement of ladies may be explained by that laxness of morality to which we have made allusion. The *cafés*, especially some of the oldest of them in the Kohlmarkt or the Stephen's-platz, are epitomes in themselves of the life of the citizens. When you frequent them during a brief sojourn, by keeping your eyes and ears open, you may pick up a variety of curious information as to the ways of the city and the empire.

M. Tissot gives a pleasing, and, as we believe, a very faithful picture of the easy relations that have always existed between the Kaisers and their subjects. The Emperor, he says, is but the first of his fellow-citizens, as he lives in homely fashion in the midst of them.

"The Court of Austria has remained the most popular of all Courts; between the Emperor and his people there is something of the friendly affection of a father for his grandchildren. So you find at Vienna republicans of a very peculiar kind—they are all imperialists; words which seem contradictory, but which are explained by the facts. In the worst days of 1848, the people placed the Emperor's portrait, wreathed in flowers, above the barricades; and at night the insurgents lighted candles before the respected image. 'It's not to the Emperor that we bear a grudge,' said the revolutionists, 'but to his ministers—to Metternich.'

"When Ferdinand drove in an open carriage, without an escort, through the streets of Vienna when in full revolt, he received an enthusiastic ovation. The Viennese had sur-named him 'the good.' They recall traits of him of a charming simplicity. . . . Another time, in one of his walks in the neighborhood of Schönbrunn, he met a coffin that was being carried to the grave, with nobody in attendance. He expressed his surprise to his

aide-de-camp. 'Doubtless,' rejoined the aide-de-camp, 'it is some poor devil who has neither friends nor relations.' 'Ah, well,' said the Emperor, 'let us walk behind,' and removing his hat, he accompanied the coffin, threw the first shovelful of earth, prayed on the brink of the unknown grave, and then went quietly home."

M. Tissot thinks that Ferdinand need never have abdicated; that he made a grave mistake in quitting his capital. But it was partly, perhaps, that the very friendliness of the relations between himself and his people made the false position insupportably painful to him. There were strange episodes in these days, both military and political. The hordes of Croats, rough warriors from the border states of the empire, with a touch of hereditary savagery in them, had brought the worthy citizens back to an allegiance they could scarcely be said to have thrown off; and the sceptre of his empire was going a-begging. Ferdinand absolutely insisted on laying it down; his brother Francis-Charles shrank from receiving it; and it was almost forced into the reluctant hands of the youthful Francis-Joseph. With the domestic and rural tastes that almost invariably characterise the members of the family, and have induced some of the Archdukes to withdraw into private station and seek their mates among the daughters of the people, Francis-Joseph foresaw but too clearly the trials and troubles he could not hope to escape. He consented to a heavy personal sacrifice in the interests of his people and the dynasty. M. Tissot describes his checkered career in phraseology that is both suggestive and eloquent, though it may be rather in Victor Hugo's vein of antithesis and exaggeration:—

"A formidable struggle of man against Destiny. One understands that the glance that this prince has thrown to the bottom of things has made him resigned, and mournfully undecided and distrustful of himself. He has seen his convictions crumbling one after the other, like the stones which detach themselves from an ancient citadel. He has only given way foot by foot; and even to-day, if he is constitutional in theory, it is impossible that he should be so in reality. He endures his ministers as a prisoner endures his jailers; he too is confined in the dungeons of the Constitution.

"But in the midst of so many deceptions, of so many sufferings and griefs, Francis-Joseph, like all *natures d'élite*, has succeeded in

preserving an unimpaired gentleness. Austria would have been long ago in full decline had it not been for the admirable character and peculiar virtues of his dynasty. The Hapsburgs have always had the art of extricating themselves from their difficulties by means of a rare tenacity of purpose and a patience it is impossible to exhaust, yet without losing sight of their dignity for the moment. It has been said, indeed, with extreme justice, of the present Emperor, that he has not been lowered but elevated by his misfortunes. In fact, on all the thrones that surround his, I see no grander or more sympathetic figure than that of this king in the torn mantle, whose existence has been one political Calvary. Perhaps there has never been a sovereign that like him has carried the very flower of his youth on to the steps of a tottering throne, who has shown like him on all occasions so grand a power of self-abnegation, so strong a sentiment of duty, and who has so invariably sacrificed his person and his interests to those of his people."

But what *are* the interests of his people? Let him consult the various representatives of his subject-states, and he may well conclude in despair that those interests are absolutely irreconcilable. The statesmen by whose advice he has successively shaped the schemes of his policy, have seldom or never raised themselves above their personal ideas to a serene atmosphere of impartiality. Nor does the course of events or the dignity with which he resigns himself to the inevitable seem likely to bring repose to him in the future. The opening of the Eastern Question, with all the jealousies and apprehensions it has excited, immeasurably adds to his embarrassments. He dare hardly break away from the alliance of the three emperors, whether it be formally or informally ratified. Yet in the family relations of the Czar with his affectionate old uncle at Berlin, the head of the Hapsburgs is "left out in the cold;" and by each imaginable triple understanding the interests of Austria must be imperilled. Any conceivable decided course of action must involve Francis-Joseph personally in the gravest responsibility; for the more brilliant the success of his arms, the more acute would be domestic discontents, while he would have to bear all the blame of a national disaster. The weary hours he passes in his cabinet must be more full of despondent anxiety than ever; and except when he enjoys his well-earned holidays in the fine season, he is one of the most hard-working

men in his broad dominions. This is what M. Tissot tells us of his habits :—

"He loves literature, music, and arts. His private library is that of a man of study and a man of taste. In this Vienna, so hungry after pleasure, he leads the existence of a conscientious functionary. He seldom goes to the theatre, much as he adores the opera; he only shows himself when he is compelled to do so, at *fêtes* and brilliant assemblies. At the hour when the Viennese life is beginning, he retires to rest; and at five o'clock, in winter as in summer, this active, laborious, vigilant prince is invariably up and about. After his prayer, the Emperor breakfasts on a cup of *café-au-lait*, placed on his desk; and while reading his despatches and reports, he smokes one of those long 'Virginias,' which are the favorite cigars of the Viennese. At eleven they bring him a basin of soup or a glass of beer, and he continues at his work till the dinner-hour, when he usually dines with his family."

The Emperor carries the unmistakable traces of care on a face that ought naturally to be singularly cheerful. But it is certain that his constitution would have suffered far more, had it not been for his enthusiastic affection for the chase and the mountains. There are compensations in most lots. And few monarchs are more fortunate in their country-seats. Schönbrunn and Luxembourg, with their fresh green turf and their gay *parterres*, their noble timber, their gigantic hedgerows of trimmed forest-trees, their lakes and fountains, their groups of statuary, their picturesque views into the surrounding highlands—above all, with their invigorating air—are the most enchanting of suburban retreats for an over-wrought inhabitant of the city. But Ischl, to a man of the Emperor's tastes, is simply an earthly paradise, so far as health, sport, and scenery are concerned. The green meadows lie locked in the embraces of the luxuriant woods. The air is fragrant with the lime-flowers in the spring; showers of snow-white blossom have fallen over the foliage of the spreading horse-chestnut trees; the mighty walnuts extend their gnarled boughs over the grey shingle roof and weather-stained timbers of the great, rambling, home-like farmhouses; while the mountains are clothed in magnificent pine-forests, where the pine-stems attain to gigantic girth and have shot up like cathedral columns without throwing out a side-bough. The lower slopes of these forests are mirrored in the hill-locked

lakes; the swift trout-streams of emerald-green come rushing down the bottom of the valleys; each of the rock-*schuchts* and side-dells has its own murmuring rivulet—each cottage its limpid spring at the door. There are saw-mills and corn-mills such as Ruysdael loved to paint, in glades overshadowed by the cool deep verdure that Hobbema delighted in. At Ischl, the "deer-forests" are forests literally, and they are swarming with the red deer and the roe, within a short walk of the imperial chateau. Sitting on the banks of the Traun—so dear to Sir Humphry Davy—and almost within earshot of the lively promenades in the bathing season, we have seen a magnificent stag go by within a stone's throw, with some couples of the imperial beagles at his heels. And we have met the Emperor, in these woods, as M. Tissot describes him, strolling alone in his green-trimmed grey shooting-tunic. You feel, when at Ischl, that it is almost worth while being lord of the dual kingdom, to be able to relax from the cares of state in a retreat so delightful.

The imperial marriage was a marriage of affection. M. Tissot relates the romantic circumstances in which Francis-Joseph made the acquaintance of his bride.

"He married a princess who was almost a shepherdess. She lived in the mountains with her sisters and an old *bonhomme* of a father, a kind of country gentleman, who dressed himself in coarse cloth, and his daughters in wool. She had not been brought up for the throne, and it was one of her sisters that they destined for the youthful Emperor. Francis-Joseph arrived one evening in hunting-dress at his future father's-in-law, on the banks of the Lake of Traun. As he was chatting before the house with the four young girls—who are since become, one the Queen of Naples, another the Princess of Thurm and Taxis, a third the Countess of Trani, and the fourth the Duchess d'Alençon—of a sudden he saw detach itself on the skirts of a neighboring wood that the setting sun was streaking in red and yellow like the stained glass in the windows of a church, the admirable form of a young girl all in white, followed by an enormous dog. The sun set her dress a-sparkling in a thousand points of light, and she came forward in the halo of an apparition, her magnificent hair streaming over her shoulders. It was the Princess Elizabeth: at sight of her, the heart of the Emperor felt itself fixed. Some days afterwards, at a ball at Ischl, he passed almost all the evening in dancing with the lady he called 'the fairy of the forest;' and so he marked his preference publicly."

It would be impossible fairly to estimate the position of the Emperor or the policy of the empire without taking note of the privileges of the nobles, and of the social *prestige* they continue to enjoy. The revolution of 1848, with the new constitutional arrangements, have emancipated the *bourgeoisie* from many of their disabilities. Not a few of the nobles, as we said, have been ruined, or at all events crippled. But from the great princely houses downwards, some of whom until days comparatively recent exercised the right of life and death in their territories, they still assert much of their former ascendancy. When they can afford it, they mount their establishments on a scale of magnificent luxury. As peers of the Emperor and nobles of the empire, they attend all the Court festivities as a matter of course. When residing in their country *schlosses*, they are little kings to all intents and purposes. Employing whole hosts of laborers and shepherds, they *exploitent* themselves their minerals and forests. Then their *salons* in the city are the most exclusive in Europe, and there is no such thing as intermarrying with the rich *roturiers* and new-made millionaires. Consequently they continue to be divided by impassable barriers from the wealthy commercial class, in place of blending into it by almost imperceptible gradations, as with us. Consequently, too, the commercial classes in Austria do not enjoy the same social and political consideration as in the West of Europe, while relatively they are far less numerous. It is but lately that a free course has been cleared for them, and the antecedents of not a few of their most conspicuous members will scarcely bear investigation.

The wealth and business that have accumulated in the hands of the Jews are no doubt gratifying proofs of religious toleration. Still it is significant, that in a capital which beyond any other is the city of castes, there were only 255 Christians, with 250 Jews, at the school of commerce when M. Tissot visited it. No doubt we shall see extraordinary changes as the nobles are impoverished and the traders are enriched; but in the meantime we must take the situation as we find it.

One word before we have done, as to that growing weight of the press, which

begins to temper the power of the Emperor and his ministers, and the predominating influence of the nobles. M. Tissot, according to his invariable habit, devotes to it an interesting and instructive chapter. Before 1848, but a single journal appeared in Vienna, and that was the 'Official Gazette.' "Ah! we were very stupid then," an old Viennese remarked to M. Tissot; "but we were very happy." Now there is an infinity of journals, of all kinds and of every shade of opinion. The Viennese has become as dependent on his newspaper as on his pipe and his glass of beer; and when great events are stirring, the offices in the journalistic quarter are beset. Two hundred and seventeen newspapers were established in a single year. Then came a brief *régime* of sharp repression, to be followed by an extremely liberal reaction. M. Zang, the director of the 'Presse,' originally a baker in Paris, and celebrated for his Viennese bread, "saw his cabinet besieged by personages who humbly solicited the honor of passing into his portfolio the contents of their own." The 'Neue Freie Presse' had its origin in a misunderstanding between Herr Zang and Herr Etienne, who was one of his leading contributors. Herr Etienne launched out with English enterprise, and obtained from the first a brilliant success. He went strongly against the French in the Franco-German War; but M. Tissot scouts the idea of his having been bribed, at a time when half the Viennese press was in Prussian pay, while the refuse was being liberally subsidised by the French Empire. "I believe it more likely that it was M. Etienne who might have offered, had it been needful, a million of thalers to M. Bismarck that he might push on to Sedan." The 'Presse' is moderately liberal; the 'Neue Presse' rather more radical. "It is a journal written by men of passion. Foreign correspondence abounds in it, serious and to the point. Its literary *feuilletons* have real merit." The 'Fremdenblatt,' which is the most lucrative of all, passes for being an organ of the Government; while the 'Politische Correspondenz,' which is avowedly official, is inspired from Berlin by a certain M. Schneider, the private reader of the Emperor William, who supplies it with confidential intelligence

from Berlin and St. Petersburg. The leading journals publish two editions in the day. In the opinion of M. Tissot, they are thoroughly independent; and the relations of the Government with the press in general are frank and honorable. The press representatives have free access to Herr Hoffman, the Minister of Finance, who receives them without distinction of opinion, and communicates what information he is at liberty to impart. Nor can there be a more hopeful sign of the political vitality of the empire than the talent and the honorable independence of the leading organs of opin-

ion. What Austria needs and desires above all things is the peace which would assure her prosperity—which would enable her to persevere in a policy of conciliation, and give her leisure to arrange her internal affairs. To us in England it may seem clear that a more decided attitude would be best calculated to spare her the struggle or the calamities she shrinks from; but even if we are inclined to blame her for short-sighted vacillation, we are bound to give her the benefit of extenuating circumstances.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

A SKETCH OF A BRANCH OF PHYSIOGRAPHY.

From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.

No. II.

AMONG the points referred to in the last paper there are one or two which, on the principle of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, it will be well to consider in somewhat greater detail before we proceed further. I shall first deal with the chemical constitution of the earth, on which I shall have a good deal to say in the sequel.

In the first place we know that we have sixty-four so-called chemical elements; and altogether separating ourselves from the physical foundation, we know that some of them, under terrestrial conditions, are solids, some of them are liquids, and some of them are gases. I say terrestrial conditions, because there is nothing absolute about these states; they depend merely upon pressure and temperature, which may vary from world to world. One of the experimental results obtained last year, and which will make it ever memorable in the annals of science, was to solidify hydrogen and make it hail and crackle on the floor of the laboratory in which the glorious work was done. I have next to point out with regard to the chemical behavior of these elements that they are divided into two great groups; some of them, those like iron, gold, and silver, are called metals;

and others, such as carbon, oxygen, sulphur and so forth, are called metalloids.

It is a very significant fact that of the very small number of gases, two of them exist mechanically mixed in the air, and two also exist chemically combined in water, one gas, oxygen, being common to both. So that before reaching, as it were, the earth's crust at all, we become acquainted with the majority of the so-called "permanent gases" which are known to chemists.

We may also conveniently, if artificially, divide the metals into two classes—I do not mean to say very sharp classes; namely, those which form stable compounds with one of the gases—oxygen, and those again which do not form such stable compounds. Some may ask, what do I mean by forming stable compounds with oxygen? I will answer that question by another. Why do we have our coins made of gold and silver? Because gold and silver are unaltered by the atmosphere, or rather by the oxygen, one of the component gases of that atmosphere. If we were to leave gold and silver in the air, they would not come to any harm, that is to say, they would not rust to any great extent; but if we take some of the finest steel or the finest iron and thus expose it, we shall find that it will rust. This *rust* simply means that

the oxygen in the air has attacked the iron and combined with it, although it does not attack or combine with gold and silver, and hence it is that those metals are chosen for our coins. There are some metals then, like iron, which are more readily acted upon by oxygen; and others, such as gold and silver, which are less rapidly acted upon by oxygen. To render this more clear we can put some potassium into water; we find that potassium is so eager to get hold of oxygen that we instantly get an apparent combustion, with light and heat. The heat developed by the combination of the potassium with the oxygen of the water, is strong enough to drive the potassium into incandescent vapor. Potassium therefore is an instance of a metal which forms a stable compound with oxygen, that is to say, a metal which has a great affinity for, or a great desire to get at, oxygen, however and whenever it can, and gold and silver are just the opposite.

I will also ask you to bear in mind this curious fact, that although we have oxygen and nitrogen mechanically mixed in our air, and although we have oxygen and hydrogen chemically combined in our water, yet there is no free hydrogen present in the earth's atmosphere; and again, that there are no pure metals that have ever been found in the earth which at all approach potassium in this very strong desire to get at oxygen. No doubt you will see the reason of that at once, namely, that in the rocks with which we are acquainted, the metals which have a great affinity for oxygen have had an opportunity of getting at it some time or other.

Such compounds as the oxides to which we have called attention are called *binary compounds*, because they are made up of two different substances; in the case of oxide of iron, or ferric oxide, as it is now called, for instance, we have a combination of iron and oxygen. *As a rule* the higher the temperature of chemical substances the simpler are they. We know, for instance, that the earth might be so hot that all the compound bodies in it would be driven into vapor first, and split up into their constituent elements or *dissociated* afterwards. I have said as a rule, because some compounds require high temperatures for their for-

mation, as there is molecular work to be done before the chemical change called combination can take place; and here we have a very distinct proof, on chemical grounds, that the earth must once have been much hotter than it is now.

These are the very few chemical facts the bearings of which will be discussed when we come to consider the chemistry of the other heavenly bodies. It will be seen in the sequel that with regard to a large number of these bodies their chemistry is the only subject on which a large number of facts have at present been accumulated.

With regard to the geological facts, geology, as I said before, reveals to us the past actions on the face of the globe; and I may sum up those actions almost in one word. The history of our planet up to the present moment has been the history of a cooling world, a world which, as it has got colder, has passed from the state of vapor first into a liquid and then into a solid form. Owing to the contraction of all bodies as they get colder (the change from steam to water will be a familiar example), our planet as it has got cooler has got smaller.

You will find that that somewhat long definition will carry a great deal with it when examined minutely. The earth may have been as hot as you choose to imagine it to have been, for there is little fear that your imagination will carry you beyond the fact in this case—we do not know how hot. But with this hypothesis of a globe which has been gradually getting colder—we do not know for how long, and we do not know at what rate—geologists account for most of the phenomena with which their science brings them more especially into contact.

There is much of course connected with this cooling of an originally vaporous globe about which we shall never know. It is even still a moot point whether the solidification began at the centre in consequence of high pressure, or at the circumference by virtue of the reduced temperature there, or at both together. But, however this may have been—and we shall have to return to the point when we come to consider the present condition of the sun—we may

remark that, on the supposition that the earth cooled from the exterior, one school of geologists account for the formation of our present mountain chains, by supposing that the various pieces of crust, so to speak, after they began to consolidate, slowly fell in consequence of the gradual cooling and therefore lessening of the volume of the interior liquid. It is thus to what geologists call "tangential pressure" that the origin of our mountain chains may be due; for it is, I believe, now a heresy to suppose, as once was supposed, that a mountain is a mountain because it has been pushed up. A mountain is an elevation due to the depression of all the surrounding areas by the earth's contraction, and the various folds of strata are thus explained in a very satisfactory manner.

A word may here be said in connection with this contraction with reference to another matter touched upon in the last paper.

Those among us who have seen a smith at work in his smithy—and who has not?—making the iron glow again by his hard blows, will understand that with all this enormous crushing and rushing towards the centre, so to speak, the various rocks of which the earth's surface is composed would get at all events very hot; so that in that way the interior heat of the earth which has been referred to before, the phenomena of earthquakes and of volcanoes, would be at once explained, either in part or entirely. The eruptions from the craters of Vesuvius, Etna, or of Hecla, indicate to the modern geologist that there has been an enormous temperature produced somehow—possibly by this mechanical action—and that water has been present, which by the thus increased temperature has been driven into steam. So that we have, as it were, a natural steam-engine at work which is driven by the impact and downrush of water upon the rock rendered hot by friction, in the same way that the iron in the blacksmith's forge is rendered hotter by hammering.

We see then that the great variations from a true spherical surface brought home to us on our planet by high mountains and abyssal depths in the ocean, have had their origin when the surface temperature was very much higher than

it is now; and it is remarkable that the voyage of the *Challenger* has demonstrated that the greatest depressions in the ocean lie near elevated land areas, as if one compensated the other. The greatest ocean depth certainly observed is five miles and a quarter. This, taken in conjunction with the height of the Himalayas, Andes and Alps, will give us an idea of the true roughness of the earth's surface.

But this is not all; the same cause has been at work in deforming our little world as a whole.

Our planet indeed is not a true globe, because of its former plastic condition before the formation and cooling of the surface. When the globe was soft it was more or less yielding, and then the rotation of the earth to which I have referred tended to drive off, as it were, the matter in the equatorial regions; so that the distance through the centre of the earth between the two surfaces as far as possible removed from the poles of rotation, or those parts of the earth which the imaginary axis comes through, is rather greater than the distance between the two points where the axis comes to the surface. The reason of that fact, and that it must have been so, has been beautifully established by several experiments.

That the earth was once hotter than it is now is therefore proved, both by the irregularities of its surface, and by its shape as a whole. We must not imagine, however, that there has been but one change. The minor irregularities are all gradually changing by inner energies and the action of air and water, and it may be that even the largest ones are young, compared with the age of the planet's surface. Nor does the change end here; the equatorial protuberance itself may but after all mark a point in a great cycle of change, which has compelled the earth to rotate now about one axis and now about another. Mathematicians consider it highly probable that the axis of the earth may have been in ancient times very differently situated to what it is at present, and, indeed, that "it might have gradually shifted through 10, 20, 30, 40, or more degrees, without at any time any perceptible sudden disturbance of either land or wa-

ter." * Thus it appears that nature prevents catastrophes by the very hugeness of the scale on which she works.

I need not remind you of the various beautiful facts which have been established with regard to the long-enduring sequences of change, and even of forms of life, upon our planet, and the exquisite order which has everywhere reigned, as now one large class of rocks, or animals or of plants has given rise to another equally large, and if anything, a more beautiful class which has followed it. All these things I take for granted that you know, and I only just refer to them now in closing what I have to say with regard to geology, to point out that whether we study the succession of earth changes or of life changes, time, to be reckoned by tens of millions of years, is required to account for them, unless we suppose that the uniformity of nature's actions has been rudely interfered with. The more our knowledge of the wondrous works with which we are surrounded is increased, the less likely do we find it that any such interference is possible, and the more do our units of time and space sink into nothingness.

If, then, we must be so lavish of our puny time in trying to imagine the period since the surface of our planet has been solid, how many countless ages must have elapsed since that surface first began to consolidate and to separate out, as it were, its compounds from the vaporous elemental globe!

In this particular, however, the earth's place in nature will never be known; the animal and vegetable conditions of distant worlds are just those conditions about which we know least at present, and about which it is scarcely probable that we shall ever know anything certain at all.

The condensed statement which I have now given relating to the chemistry and geology of the earth, enables me to return to some of the items in my inventory, if I may so term it, of the facts relating to the earth which we shall subsequently use as standards of comparison, with a view of expanding them somewhat in the light of modern earth studies before we proceed further.

The earth is round. It is not a fragment. The former high temperature to which both its chemistry and geology, as we have seen, point, indicates in the clearest manner that this figure has resulted from the cooling of a mass of incandescent vapors under the influence of gravity. The earth is of a certain diameter which we know, and therefore we can compare the earth with all the other bodies in the universe which we can measure, so far as visible diameter is concerned; but we must not forget its much larger diameter in past times, and the difficulty in all cases of distinguishing atmosphere from surface in certain stages of a planet's life. The physics of the globe show us that now there are parts of it liquid and parts gaseous at the present moment, the liquid and the gaseous condition depending upon temperature and pressure. This could not have been the case in past times if the earth has been hotter in past times, and it need not be the case in the future, supposing that the earth shall be colder in future times.

Then geologically the story seems to run in this way: that there was a time when the earth was larger than it is now; that it was very much hotter, and that in getting colder it has got smaller; that in getting smaller and getting colder not only a surface has formed such as we see it now, but the atmosphere has become simpler and much reduced in volume. In short, in past times, though the mass of the earth cannot have varied to any great extent (the fall of meteorites must have increased it somewhat), its apparent dimensions may have been subject to a gradual reduction.

Similarly the terrestrial poles may have changed their places, as we saw the magnetic poles changing their places in the last paper; and the ratio of the equatorial and polar diameters may have also changed as the new protuberance was gradually formed out of less plastic material.

We must not forget, then, that in all these data the various comparisons we shall make with the sister planets refer only to a point of time. Nature never rests—moulding, perfecting, changing are ever going on, not only in the innermost recesses of her realms, but in even the masses of matter such as our own

* Sir W. Thomson, "Nature," vol. xiv. p. 431.

earth, which we are too apt to regard as a finished product.

So much, then, for the present regarding our own earth. We have now to consider the various bodies external to our planet; to take, for purposes of comparison, a hasty survey of the host of heaven, or rather to dwell on typical specimens, so to speak, carefully selected from among them.

Here of course our methods of inquiry are totally different. Here experiment is impossible. The crucible, the balance fail us; we are driven from experiment to observation.

But still it is experiment which permits the observer to read the riddle presented to him, the moment we leave the telescope and employ that instrument by the aid of which above all others our recent knowledge has been obtained—I refer to the spectroscope.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that without the information which the spectroscope has enabled us to harvest concerning the various orders of celestial bodies, the Earth's Place in Nature must for ever have remained like a land of dreams and fancies, of hopes never to be realised, of theories never to be brought to the test. The history of our planet would have been a fragment, its future a ground untrodden by the scientific inquirer. The new impulse to study the little ball on which our lives are lived, and the firm vantage ground which we now possess, have arisen from the fact that, while not many years ago the matter and the condition of matter exterior to our earth were but guesswork, we are now as familiar with the chemistry of distant worlds as we are with the chemistry of our own a few miles below the surface. We know that the elements we are familiar with here are represented there.

In fact, we know that the whole cosmos, so far as science has anything to say to the vast problem which it sets before us, consists of matter, common in its nature, floating in a vast ocean of ether, that is, of a medium finer, so to speak, in its texture than matter, and certainly differing from the most attenuated matter that we know of. And the visibility of the cosmos, and the possibility of the sciences of experiment and obser-

vation, by which our knowledge of the earth and of the bodies exterior to it has been accumulated, depends upon this: *the function of matter in all its forms is to vibrate, and the function of the ether is to pulsate with these vibrations, communicating them to us in the process.*

Now I have not written this merely because it is the root of the whole matter, as it is, but because we can now, in these later days, pick out these vibrations coming to us from every star, and by studying them find out the kind of matter that has given them birth.

This is a statement so important that I feel I must prove it before I go further, even at the risk of appearing to wander somewhat from my subject.

Before I have finished I am sure it will be conceded that although I have to deal with the largest masses in creation, I was quite right to begin with the smallest.

These smallest particles of matter, with the motions of which modern science enables us to become familiar, are termed molecules, and it is due to the motions of these, as I have said, and not to the motions of large masses, that we have any contact with the world external, not only to our planet, but to each of us individually, so far at all events as the eye is concerned.

The work then to which I have now to call your attention is based primarily upon the motion of molecules. Now, what is a molecule? I have never been to Aberdeen, but I believe there are there enormous quarries of granite, and I know that a great many of the streets of London are paved with granite, and the ultimate fate of this granite is, that it is carted away as road dust—fine road dust. We have no molecules there in the physical sense. We may take the whole ocean and divide it into drops of water, but we have not there molecules in the physical sense. In fact, in both cases we want something very much finer—something approaching, although we won't quarrel about names—to the *atoms* existing in a drop of water, about which Sir William Thomson has made some calculations. It results from his beautiful and suggestive methods of reasoning that if by any possible means that you could devise, you magnified a drop of water up to the size of the earth, then the finest constituents of that drop of

water would then be found to be in sizes varying between fine shot and cricket balls. If you, with your mind's eye, will magnify the drop of water, or the smallest piece of granite dust which you can imagine in that way, and then take the ultimate particles of it, you will then see something like what the physicist regards as a compound molecule : for even in the state of fineness to which the water has been brought, each molecule is a chemical compound of oxygen and hydrogen.

Steam furnishes a familiar example of a still coarser molecular state ; the steam-engine depends for its action upon the fact that by heat we can drive water into vapor which we call steam. Now, until we get matter into a finer molecular state than is represented by, let us say, the vapor of water in Watt's engine, the vibrations of the molecules tell us little or nothing when we question them by means of the spectroscope about their chemical nature. They only tell us that we have *not* got matter into its finest state.

But when instead of boiling water, which we can do with a very low temperature—no one ever saw water red-hot for this reason—we use a high one and boil something else which will only boil under such conditions, we can produce vapors of excessive fineness of structure.

We can thus obtain the vapor of iron or any other metal ; and then we find not only that the higher temperature now employed has given us a finer molecular state, but that the phenomena observed are very beautiful, but at the same time somewhat complex.

Why do I say that the phenomena observed are very beautiful but at the same time very complex ? Because this high temperature has not only brought about this very fine molecular state with which we are now dealing, but it has caused the molecules thus liberated from their state of durance in the solid or liquid states to shake, quiver, or vibrate after their own manner, and in the intensest fashion after such liberation. The vapor of iron gives us very different impressions from solid iron when it is thus made to glow : change the state you change the phenomena.

Not only so, but the same molecules that glow and shiver when they are hot

or even when light falls upon them, are invisible when they are cold and have no light to reflect.

We find, in short, that the visibility of everything depends upon the motions of the molecules of which it is built up. The visibility of a gas, for instance, agitated by an electric current, depends upon the rapid motion of the molecules. We do not see the gas when I do not cause the molecules of which it is composed to enter into rapid motion or vibration, because the light that a gas reflects is not such that the eye can pick up. Such bodies we call transparent. Visibility thus depends upon the motions of molecules. This is a point on which I have strongly to insist. We find further, that when we get matter in such a finely divided condition the visibility not only enables us to see *where* the molecules are, but *what* they are. The vibrations of these molecules are independent of temperature, *and independent even, I think, of the solid, liquid, or gaseous states*, provided always that the molecular state is not disturbed.

By using the electric lamp, and exposing calcium, lithium, sodium, &c., to a high temperature, we can get these vibrations, writing their record as spectrum lines upon a screen. These lines are due to the motions or vibrations of the ether producing what we call light, which light is made to pass through a fine slit, afterwards it is sorted out by the refractive power of the prisms. We not only know that we are beholding results caused by molecules very rapidly vibrating, but we can tell the calcium from the lithium, or the lithium from the sodium. Now this is spectrum analysis.

Further, I may add that these molecules, when they are not vibrating with very great rapidity, are yet prepared to do so if they can get supplied with energy ; and they can get this without the direct application of heat if a very brilliant light is made to pass among them. Light which would otherwise pass through is stopped, if the vibrations of the molecules agree with those of the light, or if the molecules can select any vibrations concordant with their own. So that we have not only an opportunity of telling what molecules we are dealing with, when they are rapidly vibrating in con-

sequence of being directly heated or electrically excited, but we can tell what they are when they are almost at rest, provided we can observe what kind of light they are competent to absorb.

In the use we can make of the luminosity of bodies, therefore, we are not limited to grasping merely the various facts touching the existence, form, and size of communities of molecules, but the vibrations are so subtle that their chemical and physical constitutions are also more or less revealed to us if we analyze the very light which builds up the form to our eyes, provided always that the individuality of each molecule is allowed to come into play. In a word, by means of the eye we grasp light without analysing it; by means of the spectroscope we can actually perform such analysis.

Recent researches have given rise to the supposition that, when we talk about the vaporous state of matter, represented let us say by steam or the vapor of iron, we are probably talking of at least five different states, which we can distinguish when we use the prism. We have, first, the state that gives us a spectrum consisting of bright lines, to which reference has already been made. Next, we have the spectrum state called the "channelled space," or "fluted" spectrum, which represents, in all probability, the second order of complexity of the molecules of any one substance. Contrasting the spectrum of carbon with the spectrum of iron at the highest temperature we usually employ, we gather from this kind of evidence that the molecules of carbon are more complex at that temperature than the molecules of iron.

We can go further with carbon, but with our tiny temperatures we cannot go further with the iron. I need scarcely refer to the other molecular states of vapor to which I have drawn attention, because when we get them, although we can tell that we are dealing with a vapor, we cannot tell which particular vapor is in question. No two substances which give a line spectrum give the same order of lines from one end of the spectrum to the other; in other words the line spectrum of each chemical substance differs from that given by any other. The same thing is true of those which give a channelled space spectrum.

Here then is one of the secrets of the new power of investigation of which the spectroscope has put us in possession: we can recognise each element by its spectrum, whether that spectrum is produced in the laboratory or is given by the most distant star, *provided the element exists both here and there.*

Let me give an instance of the way in which this knowledge is utilised. Suppose the sun were built up of gas. Suppose the gas hydrogen, we now know that the sun would give us a spectrum of bright lines, the position and arrangement of which are perfectly well known. That question has been put to the sun. The sun does not give us a spectrum of bright lines at all. Supposing the sun were a solid piece of granite, let us say, or of wood, or anything else in which the molecular organisation is extremely complex, as it is in solids and liquids; in that case we should get a continuous spectrum, we should not get lines; but we should get a band of exquisite color, stretching from the red to the violet, as in the rainbow. That experiment has been tried, and the sun does not give us such a spectrum. But there is a third case: suppose the sun to consist of something of which the molecular complexity is very great, and to be surrounded by molecules, not vibrating very rapidly, or, at all events, not vibrating so rapidly as the molecules of the sun itself, what would happen then? It is clear that in that case the external molecules would use the energy which they could extract from the light passing through them from the hot sun, and in that case we should get evidence of the action of molecules in this way. If rays of light, of all refrangibilities, start away from the sun, and then are intercepted by the molecules of a particular substance, which require or can vibrate with a particular wave of light, and if that particular wave of light sets that molecule in vibration, it is clear that that ray, if it comes to us at all, would be considerably enfeebled. We should therefore get, in the solar spectrum, gaps, places where there was no light, when we applied the prism; the bright lines usually seen being images of the slit, we should get a dark line when a particular ray was absent.

That experiment has been tried, and has succeeded admirably. In the solar spectrum there are thousands of these dark lines, and every line represents the action of a particular vibration of a particular set of molecules in the sun's atmosphere; hence, we not only get an idea of the extreme complexity of the solar atmosphere, but of the vast stores of knowledge which have yet to be garnered. These thousands of lines each represent to us a fact. They tell us that we have in the sun precisely such a state as I have last supposed—namely, a very hot something inside, of extremely complicated molecular condition, and that between us and it, in its outer atmosphere, we have a collection of molecules which are stopping the sun's light, and causing black spaces in the portions which would otherwise be absolutely white.

Here, then, finally we have the connection between the biggest body in our part of the universe, about which we know nothing, and the smallest masses of the universe, which we call molecules. Nor is this all—we can add chemistry to physics. The vibrations of iron molecules here teach us the spectrum of iron vapor, let us say, and the considerations already stated enable us, by the fact that these lines are matched exactly in the sun's spectrum, to tell that iron exists there. By similar reasoning, the presence of between thirty and forty of our terrestrial metals has already been determined in the sun's atmosphere.

It is not necessary that I should give the history in which the names of Wollaston, Fraunhofer, Angström, Stokes, Balfour Stewart, Kirchhoff, and Bunsen have figured, and will figure to the end of time. The modern work was first fairly under way when physicists concluded that the double line D, one of the lettered lines in the solar spectrum, was due to the absorption of the vapor of

sodium in the sun's atmosphere, for the reason that at that particular part of the spectrum we have when we examine the lines of sodium, exactly the counterpart of the two dark lines in two bright ones. When the molecules of sodium, reduced to its utmost simplicity, are vibrating violently, they give two bright lines; but when the molecules are vibrating less violently, they absorb these lines from the light proceeding from any substance hotter than themselves, and more complicated, that lies behind.

This discovery was utilised with the greatest diligence by the two illustrious German physicists whom I named last, Kirchhoff and Bunsen; and before they had worked long, they got a magnificent proof of the fact that matter throughout space is that particular matter with which we are acquainted here. It was no longer true that every body in the universe might have a law of its own. They could tell that in the sun, at all events, the same laws of physics and chemistry were at work, as those we have gathered from the investigation of terrestrial matter, and thus was the uniformity of nature magnificently established. But that important result was not long before it was almost eclipsed by other results reached by Dr. Huggins in this country. He was not content with observing the sun as they had done. Not hindered by perhaps a thousand times ninety-two millions of miles, he attacked the stars, which the same method taught us were merely distant suns. He was, in a great many instances, able to say that certain lines which were visible in the spectrum of the stars, were visible in the spectrum of the sun; and the work has gone on since as the fruit of many men's work, and nebula, comet, and planet have each in turn been compelled to yield up those secrets which I hope to supply in the following papers.—*Good Words.*

THE MÆNAD'S GRAVE.

THE girl who once on Phrygian heights,
 Around the sacred grove of pines,
 Would dance through whole tempestuous nights,
 When no moon shines,
 Whose pipe of lotos featly blown
 Gave airs as shrill as Cotys' own,

Who crowned with flowers of ivy dark,
 Three times drained deep through amorous lips
 The wine-fed bowl of willow bark
 With silver tips,
 Nor sank, nor ceased, but shouted still
 Like some wild wind from hill to hill ;

She lies at last where poplars wave
 Their sad gray foliage all day long ;
 The river murmurs near her grave
 Its soothing song.
 Farewell, it saith ; her life has done
 With frenzy at the set of sun.

Cornhill Magazine.

EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE, whose genius Ireland can claim as entirely her own, was born in a house on Arran Quay, then a fashionable quarter of Dublin, on the 12th of January 1729, new style. His father, Richard Burke, was an attorney of considerable ability and extensive practice, and belonged to the Protestant communion. His mother was a Catholic, a daughter of Patrick Nagle of Ballyduff, in the county of Cork. Edmund Burke was one of a large family, of whom only himself, two brothers, and one sister attained majority. Very little is known of his early years, except his being of a delicate constitution, which rendered it necessary for him to stay longer than usual under the parental roof. He was first taught to read by his mother, who was a woman of sound and cultivated understanding. The air of the country, however, being deemed essential to his health, he was removed from Dublin to the house of his grandfather at Castletown Roche, that region of Ireland so intimately associated with Spenser's immortal name. Burke was familiar with the ruined castle where Spenser's great work was moulded into imperishable form, and he too was fond of wandering "among the coolly shades of the green alders by the Mulla's shore." At Castletown Roche, Burke spent a considerable time, and it was here that he first went to school. In his twelfth year he was promoted to the Academy of Baltimore, a picturesque village about thirty miles from Dublin. The school was kept by a learned Quaker, Abraham Shackleton, and with the son of the

master Burke formed a close and affectionate friendship, which was only interrupted by the death of Richard Shackleton in 1792. On hearing the news of the loss of his old friend, Burke, then one of the most famous men in Europe, wrote to the sister of his schoolmate :

"I am penetrated with a very sincere affliction, for my loss is great too. I am declining, or, rather, declined in life, and the loss of friends, at no time very reparable, is impossible to be repaired at all in this advanced period. I knew him from the boyish days in which we began to love each other."

After having been three years at the Academy of Baltimore, Burke quitted it, and in April 1744 he was admitted as a pensioner to Trinity College, Dublin. He passed through the usual routine of a university education with credit, but nothing more. He did not waste his time like his contemporary, the gay and tender Goldsmith, in frolic and dissipation, but he spent it in miscellaneous reading. Burke himself wrote :

"Being diligent is the gate by which we must pass to knowledge and fortune ; without it we are both unserviceable to ourselves and our fellow-creatures and a burthen to the earth. . . . I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarce the bottom of any."

His knowledge of Greek and Latin was never thorough, nor had he any turn for critical niceties. His classical learning was the learning of a man of genius, not of a university pedant. He considered the ancient languages, not as mere instruments for making inferior verses, but as golden keys to ancient thoughts, sentiments, knowledge, and reasoning.

Of Horace, Lucretius, and Virgil he was particularly fond. He read the *Odyssey* more frequently than the *Iliad*, and he preferred Euripides to Sophocles among the dramatists. Demosthenes was his favorite orator, and Cicero was always to him a mighty name. In our own literature, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton were his chief favorites, and he considered 'Il Penseroso' the finest poem in the English language. Addison, Le Sage, Fielding, and Smollett were his constant companions in moments snatched from graver studies. Richardson, contrary to the opinion of Johnson, he thought much inferior to Fielding as a describer of human nature. He was very partial to Roderick Random, and though he preferred Fielding on the whole, yet he thought Smollett's hero in point of enterprise and active exertion preferable to Tom Jones. The time which he spent in wide and general reading may have injured Burke's college career, but it bore good fruit afterwards. His writings sparkle with illustrations drawn from all classes of subjects in his multifarious knowledge.

In 1747 Burke entered his name at the Middle Temple, and after taking his degree at Dublin he went, in the year 1750, to London to keep his law terms; but he does not appear to have studied law with very great zeal as a profession. Literature was the mistress he wooed with the greatest fervor, and in 1756 he won his first literary success by the publication of a satire upon Bolingbroke, entitled 'A Vindication of Natural Society.' It purported to be a posthumous work from the pen of Bolingbroke, and was intended as a parody of that great writer's style and reasonings on religion. It was directed against a teaching identical with that of Rousseau, and it is remarkable that Burke's first efforts were against the very thinkers who were the object of his dying protest. The 'Vindication' contains the germ of the more fully developed doctrine of the 'Reflections' or of the 'Letters on a Regicidal Peace,' and it also contains the germ of that style which afterwards had so luxuriant a growth. The same year was published 'The Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' which has much less richness and flexibility of style than his other writings. Macaulay says :

"The treatise on 'The Sublime and Beautiful,' though written on a subject which the coldest metaphysician could hardly treat without being occasionally betrayed into flowing writing, is the most unadorned of all Burke's works."

Macaulay, however, greatly exaggerates the paradoxical circumstance that Burke's later writings are more figurative than his earlier. His youthful language glows with color, but the color is subdued, and it had not become ungracefully gorgeous as in some of his later writings. 'The Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful' attracted considerable attention in Germany, and was much read at home. Johnson considered it a model of true philosophical criticism :

"We have [he said] an example of true criticism in Burke's essay on the 'Sublime and Beautiful.' There is no great merit in showing how many plays have ghosts in them, or how this ghost is better than that, you must show how terror is impressed on the human heart."

'The Philosophical Inquiry' has, however, had but a slight abiding influence on the thoughts and literature of this country.

Burke came to London as a poor and unknown Irish adventurer, and all sorts of malicious rumors have been circulated about his way of life in those early years in which he was struggling for bread and fame. It is said that he made a mysterious visit to the American colonies. He was accused of having gone over to the Church of Rome and afterwards recanting. It is stated that he was a candidate for the Professorship of Logic in Glasgow. It is also stated that he was one of the numerous candidates for the favors of his fair but frail countrywoman, Peg Woffington. The chief drawback to all these stories is that there is not sufficient evidence to support them. Burke's early publications seem to have won him a certain amount of literary and social renown, for Horace Walpole writes :

"I dined with your secretary yesterday. There was Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolingbroke that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers and to be one. He will know better one of these days."

Burke relieved the drudgery and monotony of literary labor and London life

by frequent visits to the country. Bath and Bristol were his favorite resorts. At the former city resided Dr. Nugent, whose daughter Burke married towards the end of 1756. The union was in every respect a happy one. Burke, when political troubles cast their black shadows across his path, repeatedly declared that "Every care vanished the moment he entered under his own roof." Of his wife he wrote: "She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex; she has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful of hers."

Dr. Nugent came to reside in London, and Burke took up his residence with his father-in-law. But he could not be an idle or dependent man. The year of his marriage he wrote 'An Account of European Settlements in America,' thus showing his early interest in that country, and an unfinished 'Essay towards an Abridgment of English History.' Next year he suggested to Dodsley the 'Annual Register,' a summary of the chief events of each year. Great events were happening in those days, and England was then playing an important part in the history of mankind. Clive, in 1757, with the victory under the mango-grove of Plassy, had laid the foundation of the empire of England in the East. The world, in Burke's glorious phrase, saw "One of the races of the north-east cast into the heart of Asia, new manners, new doctrines, new institutions." The year 1759 was a year of triumphs in every quarter of the world—Minden, Lagos, Quiberon, and Quebec brought glory to the arms of England. "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is," wrote Horace Walpole, "for fear of missing one." In the memorable year 1759, Burke himself was introduced more intimately into political life by becoming secretary to William Gerard (commonly called single-speech) Hamilton, a man who after a single brilliant speech has gained more celebrity by silence than most men by the most determined volubility. In 1761 Hamilton was appointed chief-secretary in Ireland, and Burke accompanied him to Dublin. Burke was an ardent patriot, and he felt deeply the sorrows and sufferings of his unfortunate country. He is

supposed to have been the original prompter of the efforts then instituted by Government to relax the inhuman penal laws against the Roman Catholics.

When Hamilton retired from his post, Burke accompanied him back to London with a pension of £300 a year on the Irish Establishment, gained through the interest, as he said, of "Mr. Hamilton and my Lord Primate." After having enjoyed the pension for a single year, Burke threw it up with indignation on account of the unreasonable and derogatory claims made upon his gratitude by Hamilton.

"The occasion of our difference was not any act whatever on my part, it was entirely on his, by a voluntary but most insolent and intolerable demand, amounting to no less than a claim of servitude during the whole course of my life, without leaving me at any time a power either of getting forward with honor or retiring with tranquillity. This was really and truly the substance of his demand upon me, to which I need not tell you I refused with some degree of indignation to submit."

After his quarrel with Hamilton, Burke was fortunate enough to obtain (1765) the more important post of private secretary to the Prime Minister, Lord Rockingham, and in 1766 he entered parliament as member for the pocket-borough of Wendover. During his first session he supported the Rockingham government in their conciliatory policy towards the colonies of North America, and his splendid eloquence soon won him fame. Burke no doubt would have exercised a greater and wider influence if he had lived in these days of Parliamentary reports. The logical and elaborate arguments which he addressed to the House of Commons would have gained rather than lost by being read. His speeches are so full, so lucid, and so flowing, that they require no collateral study to render them interesting to readers in the present day. "I have learned more from him than from all the books I ever read," generously exclaimed Fox. Sheridan was right in his remark, that "When posterity read the speeches of Burke, they will hardly be able to believe that during his lifetime he was not considered as a first-rate speaker; not even as a second-rate one." It is highly probable that Burke may have been too wise and often too long for his hearers. Unlike Walpole, he could not see, as by in-

tuition, the disposition of the House, and press or recede accordingly. All the treasures of his knowledge were opened, all the glowing pictures of his imagination were displayed, to an audience who too often remained unmoved, listless, and weary. There is some truth in Goldsmith's admiring satire on the orator :

"Who too deep for his hearers still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining."

The first Rockingham administration only lasted a year and a few days, ending in July 1766, but during its short tenure of office it did good service to the state. Burke wrote a defence of the Rockingham government in a plain, simple style—"A Short Account of a late Short Administration;" he used no labored arguments, but, simply stating in as few lines as possible the public measures of the preceding twelve months, left the reader to draw his own conclusions. He pointed out that "in that space of time the distractions of the British Empire were composed by the repeal of the American Stamp Act," and "that the personal liberty of the subject was confirmed," by one resolution against general warrants, "and another condemning the seizure of papers." George Grenville, whom the Rockingham ministry had displaced about this time, printed a pamphlet called 'The Present State of the Nation,' to demonstrate that the country was in a wretched state, owing to the reversal of the policy of his ministry. Burke replied in his 'Observations on a late Publication on the Present State of the Nation' (1769), in which he showed that a man of genius can master details as thoroughly as a man of the world. Burke also proved the accuracy and extent of his commercial and financial knowledge, and his mastery over figures. He showed to his generation what Mr. Gladstone has proved to his, that a man can be a great financier, a fervent orator, and a statesman of wide and luminous views. It matters little if we dissent from their appreciations of current events, for we feel both men contribute the most elevating influence to contemporary politics. Both appeal to the higher sentiments of mankind. Both are alike in the depth of their con-

victions, in their passionate love for all they deem lofty and true, for their fiery energy. The wisdom of both statesmen is strangely mixed with weakness of judgment. They both are warm advocates of the causes which they support, rather than judicial authorities in their favor.

Burke was now the life and soul of the Whig party. There is nothing like success to create for a man enemies, and Burke's rapid rise in the political and literary world raised up a host of detractors, who designated their opponent as an Irish adventurer. His personal circumstances might excite a reasonable suspicion :

"I was not swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislator," wrote Burke at the close of his career. "*Victor in adversum*," is the motto for a man like me. At every step in my progress in life (for in every step I was traversed and opposed) and at every turnpike I met I was obliged to show my passport. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration for me."

In 1761 Burke was a poor man of letters. In 1768, without any ostensible accession of fortune, he bought an estate at Beaconsfield, in the county of Buckingham. It was about 600 acres in extent, was worth some £500 a year, and cost £22,000. Burke describes the house "as hung from top to bottom with pictures." "Non equidem invideo, miror magis" was a natural remark of Johnson when he was taken over the fine house and pleasure-grounds of his friend. He had known him in less fortunate days—and it was no doubt a matter of wonder to him who had struggled so hard for bread that so much splendor and luxury should have been so quickly acquired. The ingenuity of party abuse has, however, converted this accession of fortune into an attack upon the integrity of Burke. There is, however, sufficient explanation of Burke's comparative prosperity. He inherited some money from his father and elder brother. His brother Richard and his kinsman William Burke had speculated largely and successfully in India stock, and a part of their gains was certainly invested in the new purchase. At a later period Lord Rockingham, who had already lent or given considerable sums for the same purpose, advanced the means of paying off the incumbrances held by the family, and at his death he discharged Burke by

his will from all liabilities to his estate. The total amount of these benefactions was not less than £30,000, a sum which considerably exceeded the purchase-money of Gregories. For three or four years Burke held the agency for the province of New York, with a salary of £500 a year. During his brief tenure of the Paymastership, he received £4000 a year, and in his old age his public services were scantily rewarded by the pension which occasioned his famous letter to the Duke of Bedford. Burke's narrow means were, however, never sufficient for his expenditure, and he ran heavily in debt. Like all his countrymen, he was compassionate and generous. He advised his son always to give away something, however poor he might be, if only that he might not lose the habit of giving. His patronage of Crabbe, and of Barry the painter, proves his discrimination as well as his liberality. Burke, like most Irishmen, was wanting in prudence in money matters, but in a corrupt age he was too proud to be corrupt. His bitterest political enemies have never been able to dispute the truth of his assertion, "I have shoved by the gilded hand of corruption."

Prosperity—a harder trial than adversity to small natures—did not injure Burke. Though now the leader of Opposition, the most eloquent orator of the day, the intimate companion of the foremost men of the country, he remained true to his early literary friends, and in the midst of all his political occupations he found time to enjoy their intimacy: and his friends Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Johnson were the original members of the famous club which met at the Turk's Head every Monday. Burke took a considerable share in the conversation, but he also possessed a quality rarely possessed by talkers in the present day, he could listen with attention to the observations of others. Johnson stood "like Saul among the people," and at the very beginning of their acquaintance he discovered in the unknown Irish writer that genius and knowledge which has made Burke's name immortal. No great man ever praised another more generously than Johnson praised Burke. "I would not talk to him of the Rockingham party," he used to say, "but I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion

and affluence of conversation." An argument with Burke used to call forth all the great powers of his mind. When unwell at one time, and Burke's name was mentioned, he observed, "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me." Often did the grand old man repeat "That no man of sense could meet Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower without being convinced that he was the first man in England." Burke's powers of conversation and his personal appearance have been well described by Miss Burney:

"Mr. Burke is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful; his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language copious, various, and eloquent. His manners are attractive, his conversation is delightful. Since we met Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting. I can give you, however, very little of what was said, for the conversation was not *suivie*, Mr. Burke darting from subject to subject with as much rapidity as entertainment. Neither is the charm of his discourse more in the matter than in the manner; all, therefore, that is related *from* him loses half its effect in not being related by him."

To trace minutely Burke's political career is beyond the scope of the present article. The Rockingham ministry was succeeded by a coalition administration, formed by Pitt in the summer of 1766. The popularity of the new ministry was, however, injured by the great commoner's acceptance of the earldom of Chatham, and its strength was impaired by his having shortly afterwards to withdraw entirely from political life on account of a great and painful illness. "When his face was *hid for a moment* his whole system was on a wide sea without chart or compass," wrote Burke in a passage which is acknowledged to contain the most gorgeous image in modern oratory. The Duke of Grafton was now the head of the administration, which Lord Macaulay thinks the worst since the Revolution.

In 1769 the House exercised its strict right of expulsion by expelling the profligate Wilkes as a libeller, but it violated the constitutional law by seating Colonel Luttrell in his place in defiance of the choice of the freeholders of Middlesex. Burke made a masterly speech against the invasion of "the undoubted right to elect by a majority of legal votes any man not

rendered incapable by the law of the land." Junius at the same time attacked the Government in letters which will live as long as English letters on account of their biting satire and the vigor of their invective. Burke was at one time suspected of being the author of these letters, for the plausible reason that he was the only living writer of the necessary capacity.

"I should," Johnson said, "have believed Burke to be Junius, because I know no man but Burke who is capable of writing these letters, but Burke spontaneously denied it to me; the case would have been different had I asked him if he was the author, a man may think he has a right to deny it, when so questioned as to an anonymous publication."

In some of the letters of Junius there is a profusion of figurative language and of classical allusion which reminds us of the orator. The imagery, besides, frequently resembles that for which Burke's writings are so eminently distinguished. Abstract and physical science are often made to furnish the materials of both their illustrations. There is, however, this great difference between the two writers—Junius is always the fierce assailant who is master of his particular subject, but he never embraces wide general views. Burke, even in his feverishness, is a philosophical politician discussing the interests of kingdoms and of mankind.

After the prorogation of parliament in May 1769, when the deep discontent of the freeholders of Middlesex was extending to the country at large, Burke began his famous pamphlet, 'Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.' It was not, however, published till April 1770, when it had a rapid sale, four editions being exhausted in the course of the year. The pamphlet had little or no effect on the Court party, whose influence and principles it meant to expose, and it was disliked by the popular party on account of its moderation and conservatism. The pamphlet is valuable as a testimony to Burke's political consistency and the strong conservatism of his nature. But through Burke's conservatism runs a deep vein of liberal feeling. In 'The Present Discontents' he maintains King and Lords to be representatives of, and trustees for, the people as well as the Commons, and the whole scheme to "originate with the people."

He, however, introduces many historical allusions against "unsalutary innovation," and "alterations to the prejudice of our constitution." He reminds us, in words of solemn warning, that "Every project of a material change in a government so complicated as ours is a matter full of difficulties, in which a considerate man will not be too ready to decide, a prudent man too ready to undertake, or an honest man too ready to promise." Burke had a reverence for all that existed. The constitution was to his poetic nature a "well-compacted structure," "like the proud keep of Windsor rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers."

The year of the publication of 'The Present Discontents' is memorable as the year in which Lord North became the head of the ministry which lasted during eight of the darkest years of English history. During the greater portion of this time Burke was the chief and most active member of the opposition. The session of 1772 was short, and produced little of importance. Burke opposed the petition of two hundred and fifty clergymen against Subscription on the sound ground that while the *associators professed to belong to the Establishment and profited by it* no hardship could be implied in requiring some common bond of agreement among its members. On the same principle he supported a motion made to relieve dissenting ministers who *neither agreed with the Church nor participated in its emoluments* from this test of subscription. He also made a long and able speech in support of a Bill for the Relief of Protestant Dissenters. Speaking of the Established Church, he said:

"I would have her open wide her hospitable gates by a noble and liberal comprehension, but I would have no breaches in her wall; I would have her cherish all those who are within, and pity all those who are without; I would have her a common blessing to the world; an example, if not an instructor, to those who have not the happiness to belong to her; I would have her give a lesson of peace to mankind."

Burke also took a considerable share in Colonel Burgoyne's motion for a select Committee on East India affairs, and in a committee of the whole House, in a series of resolutions to regulate the

importation and exportation of corn, he showed that he was a sound political economist before Adam Smith. In the summer of 1772, and again in 1773, Burke visited France, and saw that bright vision of Marie Antoinette at Versailles, "glittering like the morning star; full of life, and splendor, and joy." He was also introduced to the "Sophisters, Economists, and Calculators," and their prevailing spirit in politics and religion excited in his mind a strong aversion and grave apprehension as to the future stability of society. In his first speech on his return to England he said: "Already under the systematic attacks of these men I see many of the props of good government beginning to fail. I see propagated principles which will not leave to religion even a toleration, and make virtue herself less than a name."

The affairs of America had always engaged the attention of Burke, and he was now called on to defend with the full force of his political genius and eloquence the Americans from the weak and foolish tyranny of the King. George III. had insisted on the tea-duty being retained, when the other American taxes had been withdrawn, and in December 1773 the arrival of some English ships laden with tea led to a terrible riot at Boston. A bill, introduced into parliament in the beginning of 1774, punished Boston by closing its port against all commerce. "Never," said Burke, "did anything give me more heartfelt sorrow than the present measure," and it proved, as he expected, the turning-point of American politics. It began the great struggle which ended eight years later in the severance of the American colonies from the British Crown. In April, in a motion wholly to repeal the obnoxious tea-duty, Burke made his famous speech 'On American Taxation.' In it he declared his aversion to abstract reasoning in politics. "I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions, I hate the very sound of them," and he told the House that "No body of men will be argued into slavery." He pointed out that the Parliament of Great Britain sits in two capacities; one as the local legislature of this island, "The other, and I think her nobler capacity, is what I call her *imperial character*, in

which, as from the throne of heaven, she superintends all the several inferior legislatures, and guides and controls them all without annihilating any." The peroration of this speech is one of the brightest specimens of Burke's power in a direct appeal to his audience:

"A noble lord who spoke some time ago is full of the force of ingenuous youth; and when he has modelled the ideas of a lively imagination by further experience he will be an ornament to his country in either house. He has said that the Americans are our children, and how can they revolt against their parent? He says, that if they are not free in their present state England is not free; because Manchester and other considerable places are not represented. So then because some towns in England are not represented America is to have no representative at all. They are our *children*, but when children *ask for bread* we are not to *give a stone*. . . . When this child of ours wishes to assimilate to its parent, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to give them our weakness for their strength; our opprobrium for their glory; and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for freedom?"

Burke's generous exertions in favor of America were rewarded by his being returned to Parliament free of expense by the peace-loving merchants of Bristol. His great speech 'On Conciliation with America,' which has been more admired than any other of his productions, on account of the richness of its style, and the lasting character of the instruction it conveys, was made in support of certain resolutions he introduced in 1775. To explain more fully his general views on American matters, he drew up and published in April 1777 the famous 'Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol,' one of his ablest pamphlets. The following year he supported, contrary to the wish of his constituents, Lord Nugent's proposals for freeing the trade of Ireland from certain restrictions:

"If, from this conduct," said he manfully, "I shall forfeit their suffrages at an ensuing election, it will stand on record an example to future representatives of the Commons of England that one man at least had dared to resist the desire of his constituents when his judgment assured him they were wrong."

Two years afterwards, Burke's independence cost him his seat for Bristol, and he sat during the rest of his parliamentary life for Malton. In the year 1780 he brought forward his great and

comprehensive scheme of economical reform, with the object of destroying the gigantic system of corruption by which the Crown could influence Parliament. The exposition of his plan is amusing reading—even to us, who feel no interest in the obsolete jobbery of the eighteenth century. The explanation of the failure of previous schemes of Reform, "because the King's turnspit was a member of Parliament," was one of the happiest and most effective of epigrams :

"The King's domestic servants were all undone, his tradesmen remained unpaid and became bankrupt, *because the turnspit of the King's kitchen was a member of Parliament.* His Majesty's slumbers were interrupted, his pillow was stuffed with thorns, and his peace of mind entirely broken *because the King's turnspit was a member of Parliament.* The judges were unpaid, the justice of the kingdom bent and gave way, the foreign ministers remained inactive and unprovided ; the system of Europe was dissolved ; the chain of our alliances broken ; all the wheels of Government at home and abroad were stopped *because the King's turnspit was a member of Parliament.*"

The fall of Lord North in March 1782 recalled the Whigs to office, and Burke was rewarded for his great services by being relegated to the inferior post of Paymaster of the Forces. His first period of office was brief. The death of Lord Rockingham, in July 1782, closes the brightest and happiest portion of Burke's career. On the death of his old patron, Lord Shelburne took his place ; and Fox, with Burke and his immediate followers, resigned. The Shelburne ministry did not last long. In the opening of 1783, it was overthrown by a coalition of the Whig followers of Fox with the Tories, who still clung to Lord North. Burke went back to his old post at the Pay-office, and he was soon busy in assisting in framing Fox's India Bill, which proposed to transfer the Government of India from the Directors of the East India Company to a board of seven Commissioners. The scheme had one fatal defect : the Commissioners would be destitute of any practical knowledge of the country they had to govern. The measure was drawn up, not for the welfare of India, but simply to transfer the patronage of that country to the Whigs. The Bill was thrown out in the Lords, and the King ordered his ministers to deliver up the seals. In December 1783

Pitt became first Lord of the Treasury, and in the elections of 1784 every great constituency sent him supporters. The Whig party was broken, and Burke's political career ruined.

Pitt introduced in 1784 his India Bill to enable the ministry to control the affairs of the Company. The Court of Directors, still chosen by the proprietors of India stock, were to govern as before in appearance ; while three of their number, forming a secret committee, were to be the real actors. A Board of Control, consisting of six privy councillors, was formed for annulling or approving the acts of the Directors. The President of the Board of Control was the minister who was to be responsible for Indian affairs ; and thus the administration of India was to be made a part of the general system of English Government. It is a blot on Burke's political career—that from party motives he should have opposed a Bill which was more wise and constitutional than his own, and the object of which was to give a better form of government to that country in which he took so deep an interest. His attention had been early drawn to the misgovernment of India. Burke's greatness lay in the secret of deep human sympathy. He had a fine ear for the heart-pulses that beat under skins different to our own. The wrongs done to the natives of India stirred him as deeply as wrongs done to his own countrymen. In the year 1785 he delivered his superb declamation against the Nabob of Arcot's debts. A remark made in that speech conveys to Englishmen a lesson which they ought never to forget : " I think," said Burke, " I can trace all the calamities of this country to the single source of not having had steadily before our eyes a general, comprehensive, and well-proportioned view of the whole of our dominions, and a just sense of their true bearings and relations."

The next year Burke entered on the great work of his life, the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His expenditure of toil and of intellectual power in the prosecution remains wholly unparalleled. He was thoroughly sincere and indefatigably laborious, but he was often intemperate and unjust. He compared the great statesman who consolidated our

rule in India to "the keeper of a pigstye wallowing in filth and corruption," and he did not hesitate to apply to him the epithets "rogue, common cheat, swindler." Burke had a counsellor at his side, who inspired him with his own feeling of personal and deadly animosity against Hastings. Throughout the protracted trial he had Philip Francis as his chief adviser and instructor, and Philip Francis is one of the basest and most repulsive figures in English history. Foiled at home in his ambitious projects, he set his mark on his enemies in the letters of Junius; baffled in India by the superior courage and wisdom of Hastings, he returned to England to devote the rest of his life to the destruction of his successful rival. The House were right to disapprove of Burke's assertion that "Hastings murdered Nuncomar by the hand of Sir Elijah Impey." It was grossly irregular for the chief manager of the impeachment to accuse Hastings of a murder which he had not been instructed by the Commons to prosecute, as he had himself not included the charge in the articles. The case of Nuncomar was got up by the infernal malice and craft of Francis as a weapon of revenge against the statesman who had thwarted his unprincipled ambition, and the judge who had condemned him to pay heavy damages for a criminal outrage on another man's wife. This is the reason why Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey alone appear on the scene. Sir Elijah Impey's defence before the House was so powerful, that the design to impeach him was dropped; but he has been arraigned at and found guilty by a less scrupulous tribunal, one which never loved the maxim "*Audi alteram partem*." Truth, however, is more powerful than eloquent fiction. "Mark how a plain tale shall put you down." Nuncomar's trial was conducted according to the usual legal formalities, before not Impey alone, as is often supposed, but the four judges, Sir Elijah Impey, Sir Robert Chambers, Justices Hyde and Lemaistre. There was a jury of twelve Englishmen, and the prisoner had counsel of his own choosing. There was the usual amount of perjury that pollutes every Indian trial. The chief justice summed up with the concurrence of his colleagues. The prisoner was found

guilty, and sentence of death recorded, according to the statute; and the execution took place as if Nuncomar had been an ordinary criminal, instead of a high-caste Brahman. The chief justice and his colleagues were all bound to administer the English criminal law without reference to the expediency of applying it in India. Nuncomar, from his prison, sent an urgent petition to his friends in council, of whom Francis was one; but they, contrary to the expressed wish of Hastings, refused to forward his appeal for mercy to the Supreme Court. We can pardon Burke, in the heated atmosphere of the House, full of fervor and eloquence, attempting to fasten on two innocent men the grave charge of murder: but we cannot forgive Macaulay, who wrote his brilliant essay on Hastings at Calcutta, and could have discovered the truth by a simple inspection of the records of the Supreme Court. It is impossible to acquit Burke of the charge of unfairness and asperity towards the great prisoner, but it will always remain to his enduring glory that he was the first to teach us, in words of passionate eloquence, that the dominion of the English in India is a sacred trust for the benefit of the inhabitants of that land.

The great trial lingered on for years, and it was not till the year 1796 that Hastings secured an acquittal. During that time great events had happened in Europe, which had stirred the soul of Burke to its very depths. In May 1789 the States General met at Versailles, and in July a rising in Paris destroyed the Bastille. From the first Burke had looked at these events with distrust, and he was filled with horror when the mob of Paris marched on Versailles and forced both King and Assembly to return with them to the capital. "The French," he exclaimed—"the French have shown themselves the ablest architects of ruin who have hitherto existed in the world. In a short space of time they have pulled to the ground their army, their navy, their commerce, their arts, and their manufactures." In November 1790 appeared the '*Reflections on the Revolution in France*,' which forms one of the most brilliant and valuable products of political literature. To the majority of readers the fierce eloquence of the book will always constitute its chief charm.

The real merits of the book are, however, in its quieter parts. Burke was the first to point out the futility of paper constitutions, and he showed that force was indispensable to government, and tradition to freedom. Every page in which he deals with the question of the state of France or with the tendency of the revolutionary legislation displays the keen observation of a great statesman. The great defect of the book is that it only illustrates one side of the truth. It is strange that Burke could never see that those furious workmen of France, those hungry, threadbare peasants fought for the same cause to which he devoted his life and whole soul—humanitarian interests and the abstract principles of right and justice. They two embraced in their sympathies entire humanity. The days of chivalry were not gone, notwithstanding Burke's grand dirge over them. He, however, taught his generation one great lesson, "Never glorify Revolution." The French Revolution did not bring true liberty—the liberty which is united to law and order. A sale of thirty thousand copies showed that the 'Reflections' echoed the opinion of the people, but the book cost the author some of his old political friends. "I have made many enemies and few friends," Burke wrote sadly, "by the part I have taken." The quarrel between him and Fox in the House of Commons is historical. Fox was an ardent lover of the Revolution, and in a debate on it attacked Burke with warmth, and accused him of inconsistency. Burke replied that though it was indiscreet at his time of life to provoke enemies or to lose friends, he would risk all, and with his last breath exclaim, "Fly from the French Revolution." Fox here whispered in an eager tone, "There is no loss of friendship." "I regret to say there is," was the reply. "I know the value of my line of conduct; I have indeed made a great sacrifice, I have done my duty though I have lost my friend." This rupture, however, had not been immediately preceded by any very cordial friendship. No man ever had greater claims on his party than Burke, no man's exertions were ever worse requited. After his exclusion from the Coalition Cabinet, followed by four years of zealous activity in opposition, he found that if a Regency had

been established in 1788 he was again to have contented himself with the office of Paymaster. The younger and more prudent of his party distrusted his growing vehemence, and his independence of control, and his rash conduct in the affair of the Regency gave them deep offence. After his breach with Fox, Burke allied himself with Pitt, but the connection never became close or cordial. While Pitt was stubbornly bent on peace, Burke was urging on the continental sovereigns a war of opinion and theory against the French Revolution. Like the foremost politician of the present day, Burke failed to see that the morality of private interference in foreign affairs is more than doubtful.

At the close of the session 1794, Burke bid farewell to that assembly where he had won his greatest triumphs, and where he lived to find himself unpopular and alone. He was succeeded in his seat at Malton by his only son, Richard. The King was about to raise him to the peerage as Lord Beaconsfield when a sudden and grievous calamity struck Burke down. This was the death of the son, whom he used to call with fond pride, "the hope of his house," "the prop of his age," "his other and better self." Burke did not outlive his great sorrow. "The storm has gone over me," he wrote in words which are known wherever the English tongue is spoken :

"The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. . . . I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. . . . I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors."

But even when prostrated in hopeless sorrow the fertility of his intellect revived as often as he was compelled to defend himself or to attack those whom he regarded as the enemies of his country. His vindication of his pension in the 'Letter to a Noble Lord' (1796), against the mean criticism of the Duke of Bedford, is bright with the scintillation of wit and irony. In 1796 the old man, stricken with grief, fired the ardor of the nation by the passion and fervor of the 'Famous Letters of the Regicide Peace,'

which denounced Pitt's attempt to negotiate with France. Never did his wonderful genius more brilliantly manifest itself than in this his last work. It is difficult to believe that when he wrote it he was dying, and that he had ceased to wish for life.

On the 8th of July 1797 his wish was granted, and restful death put an end to his labor and sorrow. He was laid in the little church at Beaconsfield by the side of his son. Fox proposed that he should have a public funeral, and that his body should lie among the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. Soon after his first arrival in town, an unknown

Irish lad, Burke visited that shrine of greatness, and he wrote, "Yet, after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, family burying-ground, has something pleasing in it, at least to me." Neither time nor success altered his view, and the great statesman left injunctions in his will that he should be laid in the family burying-ground—and his dust now mingles with kindred dust.—*Temple Bar*.

FRANCE BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY H. TAINÉ.

II.—THE STATE OF PARIS.

I.

It is in fact at the centre that the convulsive shocks are greatest. Nothing is wanting there to aggravate revolt, neither sharpest provocations nor larger numbers to take part in it. All the environs of Paris supply it with recruits; nowhere are there so many poor, starving, and discontented. Everywhere pillage of grain—at Orleans, Cosne, Rambouillet, Jouy, Pont-Saint-Maxence, Bray-sur-Seine, Sens, Nangis. Wheat is so dear at Meudon that those who buy it are ordered to buy at the same time an equal quantity of barley. At Viroflay thirty women with a rear-guard of men stop on the high road wagons that they suppose to be laden with corn. At Montlhéry, seven brigades of the mounted police are dispersed by sticks and stones; an enormous crowd, eight thousand persons, men and women, provided with sacks, swoop upon the corn exposed for sale, insist on having for twenty-four francs what is worth forty, lay violent hands on one-half and carry it off without any payment whatever. "The mounted police are disheartened," writes the Sub-delegate; "the people's determination is wonderful; I am terrified at what I have seen and heard." Since the 13th of July, 1788, the day of the hailstorm, "despair" has seized on

the peasants; however great the goodwill of the proprietor, it has been found impossible to help them; "there is no *atelier de travaux*; nobles and tradespeople, obliged as they are to remit rents and sources of income, cannot give work." Thus the famished people are almost ready to risk life "for life's sake," and boldly and openly seek victuals wherever they are to be found. At Conflans-Sainte-Honorie, Eragny, Neuville, and Chenevières, at Cergy, Pontoise, l'Isle-Adam, Presle, and Beaumont, men, women, children, the whole parish, are scouring the country, setting traps, and stopping up burrows. "It is rumored that the Government, informed of the harm done to cultivators by game, has permitted it to be destroyed. And really the hares used to eat up nearly a fifth of the harvest." At first nine of this new kind of poachers were arrested, but soon released, "on account of circumstances;" whereupon for two months there is a wholesale massacre on the property of the Prince de Conti and the ambassador Mercy d'Argenteau; and in default of bread, rabbits are eaten. By a natural sequence men proceed to attack not only the abuses of property, but property itself. Near Saint Denis the abbey woods are devastated; "the farmers round about carry off loads requiring four or five horses to draw them;"

the villagers of Ville Parisis, Tremblay, Vert-Galant, Villepinte, publicly selling them, and threatening to knock the keepers on the head. On the 15th of June, the havoc is already estimated at 60,000 livres. It makes little difference that the proprietor should have been beneficent, as, for instance, M. de Talaru, who fed the poor last winter, on his property at Issy. The peasants destroyed the dam that carried the water to the mill on his manor. When condemned by Parliament to restore it, they declared not only that they would not, but that if M. de Talaru did, they would gather, to the number of three hundred well-armed men, and demolish it a second time.

For the most compromised class Paris is the nearest refuge; to the poorest and most exasperated a nomadic way of life is opened out. Bands collect around the capital, as in countries where civilisation has hardly begun or has ceased to be. During the first weeks of May, near Villejuif, there is a band of from five to six hundred vagabonds, who seek to break open Bicêtre and approach St. Cloud. They gather from thirty, forty, sixty leagues round, from Champagne, Lorraine, from the whole area of country devastated by the hail. All this mass floats about Paris, is engulfed therein as in a sewer, poor and criminals together, some to find work, others to beg, to prowl under the morbid influence of hunger and of the rumors that arise in the streets. During the last days of April, the officials notice that "an alarming number of ill-clothed, sinister-looking men pass the barriers." As soon as May begins, it is observable that the general aspect of the crowd has changed; there mixes with it "a quantity of strangers, from all countries, mostly in rags, armed with great sticks, whose very look announces everything that is most to be feared." Even before this final rush the sinks of vice and misery were full and overflowing. Think of the extraordinary and rapid growth of Paris, of the multitude of workmen brought thither by demolitions and recent buildings, of all the handicraftsmen reduced to the extremity of distress by the stagnation of trade, the raising of town-dues, the severity of the winter, and the dearness of bread. Recollect that, in 1786, "two hundred

thousand individuals had been counted not possessing absolute property to the value of 50 crowns;" that from time immemorial they have been at war with the city watch; that in 1789 there are a hundred and twenty thousand poor in the capital; that it has been necessary, in order to give them work, to establish national workshops; that "twelve thousand men are kept uselessly employed in digging for the Montmartre mound, and paid 20 sous a day; that the ports and quays are thronged with such; that the Hôtel de Ville is invested; that around the Palais they seem to scoff at the inaction of disarmed justice;" that day by day they embitter and excite themselves at the bakers' doors, where, after long waiting, they are not sure to obtain bread,—and you feel at once with what force and fury they will burst upon whatever obstacle is pointed out to them.

II.

And this obstacle has now been pointed out for two years past: it is the ministry, the court, the government, the *ancien régime*. Whosoever protests against these, and in favor of the people, is sure to be followed as far and further than he cares to go. So soon as in any large town a parliament refuses to register a fiscal edict, it finds a rabble at its service. On the 7th of June, at Grenoble, tiles are rained down on the soldiers, and military force is powerless. At Rennes, to subdue the town in revolt, an army has been required, a permanent camp, four regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, under the command of a marshal of France.* The following year, when the parliaments incline to the side of the privileged classes, the riot recommences, this time against the parliaments. In February, 1789, at Besançon and Aix, the magistrates are insulted, pursued in the streets, attacked in their courts, obliged to conceal themselves or to take flight. If such be the popular feeling in the provincial capitals, what, then, must it be in the capital of the kingdom? To begin with, in August, 1788, after the dismissal of Brienne and Lamoignon, the crowd, assembled on the Place Dauphine, constituted itself a tribunal, burned the two ministers in

* Arthur Young, 1st September, 1788.

dispersed the city watch, resisted oops; in short, so bloody a riot not been seen for a century. Two after it breaks out anew, the people al themselves with the intention of g fire to the hotels of the two min- and to that of Dubois, lieutenant ice. Plainly a new leaven has en- into the rude and ignorant mass, ew ideas are taking effect. These been for a long time filtering in- ly from stratum to stratum, and gaining the aristocracy, the whole y section of the middle class, the rs, the schools, and all the youth e country, they have insinuated elves, drop by drop, and through usand fissures, into the class that by manual labor. The great no- during their toilet, have laughed at ianity and affirmed the rights of in presence of their valets, hair- rs, tradesmen, and all their ante- er frequenters. Men of letters, ates, attorneys, have repeated the diatribes and theories in more caus- nes at cafés, restaurants, prome-, and public places. They have n in presence of the people, as h the people were not there, and of is carelessly outpoured eloquence splashes have reached the brains of tisan, the publican, the porter, the othes dealer, and the soldier.

is is why a year suffices to change vague discontent into political pas-

After the 5th of July, 1787, when king convokes the States-General asks every one his opinion, both at talk and the press change their instead of general and speculative rsation we now have preaching a view to practice,—preaching, ng, profound, intimate, vibrating, iercing as a clarion's call. Revoly pamphlets crowd one on the ; "Qu'est ce que le Tiers?" by ; "Mémoire pour le Peuple ais," by Cerutti; "Considérasur les intérêts du Tiers-état," by ut Saint-Etienne; "Ma Pétition," urget; "Les Droits des Etats-gén-," by M. d'Entraigues; a little "La France libre," by Camille oulins; and many others, by hun- and thousands, all repeated and fied in the electoral assemblies: the new citizens come to declaim

and heat themselves further. The unan- imous universal daily clamor rolls on from echo to echo, into the barracks, faubourgs, markets, workshops, and gar- rets. In February, 1789, Necker admits "that there is no longer any obedience anywhere, and that one is not even sure of the troops." In May the fishwomen, and next the fruitsellers of the Halle, come to recommend the interests of the people to the electors, and to sing couplets in hon- or of the Third Estate. In June the pamphlets are in every hand, "the very lackeys devour them at the doors of ho- tels." In July, as the King was signing an order, a patriotic valet takes alarm and reads over his shoulder. There must be no illusion; it is not only the middle class that takes part against legal authorities and established order; it is the whole mass of the people—trades- men, shopkeepers, servants, artisans of every kind and degree; and below the people, the populace—vagabonds, street- walkers, beggars—all the multitude that hitherto, bowed down beneath anxiety about its daily bread, had never raised its eyes to contemplate the great social structure of which it forms the lowest base, and the whole weight of which it bears.

III.

All at once it moves, and the superim- posed edifice totters. It is the move- ment of a brute creature, exasperated by want and maddened by suspicion. Was it goaded from below by hired and hidden hands? Contemporaries are per- suaded of this, and the thing is proba- ble. But the noise going on around the suffering brute creature is enough to make it restless and to explain its start. The 21st April electoral assemblies have begun in Paris; they are held in every *quartier*, for the clergy, the nobility, and the general electoral body. Every day for about a month, files of electors pass through the streets. Those of the first degree continue assembled after naming those of the second. The nation must needs watch her mandatories and main- tain her imprescriptible rights; if she has delegated their exercise, she retains their possession and reserves the right to intervene at pleasure. Such a claim rap- idly gains ground, and after the tiers- état of assemblies, the tiers-état of the

street assert it. Nothing more natural than the desire to lead one's leaders. At the first dissatisfaction hands are laid on such as resist, and they have to move on at a nod. On Saturday, the 25th of April, there is a rumor that Réveillon, an elector, manufacturer of painted papers in the Rue Saint-Antoine, and Commissary Lerat, have "spoken ill" in the electoral assembly of Sainte-Marguerite. Ill-speaking must mean speaking ill of the people. What was it that Réveillon said? No one knows; but popular imagination, with its terrible power of invention and precision, instantly concocts or accepts a murderous phrase. He has said that "a workman having a wife and children may live on fifteen sous a day." "He is a traitor; let us run to his house and burn and kill." Observe that the report is *false*, that Réveillon gives twenty-five sous per day to his lowest workman,—that he supports three hundred and fifty,—that the preceding winter, in spite of his work standing still, he kept them all on at the same wages,—that he was himself formerly a workman, has medals for his inventions, is benevolent, and respected by all respectable people. No matter! Bands of vagabonds and "strangers" who have just entered the barriers cannot attend to such niceties as these; and day-laborers, carters, cobblers, masons, tinkers, whom they go to beat up at their respective quarters, are just as indifferent to them. When irritation has long accumulated, it overflows at random.

At this very time, too, the Paris clergy have just declared that they renounce their privileges with regard to taxation; yet the people, mistaking friends for foes, in its invectives adds the clergy to the name of Réveillon. During the whole day of Sunday leisure, the fermentation goes on increasing, and on Monday the 27th, another day of idleness and drunkenness, the bands begin to stir. Witnesses meet one of them in the Rue Saint-Séverin "armed with clubs,"—in numbers so dense that the passage is blocked. "In all directions doors and shops are closed with the cry, Here comes the revolt!" The rioters pour out imprecations and abuse against the clergy, and, seeing an abbé, call him a "— priest." Another band parades an effigy of Réveillon

decorated with the ribbon of Saint Michael, submits it to the parody of a trial, burns it on the Place de Grève, and threatens his house. Repulsed by the guard, it enters that of a friend of his, a saltpetre-maker, and breaks and burns all his goods and chattels. It is only towards midnight that the crowd is dispersed, and the riot believed to be over. On the morrow it recommences more violently than ever; for in addition to the usual incentives, poverty and love of lawlessness, a fresh one is now added, the idea of a cause to be defended, the conviction they entertain of fighting "for the Third Estate." In such a cause as this every one must help himself and each help all. "We should be lost," said one of them, "if the one were not to sustain the other." Strong in this belief, they three times send deputations to the Faubourg Saint-Marceau to beat up recruits, and on their way, with cudgels lifted, by fair means or foul, enrol all they meet. Others, at the Porte Saint-Antoine, stop people returning from the races, ask them whether they are for the nobility or the Third Estate, oblige women to get out of their carriages and cry, "Vive le Tiers-état!" Meanwhile the crowd increases in front of Réveillon's house; the thirty men set to defend it can offer no resistance; the house is broken into and ransacked from top to bottom; furniture, provisions, linen, registers, carriages, nay, the very poultry in the yard—all are thrown into fires lit in several places; while five hundred *louis d'or*, ready money and plate, are stolen. Numbers make their way into the cellars, drink at haphazard spirits and varnishes till they fall down insensible, or even expire in convulsions. At last to confront this yelling mob,* the city watch appear mounted and on

* Dammartin: *Événements qui se sont passés sous mes yeux*, i. 25: "I was dining that day at the Hôtel d'Ecquilly, in the Rue Saint-Louis." He goes out on foot, and is present at the riot: "Fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred wretches, mere refuse of the nation, degraded by shameful vices, covered with rags, reeking with brandy, afforded the most disgusting and revolting spectacle. More than a hundred thousand persons of both sexes and all ages greatly impeded the operations of the troops. Before long the firing began, blood flowed; two decent citizens near me were wounded."

foot, a hundred cavalry of the Royal Croats, the Gardes Françaises, and later on the Swiss guards. "Tiles and chimney-pots rain down on the soldiers," who fire in four files. For several hours the rioters, drunk with wine and rage, defend themselves desperately; more than two hundred are killed, nearly three hundred wounded; they can only be got under with the help of cannon, and the rabble go on collecting till very far into the night. About eight o'clock in the evening, in the Rue Vielle du Temple, the Paris guard has still to go on charging, in order to protect doors that the mob want to force. At half-past eleven at night they do force two—a sausage-maker's and a baker's—in the Rue Saint-onge and the Rue de Bretagne. Even in this last wave of the subsiding flood, we can distinguish the elements that have led to riot, and are about to lead to Revolution. There are the famished: in the Rue de Bretagne the band that robs the baker brings the loaves to women, waiting at the corner of the Rue Saint-onge. There are the bandits: in the middle of the night spies of M. du Châtelet, lying prone in a ditch, "see a mass of brigands" assembled beyond the Barrière du Trône, their chief mounted on a hillock excites them to recommence, and the following day, along the high roads vagabonds are heard to say, "We can do nothing more in Paris, precautions are too well taken; let us go to Lyons." Finally there are the patriots: on the evening of this riot, between the Pont au Change and the Pont Marie, barefoot men in their shirts, with hand-barrows and blackened faces, having full consciousness of their cause, ask alms in a loud voice, hold out their hats, and say to passers-by, "Have pity on the poor Tiers-état." The hunger-stricken, the bandits, and the patriots, all form one body, and henceforth poverty, crime, and public spirit combine to provide with an ever-ready insurrection the agitators who may desire to make use of it.

IV.

But already these agitators are *'en permanence*. The Palais-Royal is an open-air club, at which, not only throughout the day but far into the night, the members excite each other more and more, and impel the mob to action. In this

enclosure,—which, protected as it is by the privileges of the House of Orleans, the police dare not enter,—speech is free, and the public that enjoy this freedom seem chosen for the very purpose of abusing it. It is a public well suited to such a place. The centre of prostitution, gambling, idleness, and pamphleteering, the Palais-Royal attracts to itself all that floating population peculiar to great cities, which, having neither home nor business ties, lives only for the sake of gratifying curiosity or finding pleasure; frequenters of cafés and gambling-houses, adventurers, lapsed members of society, lost or supernumerary children of literature, art, and the bar, attorney's clerks, students, loiterers, loungers, strangers, and occupants of furnished lodgings; they say that there are forty thousand of these in Paris. They fill the garden and galleries; "you would hardly find there a single member of what they used to call the Six Corps"—that is, a busy citizen of settled habits, a man to whom the practice of affairs and family anxieties have given weight and stability. There was no place there for orderly and industrious bees; it was the rendezvous of political and literary hornets. They sweep down from all corners of Paris, and the ground is covered by their restless, buzzing swarm, as though a hive had been overturned there. "All day long," writes Arthur Young, "there have been ten thousand persons at the Palais-Royal;" and the throng is so dense that an apple thrown from a balcony on the moving pavement of heads would never fall to the ground. One may guess the state of all those brains; they are the emptiest of ballast in France, the most inflated with speculative ideas, the most excitable and excited. In this medley of improvised politics no one knows the speaker of the moment, no one feels responsible for what he has said. Every one is there as at a theatre, unknown amid the unknown, merely wanting strong emotion, subject to the contagion of surrounding passions, swept away by the whirlwind of high-sounding words, forged intelligence, increasingly loud rumors, exaggerations in which eleutheromaniacs seek to outvie each other. There are cries, tears, applause, clapping, and stamping as at a tragedy; some even excite and scream themselves

hoarse ; nay, die on the spot with fatigue and exhaustion. Arthur Young, in spite of being pretty well accustomed to the noisy nature of political liberty, is bewildered by what he sees. According to him, "the ferment is beyond conception." "We used to fancy that De-brett's or Stockdale's shops in London were crowded, but they are deserted compared to Desenne's and a few others, where one can hardly elbow one's way from the door to the counter. . . . Every hour produces its pamphlets ; thirteen appeared to-day, and ninety-two last week. Nineteen out of twenty are in favor of liberty." And by liberty is understood the abolition of privileges, the sovereignty of numbers, the application of the *contrat Social*, "the Republic ;" still better, universal levelling, permanent anarchy, and even a *Jacquerie*. Camille Desmoulins, one of the ordinary orators, announces and incites to this last in so many words : "Since the beast is in the trap, let it be knocked on the head. . . . Never was there a richer prey offered to the victors—*forty thousand palaces, hotels, châteaux, two-fifths of the wealth of France will be the reward of valor*. Those who give themselves out conquerors will be conquered in their turn. The nation will be *purged*." Here we have beforehand the very programme of the Terror.

Now all this is not merely read, but declaimed, amplified, converted into practical motions. In front of the cafés, "such as are gifted with stentorian voices appear by turns in the evenings." "They mount a chair or table and read the day's most violent article on the state of affairs. . . . It is not easy to imagine the avidity with which they are listened to or the thunders of applause that greet every more than usually audacious sentence against the Government." Three days ago a child of four years old, but well taught and full of intelligence, made the round of the garden in full daylight, carried on the shoulders of a porter. He kept crying, "Decree of the French people : La Polignac exiled to a hundred leagues from Paris, Condé the same, Conti the same, d'Artois the same, the Queen. . . I dare not tell you the rest." In the centre of the Palais-Royal a wooden tent is always full, especially of young men,

who there deliberate after the manner of a parliament ; and in the evening their president invites spectators to come and sign the motions of the day, the originals of which are kept at the Café Foy. They count the enemies of the country on their fingers : "First of all two Royal Highnesses (Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois) ; three Serene Highnesses (the Prince de Condé, the Duc de Bourbon, and the Prince de Conti) ; one favorite (Mme. de Polignac) ; MM. de Vaudreuil, de la Tremoille, du Châtelet, de Villedeuil, de Barentin, de la Galaisière, Vidaud de la Tour, Berthier, Foulon, and even M. Linguet." There are placarded demands that Abbé Maury be put in the pillory on the Pont Neuf. One orator proposes "to burn the house of M. d'Espréménil, his wife, children, furniture, and himself—this is unanimously carried." No contradiction is tolerated ; a person present, having expressed his horror of the murderous motions made, "is seized by the collar, obliged to kneel down, make the *amende honorable*, kiss the ground, and, after being stripped, he is dipped several times into one of the basins, and then given over to the populace, who roll him in the mud." On the morrow an ecclesiastic is trodden under foot and tossed from hand to hand. A few days later, on the 22nd of June, there are two other executions of the same kind. The sovereign mob exercises all the functions of sovereign power, combines with those of the legislator those of the judge, and with those of the judge those of the executioner. Its idols are sacred ; should any fail in respect towards them he is guilty of high treason, and punished on the spot. In the first week of July an Abbé who speaks ill of Necker is whipped ; ; a woman who says injurious things of Necker's bust is stripped, and beaten by the fishwomen till the blood comes. War is declared on all suspected uniforms. "As soon as a hussar appears," writes Desmoulins, "the cry is raised, 'Here comes Punch !' and the stone-cutters throw stones at him. Last night two hussar officers, MM. de Sombreuil and De Polignac, came to the Palais-Royal ; . . . chairs were thrown at them, and they would have been beaten to death had they not taken flight." "The day before yesterday a police spy

was seized, dipped into the basin, hunted like a stag, harassed, stoned, beaten, one eye forced out ; lastly, spite of his entreaties and cries for mercy, thrown a second time into the basin. His tortures lasted from twelve to half-past five, and he had at least ten thousand executioners." Consider the effect of all this at such a moment. Side by side with the lawful authorities a new power has arisen, a legislature of the streets and public places—anonymous, irresistible, without check of any kind, incited by theories of the cafés, by fever of the brain, by stump oratory ; and this power has for body-guards and ministers those bare arms which have just been breaking everything to pieces in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

V.

Such is the dictatorship of the assembled multitude, and its procedure, as might naturally be expected, is by blows ; it strikes whatever resists it. Each day in the streets, and at the doors of the Assembly, the people of Versailles "go to insult those who are called *aristocrats*." On Monday, the 22nd of June, "D'Espréménil runs a narrow chance of being knocked on the head ; the Abbé Maury . . . only owes his deliverance to the energy of a curé, who takes him by the waist and throws him into the carriage of the Archbishop of Arles." On the 23rd, the Archbishop of Paris and the Keeper of the Seals are hooted, abused, spit upon, scouted, are ready to die with shame and rage, and the storm of vociferations with which they are assailed is so terrible that Passeret, the King's secretary in attendance on the minister, does die of fright that same day. On the 24th, the Bishop of Beauvais is almost stunned by a blow from a stone on the head. On the 25th, the Archbishop of Paris is only saved by the swiftness of his horses ; the crowd follows him throwing stones ; his hotel is besieged, all his windows broken, and spite of the interference of the Gardes Françaises his danger is so great that he is obliged to promise to join the Deputies of the Tiers. This is the way in which the rough popular hand brings about the union of the different orders. And this hand weighs as imperiously on its representatives as on its adversaries.

"Although the entry to our hall was forbidden," says Bailly, "there were always more than six hundred spectators there,"—not respectful, silent listeners, but active, noisy, mixing with the deputies, raising their hands at the various motions, always taking part in the debates by their applause and their hootings, forming a collateral assembly in short, which often imposed its own will on the other. It notes and takes down in writing the names of the opposition ; those names, transmitted to the chairmen at the entrance of the hall, and from them to the populace waiting the egress of the deputies, are henceforth the names of public enemies. Lists of them are drawn up and printed, and in the evening at the Palais-Royal, these become proscription lists. Beneath this coarse pressure several decrees got passed, amongst others that by which the Communes declared themselves a national assembly, and assume the supreme power. On the previous evening Malouet had proposed to ascertain first of all on which side the majority really lay ; in an instant all the Noes, in number over three hundred, range themselves round him ; whereupon a man rushes from the galleries, swoops down on him, seizes him by the collar, crying, "Hold thy tongue, bad citizen !" Malouet was freed from his grasp and the guard came up, "but terror spread through the hall, threats followed the opposing members, and on the morrow we were only ninety." For indeed the list of their names had gone abroad ; some of them who were Paris deputies went to seek Bailly that very evening ; one of them, "a very worthy man and a good patriot," having been warned that his house, where his wife had just been confined, was to be set on fire, and the least disturbance would have been fatal to her. Such arguments as these are decisive. In fact, three days later, at the Tennis Court, one single deputy, Martin d'Auch, ventures to sign himself *opposant*. Insulted by several of his colleagues, "instantly denounced to the people gathered at the entry of the hall, he has to escape by a private door for fear of being torn to pieces," and for several days cannot return to the session. Thanks to this intervention of the galleries, the radical minority of about thirty coerces the

majority, and does not suffer its voice to be heard. On the 28th of May, Malouet, having asked for closed doors while conciliatory measures proposed by the King were under discussion, is hooted by the galleries, and a deputy of the name of Bouche addresses him in words that are only too clear: "Learn, sir, that we deliberate here in presence of our masters, and are responsible to them for our opinions." This is the doctrine of the *Contrat Social*; and owing to timidity, to fear of the Court and the privileged classes, to optimism and trust in human nature, to the inclination and obligation to support their earlier acts,—the newly come deputies, provincials and theorists, neither dare nor indeed know how to escape the tyranny of the prevailing dogma. Henceforward it becomes law. Constitutional Assembly, Legislative, Convention,—all the assemblies are about to undergo its yoke: it is admitted that the public of the galleries represents the people by the same title, nay, by a higher title than that of the deputies. Now, this public is that of the Palais-Royal, made up of strangers, idlers, lovers of novelties, Paris novelists, coryphæi of cafés, future pillars of clubs, in short, of the fanatics of the middle class; just as the mob that threatens doors and throws stones is recruited from the fanatics of the dregs of the people. Thus, by unconscious sifting, the faction that constitutes itself the executive is only composed of violent minds and violent hands. Spontaneously, and without preliminary agreement, dangerous eleutheromaniacs find themselves in league with dangerous brutes, and in the increasing disruption of all legal authority it is this illegal league that is destined to effect the universal overthrow.

When a general-in-chief, in counsel with his major and his staff, deliberates upon the plan of his campaign, the primary interest of the public lies in the preservation of discipline, in no intruder, whether soldier or blackguard, coming to throw the weight of his turbulence and thoughtlessness into the scale that the chiefs are bound to hold carefully and calmly. Now this has been the express demand of the Government; it has failed, and nothing now remains to it but to employ force against the per-

sistent usurpations of the multitude. But force itself slips out of its hand, and the growing disobedience, like a contagion, having gained over the people, begins to spread in the army. As early as the 23rd of June two companies of the Gardes Françaises had refused to act. Shut up in their barracks, on the 27th they break their confinement, and henceforward "every evening are seen entering the Palais-Royal, marching in two files." The place is well known to them; it is the general rendezvous of the girls whose lovers and parasites they are. "Patriots hang on to them, treat them to ices and wine, and corrupt them under the very eyes of their officers." Add to which that their colonel, M. du Châtelet, is unpopular, that he has wearied them with forced manœuvres, worried and lowered their sergeants, suppressed the school where the children of their band were educated, used the stick to punish the men, and wrangled about their uniform, food, and pay. The regiment is demoralized, a secret society has been formed among its ranks, and the soldiers are pledged to their superior officers to undertake nothing against the National Assembly. Thus the confederation between them and the Palais-Royal is a settled affair. On the 30th of June, eleven of the ring-leaders, having been sent to the Abbaye, wrote to demand help: a young man mounts a chair in front of the Café Foy, and reads their letter aloud. Instantly a band sets off in marching order, breaks open the gates with hammers and bars of iron, brings back the prisoners in triumph, gives them a feast in the gardens, and mounts guard around them to prevent their being recaptured. When such a breach of discipline as this is tolerated, no order can be maintained; in fact, on the morning of the 14th of July, out of six battalions five had defaulted. As to the other regiments, they hold out no better, and are similarly seduced. "Yesterday," writes Desmoulins, "the artillery followed the example of the Gardes Françaises, overpowered the sentinels, and came to join the patriots in the Palais-Royal. . . . Nothing to be seen but working men clutching at all the soldiers they meet, saying, 'Come along! Vive le Tiers-état!' and dragging them into the public-houses, where

they are drinking the health of the Communes." Some dragoons say to the officer who is leading them to Versailles, "We obey you, but when we get there you may tell the Ministers that if we are ordered to do the least violence to our fellow-citizens, our first fire will be for you." At the Invalides twenty men, ordered to take locks and ramrods from the guns of the threatened store, are six hours in rendering twenty guns useless; in other words, desire to keep them intact for pillage and the arming of the people. Briefly, the largest portion of the army has revolted. However good a man in authority may be, it is enough that he be in authority to be treated as an enemy. The Governor, M. de Sombreuil, against whom these men have not a single accusation to bring, will a little later see his own gunners direct their guns against his rooms, and narrowly escape being hanged by their very hands to the iron railing. Thus the force brought to repress the rising of the people serves only to supply it with recruits, and, what is still worse, the display of arms intended to restrain the mob furnishes the provocation which completes its revolt.

VI.

The fatal moment has arrived; it is not one government falling to make room for another, it is the cessation of all government, to make room for the intermittent despotism of the masses, blindly hurled forward by enthusiasm, credulity, destitution, and fear.* Like a tame elephant suddenly turned wild again, the people, by a gesture, overthrows its regular mahout, and the new guides that it allows to huddle upon its neck are there only for show; henceforth it moves on at pleasure, freed from the control of their reason, given up to its own sensations, instincts, and appetites. Evidently none but precautionary measures are intended; the King has interdicted all violence; † the officers in command forbid

their soldiers to fire, but the over-excited and savage brute looks upon all precautions as insults; henceforth means to govern itself, and by way of a beginning tramples its would-be keepers. About noon on the 12th of May, on hearing of the dismissal of Necker, a cry of fury rises at the Palais-Royal. Camille Desmoulins mounts a table, announcing that the Court plans "a Saint Bartholomew of patriots." The crowd embraces him, assumes the green cockade that he suggests, forces dancing saloons and theatres to close in sign of grief, goes to fetch the busts of the Duke of Orleans and of Necker, and parades them in triumph. Meanwhile the dragoons of the Prince de Lambesc, ranged on the Place Louis XV., find a barricade of chains at the entry of the Tuileries, and are received with a rain of bottles and stones. Elsewhere on the Boulevards, in front of the Hôtel Montmorency, the Gardes Françaises, escaped from their barracks, fire upon a faithful detachment of Royal-Allemands. On all sides the tocsin rings, gunsmiths' shops are pillaged, the Hôtel de Ville invaded; fifteen or sixteen electors of the popular way of thinking, who chance to find themselves there decide that the districts be convoked and armed. The new sovereign has shown himself—namely, the people in arms and out upon the streets.

At once the dregs of society rise to the surface. During the night of the 12th and 13th July "all the barriers, from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine to the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, in addition to those of the Faubourgs Saint-Marcel and Saint-Jacques, are forced and burnt down." There are no longer municipal taxes, the city is without revenue at the very moment that its expenses are necessarily increased; but that matters little to the populace, who above all else insist on cheap wine. "Brigands armed with pikes and sticks go about in all directions, in some divisions to pillage houses belonging to masters looked upon as enemies of the public weal." "They go from door to door crying, 'Arms and bread.' During this fearful night the shopkeepers kept their doors closed,

* Gouverneur Morris: *Correspondance avec Washington*, 19 Juillet: "Liberty is now the general cry; authority a mere word without any reality."

† Bailly, i. 302: "The King was thoroughly sincere; he only meant to take measures for public peace and order. . . . The force of truth constrained Le Châtelet to ac-

quit M. de Bezenval of any crime against the people or country."—Cf. Marmontel, iv. 183; Mounier, ii. 40.

each one trembling at home for himself and his family." On the morrow, the 13th, the capital seemed delivered up to the bandits and the lowest of the low. A band of these forces the doors of the Lazarists, destroys the library, the presses, the pictures, the windows, the museum, rushes down into the cellars, bursts open the casks, and drinks to excess; twenty-four hours later thirty dead and dying are found there drowned in wine, both men and women, one of the last on the eve of her confinement. Before the house the street is full of débris, and of brigands holding in their hands, "some of them eatables, others large jugs, out of which they force passers-by to drink, pouring out to all comers. The wine flows down into the gutter, the smell of it is very strong." It is like a riotous fair. Meanwhile, the grain and flour that the religious are bound to keep in store are being carried away, and fifty-two wagon loads taken to the Halle. Another troop goes to the prison of La Force, to set all debtors free. A third makes its way into the Garde-Meuble, and robs it of arms and armor of value. Bands gather before the hotel of M. de Breteuil and the Palais-Bourbon, intent on sacking them to punish their proprietors. M. de Crosne, one of the most liberal and respected men in Paris, but, unfortunately for him, a lieutenant of police, is pursued, escapes with difficulty, and has his hotel wrecked. During the night of the 13th, bakers' and vintners' shops are ransacked, and the very dregs of the people, armed with guns, "spits, and pikes, insist on having doors opened to them and obtaining food, drink, money, and arms." Vagabonds, ragged men, many of them "almost naked," "the greater part armed like savages, and with appalling countenances;" these are beings "that one does not remember ever to have seen by daylight." Several are strangers sprung one knows not whence. It is said that there are fifty thousand of them, and they have got possession of the principal posts.

During these two days and nights, according to Bailly, "Paris ran great danger of being pillaged, and was only saved from these bandits by the National Guard." Already in the open street "low creatures were tearing earrings

and shoes from citizenesses," and thieves beginning to give themselves free scope. Fortunately the militia organizes itself, gentlemen enrol themselves in it, forty-eight thousand men form into battalions and companies, citizens buy from these vagabonds a gun for three livres, a sword, sabre, and pistol for twelve sous. Finally some of the malefactors are hanged on the spot, many are disarmed, and the insurrection once more becomes political. But be its object what it may, it continues mad, because merely popular. Its panegyrist Dussaulx confesses that "he seemed to be assisting at the total decomposition of society." No leader, no direction. The electors who have improvised themselves representatives of Paris appear to command the mob, but it is the mob that commands them. In order to save the Hôtel de Ville, one of them, Legrand, has no other resource than to have six barrels of powder brought him, and to declare to the intruders that he will blow up the whole. The commandant they themselves have chosen, M. de Salles, has for a quarter of an hour twenty bayonets at his breast, and more than once the whole Committee were on the point of being massacred. Imagine, in the enclosure where they are parleying and entreating, "a crowd of fifteen hundred men pressed upon by a hundred thousand who struggle to enter,—the crashing of the woodwork, the overthrow of bench after bench, the enclosure of the bureau pushed back to the President's seat, a tumult that suggests "the day of judgment," cries of death, singing, howling, "of men beside themselves, who for the most part know neither where they are nor what they want." Every district is also a small centre, the Palais-Royal the greatest of all. From one to the other of these centres roll motions, accusations, deputations, borne by a human torrent now choked up, now precipitated, without any other guidance than that of the incline, or the impediments of its onward way. A wave heaps itself up now here, now there; the only strategy consists in pushing or being pushed. And still the mob only enters because it is admitted. If it penetrate into the Invalides, it is through the connivance of the soldiers; at the Bastille from ten o'clock in the morning to five in the evening,

men fire at walls of forty feet in height, thirty feet thick, and it is only by chance that they hit one of the inmates. They are treated like children whom it is wished to hurt as little as possible; at the first demand the Governor has his guns drawn back from their embrasures, he makes the garrison swear that they will not fire if not attacked, invites the first deputation to breakfast, permits the messenger from the Hôtel de Ville to go over the whole fortress, bears several discharges without replying, lets the first bridge be carried without firing a shot. If he do finally fire it is at the last extremity, in defence of the second bridge, and after having warned his assailants that he was about to do so. In a word his long-suffering and patience are excessive, agreeably to the humanitarianism of the time. As for the assailants, they are maddened by the novel sensation of attack and resistance, by the smell of powder and the excitement of fight; all they can do is to dash themselves against the solid mass of stone, and their expedients are on a level with their tactics. A brewer takes it into his head to set fire to this block of masonry by pumping on it a mixture of phosphorus and oil of turpentine. A young carpenter, who has archæological notions, proposes to construct a catapult. Some believe themselves to have got possession of the Governor's daughter, and are about to burn her by way of obliging her father to yield. Others set fire to an outstanding building full of straw, and thus obstruct their own way. "The Bastille was not taken by main force," said the brave Elie, one of the assailants; "it rendered itself up even before it was attacked,"* it capitulated on the promise that no one should be injured. The garrison, only too well secured, had no longer the heart to fire in safety on living bodies,† and on the other hand it was disconcerted by the sight of the immense crowd. Only eight or nine hundred men were attacking it,‡ the most part of them

workmen or shopkeepers of the district, tailors, smiths, mercers, vintners, with an admixture of Gardes Françaises. But the Place de la Bastille and all the surrounding streets were thronged with the curious who came to look on at the spectacle; among them, says an eye-witness, "a number of well-dressed and fashionable women who had left their carriages at a little distance." From the top of their parapets, it seemed to the hundred and twenty composing the garrison as though the whole of Paris was marching against them. Thus it is they themselves who let down the draw-bridge and introduce the enemy. All alike have lost their head, besieged as well as besiegers, but the last most completely because they are intoxicated by victory. As soon as they enter they begin by breaking everything, and the latest comers fire at random on the first; "every one fires without taking notice where or on whom the fire tells." The becoming suddenly omnipotent and having license to kill is too strong a potion for human nature—vertigo follows, men *see red*, and their delirium ends in ferocity.

For it is the special characteristic of a popular insurrection that, as no one obeys any other, evil passions have equal scope with generous, and heroes cannot restrain assassins. Elie, who was first to enter, Cholat, Hulin, the brave men in advance, the Gardes Françaises who know the laws of war, these endeavor indeed to keep their word; but the crowd pushing in behind knows not whom to strike, and strikes at random. It spares the Suisses, who have fired on it, and whom in their blue smock-frocks it takes for prisoners. To make up for this it is furious against the Invalides, who have opened the gates for it; the very man who prevented the governor from blowing up the fortress has his wrist broken by a sabre-cut, is pierced by two sword-thrusts, hanged,—and his hand, which has saved a quarter of Paris, is paraded in triumph through the streets. The officers are dragged away; five of them, together with three soldiers, are killed on the way or on the spot. During the long hours of the assault the murder-

* Marmontel, iv. 317.

† Dussaulx, 454: "The soldiers replied that they would resign themselves to anything rather than destroy so many of their fellow-citizens."

‡ Dussaulx, 447: "The number of assailants, injured, wounded, killed, and surviving, amounts to eight hundred and twenty-five."

Marmontel, iv. 320: "Amongst the conquerors, who have been numbered at eight hundred, a good many are reckoned who did not approach the place."

ous instinct has awaked ; the desire to kill, become a fixed idea, spreads far into the crowd which has not been in action. Its very clamor is enough ; a hue and cry is all that is now needed ; the moment that one strikes, every one wants to strike too. " Those who had no arms," says an officer, " threw stones at me, women ground their teeth and clenched their fists at me. Two of my soldiers had been already murdered behind me.

At last, with the cry that I was to be hanged raised all around me, I arrived within a few hundred steps of the Hôtel de Ville, when a head stuck on a pike was brought forward and presented for my consideration, with the information that it was that of M. de Launay," the Governor. The latter had, even as he left the Bastille, received a sword-thrust in the right shoulder ; when he reached the Rue Saint-Antoine, " everybody pulled his hair and struck him." Under the Arcade Saint-Jean he was already " much wounded." Those who surrounded him kept saying, " We must cut his throat ;" others, " He must be hanged ;" others again, " He ought to be tied to a horse's tail." Then, in despair and desirous to abridge his agony, he cried, " Let me be killed," and in his struggles gave one of the men who held him a kick in the groin. Instantly he is pierced with bayonets and dragged through the gutter, his body struck again and again, with cries of " He is a monster who has betrayed us ; *the nation* requires his head to show to the public," and the man who got the kick is invited to cut it off. He—a cook by trade and a half-witted person, who " had gone to the Bastille to see what was going on"—considers that, such being the general opinion, the action is *patriotic*, and even elbieves himself to deserve a medal for esdstroying a monster. A sword being lent him, he strikes at the bare throat, but as the sword is too blunt to cut, draws from his pocket a small black-handled knife, and " knowing, in his capacity of cook, how to cut up meat," gets successfully through the operation. Then, mounting the head on a three-pronged fork, and accompanied by two hundred armed men, " without counting the populace," he sets off marching, and in the Rue Saint-Honoré has two inscriptions attached to the head, so that it may be

quite evident to whom it belonged. The procession gets more merry as it goes on ; after having paraded at the Palais-Royal it reaches the Pont-Neuf, and there the head is made to bow three times to the statue of Henri IV. with the words, " Salute thy master." This was the final jest ; there is this element in every triumph, and beneath the butcher the *gamin* will show.

VII.

Meanwhile, at the Palais-Royal, other *gamins*, who, in their light-hearted prating, deal as freely with lives as with words, have during the night of the 13th, drawn up a proscription-list, of which copies are to be hawked about, and one carefully addressed to each of the parties concerned—the Comte d'Artois, Marshal de Broglie, Prince de Lambesc, Baron de Bezenval, MM. de Breteuil, Foulon, Berthier, Maury, d'Espréménil, Lefèvre d'Amécourt, and many others ; and rewards are promised to any one who will bring their heads to the Café du Caveau. Thus the all-too-ready mob is provided with names ; it is enough now that one of the denounced be met with ; he will go to the lamp-post at the corner—not further. Throughout the 14th the self-elected tribunal holds permanent session, and completes its decrees by action. M. de Flesselles, provost of the merchants, and president of the electors at the Hôtel de Ville, having shown some lukewarmness, the Palais-Royal pronounces him a traitor, and sends him to be hanged ; on the way a young man shoots him with a pistol, others fall savagely upon his body, and his head, raised on a pike, goes to join that of M. de Launay. On all sides accusations as murderous and as promptly carried into execution float in the air. " Under the slightest pretext," writes an elector, " men were denounced to us as opposed to the revolution—in other words, enemies of the State. Without further inquiry, nothing less was proposed than to seize their persons, wreck their houses, raze their hotels to the ground. A young man called out, ' Follow me on the spot, and let us march upon Bezenval ! ' " Brains are so perturbed and minds so suspicious, that at every step taken in the street one " has to state one's name in full, declare one's profession,

dwelling, and way of thinking. . . There is no entering or leaving Paris without being suspected of treason." The Prince of Montbarrey, a partisan of the new ideas, and his wife, being stopped in their carriage at the barriers, are in danger of being torn to pieces. A deputy of the nobility, on his way to the National Assembly, is seized in his hackney coach, taken to the Grève, shown the body of M. de Launay, and informed that he is to be dealt with in like manner. Every life hangs upon a thread; and on the following day, when the King has sent away his troops, dismissed his ministers, recalled Necker, conceded everything, the danger remains equally great. Wholly given up to revolutionaries and to itself, the crowd has still the same murderous impulses, and the municipal heads it has elected*—Bailly, Mayor of Paris, and Lafayette, Commandant of the National Guard—are obliged to manœuvre, implore, and intervene between it and the unfortunates on whom its fury falls.

On the night of the 15th of July, a woman disguised in man's attire is arrested in the court of the Hôtel de Ville, and so maltreated that she faints away. Bailly, to save her, has to pretend to be very angry with her, and to send her off at once to prison. Between the 14th and 22nd of July, Lafayette, at the peril of his life, rescues with his own hand seventeen persons in different parts of the town. On the 22nd of July, in consequence of denunciations spread about Paris like trains of gunpowder, two officials of the highest rank, M. Foulon, Councillor of State, and M. Berthier, his son-in-law, are arrested, the one near Fontainebleau, the other in the neighborhood of Compiègne. M. Foulon, a severe master, but an intelligent, useful man, had laid out during the last winter a sum of sixty thousand francs in improvements on his property for the sake of giving work to the poor. M. Berthier, an industrious and capable

man, has surveyed L'Ile de France to equalize the land-tax, thereby reducing overcharges by an eighth, and finally by a quarter. But both of these have regulated the details of the camp against which the whole of Paris has risen, both have equally been publicly proscribed for a week past by the Palais-Royal; and to a rabble wild with disorder, exasperated by hunger, maddened by suspicion, accused is synonymous with guilty. With regard to Foulon, as in the case of Réveillon, a legend springs up, stamped with the same die—a kind of current coin for the use of the people—which the people itself frames by condensing into one tragic phrase the whole mass of its sufferings and its resentment. "He has said that we are no better than horses, and that if we had not bread we might eat grass." The old man of seventy-four years is dragged to Paris, a truss of hay on his head, a collar of thistles round his neck, and his mouth filled with grass. In vain does the bureau of electors give orders, in hopes of saving him, that he should be put in prison; the mob cries, "Tried and hanged," and authoritatively names the judges. In vain does Lafayette entreat and insist three times over that the trial should be regular, and that the accused should be sent to the Abbaye. A fresh crowd presses in, and a "well-dressed" man calls out, "What need of a trial for a man who has been judged for thirty years?" Foulon is laid hold of, dragged along the court, hoisted to the lamp-iron; twice the cord breaks, and he falls on the pavement; he is hanged again with a new cord, taken down, his head cut off and placed on a pike. Meanwhile, Berthier, sent from Compiègne by the municipality, who dared not detain him in the threatened prison, was on his way, in a cabriolet under an escort. Around him were borne placards with infamous epithets; at every station, where they changed horses, black, hard bread was thrown into the carriage, with cries of "Look, you wretch, that is the bread you made us eat." Arrived in front of the church of Saint-Merry, a fearful storm of outrage breaks out against him. "Though he has never bought or sold a single grain of corn," he stands convicted as a monopolizer in the eyes of the multitude.

* Bailly, ii. 32, 74, 88, 90, 95, 108, 117, 137, 158, 174: "I gave orders that were neither heard nor heeded. . . . I was given to understand that I was not safe" (15 Juillet). "In those unhappy times an enemy and a calumny were all that were needed to excite the mob. All who had once had authority, all who had constrained and controlled the rioters, were sure to be pursued."

ever seeking to explain their evil condition by some evildoer. He is the author of the famine. On his way to the Abbaye, his escort gets dispersed; he is pushed towards the lamp-post. Then, seeing that all is over with him, he snatches a gun from his murderers, and defends himself bravely. But a soldier of the Royal Croats hews him down with a sabre-stroke; another tears his heart out. By a mere chance, the cook who cut off M. de Launay's head is standing by; the heart is given him to carry; a soldier takes the head, and both go to the Hôtel de Ville to display these trophies to M. de Lafayette. Returned to the Palais-Royal, and seated at table in an eating-house, the people ask them for these two sad fragments; they throw them out of the window, and proceed with their supper, while underneath the heart is paraded as the centre of a bouquet of white pinks. Such are the spectacles presented by this garden, where the year before "good society in full dress" used to assemble on leaving the opera, and sometimes to remain till two o'clock in the morning, listening beneath the mild moonlight to the violin of St. Georges or the delicious voice of Garat.

VIII.

Henceforth it is plain there is no security for any; neither the new militia nor the new authorities are competent to make the law respected. "One dared not," said Bailly, "resist the people, who eight days since had taken the Bastille." In vain, after these two last murders, did Bailly and Lafayette threaten in their indignation to resign; they are constrained to remain at their posts; their protection, such as it is, is the only one remaining, and if the National Guard cannot prevent all murders, it does at least prevent a few. Thus men live on as best they can, in continued expectation of new popular sallies. "*In the eyes of every impartial man,*" writes Malouet, "*the terror dates from the 14th of July.*" On the 17th, before leaving for Paris, the King receives the Sacrament, and makes final arrangements anticipating assassination. From the 16th to the 18th, twenty persons of highest rank, amongst them the majority of those on whose heads a price had

been set by the Palais-Royal, quit Paris—the Comte d'Artois, Marshal de Broglie, the Princes de Condé, de Conti, de Lambesc, de Vaudemont, the Comtesse de Polignac, the Duchesses de Polignac and de Guiche. On the morrow of the two murders, M. de Crosne, M. Doumer, M. Sureau, the most zealous and worthy members of the Committee of Subsistence, as well as all the officials engaged in the purchase or storing departments, conceal themselves or take flight. On the eve of the two murders, under threat of insurrection, the Paris notaries have had to advance 45,000 francs promised to the workmen of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and the public treasury, nearly empty as it is, deprives itself of 30,000 livres a day in order to lower the price of bread. Person and property, great and small, functionaries and private citizens, the very Government itself, all are alike in the grasp of the multitude. "From that moment," says a deputy, "there was no longer any liberty even in the National Assembly. . . . France was dumb, in the presence of a faction of thirty. In their hands the Assembly became a passive instrument, used by them to execute their own projects." But even these thirty do not lead, though they appear to do so. The colossal brute that has seized the bit with its teeth holds it fast, and its plunges become more and more violent. For not only do the spurs which have irritated it—I mean the thirst for innovation and scarcity of daily food—continue to prick its sides, but political hornets, multiplied by thousands, buzz in its ears, and the license which for the first time it enjoys, joined to the applause with which it is loaded, urges it on day by day to greater fury. The insurrection is glorified, not one assassin is proceeded against; it is only the conspiracy of Ministers that the Assembly inquires into. Rewards are decreed to the conquerors of the Bastille; they are declared to have saved France. The people is extolled to the skies, and so are its wisdom, its magnanimity, its justice. The new sovereign is positively adored; assured repeatedly and officially in the papers and at the Assembly that it possesses all virtues, all

* De Ferrières, i. 168.

rights, all powers. If it has shed blood, that was by accident or on provocation, but always with infallible instinct. "Besides," asks a deputy, "was that blood then so pure?" The majority prefer to believe the theories of their favorite books to the evidence of their own eyes; they persevere in the idyl that they have invented. Or at all events their dream, if excluded from the present, takes refuge in the future; tomorrow, when the Constitution is completed, the people, made happy, will once more become wise; let us resign ourselves to the storm that drives on to so fair a haven.

Meanwhile, beyond the King, inert and disarmed,—beyond the Assembly, whether obeying or disobeyed, we discern the real monarch, the people—that is to say, the *mob*, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand beings—gathered together at random upon any motion, any alarm whatever, and all at once and irresistibly becoming legislators, judges, and executioners. A power this, which is formidable, destructive, and vague; one on which no hand can lay hold, and which, together with its monstrous and howling mother Liberty, sits on the

threshold of the Revolution, like Milton's two spectres at the gates of hell:

"The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed
With mortal sting. About her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled
Within unseen. . . . The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either,—black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode."

—*Contemporary Review.*

THE GARDENER BIRD.

In the last number of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, a very curious account is translated for that journal, and illustrated with engravings by a traveller in New Guinea,—Signor Odoardi Beccari,—of a new species of Bower Bird, very similar in its habits to the Australian Bower Birds of which Mr. Darwin gives so striking an account in the second volume of his "Descent of Man." This new Papuan variety is called the *Amblyornis inornata*, and is, in fact, a Bird of Paradise in plain-clothes, without the gorgeous costume that is usually associated with the name. It is, says Signor Beccari, about the size of the ordinary turtle-dove, and both the male and the female appear to have a plumage of the most unostentatious description,—their feathers only showing a few different varieties of brown. But it would be a very mistaken inference to suppose that bright coloring is not enjoyed and valued by these birds. They appear, indeed, to be birds of great capacity for the plas-

tic arts. They are wonderful actors,—in the sense of presenting accurately the voices and notes of a great variety of other birds, so as to deceive completely those who are in search of them. "It is a clever bird," says Signor Beccari, "called by the inhabitants *Buruk Gurea*,—'Master Bird,'—since it imitates the songs and screamings of numerous birds so well, that it brought my hunters to despair, who were but too often misled by the bird. Another name of the bird is *Tukan Robon*, which means a 'gardener,'" and in fact, the chief peculiarity of the bird is its great taste for landscape gardening, in which art it seems to excel almost all the Bower Birds. Signor Beccari apparently regards the bower he describes as the bird's "nest," but unless the New Guinea variety differs in this respect from the other kinds of birds of this description, he was probably mistaken in this. Mr. Darwin says distinctly, "The bowers, which, as we shall hereafter see, are highly decorated

with feathers, shells, bones, and leaves, are built on the ground for the sole purpose of courtship, *for their nests are formed in trees.*" We should think it most likely that this is the case also with the New-Guinea species. And if so, the beautiful arbors described and illustrated by Signor Beccari, are mere places of social resort, like our marquees or tents for picnics; and though so much more beautiful, are much more durable also, for Signor Beccari says that the *Amblyornis* bowers last for three or four years, which our marquees, even in that climate, hardly would. And the beauty of the structure shows how far superior these birds are to human beings in their æsthetic architecture. They select for their bowers a flat space round a small tree, the stem of which is not thicker than a walking-stick, and clear of branches near the ground. Round this they build a cone of moss of the size of a man's hand, the object of which does not seem to be explained, but may be perhaps merely to make a soft cushion round the tree in parts where the birds are most likely to strike against it. At a little height above this moss cushion, and about two feet from the ground, they attach to the tree twigs of a particular orchid (*Dendrobium*), which grows in large tufts on the trunks and branches of trees, its twigs being very pliant, and weave them together, fastening them to the ground at a distance of about eighteen inches from the tree all round, leaving, of course, an opening by which the birds enter the arbor. Thus they make a conical arbor of some two feet in height and three feet (on the ground) in diameter, with a wide ring round the moss cushion for promenading; and here they are sheltered from the elements, and have a pavilion of the most delicate materials. They appear to select this particular orchid for their building, because, besides the extreme pliancy, the stalks and leaves live long after they are detached from the plant on which they grow. Both leaves and stalks remain fresh and beautiful, says Signor Beccari, for a very long period after they have been plaited in this way into the roofing of the arbor.

But *all* birds are great architects, and the only peculiarity in this respect of the Bower Bird is that it builds separate structures for domestic life and for

social amusement;—that its house is not its pavilion for pleasure, but a different kind of structure altogether. The Bower Birds, however, are still more remarkable for laying out pleasaunces round their pavilions, than even for building these special resorts for social amusement. The Satin Bower Bird, says Mr. Darwin, "collects gaily-colored articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs or arranges at the entrance. Mr. Gould found in one bower a neatly-worked stone tomahawk and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from a native encampment. These objects are continually rearranged and carried about by the birds whilst at play. The bower of the Spotted Bower Bird is 'beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that the heads nearly meet, and the decorations are very profuse.' Round stones are used to keep the grass-stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower. The stones and shells are often brought from a great distance. The Regent Bird, as described by Mr. Ramsay, ornaments its short bower with bleached land-shells belonging to five or six species, and with 'berries of various colors, blue, red, and black, which give it, when fresh, a very pretty appearance. Besides these, there were several newly picked leaves and young shoots of a pinkish color, the whole showing a decided taste for the beautiful.'" And now to this description is to be added Signor Beccari's description of the greatest of landscape gardeners amongst birds,—who makes himself first a lawn of moss before the bower,—the Papuan grass, like all tropical grass, is probably of the poorest and coarsest kind, and quite incapable of anything like the velvet smoothness of an English lawn,—and then strews this mossy lawn with the most beautiful flowers and fruits it can find, so arranged as to produce the same effect as the flower-bed of an English garden, or more exactly, perhaps, the flower-strewn turf of an English churchyard. The Gardener Bird is very careful to keep its lawn free from any disfigurement, and though it does not seem to have invented a garden-roller, the moss probably is a material which does not need such an instrument. This is what Signor Beccari says:—"Before the cot-

tage there is a meadow of moss. This is brought to the spot, and kept free from grass, stones, or anything which would offend the eye. On this green turf, flowers and fruits of pretty color are placed, so as to form an elegant little garden. The greater part of the decoration is collected round the entrance to the nest, and it would appear that the husband offers there his daily gifts to his wife. The objects are very various, but always of vivid color. There were some fruits of a *Garcinia* like a small-sized apple. Others were the fruits of *Gardenias* of a deep-yellow color in the interior. I saw also small rosy fruits, probably of a *Scitamineaceous* plant, and beautiful rosy flowers of a splendid new *Vaccinium* (*Agapetes amblyornidis*). There were also fungi and mottled insects placed on the turf. As soon as the objects are faded, they are moved to the back of the hut." So that the Gardener Bird carefully renews the beauty of his garden. Just as the gardener takes away the flowers whose bloom is over, and replaces them with new ones whose beauty is still fresh, so the *Amblyornis* removes to the back of its pavilion all the faded flowers and fruits, and renews the coloring on its lawn by a fresh supply. Thus at least three of the plastic arts are pursued by this remarkable bird, and all of them apparently from artistic feeling, rather than from any domestic want. As we have seen, it is a great actor, deceiving the most experienced ear, by rendering in turn the songs and screams of all its various companions. It is a great architect, and this, again,—if the analogy of the other Bower Birds may be trusted,—not in the history of family life, but of the lighter social amusements of its tribe. And it is a great gardener, making artificially for itself a lawn of moss, and disposing on this lawn all the beautiful coloring with which the blossoms and fruits of the neighborhood supply it. Signor Beccari contrasts its habits in this way with those of the human inhabitants of the neighborhood. "I discovered," he says, "that the inhabitants of Arfak did not follow the example of the *Amblyornis*. Their houses are quite inaccessible from dirt."

Indeed, the sense of beauty and of art which these Bower Birds seem to possess is so great, that we may well imagine

it possible that they may, to some extent, generalise upon the principles of art, and that amongst these plain, brown-clad Birds of Paradise there may be some germinal Burkes, or even rudimentary Ruskins. If such there be, what, we wonder, are the principles of beauty which recommend themselves to these winged devotees of the plastic arts? Do they, perhaps, believe, as our theorists upon art do, that there is no true art in imitation,—nor indeed without an expression of the mind of the artist? Would they not maintain, perhaps,—if they could expressly maintain anything,—that the key to a true picture consists in the bird-thought,—the "aviary element,"—which gives it unity; that the secret of beauty in their bowers, and mossy lawns, and in the flowers and fruits of various colors strewn thereupon, is never in the mere form and color, but rather in the explicit reference to the feelings of the brown birds which thus lay down their offerings, and the other brown birds to whose affections and hopes these offerings appeal? Our own artists assure us that landscape, however beautiful, is naught without the "human element" to give it meaning. Do the Birds of Paradise think the same,—substituting, of course, the 'aviary' for the 'human' element? When he looks at the Papuan forests and fruits, does the *Amblyornis* think of them merely with a view to the nests or the bowers and gardens for which they are available? If he could picture nature as delicately as he can build, and as he can arrange color, would he find fault with any landscape in which there was nothing better than a human interest, unless indeed that human interest happened also to involve an 'aviary' interest,—in other words, unless the men concerned were intending to bring about tragedies among the birds? Certainly, if the great artistic teachers of our own society are right, this should be so; and Art should have a different meaning for each species of creature capable of conceiving in any degree what Art means. Yet, so far as we can see, the ideas of beauty and art entertained by the Bower Birds, though very rudimentary indeed, are entirely of one piece and one origin with the more developed idea of the human race.—*The Spectator*.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

REBELLION.

AND where was she now—that strange creature who had bewildered and blinded his eyes and so sorely stricken his heart? It was perhaps not the least part of his trouble that all his passionate yearning to see her, and all his thinking about her and the scenes in which he had met her, seemed unable to conjure up any satisfactory vision of her. The longing of his heart went out from him to meet—a phantom. She appeared before him in a hundred shapes, now one, now the other; but all possessed with a terrible fascination from which it was in vain for him to try to flee.

Which was she, then—the pale and sensitive and thoughtful-eyed girl who listened with such intense interest to the gloomy tales of the northern seas; who was so fine, and perfect, and delicate; who walked so gracefully and smiled so sweetly; the timid and gentle companion and friend?

Or the wild coquette, with her arch, shy ways, and her serious laughing, and her befooling of the poor stupid lover? He could hear her laugh now; he could see her feed her canary from her own lips; where was the old mother whom that madcap girl teased, and petted, and delighted?

Or was not this she—this calm and gracious woman who received as of right the multitude of attentions that all men—and women, too—were glad to pay her? The air fine about her; the south winds fanning her cheek; the day long, and balmy, and clear. The white-sailed boats glide slowly through the water; there is a sound of music, and of gentle talk; a butterfly comes fluttering over the blue summer seas. And then there is a murmuring refrain in the lapping of the waves—*Roseleaf, Roseleaf, what faint wind will carry you away to the south?*

Or this audacious Duchess of Devonshire, with the flashing black eyes, and a saucy smile on her lips? She knows

that every one regards her; but what of that? Away she goes through the brilliant throng with that young Highland officer, with glowing light and gay costumes and joyous music all around her. What do you think of her, you poor clown, standing all alone and melancholy, with your cap and bells? Has she pierced your heart, too, with a flash of the saucy black eyes?

But there is still another vision; and perhaps this solitary dreamer, who has no eyes for the great slopes of Ben-an-Sloich that stretch into the clouds, and no ears for the soft calling of the sea-birds as they wheel over his head, tries hardest to fix this one in his memory. Here she is the neat and watchful house-mistress, with all things bright and shining around her; and she appears, too, as the meek daughter and the kind and caressing sister. Is it not hard that she should be torn from this quiet little haven of domestic duties and family affection, to be bound hand and foot in the chains of art and flung into the arena to amuse that great ghoul-faced thing, the public? The white slave does not complain. While as yet she may, she presides over the cheerful table; and the beautiful small hands are helpful; and that light morning costume is a wonder of simplicity and grace. And then the garden—and the soft summer air, and the pretty ways of the two sisters: why should not this simple, homely, beautiful life last for ever, if only the summer and the roses would last for ever?

But suppose now that we turn aside from these fanciful pictures of Macleod's and take a more commonplace one of which he could have no notion whatever? It is night—a wet and dismal night—and a four-wheeled cab is jolting along through the dark and almost deserted thoroughfares of Manchester. Miss Gertrude White is in the cab, and the truth is that she is in a thorough bad temper. Whether it was the unseemly scuffle that took place in the gallery during the performance; or whether it is that the

streets of Manchester, in the midst of rain, and after midnight, are not inspiriting ; or whether it is merely that she has got a headache, it is certain that Miss White is in an ill humor, and that she has not spoken a word to her maid, her only companion, since together they left the theatre. At length the cab stops opposite an hotel, which is apparently closed for the night. They get out ; cross the muddy pavements under the glare of a gas-lamp ; after some delay get into the hotel ; pass through a dimly-lit and empty corridor ; and then Miss White bids her maid good-night and opens the door of a small parlor.

Here there is a more cheerful scene. There is a fire in the room ; and there is supper laid on the table ; while Mr. Septimus White, with his feet on the fender and his back turned to the lamp, is seated in an easy-chair and holding up a book to the light so that the pages almost touch his gold-rimmed spectacles. Miss White sits down on the sofa on the dark side of the room. She has made no response to his greeting of " Well, Gerty ? "

At length Mr. White becomes aware that his daughter is sitting there with her things on, and he turns from his book to her.

" Well, Gerty," he repeats, " aren't you going to have some supper ? "

" No, thank you," she says.

" Come, come," he remonstrates, " that won't do. You must have some supper. Shall Jane get you a cup of tea ? "

" I don't suppose there is any one up below ; besides, I don't want it," says Miss White, rather wearily.

" What is the matter ? "

" Nothing," she answers, and then she looks at the mantelpiece. " No letter from Carry ? "

" No."

" Well, I hope you won't make her an actress, papa," observes Miss White, with no relevance, but with considerable sharpness in her tone.

In fact this remark was so unexpected and uncalled-for that Mr. White suddenly put his book down on his knee, and turned his gold spectacles full on his daughter's face.

" I will beg you to remember, Gerty," he remarked, with some dignity, " that

I did not make you an actress, if that is what you imply. If it had not been entirely your wish, I should never have encouraged you ; and I think it shows great ingratitude, not only to me but to the public also, that when you have succeeded in obtaining a position such as any woman in the country might envy, you treat your good fortune with indifference and show nothing but discontent. I cannot tell what has come over you of late. You ought certainly to be the last to say anything against a profession that has gained for you such a large share of public favor——"

" Public favor !" she said, with a bitter laugh. " Who is the favorite of the public in this very town ? Why, the girl who plays in that farce—who smokes a cigarette, and walks round the stage like a man, and dances a breakdown. Why wasn't I taught to dance breakdowns ? "

Her father was vexed ; for this was not the first time she had dropped small rebellious hints. And if this feeling grew, she might come to question his most cherished theories !

" I should think you were jealous of that girl," said he petulantly, " if it were not too ridiculous. You ought to remember that she is an established favorite here. She has amused these people year after year ; they look on her as an old friend ; they are grateful to her. The means she uses to make people laugh may not meet with your approval ; but she knows her own business, doubtless ; and she succeeds in her own way."

" Ah well," said Miss White, as she put aside her bonnet, " I hope you won't bring up Carry to this sort of life."

" To what sort of life ? " her father exclaimed angrily. " Haven't you everything that can make life pleasant ? I don't know what more you want. You have not a single care. You are petted and caressed wherever you go. And you ought to have the delight of knowing that the further you advance in your art the further rewards are in store for you. The way is clear before you. You have youth and strength ; and the public is only too anxious to applaud whatever you undertake. And yet you complain of your manner of life ! "

" It isn't the life of a human being at all ! " she said, boldly—but perhaps it

was only her headache, or her weariness, or her ill humor that drove her to this rebellion—"it is the cutting one's self off from everything that makes life worth having. It is a continual degradation—the exhibition of feelings that ought to be a woman's most sacred and secret possession. And what will the end of it be? Already I begin to think I don't know what I am. I have to sympathize with so many characters—I have to be so many different people—that I don't quite know what my own character is, or if I have any at all—"

Her father was staring at her in amazement. What had led her into these fantastic notions? While she was professing that her ambition to become a great and famous actress was the one ruling thought and object of her life, was she really envying the poor domestic drudge whom she saw coming to the theatre to enjoy herself with her fool of a husband, having withdrawn for an hour or two from her housekeeping-books and her squalling children? At all events, Miss White left him in no doubt as to her sentiments at that precise moment. She talked rapidly, and with a good deal of bitter feeling; but it was quite obvious, from the clearness of her line of contention, that she had been thinking over the matter. And while it was all a prayer that her sister Carry might be left to live a natural life, and that she should not be compelled to exhibit, for gain or applause, emotions which a woman would naturally lock up in her own heart, it was also a bitter protest against her own lot. What was she to become, she asked? A dram-drinker of fictitious sentiment? A Ten-Minutes' Emotionalist? It was this last phrase that flashed in a new light on her father's bewildered mind. He remembered it instantly. So that was the source of inspiration!

"Oh, I see now," he said with angry scorn. "You have learned your lesson well. A 'Ten-Minutes' Emotionalist'; I remember. I was wondering who had put such stuff into you head."

She colored deeply, but said nothing.

"And so you are taking your notion as to what sort of life you would lead, from a Highland savage—a boor, whose only occupations are eating and drinking and killing wild animals. A fine guide,

truly! He has had so much experience of æsthetic matters! Or is it *metaphysics* is his hobby? And what, pray, is his notion as to what life should be? That the noblest object of a man's ambition should be to kill a stag? It was a mistake for Dante to let his work eat into his heart; he should have devoted himself to shooting rabbits. And Raphael—don't you think he would have improved his digestion by giving up pandering to the public taste for pretty things, and taking to hunting wild boars? That is the theory, isn't it? Is that the *metaphysics* you have learned?"

"You may talk about it," she said rather humbly—for she knew very well she could not stand against her father in argument, especially on a subject that he rather prided himself on having mastered, "but you are not a woman, and you don't know what a woman feels about such things."

"And since when have you made the discovery? What has happened to convince you so suddenly that your professional life is a degradation?"

"Oh," she said carelessly, "I was scarcely thinking of myself. Of course I know what lies before me. It was about Carry I spoke to you."

"Carry shall decide for herself, as you did; and when she has done so, I hope she won't come and blame me the first time she gets some ridiculous idea into her head."

"Now, papa, that isn't fair," the elder sister said, in a gentler voice. "You know I never blamed you. I only showed you that even a popular actress sometimes remembers that she is a woman. And if she is a woman you must let her have a grumble occasionally?"

This conciliatory tone smoothed the matter down at once; and Mr. White turned to his book with another recommendation to his daughter to take some supper and get to bed.

"I will go now," she said, rather wearily, as she rose. "Good night, papa—What is that?"

She was looking at a parcel that lay on a chair.

"It came for you to-night. There was seven-and-sixpence to pay for extra carriage—it seems to have been forwarded from place to place."

"As if I had not enough luggage to carry about with me," she said.

But she proceeded to open the parcel all the same, which seemed to be very carefully swathed in repeated covers of canvas. And presently she uttered a slight exclamation. She took up one dark object after another—passing her hand over them, and back again, and finally pressing them to her cheek.

"Just look at these, papa—did you ever in all your life see anything so beautiful?"

She came to a letter, too; which she hastily tore open and read. It was a brief note, in terms of great respect, written by Sir Keith Macleod, and begging Miss White's acceptance of a small parcel of otter-skins, which he hoped might be made into some article of attire. Moreover, he had asked his cousin's advice on the matter; and she thought there were enough; but if Miss White on further inquiry found she would rather have one or two more, he had no doubt that within the next month or so he could obtain these also. It was a very respectful note.

But there was no shyness or timidity about the manner of Miss White when she spread those skins out along the sofa, and again and again took them up to praise their extraordinary glossiness and softness.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "it is a present fit for a prince to make!"

"I dare say you will find them useful."

"And whatever is made of them," she said with decision, "that I shall keep for myself—it won't be one of my stage-properties."

Her spirits rose wonderfully. She kept on chatting to her father about these lovely skins, and the jacket she would have of them. She asked why he was so dull that evening. She protested that she would not take any supper unless he had some too; whereupon he had a biscuit and a glass of claret, which at all events compelled him to lay aside his book. And then, when she had finished her supper, she suddenly said—

"Now, Pappy dear, I am going to tell you a great secret. I am going to change the song in the second act."

"Nonsense!" said he; but he was rather glad to see her come back to the interest of her work.

"I am," she said seriously. "Would you like to hear it?"

"You will wake the house up."

"And if the public expect an actress to please them," she said saucily, "they must take the consequences of her practising."

She went to the piano and opened it. There was a fine courage in her manner as she struck the chords and sang the opening lines of the gay song—

"Three-score o' nobles rode up the King's ha',

But bonnie Glenogie's the flower of them a',
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e;"—

but here her voice dropped, and it was almost in a whisper that she let the maiden of the song utter the secret wish of her heart—

"Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me."

"Of course," she said, turning round to her father, and speaking in a business like way, though there was a spice of proud mischief in her eyes, "there is a stumbling-block, or where would the story be? Glenogie is poor; the mother will not let her daughter have anything to do with him; the girl takes to her bed with the definite intention of dying."

She turned to the piano again—

"There is, Glenogie, a letter for thee—
O here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee!
The first line he looked at, a light laugh
laughed he;
But ere he read through it, tears blinded
his e'e."

"How do you like the air, papa?"

Mr. White did not seem over well pleased. He was quite aware that his daughter was a very clever young woman, and he did not know what insane idea might have got into her head of throwing an allegory at him.

"The air," said he coldly, "is well enough. But I hope you don't expect an English audience to understand that doggerel Scotch."

"Glenogie understood it anyway," said she blithely, "and naturally he rode off at once to see his dying sweetheart."

"Pale and wan was she when Glenogie gaed
ben,

But rosy-red grew she when Glenogie sat
down.

She turned away her head, but the smile
was in her e'e,

'O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee.'

She shut the piano.

"Isn't it charmingly simple and tender, papa?" she said, with the same mischief in her eyes.

"I think it is foolish of you to think of exchanging that piece of doggerel——"

"For what?" said she, standing in the middle of the room—for this?"

And therewith she sang these lines—giving an admirable burlesque imitation of herself, and her own gestures, and her own singing in the part she was then performing—

"The morning bells are swinging, ringing,
Hail to the day!

The birds are winging, singing
To the golden day,
To the joyous day—

The morning bells are swinging, ringing,
And what do they say?

'O bring my love to my love!

O bring my love to-day!

O bring my love to my love,
To be my love away!"

It certainly was cruel to treat poor Mrs. Ross's home-made lyric so; but Miss White was burlesqueing herself as well as the song she had to sing. And as her father did not know to what lengths this iconoclastic fit might lead her, he abruptly bade her good-night and went to bed, no doubt hoping that next morning would find the demon exorcised from his daughter.

As for her, she had one more loving look over the skins, and then she carefully read through the note that accompanied them. There was a smile on her face, perhaps of pleasure, perhaps of amusement, at the simplicity of the lines. However she turned aside, and got hold of a small writing desk which she placed on the table.

"O here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee!"

she hummed to herself, with rather a proud look on her face, as she seated herself and opened the desk.

CHAPTER XVII.

"FHIR A BHATA!"

YOUNG Ogilvie had obtained some brief extension of his leave, but even that was drawing to a close; and Macleod saw with a secret dread that the hour of his departure was fast approaching. And yet he had not victimised the young man. After that first burst of confidence he had been sparing in his refer-

ences to the trouble that had beset him. Of what avail, besides, could Mr. Ogilvie's counsels be? Once or twice he had ventured to approach the subject with some commonplace assurances that there were always difficulties in the way of two people getting married, and that they had to be overcome with patience and courage. The difficulties that Macleod knew of as between himself and that impossible goal were deeper than any mere obtaining of the consent of friends or the arrangement of a way of living. From the moment that the terrible truth was forced on him, he had never regarded his case but as quite hopeless; and yet that in no way moderated his consuming desire to see her—to hear her speak—even to have correspondence with her. It was something that he could send her a parcel of otter skins.

But all the same Mr. Ogilvie was in some measure a friend of hers. He knew her—he had spoken to her—no doubt when he returned to the south, he would see her one day or another, and he would surely speak of the visit he had paid to Castle Dare. Macleod set about making that visit as pleasant as might be; and the weather aided him. The fair heavens shone over the windy blue seas; and the green island of Ulva lay basking in the sunlight; and as the old *Umpire*, with her heavy bows parting the rushing waves, carried them out to the west, they could see the black skarts standing on the rocks of Gometra, and clouds of puffins wheeling round the dark and lonely pillars of Staffa; while away in the north, as they got clear of Treshnish Point, the mountains of Rum and of Skye appeared a pale and spectral blue, like ghostly shadows at the horizon. And there was no end to the sports and pastimes that occupied day after day. On their very first expedition up the lonely corries of Ben-an-Sloich young Ogilvie brought down a royal hart—though his hand trembled for ten minutes after he pulled the trigger. They shot wild-duck in Loch Scridain, and seals in Loch-na-Keal, and rock-pigeons along the face of the honey-combed cliffs of Gribun. And what was this new form of sport? They were one day being pulled in the gig up a shallow loch in the hope of finding a brood or

two of young mergansers, when Macleod, who was seated up at the bow, suddenly called to the men to stop. He beckoned to Ogilvie, who went forward and saw, quietly moving over the seaweed, a hideously ugly fish with the flat head and sinister eyes of a snake. Macleod picked up the boat-hook, steadied himself in the boat, and then drove the iron spike down.

"I have him," he said. "That is the snake of the sea—I hate him as I hate a serpent."

He hoisted out of the water the dead dog-fish, which was about four feet long, and then shook it back.

"Here, Ogilvie," said he, "take the boat-hook. There are plenty about here. Make yourself St. Patrick exterminating snakes."

Ogilvie tried the dog-fish spearing with more or less success; but it was the means of procuring for him a bitter disappointment. As they went quietly over the seaweed—the keel of the boat hissing through it and occasionally grating on the sand—they perceived that the water was getting a bit deeper, and it was almost impossible to strike the boat-hook straight. At this moment Ogilvie, happening to cast a glance along the rocks close by them, started and seized Macleod's arm. What the frightened eyes of the younger man seemed to see was a great white and grey object lying on the rocks and staring at him with huge black eyes. At first it almost appeared to him to be a man, with a grizzled and hairy face; then he tried to think of some white beast with big black eyes; then he knew. For the next second there was an unwieldy roll down the rocks, and then a splash in the water; and the huge grey seal had disappeared. And there he stood helpless, with the boat-hook in his hand.

"It is my usual luck," said he in despair. "If I had had my rifle in my hand, we should never have got within a hundred yards of the beast. But I got an awful fright. I never before saw a live seal just in front of one's nose like that."

"You would have missed him," said Macleod, coolly.

"At a dozen yards?"

"Yes. When you come on one so near as that you are too startled to take aim.

You would have blazed away and missed."

"I don't think so," said Ogilvie, with some modest persistence. "When I shot that stag I was steady enough, though I felt my heart thumping away like fun."

"There you had plenty of time to take your aim—and a rock to rest your rifle on." And then he added, "You would have broken Hamish's heart, Ogilvie, if you had missed that stag. He was quite determined you should have one on your first day out; and I never saw him take such elaborate precautions before. I suppose it was terribly tedious to you; but you may depend on it it was necessary. There isn't one of the younger men can match Hamish, though he was bred a sailor."

"Well," Mr. Ogilvie admitted, "I began to think we were having a great deal of trouble for nothing; especially when it seemed as though the wind were blowing half-a-dozen ways in the one valley."

"Why, man," Macleod said, "Hamish knows every one of those eddies just as if they were all down on a chart. And he is very determined, too, you shall have another stag before you go, Ogilvie; for it is not much amusement we have been giving you ~~since you came~~ to us."

"That is why I feel so particularly jolly at the notion of having to go back," said Mr. Ogilvie, with very much the air of a school-boy at the end of his holiday.

"The day after to-morrow too."

"To-morrow, then, we will try to get a stag for you; and the day after you can spend what time you can at the pools in Glen Muick."

These two last days were right royal days for the guest at Castle Dare. On the deer-stalking expedition Macleod simply refused to take his rifle with him; and spent all his time in whispered consultations with Hamish, and with eager watching of every bird whose solitary flight along the mountain-side might startle the wary hinds. After a long day of patient and stealthy creeping, and walking through bogs and streams, and slow toiling up rocky slopes, the party returned home in the evening; and when it was found that a splendid stag—with brow, bay, and tray, and

croquets complete—was strapped on to the pony ; and when the word was passed that Sandy the red-haired and John from the yacht were to take back the pony to a certain well-known cairn where another monarch of the hills lay slain, there was a great rejoicing through Castle Dare, and Lady Macleod herself must needs come out to shake hands with her guest and to congratulate him on his good fortune.

"It is little we have been able to do to entertain you," said the old silver-haired lady, "but I am glad you have got a stag or two."

"I knew what Highland hospitality was before I came to Castle Dare," said the boy, modestly ; "but you have been kinder to me even than anything I knew before."

"And you will leave the heads with Hamish," said she, "and we will send them to Glasgow to be mounted for you, and then we will send them south to you."

"Indeed no," said he (though he was thinking to himself that it was no wonder the Macleods of Dare were poor), "I will not put you to any such trouble. I will make my own arrangements with Hamish."

"Then you will tell him not to forget Aldershott."

"I think, Lady Macleod," said the young lieutenant, "that my mess-companions will be sorry to hear that I have left Dare. I should think they ought to have drank your health many times ere now."

Next day, moreover, he was equally successful by the side of the deep brown pools in Glen Muick. He was a pretty fair fisherman, though he had had but small experience with such a mighty engine of a rod as Hamish put into his hands. When, however, he showed Hamish the fine assortment of salmon-flies he had brought with him, the old man only shook his head. Thereafter, whenever Hamish went with him nothing was said about flies until they neared the side of the brawling stream that came pouring down between the grey rocks and the patches of moist brown moor. Hamish would sit down on a stone, and take out a tin box and open it. Then he would take a quick look round—at the aspect of the clouds,

the direction of the wind, and so forth ; and then, with a nimbleness that any one looking at his rough hands and broad thumbs would have considered impossible, would busk up a weapon of capture that soon showed itself to be deadly enough. And on this last day of Ogilvie's stay at Castle Dare he was unusually lucky—though of course there were one or two heartrending mishaps. As they walked home in the evening—the lowering day had cleared away into a warm sunset, and they could see Colonsay, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap lying dark and purple on a golden sea—Ogilvie said :

"Look here, Macleod—if you would like me to take one of these salmon for Miss White, I could take it as part of my luggage, and have it delivered at once."

"That would be no use," said he, rather gloomily. "She is not in London. She is at Liverpool or Manchester by this time. I have already sent her a present."

Ogilvie did not think fit to ask what ; though he had guessed.

"It was a parcel of otter skins," Macleod said. "You see you might present that to any lady—it is merely a curiosity of the district—it is no more than if an acquaintance were to give me a chip of quartz he had brought from the Rocky Mountains with a few grains of copper or silver in it."

"It is a present any lady would be glad to have," observed Mr. Ogilvie, with a smile. "Has she got them yet?"

"I do not know," Macleod answered. "Perhaps there is not time for an answer. Perhaps she has forgotten who I am, and is affronted at a stranger sending her a present."

"Forgotten who you are !" Ogilvie exclaimed ; and then he looked round, to see that Hamish and Sandy the red-haired were at a convenient distance. "Do you know this, Macleod ? A man never yet was in love with a woman without the woman being instantly aware of it."

Macleod glanced at him quickly ; then turned away his head again—apparently watching the gulls wheeling high over the sea, black spots against the glow of the sunset.

"That is foolishness," said he. "I had a great care to be quite a stranger to

her all the time I was in London. I myself scarcely knew—how could she know? Sometimes I thought I was rude to her, so that I should deceive myself into believing she was only a stranger."

Then he remembered one fact, and his downright honesty made him speak again.

"One night, it is true," said he—"it was the last night of my being in London—I asked a flower from her. She gave it to me. She was laughing at the time. That was all."

The sunset had gone away, and the clear northern twilight was fading too, when young Ogilvie, having bade good-bye to Lady Macleod and her niece Janet, got into the broad-beamed boat of the fishermen, accompanied by his friend. There was something of a breeze, and they hoisted a lug-sail so that they should run out to meet the steamer. Donald the piper-lad was not with them; Macleod wanted to speak to his friend Ogilvie as he was leaving.

And yet he did not say anything of importance. He seemed to be chiefly interested in finding out whether Ogilvie could not get a few days' leave about Christmas, that he might come up and try the winter shooting. He was giving minute particulars about the use of arsenic-paste when the box of skins to be dispatched by Hamish reached London. And he was discussing what sort of mounting should be put on a strange old bottle that Janet Macleod had presented to the departing guest. There was no word of that which lay nearest his heart.

And so the black waves rolled by them; and the light at the horizon began to fade; and the stars were coming out one by one; while the two sailors forward (for Macleod was steering) were singing to themselves—

*"Fhir a bhata (na horo eile),
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile),
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile),*

Chead soirè slann leid ge thobh a theid u!"

that is to say—

*"O Boatman,
And Boatman,
And Boatman,*

A hundred farewells to you wherever you may go!"

And then the lug-sail was hauled down, and they lay on the lapping

water; and they could hear all around them the soft callings of the guillemots, and razor-bills, and other divers whose home is the heaving wave. And then the great steamer came up, and slowed; and the boat was hauled alongside, and young Ogilvie sprang up the slippery steps.

"Good-bye, Macleod!"

"Good-bye, Ogilvie! Come up at Christmas!"

The great bulk of the steamer soon floated away; and the lug-sail was run up again, and the boat made slowly back for Castle Dare. "*Fhir a bhata!*" the men sung; but Macleod scarcely heard them. His last tie with the south had been broken.

But not quite. It was about ten o'clock that night that word came to Castle Dare that John the Post had met with an accident that morning while starting from Bunessan; and that his place had been taken by a young lad who had but now arrived with the bag. Macleod hastily looked over the bundle of newspapers, &c., they brought him; and his eager eye fell on an envelope the writing on which made his heart jump.

"Give the lad a half-crown," said he.

And then he went to his own room. He had the letter in his hand; and he knew the handwriting; but there was no wind of the night that could bring him the mystic message she had sent with it—

"O here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFIDENCES.

FOR a second or two he held the letter in his hand, regarding the outside of it; and it was with more deliberation than haste that he opened it. Perhaps it was with some little tremor of fear—lest the first words that should meet his eye might be cruelly cold and distant. What right had he to expect anything else? Many a time, in thinking carefully over the past, he had recalled the words—the very tone—in which he had addressed her, and had been dismayed to think of their reserve, which had on one or two occasions almost amounted to austerity. He could expect little beyond a formal acknowledgment of the receiving of his letter and the present that had accompanied it.

Imagine, then, his surprise when he took out from the envelope a number of sheets closely written over in her beautiful, small, neat hand. Hastily his eye ran over the first few lines; and then surprise gave way to a singular feeling of gratitude and joy. Was it indeed she who was writing to him thus? When he had been thinking of her as some one far away and unapproachable—who could have no thought of him or of the too brief time in which he had been near to her—had she indeed been treasuring up some recollection that she now seemed disposed to value?

"You will guess that I am woman enough," she wrote, "to be greatly pleased and flattered by your sending me such a beautiful present; but you must believe me when I say that its chief value to me was its showing me that I had another friend in the world who was not disposed to forget me the next day after bidding me good-bye. Perhaps you will say that I am cynical; but actresses are accustomed to find the friendships they make—outside the sphere of their own profession—of a singularly temporary character. We are praised and flattered to-day; and forgotten to-morrow. I don't complain. It is only natural. People go away to their own families and home-occupations; why should they remember a person who has amused them for an hour?"

Miss Gertrude White could, when she chose, write a clever and interesting letter—interesting from its very simplicity and frankness; and as Macleod read on and on, he ceased to feel any wonder that this young lady should be placing before him such ample revelations of her experiences and opinions. Indeed, it was more than suggested in this confidential chat that Sir Keith Macleod himself had been the first cause of her having carefully studied her own position and the influence likely to be exerted on her by her present mode of life.

"One meets with the harsher realities of an actress's life," she said, "in the provinces. It is all very fine in London; when such friends as you happen to have are in town; and where there is constant amusement, and pleasant parties, and nice people to meet; and then you have the comforts of your own home around you, and quiet and happy Sun-

days. But a provincial tour!—the constant travelling, and rehearsals with strange people, and damp lodgings, and miserable hotels, and wet Sundays in smoky towns! Papa is very good and kind, you know; but he is interested in his books, and he goes about all day hunting after curiosities, and one has not a soul to speak to. Then the audiences: I have witnessed one or two scenes lately that would unnerve any one; and of course I have to stand helpless and silent on the stage until the tumult is stilled and the original offenders expelled. Some sailors the other evening amused themselves by clambering down from the top gallery to the pit hanging on to the gas brackets and the pillars; and one of them managed to reach the orchestra, jump from the drum on to the stage, and then offered me a glass of whisky from a big black bottle he had in his hand. When I told papa, he laughed, and said I should be proud of my triumph over the man's imagination. But when the people roared with laughter at my discomfiture, I felt as though I would rather be earning my bread by selling water-cresses in the street or by stitching in a garret."

Of course the cry of the poor injured soul found a ready echo in his heart. It was monstrous that she should be subjected to such indignities. And then that cruel old pagan of a father—was he not ashamed of himself to see the results of his own cold-blooded theories? Was this the glory of art? Was this the reward of the sacrifice of a life—that a sensitive girl should be publicly insulted by a tipsy maniac, and jeered at by a brutal crowd? Macleod laid down the letter for a minute or two; and the look on his face was not lovely to see.

"You may think it strange that I should write thus to you," she said; "but if I say that it was yourself who first set me thinking about such things? And since I have been thinking about them, I have had no human being near me to whom I could speak. You know papa's opinions. Even if my dearest friend Mrs. Ross were here, what would she say? She has known me only in London. She thinks it a fine thing to be a popular actress. She sees people ready to pet me in a way—so long as society is pleased to have a little curiosity about

me. But she does not see the other side of the picture. She does not even ask how long all this will last. She never thinks of the cares and troubles and downright hard work. If ever you heard me sing, you will know that I have very little of a voice, and that not worth much ; but trifling as it is, you would scarcely believe the care and cultivation I have to spend on it, merely for business purposes. Mrs. Ross no doubt sees that it is pleasant enough for a young actress, who is fortunate enough to have won some public favor, to go sailing in a yacht on the Thames, on a summer day, with nice companions around her. She does not see her on a wet day in Newcastle, practising scales for an hour at a stretch, though her throat is half choked with the fog, in a dismal parlor with a piano out of tune, and with the prospect of having to go out through the wet to a rehearsal in a damp and draughty theatre, with escaped gas added to the fog. That is very nice, isn't it ?"

It almost seemed to him—so intense and eager was his involuntary sympathy—as though he himself were breathing fog, and gas, and the foul odors of an empty theatre. He went to the window and threw it open, and sate down there. The stars were no longer quivering white on the black surface of the water, for the moon had risen now in the south, and there was a soft glow all shining over the smooth Atlantic. Sharp and white was the light on the stone walls of Castle Dare, and on the gravelled path, and the rocks, and the trees around ; but far away it was a milder radiance that lay over the sea and touched here and there the shores of Inch Kenneth and Ulva and Colonsay. It was a fair and peaceful night, with no sound of human unrest to break the sleep of the world. Sleep, solemn and profound, dwelt over the lonely islands—over Staffa, with her resounding caves, and Fladda with her desolate rocks, and Iona, with her fairy-white sands, and the distant Dutchman, and Coll, and Tyree, all haunted by the wild sea-birds' cry ; and a sleep as deep dwelt over the silent hills, far up under the cold light of the skies. Surely if any poor suffering heart was vexed by the contentions of crowded cities, here, if anywhere in the world, might rest, and peace, and loving solace be found. He

sat dreaming there ; he had half forgotten the letter.

He roused himself from his reverie ; and returned to the light.

"And yet I would not complain of mere discomfort," she continued, "if that were all. People who have to work for their living must not be too particular. What pains me most of all is the effect that this sort of work is having on myself. You would not believe—and I am almost ashamed to confess—how I am worried by small and mean jealousies and anxieties, and how I am tortured by the expression of opinions which all the same I hold in contempt. I reason with myself, to no purpose. It ought to be no concern of mine if some girl in a burlesque makes the house roar by the manner in which she walks up and down the stage, smoking a cigar ; and yet I feel angry at the audience for applauding such stuff, and I wince when I see her praised in the papers. Oh ! those papers. I have been making minute inquiries of late ; and I find that the usual way in these towns is to let the young literary aspirant who has just joined the office, or the clever compositor who has been promoted to the sub-editor's room, try his hand first of all at reviewing books and then turn him on to dramatic and musical criticism ! Occasionally a reporter, who has been round the police-courts to get notes of the night-charges, will drop into the theatre on his way to the office, and 'do a par.,' as they call it. Will you believe it possible that the things written of me by these persons—with their pretentious airs of criticism, and their gross ignorance cropping up at every point—have the power to vex and annoy me most terribly ? I laugh at the time ; but the phrase rankles in my memory all the same. One learned young man said of me the other day, 'It is really distressing to mark the want of unity in her artistic characterizations when one regards the natural advantages that nature has heaped upon her with no sparing hand.' The natural advantages that nature has heaped upon me ! 'And perhaps, also,' he went on to say, 'Miss White would do well to pay some little more attention before venturing on pronouncing the classic names of Greece. Iphigenia herself would not have answered to her

name if she had heard it pronounced with the accent on the fourth syllable.'"

Macleod brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"If I had that fellow," said he aloud, "if I had that fellow, I should like to spin for a shark off Dubh Artach light-house"—and here a most unholy vision rose before him of a new sort of sport: a sailing-launch going about six knots an hour—a goodly rope at the stern with a huge hook through the gill of the luckless critic—a swivel to make him spin—and then a few smart trips up and down by the side of the lonely Dubh Artach rocks, where Mr. Ewing and his companions occasionally find a few sharks coming up to the surface to stare at them.

"Is it not too ridiculous that such things should vex me—that I should be so absolutely at the mercy of the opinion of people whose judgment I know to be absolutely valueless? I find the same thing all around me. I find a middle-aged man, who knows his work thoroughly, and has seen all the best actors of the past quarter of a century, will go about quite proudly with a scrap of approval from some newspaper, written by a young man who has never travelled beyond the suburbs of his native town and has seen no acting beyond that of the local company. But there is another sort of critic—the veteran—the man who has worked hard on the paper and worn himself out—and who is turned off from politics and pensioned by being allowed to display his imbecility in less important matters. Oh, dear, what lessons he reads you! The solemnity of them! Don't you know that at the end of the second act the business of Mrs. So-and-So (some actress who died when George IV. was king) was this, that, or the other?—and how dare you, you impertinent minx, fly in the face of well-known stage traditions? I have been introduced lately to a specimen of both classes. I think the young man—he had beautiful long fair hair and a Byronic collar, and was a little nervous—fell in love with me, for he wrote a furious panegyric of me, and sent it next morning with a bouquet, and begged for my photograph. The elderly gentleman, on the other hand, gave me a great deal of good advice, but I subdued even him, for before

he went away he spoke in a broken voice, and there were tears in his eyes—which papa said were owing to a variety of causes. It is ludicrous enough, no doubt; but it is also a little bit humiliating. I try to laugh the thing away, whether the opinion expressed about me is solemnly stupid or merely impertinent, but the vexation of it remains, and the chief vexation to me is that I should have so little command of myself, so little respect for myself, as to suffer myself to be vexed. But how can one help it? Public opinion is the very breath and life of a theatre and of every one connected with it; and you come to attach importance to the most foolish expression of opinion in the most obscure print.

"And so, my dear friend, I have had my grumble out—and made my confession too, for I should not like to let every one know how foolish I am about those petty vexations—and you will see that I have not forgotten what you said to me, and that further reflection and experience have only confirmed it. But I must warn you. Now that I have victimised you to this fearful extent, and liberated my mind, I feel much more comfortable. As I write there is a blue color coming into the windows that tells me the new day is coming. Would it surprise you if the new day brought a complete new set of feelings? I have begun to doubt whether I have got any opinions—whether, having to be so many different people in the course of a week, I have any clear notion as to what I myself am. One thing is certain, that I have been greatly vexed and worried of late by a succession of the merest trifles; and when I got your kind letter and present this evening, I suddenly thought, Now for a complete confession, and protest. I know you will forgive me for having victimized you; and that, as soon as you have thrown this rambling epistle into the fire, you will try to forget all the nonsense it contains, and will believe that I hope always to remain

"Your friend,"

"GERTRUDE WHITE."

His quick and warm sympathy refused to believe the half of this letter. It was only because she knew what was owing to the honor and self-respect of a true

woman that she spoke in this tone of bitter and scornful depreciation of herself. It was clear that she was longing for the dignity and independence of a more natural way of life. And this revelation—that she was not after all banished for ever into that cold region of art in which her father would fain keep her—somewhat bewildered him at first. The victim might be reclaimed from the altar, and restored to the sphere of simple human affections, natural duties, and joy? And if he—?

Suddenly, and with a shock of delight that made his heart throb, he tried to picture this beautiful fair creature sitting over there in that very chair, by the side of the fire, her head bent down over her sewing, the warm light of the lamp touching the tender curve of her cheek. And when she lifted her head to speak to him—and when her large and lambent eyes met his—surely Fionaghal the fair poetess from strange lands never spoke in softer tones than this other beautiful stranger, who was now his wife and his heart's companion. And now he would bid her lay aside her work; and he would get a white shawl for her; and like a ghost she would steal out with him into the moonlight air. And is there enough wind on this summer night to take them out from the sombre shore to the open plain of the sea? Look now, as the land recedes, at the high walls of Castle Dare, over the black cliffs, and against the stars. Far away they see the graveyard of Inch Kenneth, the stones pale in the moonlight. And what song will she sing now, that Ulva and Colonsay may awake and fancy that some mermaid is singing to bewail her lost lover? The night is sad—and the song is sad—and then, somehow, he finds himself alone in this waste of water—and all the shores of the islands are silent and devoid of life—and there is only the echo of the sad singing in his ears—

He jumps to his feet; for there is a knocking at the door. The gentle cousin Janet enters; and hastily he thrusts that letter into his pocket, while his face blushes hotly.

"Where have you been, Keith?" she says, in her quiet, kindly way. "Auntie would like to say good-night to you now."

"I will come directly," said he.

"And now that Norman Ogilvie is away, Keith," said she, "you will take more rest about the shooting; for you have not been looking like yourself at all lately; and you know, Keith, when you are not well and happy, it is no one at all about Dare that is happy either. And that is why you will take care of yourself."

He glanced at her rather uneasily; but he said in a light and careless way—

"Oh, I have been well enough, Janet, except that I was not sleeping well one or two nights. And if you look after me like that, you will make me think I am a baby, and you will send me some warm flannels when I go up on the hills."

"It is too proud of your hardihood you are, Keith," said his cousin, with a smile. "But there never was a man of your family who would take any advice."

"I would take any advice from you, Janet," said he; and therewith he followed her to bid good-night to the silver-haired mother.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RESOLVE.

HE slept but little that night; and early the next morning he was up and out and away by himself—paying but little heed to the rushing blue seas, and the white gulls, and the sunshine touching the far sands on the shores of Iona. He was in a fever of unrest. He knew not what to make of that letter; it might mean anything or nothing. Alternations of wild hopes and cold despair succeeded each other. Surely it was unusual for a girl so to reveal her innermost confidences to any one whom she considered a stranger? To him alone had she told this story of her private troubles. Was it not in effect asking for a sympathy which she could not hope for from any other? Was it not establishing a certain secret between them? Her own father did not know. Her sister was too young to be told. Friends like Mrs. Ross could not understand why this young and beautiful actress, the favorite of the public, could be dissatisfied with her lot. It was to him alone she had appealed.

And then again he read the letter.

The very frankness of it made him fear. There was none of the shyness of a girl writing to one who might be her lover. She might have written thus to one of her school-companions. He eagerly searched it for some phrase of tenderer meaning ; but no—there was a careless abandonment about it, as if she had been talking without thinking of the person she addressed. She had even joked about a young man falling in love with her. It was a matter of perfect indifference to her. It was ludicrous as the shape of the lad's collar was ludicrous—but of no more importance. And thus she receded from his imagination again ; and became a thing apart—the white slave bound in those cruel chains that seemed to all but herself and him the badges of triumph.

Herself and him—the conjunction set his heart throbbing quickly. He eagerly bethought himself how this secret understanding could be strengthened if only he might see her and speak to her. He could tell by her eyes what she meant, whatever her words might be. *If only he could see her again* :—all his wild hopes, and fears, and doubts—all his vague fancies and imaginings—began to narrow themselves down to this one point ; and this immediate desire became all-consuming. He grew sick at heart when he looked round and considered how vain was the wish.

The gladness had gone from the face of Keith Macleod. Not many months before any one would have imagined that the life of this handsome young fellow, whose strength and courage and high spirits seemed to render him insensible to any obstacle, had everything in it that the mind of man could desire. He had a hundred interests and activities ; he had youth and health and a comely presence ; he was on good terms with everybody around him—for he had a smile and a cheerful word for each one he met, gentle or simple. All this gay, glad life seemed to have fled. The watchful Hamish was the first to notice that his master began to take less and less interest in the shooting and boating and fishing ; and at times the old man was surprised and disturbed by an exhibition of querulous impatience that had certainly never before been one of Macleod's failings. Then his cousin Janet

saw that he was silent and absorbed ; and his mother inquired once or twice why he did not ask one or other of his neighbors to come over to Dare to have a day's shooting with him.

"I think you are finding the place lonely, Keith, now that Norman Ogilvie is gone," said she.

"Ah, mother," he said, with a laugh, "it is not Norman Ogilvie, it is London, that has poisoned my mind. I should never have gone to the south. I am hungering for the flesh-pots of Egypt already ; and I am afraid some day I will have to come and ask you to let me go away again."

He spoke jestingly, and yet he was regarding his mother.

"I know it is not pleasant for a young man to be kept fretting at home," said she. "But it is not long now I will ask you to do that, Keith."

Of course this brief speech only drove him into more vigorous demonstration that he was not fretting at all ; and for a time he seemed more engrossed than ever in all the occupations he had but recently abandoned. But whether he was on the hill-side, or down in the glen, or out among the islands—or whether he was trying to satisfy the hunger of his heart with books, long after every one in Castle Dare had gone to bed—he could not escape from this gnawing and torturing anxiety. It was no beautiful and gentle sentiment that possessed him—a pretty thing to dream about during a summer's morning—but on the contrary a burning fever of unrest that left him peace nor day nor night. "Sudden love is followed by sudden hate," says the Gaelic proverb ; but there had been no suddenness at all about this passion that had stealthily got hold of him ; and he had ceased even to hope that it might abate or depart altogether. He had to "dree his weird." And when he read in books about the joy and delight that accompany the awakening of love—how the world suddenly becomes fair, and the very skies are bluer than their wont—he wondered whether he was different from other human beings. The joy and delight of love ? He knew only a sick hunger of the heart and a continual and brooding despair.

One morning he was going along the cliffs, his only companion being the old

black retriever, when suddenly he saw, far away below him, the figure of a lady. For a second his heart stood still at the sight of this stranger; for he knew it was neither the mother nor Janet; and she was coming along a bit of green-sward from which, by dint of much climbing, she might have reached Castle Dare. But as he watched her, he caught sight of some other figures, further below on the rocks. And then he perceived—as he saw her return with a handful of bell-heather—that this party had come from Iona, or Bunessan, or some such place, to explore one of the great caves on this coast, while this lady had wandered away from them in search of some wild-flowers. By-and-by he saw the small boat, with its sprit-sail white in the sun, go away towards the south, and the lonely coast was left as lonely as before.

But ever after that he grew to wonder what Gertrude White, if ever she could be persuaded to visit his home, would think of this thing and of that thing—what flowers she would gather—whether she would listen to Hamish's stories of the fairies—whether she would be interested in her small countryman, Johnny Wickes, who was now in kilts, with his face and legs as brown as a berry—whether the favorable heavens would send her sunlight and blue skies, and the moonlight nights reveal to her the solemn glory of the sea and the lonely islands. Would she take his hand to steady herself in passing over the slippery rocks? What would she say if suddenly she saw above her—by the opening of a cloud—a stag standing high on a crag near the summit of Ben-an-Sloich? And what would the mother and Janet say to that singing of hers, if they were to hear her put all the tenderness of the low, sweet voice into "Wae's me for Prince Charlie"?

There was one secret nook that more than any other he associated with her presence; and thither he would go when this heartsickness seemed too grievous to be borne. It was down in a glen beyond the fir-wood; and here the ordinary desolation of this bleak coast ceased, for there were plenty of young larches on the sides of the glen, with a tall silver birch or two; while down in the hollow there were clumps of alders by the side

of the brawling stream. And this dell that he sought was hidden away from sight, with the sun but partially breaking through the alders and rowans, and bespeckling the great grey boulders by the side of the burn, many of which were covered by the softest of olive-green moss. Here, too, the brook that had been broken just above by intercepting stones, swept clearly and limpidly over a bed of smooth rock; and in the golden-brown water the trout lay, and scarcely moved until some motion of his hand made them shoot up stream with a lightning speed. And then the wild flowers around—the purple ling and red bell-heather growing on the silver-grey rocks; a foxglove or two towering high above the golden-green breckans; the red star of a crane's bill among the velvet moss. Even if she were overawed by the solitariness of the Atlantic and the gloom of the tall cliffs and their yawning caves, surely here would be a haven of peace and rest, with sunshine, and flowers, and the pleasant murmur of the stream. What did it say, then, as one sat and listened in the silence? When the fair poetess from strange lands came among the Macleods, did she seek out this still retreat, and listen, and listen, and listen until she caught the music of this monotonous murmur and sang it to her harp? And was it not all a song about the passing away of life, and how that summer days were for the young, and how the world was beautiful for lovers? "O children!" it seemed to say, "why should you waste your lives in vain endeavor, while the winter is coming quick, and the black snow-storms, and a roaring of wind from the sea? Here I have flowers for you, and beautiful sunlight, and the peace of summer days. Time passes—time passes—time passes—and you are growing old. While as yet the heart is warm and the eye is bright, here are summer flowers for you, and a silence fit for the mingling of lovers' speech. If you listen not, I laugh at you and go my way. But the winter is coming fast."

Far away in these grimy towns, fighting with mean cares and petty jealousies, dissatisfied, despondent, careless as to the future, how could this message reach her to fill her heart with the singing of a bird? He dared not send it at all

events. But he wrote to her. And the bitter travail of the writing of that letter he long remembered. He was bound to give her his sympathy, and to make light as well as he could of those very evils which he had been the first to reveal to her. He tried to write in as frank and friendly a spirit as she had done; the letter was quite cheerful.

"Did you know," said he, "that once upon a time the Chief of the Macleods married a fairy? And whether Macleod did not treat her well; or whether the fairy-folk reclaimed her; or whether she grew tired of the place, I do not know quite; but at all events they were separated, and she went away to her own people. But before she went away she gave to Macleod a fairy banner—the *Bratach sith* it is known as—and she told him that if ever he was in great peril, or had any great desire, he was to wave that flag, and whatever he desired would come to pass. But the virtue of the *Bratach sith* would depart after it had been waved three times. Now the small green banner has been waved only twice; and people say it is still preserved in the castle of Dunvegan, with power to work one more miracle on behalf of the Macleods. And if I had the fairy flag, do you know what I would do with it? I would take it in my hand, and say, '*I desire the fairy people to remove my friend Gertrude White from all the evil influences that disturb and distress her. I desire them to heal her wounded spirit, and secure for her everything that may tend to her life-long happiness. And I desire that all the theatres in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—with all their musical instruments, lime-light, and painted scenes—may be taken and dropped into the ocean, midway between the islands of Ulva and Coll, so that the fairy-folk may amuse themselves in them if they will so please.*' Would not that be a very nice form of incantation? We are very strong believers here in the power of one person to damage another in absence; and when you can kill a man by sticking pins into a waxen image of him—which everybody knows to be true—surely you ought to be able to help a friend, especially with the aid of the *Bratach sith*. Imagine Covent Garden Theatre a hundred fathoms down in the deep

sea, with mermaidens playing the brass instruments in the orchestra, and the fairy-folk on the stage, and seals disporting themselves in the stalls, and guillemots shooting about the upper galleries in pursuit of fish. But we should get no peace from Iona. The fairies there are very pious people. They used to carry St. Columba about when he got tired. They would be sure to demand the shutting up of all the theatres, and the destruction of the brass instruments. And I don't see how we could reasonably object."

It was a cruel sort of jesting; but how otherwise than as a jest could he convey to her, an actress, his wish that all theatres were at the bottom of the sea? For a brief time that letter seemed to establish some link of communication between him and her. He followed it on its travels by sea and land. He thought of its reaching the house in which she dwelt—perhaps some plain and grimy building in a great manufacturing city, or perhaps a small quiet cottage up by Regent's Park half hidden among the golden leaves of October. Might she not, moreover, after she had opened it and read it, be moved by some passing whim to answer it, though it demanded no answer? He waited for a week, and there was no word or message from the south. She was far away, and silent. And the hills grew lonelier than before; and the sickness of his heart increased.

This state of mind could not last. His longing and impatience and unrest became more than he could bear. It was in vain that he tried to satisfy his imaginative craving with these idle visions of her: it was she herself he must see; and he set about devising all manner of wild excuses for one last visit to the south. But the more he considered these various projects, the more ashamed he grew in thinking of his taking any one of them and placing it before the beautiful old dame who reigned in Castle Dare. He had barely been three months at home: how could he explain to her this sudden desire to go away again?

One morning his cousin Janet came to him.

"O Keith!" said she, "the whole house is in commotion; and Hamish is for murdering some of the lads; and

there is no one would dare to bring the news to you. The two young buzzards have escaped."

"I know it," he said. "I let them out myself."

"You!" she exclaimed in surprise; for she knew the great interest he had shown in watching the habits of the young hawks that had been captured by a shepherd lad.

"Yes. I let them out last night. It was a pity to have them caged up."

"So long as it was yourself, it is all right," she said; and then she was going away. But she paused, and turned, and said to him, with a smile, "And I think you should let yourself escape, too, Keith; for it is you, too, that are caged up; and perhaps you feel it now more since you have been to London. And if you are thinking of your friends in London, why should you not go for another visit to the south, before you settle down to the long winter?"

For an instant he regarded her with some fear. Had she guessed his secret? Had she been watching the outward signs of this constant torture he had been suffering? Had she surmised that the otter-skins about which he had asked her advice were not consigned to any one of the married ladies whose acquaintance he had made in the south and of whom he had chatted freely enough in Castle Dare? Or was this merely a passing suggestion thrown out by one who was always on the look-out to do a kindness?

"Well, I would like to go, Janet," he said, but with no gladness in his voice, "and it is not more than a week or two I should like to be away; but I do not think the mother would like it; and it is enough money I have spent this year already—"

"There is no concern about the money, Keith," said she simply, "since you have not touched what I gave you. And if you are set upon it, you know auntie will agree to whatever you wish."

"But how can I explain to her? It is unreasonable to be going away."

How, indeed, could he explain? He was almost assuming that those gentle eyes now fixed on him could read his heart; and that she would come to aid him in his suffering without any further speech from him. And that was pre-

cisely what Janet Macleod did—whether or not she had guessed the cause of his desire to get away.

"If you were a schoolboy, Keith, you would be cleverer at making an excuse for playing truant," she said laughing. "And I could make one for you now."

"You?"

"I will not call it an excuse, Keith," she said, "because I think you would be doing a good work; and I will bear the expense of it, if you please."

He looked more puzzled than ever.

"When we were at Salen yesterday I saw Major Stuart, and he has just come back from Dunrobin. And he was saying very great things about the machine for the drying of crops in wet weather, and he said he would like to go to England to see the newer ones and all the later improvements, if there was a chance of any one about here going shares with him. And it would not be very much, Keith, if you were to share with him; and the machine it can be moved about very well; and in the bad weather you could give the crofters some help, to say nothing about our own hay and corn. And that is what Major Stuart was saying yesterday, that if there was any place that you wanted a drying machine for the crops, it was in Mull."

"I have been thinking of it myself," he said absently, "but our farm is too small to make it pay—"

"But if Major Stuart will take half the expense? And even if you lost a little, Keith, you would save a great deal to the poorer people, who are continually losing their little patches of crops. And will you be my agent, Keith, to go and see whether it is practicable?"

"They will not thank you, Janet, for letting them have this help for nothing."

"They shall not have it for nothing," said she—for she had plenty of experience in dealing with the poorer folk around—"they must pay for the fuel that is used. And now, Keith, if it is a holiday you want, will not that be a very good holiday—and one to be used for a good purpose too?"

She left him. Where was the eager joy with which he ought to have accepted this offer? Here was the very means placed within his reach of satisfying the craving desire of his heart; and yet, all the same, he seemed to shrink back with

a vague and undefined dread. A thousand impalpable fears and doubts beset his mind. He had grown timid as a woman. The old happy audacity had been destroyed by sleepless nights and a torturing anxiety. It was a new thing for Keith Macleod to have become a prey to strange unintelligible forebodings.

But he went and saw Major Stuart—a round, red, jolly little man, with white hair, and a cheerful smile, who had a sombre and melancholy wife. Major Stuart received Macleod's offer with great gravity. It was a matter of business that demanded serious consideration. He had worked out the whole system of drying crops with hot air as it was shown him in pamphlets, reports, and agricultural journals; and he had come to the conclusion that—on paper at least—it could be made to pay. What was wanted was to give the thing a practical trial. If the system was sound, surely any one who helped to introduce it into the western Highlands was doing a very good work indeed. And there was nothing but personal inspection could decide on the various merits of the latest improvements.

This was what he said before his wife one night at dinner. But when the ladies had left the room, the little stout

Major suddenly put up both his hands, snapped his thumb and middle finger, and very cleverly executed one or two reel steps.

"By George! my boy," said he with a ferocious grin on his face, "I think we will have a little frolic—a little frolic—a little frolic! You were never shut up in a house for six months with a woman like my wife—were you, Macleod? You were never reminded of your coffin every morning, were you? Macleod, my boy, I am just wild to get after those drying machines!"

And indeed Macleod could not have had a merrier companion to go south with him than this rubicund Major just escaped from the thralldom of his wife. But it was with no such high spirits that Macleod set out. Perhaps it was only the want of sleep that had rendered him nerveless and morbid; but he felt as he left Castle Dare, and as again he went out to meet the great steamer coming over the sea, that there was a lie in his actions, if not in his words. And as for the future that lay before him, it was a region only of doubt, and vague regrets, and unknown fears; and he was entering upon it without any glimpse of light and without the guidance of any friendly hand.—*Good Words.*

OUR FUTURE HOPE: AN EASTER HYMN.

BY DEAN STANLEY.

It has been thought that there may be a place for some expression, such as the following hymn or hymns endeavor to embody, of the prospect of another world, more hopeful than the touching address of the Emperor Hadrian to his soul, less vague and material than Pope's graceful version of it in his well-known lines, "Vital spark of heavenly flame."

PART I.

I.

O frail spirit—vital spark,
Trembling, toiling, rising, sinking,
Flickering bright mid shadows dark,
Spring of feeling, acting, thinking,
Central flame of smiles and tears,
Boundless hopes and wasting fears,
Whither will thou wend thy way,
When we close this mortal day?

II.

Shall the course of earthly joys
Still repeat their round for ever,
Feasts and songs, and forms and toys,
.. Endless throbs of this life's fever?

Or, beyond these weary woes,
 Shall we find a deep repose,
 And, like dove that seeks her nest,
 Flee away and be at rest?

III.

Dimly, through those shades unknown,
 Gleams the fate that shall befall us;
 Faintly entering there alone,
 Can we hear what voices call us;
 Yet our spirit's inmost breath,
 As we near the gates of death,
 In that purer, larger air,
 Thus may shape a worthier prayer:—

IV.

“ Maker of the human heart,
 Scorn not Thou Thine own creation,
 Onward guide its nobler part,
 Train it for its high vocation:
 From the long infected grain
 Cleanse and purge each sinful stain;
 Kindle with a kindred fire
 Every good and great desire.

V.

“ When in ruin and in gloom
 Falls to dust our earthly mansion,
 Give us ample verge and room
 For the measureless expansion:
 Clear our clouded mental sight
 To endure Thy piercing light,
 Open wide our narrow thought
 To embrace Thee as we ought.

VI.

“ When the shadows melt away,
 And the eternal day is breaking,
 Judge Most Just, be Thou our stay
 In that strange and solemn waking;
 Thou to whom the heart sincere
 Is Thy best of temples here,
 May Thy Faithfulness and Love
 Be our long last home above.”

PART II.

VII.

“ Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 All thy better portion trace,
 Rise from transitory things,
 Heavenward to thy native place.” *

* These four lines are taken, with two slight alterations, from the fine Hymn of Robert Seagrave, 1748.

Higher still and ever higher,
 Let thy soaring flight aspire,
 Toward the Perfectness Supreme,
 Goal of saints' and sages' dream.

VIII.

There may we rejoicing meet,
 Loved and lost, our hearts' best treasures,
 Not without surprises sweet
 Mount with them to loftier pleasures ;
 Though the earthly bond be gone,
 Yet the spirits still are one—
 One in love, and hope, and faith ;
 One in all that conquers death.

IX.

And, in those celestial spheres,
 Shall not then our keener vision
 See, athwart the mist of years,
 Through the barriers of division,
 Holy soul and noble mind,
 From their baser dross refined,
 Heroes of the better land
 Whom below we scorn'd and bann'd ?

X.

May we wisely, humbly scan,
 Face to face at last beholding,
 Glimpses of the Son of Man,
 All His Grace and Truth unfolding ;
 Through the ages still the same,
 As of old on earth He came ;
 May our hope in Him be sure,
 To be pure as He is pure.

XI.

As we climb that steep ascent,
 May the goodness and the glory,
 Which to cheer our path were lent,
 Seem but fragments of the story,
 There to be unroll'd at length,
 In its fulness and its strength,
 Not with words that fade and die,
 In the Book of God Most High.

XII.

Through our upward pilgrimage,
 Larger, deeper, lessons learning,
 May we boldly page on page
 Of diviner lore be turning ;
 May we still in labors blest
 Never tire and never rest,
 And with forces ever new
 Serve the Holy and the True.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MEMORIALS OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

WHAT are the qualities of a good contributor? What makes a good Review? Is the best literature produced by the writer who does nothing else but write, or by the man who tempers literature by affairs? What are the different recommendations of the rival systems of anonymity and signature? What kind of change, if any, has passed over periodical literature since those two great periodicals, the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, held sway? These and a number of other questions in the same matter—some of them obviously not to be opened with propriety in these pages—must naturally be often present to the mind of any one who is concerned in the control of a Review, and a volume has just been printed which sets such musings once more astir. Mr. Macvey Napier was the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* from 1829—when Jeffrey, after a reign of seven and twenty years, resigned it into his hands—until his death in 1847. A portion of the correspondence addressed to Mr. Napier during this period has been recently printed for private circulation by his son. By his courteous permission I am allowed to refer to a volume that is full of personal interest both to the man of letters and to that more singular being, the Editor, the impresario of men of letters, the *entrepreneur* of the spiritual power.

To manage an opera house is usually supposed to tax human powers more urgently than any position save that of a general in the very heat and stress of battle. The orchestra, the chorus, the subscribers, the first tenor, a pair of rival prima donnas, the newspapers, the box-angels in Bond Street, the army of hangers-on in the flies—all combine to demand such gifts of tact, resolution, patience, foresight, tenacity, flexibility, as are only expected from the great ruler or the great soldier. The editor of a periodical of public consideration—and the *Edinburgh Review* in the hands of Mr. Napier was the avowed organ of the ruling Whig powers—is sorely tested in the same way. The rival house may bribe his stars. His popular epigram-

matist is sometimes as full of humors as a spoiled soprano. The favorite pyrotechnist is systematically late and procrastinatory, or is piqued because his punctuation or his paragraphs have been meddled with. The contributor whose article would be in excellent time if it did not appear before the close of the century, or never appeared at all, pesters you with warnings that a month's delay is a deadly blow to progress, and stays the great procession of the ages. The contributor who could profitably fill a sheet, insists on sending a treatise. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who had charge of the *Edinburgh* for a short space, truly described prolixity as the *bête noire* of an editor. "Every contributor," he said, "has some special reason for wishing to write at length on his own subject."

Ah, que de choses dans un menuet, cried Marcel, the great dancing-master, and ah, what things in the type and *idéa* of an article, cries an editor with the enthusiasm of his calling; such proportion, measure, comprehension, variety of topics, pithiness of treatment, all within a space appointed with Procrustean rigor. This is what the soul of the volunteer contributor is dull to. Of the minor vexations who can tell?

"Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam

Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?"

There is one single tribulation dire enough to poison life—even if there were no other—and this is disorderly manuscript. Empson, Mr. Napier's well-known contributor, was one of the worst offenders; he would never even take the trouble to mark his paragraphs. I have the misfortune to have a manuscript before me at this moment that would fill thirty of these pages, and yet from beginning to end there is no indication that it is not to be read at a single breath. The paragraph ought to be, and in all good writers it is, as real and as sensible a division as the sentence. It is an organic member in prose composition with a beginning, a middle, and an end, just as a stanza is an organic and definite member in the composition of an ode.

"I fear my manuscript is rather disorderly," says another, "but I will correct carefully in print." Just so. Because he is too heedless to do his work in a workmanlike way, he first inflicts fatigue and vexation on the editor whom he expects to read his paper; second, he inflicts considerable and quite needless expense on the publisher; and thirdly, he inflicts a great deal of tedious and thankless labor on the printers, who are for the most part far more meritorious persons than fifth-rate authors. It is true that Burke returned such disordered proofs that the printer usually found it least troublesome to set the whole afresh, and Miss Martineau tells a story of a Scotch compositor who fled from Edinburgh to avoid a great living author's manuscript, and to his horror was presently confronted with a piece of copy which made him cry, "Lord have mercy! Have *you* got that man to print for!" But most editors will cheerfully forgive such transgressions to all contributors who will guarantee that they write as well as Burke or Carlyle. Alas, it is usually the case that those who have least excuse are the worst offenders. The slovenliest manuscripts come from persons to whom the difference between an hour and a minute is of the very smallest importance. This, however, is a digression, only to be excused partly by the natural desire to say a word against one's persecutors, and partly by a hope that some persons of sensitive conscience may be led to ponder whether there may not be after all some moral obligations even towards editors and printers.

Mr. Napier had one famous contributor, who stands out alone in the history of editors. Lord Brougham's traditional connection with the *Review*,—he had begun to write either in its first or third number, and had written in it ever since—his encyclopædic ignorance, his power, his great fame in the country, and the prestige which his connection reflected on the *Review*, all made him a personage with whom it would have been most imprudent to quarrel. Yet the position in which Mr. Napier was placed after Brougham's breach with the Whigs, was one of the most difficult in which the conductor of a great organ could possibly be placed. The *Review* was the representative, the champion, and the mouth-

piece of the Whig party, and of the Whigs who were in office. Before William IV. dismissed the Whigs in 1834 as arbitrarily as his father had dismissed the Whigs in 1784, Brougham had covered himself with disrepute among his party by a thousand pranks, and after the dismissal he disgusted them by asking the new Chancellor to make him Chief Baron of the Exchequer. When Lord Melbourne returned to power in the following year, this and other escapades were remembered against him. "If left out," said Lord Melbourne, "he would indeed be dangerous; but if taken in, he would simply be destructive." So Brougham was left out, Pepys was made Chancellor, and the Premier compared himself to a man who has broken with a termagant mistress and married the best of cooks. Mr. Napier was not so happy. The termagant was left on his hands. He had to keep terms with a contributor who hated with a deadly hatred the very government that the *Review* existed to support. No editor ever had such a contributor as Brougham in the long history of editorial torment since the world began. He scolds, he storms, he hectors, he lectures; he is for ever threatening desertion and prophesying ruin; he exhausts the vocabulary of opprobrium against his correspondent's best friends; they are silly slaves, base traitors, a vile clique "whose treatment of me has been the very *ne plus ultra* of ingratitude, baseness, and treachery." He got the *Review* and its editor into a scrape which shook the world at the time (1834), by betraying Cabinet secrets to spite Lord Durham. His cries against his adversaries are as violent as the threats of Ajax in his tent, and as loud as the bellowsings of Philoctetes at the mouth of his cave. Here is one instance out of a hundred:—

"That is a trifle, and I only mention it to beg of you to pluck up a little courage, and not be alarmed every time any of the little knot of threateners annoy you. *They want to break off all kind of connection between me and the Edinburgh Review.* I have long seen it. Their fury against the article in the last number knows no bounds, and they will never cease till they worry you out of your connection with me, and get the whole control of the *Review* into their own hands, by forcing you to resign it yourself. *A party and a personal engine is all they want to make it.* What possible right can any of these silly slaves

have to object to my opinion being—what it truly is—against the Holland House theory of Lord Chatham's madness? I *know* that Lord Grenville treated it with contempt. I know others now living who 'did so too, and I know that so stout a Whig as Sir P. Francis was clearly of that opinion, and he knew Lord Chatham personally. I had every ground to believe that Horace Walpole, a vile, malignant, and unnatural wretch, though a very clever writer of Letters, was nine-tenths of the Holland House authority for the tale. I knew that a baser man in character, or a meaner in capacity than the first Lord Holland existed not, even in those days of job and mediocrity. Why, then, was I bound to take a false view because Lord Holland's family have inherited his hatred of a great rival?"

Another instance is as follows :—

"I solicit your best attention to the fate which seems hastening upon the *Edinburgh Review*. The having always been free from the least control of booksellers is one of its principal distinctions, and long was peculiarly so—perhaps it still has it *nearly* to itself. But if it shall become a *Treasury* journal, I hardly see any great advantage in one kind of independence without the rest. Nay, I doubt if its *literary* freedom, any more than its political, will long survive. Books will be treated according as the Treasury, or their understrappers, regard the authors. . . . But, is it after all possible that the Review should be suffered to sink into such a state of subserviency that it dares not insert any discussion upon a general question of politics because it might give umbrage to the Government of the day? I pass over the undeniable fact that it is *underlings* only whom you are scared by, and that the Ministers themselves have no such inordinate pretension as to dream of interfering. I say nothing of those underlings generally, except this, that I well know the race, and a more despicable, above all, in point of judgment, exists not. Never mind their threats, they *can* do no harm. Even if any of them are contributors, be assured they never will withdraw because you choose to keep your course free and independent."

Mr. Napier, who seems to have been one of the most considerate and high-minded of men, was moved to energetic remonstrance on this occasion. Lord Brougham explained his strong language away, but he was incapable of really controlling himself, and the strain was never lessened until 1843, when the correspondence ceases, and we learn that there had been a quarrel between him and his too long-suffering correspondent. Yet John Allen,—that able scholar and conspicuous figure in the annals of Holland House—wrote of Brougham to Mr. Napier :—"He is not a malignant or bad-hearted man, but he is an unscrupulous

one, and where his passions are concerned or his vanity irritated, there is no excess of which he is not capable." Of Brougham's strong and manly sense, when passion or vanity did not cloud it, and even of a sort of careful justice, these letters give more than one instance. The *Quarterly Review*, for instance, had an article on Romilly's Memoirs, which to Romilly's friends seemed to do him less than justice. Brougham took a more sensible view.

"Surely we had no right whatever to expect that they whom Romilly had all his life so stoutly opposed, and who were treated by him with great harshness, should treat him as his friends would do, and at the very moment when a most injudicious act of his family was bringing out all his secret thoughts against them. Only place yourself in the same position, and suppose that Canning's private journals had been published,—the journals he may have kept while the bitterest enemy of the Whigs, and in every page of which there must have been some passage offensive to the feelings of the living and of the friends of the dead. Would any mercy have been shown to Canning's character and memory by any of the Whig party, either in society or in Reviews? Would the line have been drawn of only attacking Canning's executors, who published the papers, and leaving Canning himself untouched? Clearly and certainly not, and yet I am putting a very much weaker case, for we had joined Canning, and all political enmity was at an end : whereas the Tories and Romilly never had for an hour laid aside their mutual hostility."

And if he was capable of equity, Brougham was also capable of hearty admiration, even of an old friend who had on later occasions gone into a line which he intensely disliked. It is a relief in the pages of blustering anger and raging censure to come upon what he says of Jeffrey.

"I can truly say that there never in all my life crossed my mind one single unkind feeling respecting him, or indeed any feeling but that of the warmest affection and the most unmingled admiration of his character, believing and knowing him to be as excellent and amiable as he is great in the ordinary, and, as I think, the far less important sense of the word."

Of the value of Brougham's contributions we cannot now judge. They will not, in spite of their energy and force, bear re-reading to-day, and perhaps the same may be said of three-fourths of Jeffrey's once famous essays. Brougham's self-confidence is heroic.

He thought he could make a speech for Bolingbroke, but by-and-bye he had sense enough to see that, in order to attempt this, he ought to read Bolingbroke for a year, and then practise for another year. In 1838 he thought nothing of undertaking, amid all the demands of active life, such a bagatelle as a History of the French Revolution. "I have some little knack of narrative," he says, "the most difficult by far of all styles, and never yet attained in perfection but by Hume and Livy; and I bring as much oratory and science to the task as most of my predecessors." But what sort of science? And what has oratory to do with it? And how could he deceive himself into thinking that he could retire to write a history? Nobody that ever lived would have more speedily found out the truth of Voltaire's saying, "*Le repos est une bonne chose, mais l'ennui est son frère.*" The truth is that one learns, after a certain observation of the world, to divide one's amazement pretty equally between the literary voluptuary or over-fastidious collegian, on the one hand, who is so impressed by the size of his subject that he never does more than collect material and make notes, and the presumptuous politician, on the other hand, who thinks that he can write a history or settle the issues of philosophy and theology in odd half hours. The one is so enfeebled in will and literary energy after his *viginti annorum lucubrationes*; the other is so accustomed to be content with the hurry, the unfinishedness, the rough-and-ready methods of practical affairs, and they both in different ways measure the worth and seriousness of literature so wrongly in relation to the rest of human interests.

The relations between Lord Brougham and Mr. Napier naturally suggest a good many reflections on the vexed question of the comparative advantages of the old and the new theory of a periodical. The new theory is that a periodical should not be an organ but an open pulpit, and that each writer should sign his name. Without disrespect to ably conducted and eminent contemporaries of long standing, it may be said that the tide of opinion and favor is setting in this direction. Yet, on the whole, experience perhaps leads to a doubt whether the gains of the system of signature are so very considerable as some of us once expected. An editor on

the new system is no doubt relieved of a certain measure of responsibility. Lord Cockburn's panegyric on the first great editor may show what was expected from a man in such a position as Jeffrey's. "He had to discover, and to train, authors; to discern what truth and the public mind required; to suggest subjects; to reject, and, more offensive still, to improve, contributions; to keep down absurdities; to infuse spirit; to excite the timid; to repress violence; to soothe jealousies; to quell mutinies; to watch times; and all this in the morning of the reviewing day, before experience had taught editors conciliatory firmness, and contributors reasonable submission. He directed and controlled the elements he presided over with a master's judgment. There was not one of his associates who could have even held these elements together for a single year. . . . Inferior to these excellences, but still important, was his dexterity in revising the writings of others. Without altering the general tone or character of the composition, he had great skill in leaving out defective ideas or words, and in so aiding the original by lively or graceful touches, that reasonable authors were surprised and charmed on seeing how much better they looked than they thought they would." (Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, i. 301.) ..

From such toils and dangers as these, the editor of a Review with signed articles is in the main happily free. He has usually suggestions to make, for his experience has probably given him points of view as to the effectiveness of this or that feature of an article for its own purpose, which would not occur to a writer. The writer is absorbed in his subject, and has been less accustomed to think of the public. But this exercise of a claim to a general acquiescence in the judgment and experience of a man who has the best reasons for trying to judge rightly, is a very different thing from the duty of drilling contributors and dressing contributions as Jeffrey dressed and drilled. As Southey said, when groaning under the mutilations inflicted by Gifford on his contributions to the *Quarterly*, "there must be a power expurgatory in the hands of the editor; and the misfortune is that editors frequently think it incumbent on them to use that power merely because they have it" (Southey's

Life, iv. 18). This is probably true on the anonymous system, where the editor is answerable for every word, and for the literary form no less than for the substantial soundness or interest of an article. In a man of weakish literary vanity—Jeffrey was evidently full of it—there may well be a constant itch to set his betters right in trifles, as Gifford thought he could mend Southey's adjectives. To a vain editor, or a too masterful editor, the temptation under the anonymous system is no doubt strong. M. Buloz, it is true, the renowned editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, is said to have insisted on, and to have freely practised, the fullest editorial prerogative over articles that were openly signed by the most eminent names in France. But M. Buloz had no competitor, and those who did not choose to submit to his Sultanic despotism, were shut out from the only pulpit whence they were sure of addressing the congregation that they wanted. In England contributors are better off; and no editor of a signed periodical would feel either bound or permitted to take such trouble about mere wording of sentences as Gifford and Jeffrey were in the habit of taking.

There is, however, another side to this, from an editor's point of view. With responsibility—not merely for commas and niceties and literary kickshaws, but in its old sense—disappears also a portion of the interest of editorial labor. One would suppose it must be more interesting to command a man-of-war than a trading vessel; it would be more interesting to lead a regiment than to keep a tilting-yard. But the times are not ripe for such enterprises. Of literary ability of a good and serviceable kind there is a hundred or five hundred times more in the country than there was when Jeffrey, Smith, Brougham, and Horner devised their Review in a ninth storey in Edinburgh seventy-six years ago. It is the cohesion of a political creed that is gone, and the strength and fervor of a political school. The principles that inspired that group of strong men have been worked out. After their reforms had been achieved, the next great school was economic; and though it produced a fine orator, its work was at no time literary. The Manchester school with all their shortcomings had at least the signal

distinction of attaching their views on special political questions to a general and presiding conception of the modern phase of civilisation, as industrial and pacific. The next party of advance, when it is formed, will certainly borrow from Cobden and Bright their hatred of war and their hatred of the silly policy of imperialism. After the sagacity and enlightenment of this school, came the school of persiflage. A knot of vigorous and brilliant men towards 1856 rallied round the late editor of the *Saturday Review*,—and a strange chief he was for such a group,—but their flag was that of the Red Rover. They gave Philistinism many a shrewd blow, but perhaps at the same time helped to some degree—with other far deeper and stronger forces—to produce that sceptical and centrifugal state of mind, which now tends to nullify organized liberalism and paralyse the spirit of improvement. The Benthamites, led first by James Mill, and afterwards in a secondary degree by Mr. John Mill, had pushed a number of political improvements in the radical and democratic direction during the time when the *Edinburgh* so powerfully represented more orthodox liberalism. They were the last important group of men who started together from a set of common principles, accepted a common programme of practical applications, and set to work in earnest and with due order and distribution of parts to advocate the common cause.

At present there is no similar agreement either among the younger men in parliament, or among a sufficiently numerous group of writers outside of parliament. The Edinburgh Reviewers were most of them students of the university of that city. The Westminster Reviewers had all sat at the feet of Bentham. Each group had thus a common doctrine and a positive doctrine. In practical politics it does not much matter by what different roads men have travelled to a given position. But in an organ intended to lead public opinion towards certain changes, or to hold it steadfast against wayward gusts of passion, its strength would be increased a hundredfold if all the writers in it were inspired by that thorough unity of conviction which comes from sincerely accepting a common set of principles to

start from, and reaching practical conclusions by the same route. We are probably not very far from a time when such a group might form itself, and its work would for some years lie in the formation of a general body of opinion, rather than in practical realisation of this or that measure. The success of the French Republic, the peaceful order of the United States, perhaps some trouble within our own borders, will lead men with open minds to such a conception of a high and stable type of national life as will unite a sufficient number of them in a common project for pressing with systematic iteration for a complete set of organic changes. A country with such a land-system, such an electoral system, such a monarchy, as ours, has a trying time before it. Those will be doing good service who shall unite to prepare opinion for the inevitable changes. At the present moment the only motto that can be inscribed on the flag of a liberal Review is the general device of Progress, each writer interpreting it in his own sense, and within such limits as he may set for himself. For such a state of things signature is the natural condition, and an editor, even of a signed Review, would, I suppose, not decline to accept the account of his function which we find Jeffrey giving to Mr. Napier :—"There are three legitimate considerations by which you should be guided in your conduct as editor generally, and particularly as to the admission or rejection of important articles of a political sort. 1, the effect of your decision on the other contributors upon whom you mainly rely ; 2, its effect on the sale and circulation, and on the just authority of the work with the great body of its readers ; and, 3, your own deliberate opinion as to the safety or danger of the doctrines maintained in the article under consideration, and its tendency either to promote or retard the practical adoption of those liberal principles to which, and *their practical advancement*, you must always consider the journal as devoted."

As for discovering and training authors, the editor under the new system has inducements that lie entirely the other way ; namely, to find as many authors as possible whom the public has already discovered and accepted for itself. Young unknown writers certainly have not

gained anything by the new system. Neither perhaps can they be said to have lost, for though of two articles of equal merit an editor would naturally choose the one which should carry the additional recommendation of a name of recognised authority, yet any marked superiority in literary brilliance or effective argument or originality of view would be only too eagerly welcomed in any Review in England. So much public interest is now taken in periodical literature, and the honorable competition in securing variety, weight, and attractiveness is so active, that there is no risk of a literary candle remaining long under a bushel. Miss Martineau says :—"I have always been anxious to extend to young or struggling authors the sort of aid which would have been so precious to me in that winter of 1829-30, and I know that, in above twenty years, I have never succeeded but once." One of the most distinguished editors in London, who had charge of a periodical for many years, told the present writer what comes to the same thing, namely, that in no single case during all these years did a volunteer contributor of real quality, or with any promise of eminence, present himself or herself. So many hundreds think themselves called, so few are chosen. It used to be argued that the writer under the anonymous system was hidden behind a screen and robbed of his well-earned distinction. In truth, however, it is impossible for a writer of real distinction to remain anonymous. If a writer in a periodical interests the public, they are sure to find out who he is. The writer on Goethe in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* is as well known as the writer on Equality in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

Again, there is unfathomable folly in a periodical affecting an eternal consistency, and giving itself the airs of continuous individuality, and being careful not to talk sense on a given question to-day because its founders talked nonsense upon it fifty years ago. This is quite true. There is a monstrous charlatanism about the old editorial We, but perhaps there are some tolerably obvious openings for charlatanism of a different kind under our own system. The man who writes in his own name may sometimes be tempted to say what he knows he is

expected from his position or character to say, rather than what he would have said if his personality were not concerned. As far as honesty goes, signature perhaps offers as many inducements to one kind of insincerity, as anonymity offers to another kind. And on the public it might perhaps be contended that there is an effect of a rather similar sort. They are in some cases tempted away from serious discussion of the matter, into frivolous curiosity and gossip about the man. All this criticism of the principle of which the *Fortnightly Review* was the earliest English adherent, will not be taken as the result in the present writer of Chamfort's *maladie des désabusés*; that would be both extremely ungrateful and without excuse or reason. It is merely a fragment of disinterested contribution to the study of a remarkable change that is passing over a not unimportant department of literature. One gain alone counterbalances all the drawbacks, and that is a gain that could hardly have been foreseen or expected; I mean the freedom with which the great controversies of religion and theology have been discussed in the new Reviews. The removal of the mask has led to an outburst of plain speaking on these subjects, which to Mr. Napier's generation would have seemed simply incredible. The frank avowal of unpopular beliefs or non-beliefs has raised the whole level of the discussion, and perhaps has been even more advantageous to the orthodox in teaching them more humility, than to the heterodox in teaching them more courage and honesty.

Let us return to Mr. Napier's volume. We have said that it is impossible for a great writer to be anonymous. No reader will need to be told who among Mr. Napier's correspondents is the writer of the following:—

"I have been thinking sometimes, likewise, of a paper on Napoleon, a man whom, though handled to the extreme of triteness, it will be long years before we understand. Hitherto in the English tongue, there is next to nothing that betokens insight into him, or even sincere belief of such, on the part of the writer. I should like to study the man with what heartiness I could, and form to myself some intelligible picture of him, both as a biographical and as a historical figure, in both of which senses he is our chief contemporary wonder, and in some sort the epitome of his

age. This, however, was a task of far more difficulty than Byron, and perhaps not so promising at present."

And if there is any difficulty in recognising the same hand in the next proposal, it arises only from the circumstance that it is this writer above all others who has made Benthamism a term of reproach on the lips of men less wise than himself:—

"A far finer essay were a faithful, loving, and yet critical, and in part condemnatory delineation of Jeremy Bentham, and his place and working in this section of the world's history. Bentham will not be put down by logic, and should not be put down, for we need him greatly as a backwoodsman: neither can reconciliation be effected till the one party understands and is just to the other. Bentham is a denier; he denies with a loud and universally convincing voice; his fault is that he can *affirm* nothing, except that money is pleasant in the purse, and food in the stomach, and that by this simplest of all beliefs he can reorganize society. He can shatter it in pieces—no thanks to him, for its old fastenings are quite rotten—but he cannot reorganize it; this is work for quite others than he. Such an essay on Bentham, however, were a great task for any one; for me a very great one, and perhaps rather out of my road."

Perhaps Mr. Carlyle would agree that Mr. Mill's famous pair of essays on Bentham and Coleridge have served the purpose which he had in his mind, though we may well regret the loss of such a picture of Bentham's philosophic personality as he would surely have given us. It is touching to think of him whom we all know as the most honored name among living veterans of letters, passing through the vexed ordeal of the young recruit, and battling for his own against the waywardness of critics and the blindness of publishers. In 1831 he writes to Mr. Napier: "All manner of perplexities have occurred in the publishing of my poor book, which perplexities I could only cut asunder, not unloose; so the MS. like an unhappy ghost still lingers on the wrong side of Styx; the Charon of ——— Street durst not risk it in his *sutulis cymba*, so it leaped ashore again." And three months later, "I have given up the notion of hawking my little Manuscript Book about any further; for a long time it has lain quiet in its drawer, waiting for a better day." And yet this little book was nothing less than the History of the French Revolution.

It might be a lesson to small men to see the reasonableness, sense, and patience of these greater men. Macaulay's letters show him to have been a pattern of good sense and considerateness. Mr. Carlyle seems indeed to have found Jeffrey's editorial vigor more than could be endured.

"My respected friend your predecessor had some difficulty with me in adjusting the respective prerogatives of Author and Editor, for though not, as I hope, insensible to fair reason, I used sometimes to rebel against what I reckoned mere authority, and this partly perhaps as a matter of literary conscience; being wont to write nothing without studying it, if possible, to the bottom, and writing always with an almost painful feeling of scrupulosity, that light editorial hacking and hewing to right and left was in general nowise to my mind."

But we feel that the fault must have lain with Jeffrey; the qualifications that Lord Cockburn admired so much, were not likely to be to the taste of a man of Mr. Carlyle's grit. That did not prevent the most original of Mr. Napier's contributors from being one of the most just and reasonable.

"I have, barely within my time, finished that paper ["Characteristics"], to which you are now heartily welcome, if you have room for it. The doctrines here set forth have mostly long been familiar convictions with me; yet it is perhaps only within the last twelvemonth that the public utterance of some of them could have seemed a duty. I have striven to express myself with what guardedness was possible; and, as there will now be no time for correcting proofs, I must leave it wholly in your editorial hands. Nay, should it on due consideration appear to you in your place (for I see that matter dimly, and nothing is clear but my own mind and the general condition of the world), unadvisable to print the paper at all, then pray understand, my dear Sir, now and always, that I am no unreasonable man; but if dogmatic enough (as Jeffrey used to call it) in my own beliefs, also truly desirous to be just towards those of others. I shall, in all sincerity, beg of you to do, without fear of offence (for in no point of view will there be any), what you yourself see good. A mighty work lies before the writers of this time."

It is always interesting, to the man of letters at any rate if not to his neighbors, to find what was first thought by men of admitted competence of the beginnings of writers who are now seen to have made a mark on the world. "When the reputation of authors is made," said Ste. Beuve, "it is easy to speak of them *convenablement*: we have only to guide our-

selves by the common opinion. But at their débuts, at the moment when they are trying their first flight and are in part ignorant of themselves, then to judge them with tact, with precision, not to exaggerate their scope, to predict their flight, or divine their limits, to put the reasonable objections in the midst of all due respect—this is the quality of the critic who is born to be a critic." We have been speaking of Mr. Carlyle. This is what Jeffrey thought of him in 1832:

"I fear Carlyle will not do, that is, if you do not take the liberties and the pains with him that I did, by striking out freely, and writing in occasionally. The misfortune is, that he is very obstinate, and unluckily in a place like this, he finds people enough to abet and applaud him, to intercept the operation of the otherwise infallible remedy of general avoidance and neglect. It is a great pity, for he is a man of genius and industry, and with the capacity of being an elegant and impressive writer."

The notion of Jeffrey occasionally writing elegantly and impressively into Carlyle's proof-sheets is rather striking. Some of Jeffrey's other criticisms sound very curiously in our ear in these days. It is startling to find Mill's *Logic* described (1843) as "a great unreadable book, and its elaborate demonstration of axioms and truism." A couple of years later Jeffrey admits, in speaking of Mr. Mill's paper on the Claims of Labor—"Though I have long thought very highly of his powers as a reasoner, I scarcely gave him credit for such large and sound views of *realities* and practical results as are displayed in this article." Sir James Stephen—the distinguished sire of two distinguished contributors, who may remind more than one editor of our generation of the Horatian saying, that

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,
... neque imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam."

—this excellent writer took a more just measure of the book which Jeffrey thought unreadable.

"My more immediate object in writing is to remind you of John Mill's book [System of Logic], of which I have lately been reading a considerable part, and I have done so with the conviction that it is one of the most remarkable productions of this nineteenth century. Exceedingly debatable indeed, but most worthy of debate, many of his fa-

vorite tenets, especially those of the last two or three chapters. No man is fit to encounter him who is not thoroughly conversant with the moral sciences which he handles; and remembering what you told me of your own studies under Dugald Stewart, I cannot but recommend the affair to your own personal attention. You will find very few men fit to be trusted with it. You ought to be aware that, although with great circumspection, not to say timidity, Mill is an opponent of Religion in the abstract, not of any particular form of it. That is, he evidently maintains that superhuman influences on the mind of man are but a dream, whence the inevitable conclusion that all acts of devotion and prayer are but a superstition. That such is his real meaning, however darkly conveyed, is indisputable. You are well aware that it is in direct conflict with my own deepest and most cherished convictions. Yet to condemn him for holding, and for calmly publishing such views, is but to add to the difficulties of fair and full discussion, and to render truth (or supposed truth) less certain and valuable than if it had invited, and encountered, and triumphed over every assault of every honest antagonist. I, therefore, wish Mill to be treated respectfully and handsomely."

Few of Mr. Napier's correspondents seem to have been more considerate. At one period (1844) a long time had passed without any contribution from Sir James Stephen's pen appearing in the Review. Mr. Senior wrote a hint on the subject to the editor, and Napier seems to have communicated with Sir James Stephen, who replied in a model strain.

"Have you any offer of a paper or papers from my friend John Austin? If you have, and if you are not aware what manner of man he is, it may not be amiss that you should be apprised that in these parts he enjoys, and deservedly, a very high and yet a peculiar reputation. I have a great attachment to him. He is, in the best sense of the word, a philosopher, an earnest and humble lover of wisdom. I know not anywhere a larger minded man, and yet, eloquent as he is in speech, there is, in his written style, an involution and a lack of vivacity which renders his writings a sealed book to almost everyone. Whether he will be able to assume an easier and a lighter manner, I do not know. If not, I rather fear for him when he stands at your bar. All I ask is, that you would convey your judgment in measured and (as far as you can honestly) in courteous terms; for he is, for so considerable a man, strangely sensitive. You must have an odd story to tell of your intercourse with the knights of the Order of the Quill."

And the letter closed with what an editor values more even than decently Christian treatment, namely the sugges-

tion of a fine subject. This became the admirable essay on the Clapham Sect.

Mr. Trevelyan has published the letter to Mr. Napier in which Macaulay speaks pretty plainly what he thought about Brougham and the extent of his services to the Review. Brougham in turn hated Macaulay, whom he calls the third or greatest bore in society that he has ever known. He is furious—and here Brougham was certainly not wrong—over the "most profligate political morality" of Macaulay's essay on Clive.

"In my eyes, his defence of Clive, and the audacious ground of it, merit execration. It is a most serious, and, to me, a painful subject. No—no—all the sentences a man can turn, even if he made them in pure taste, and not in Macaulay's snip-snap taste of the lower empire,—all won't avail against a rotten morality. The first and the most sacred duty of a public man, and, above all, an author, is to keep by honest and true doctrine—never to relax—never to countenance vice—ever to hold fast by virtue. What? Are we gravely to be told, at this time of day, that a set-off may be allowed for public, and, therefore, atrocious crimes, though he admits that a common felon pleads it in vain? Gracious God, where is this to end! What horrors will it not excuse! Tiberius's great capacity, his first-rate wit, that which made him the charm of society, will next, I suppose, be set up to give a splendor to the inhabitants of Capreae. Why, Clive's address, and his skill, and his courage are not at all more certain, nor are they qualities of a different cast. Every great ruffian, who has filled the world with blood and tears, will be sure of an acquittal, because of his talents and his success. After I had, and chiefly in the *Edinburgh Review*, been trying to restore a better, a purer, a higher standard of morals, and to wean men from the silly love of military glory, for which they are the first to pay, I find the *Edinburgh Review* preaching, not merely the old and common heresies, but ten thousand times worse, adopting a vile principle never yet avowed in terms, though too often and too much taken for a guide, unknown to those who followed it, in forming their judgments of great and successful criminals."

Of the essay on Warren Hastings he thought better, "bating some vulgarity and Macaulay's usual want of all power of reasoning." Lord Cockburn wrote to Mr. Napier (1844) a word or two on Macaulay. "Delighting as I do," says Lord Cockburn, "in his thoughts, views, and knowledge, I feel too often compelled to curse and roar at his words and the structure of his composition. As a corrupter of style, he is more dangerous to the young than Gibbon. His

seductive powers greater, his defects worse." All good critics now accept this as true. Jeffrey, by the way, speaking of the same essay, thinks that Macaulay rates Chatham too high. "I have always had an impression," he says "(though perhaps an ignorant and unjust one), that there was more good luck than wisdom in his foreign policy, and very little to admire, except his general purity, in any part of his domestic administration."

It is interesting to find a record, in the energetic speech of contemporary hatred, of the way in which orthodox science regarded a once famous book of heterodox philosophy. Here is Professor Sedgwick on the *Vestiges of Creation* :—

"I now know the *Vestiges* well, and I detest the book for its shallowness, for the intense vulgarity of its philosophy, for its gross, unblushing materialism, for its silly credulity in catering out of every fool's dish, for its utter ignorance of what is meant by induction, for its gross (and I dare to say, filthy) views of physiology,—most ignorant and most false,—and for its shameful shuffling of the facts of geology so as to make them play a rogue's game. I believe some woman is the author; partly from the fair dress and agreeable exterior of the *Vestiges* : and partly from the ignorance the book displays of all sound physical logic. A man who knew so much of the surface of Physics must, at least on some one point or other, have taken a deeper plunge; but *all* parts of the book are shal-

low. . . . From the bottom of my soul, I loathe and detest the *Vestiges*. 'Tis a rank pill of asafetida and arsenic, covered with gold leaf. I do, therefore, trust that your contributor has stamped with an iron heel upon the head of the filthy abortion, and put an end to its crawlings. There is not one subject the author handles bearing on life, of which he does not take a degrading view."

Mr. Napier seems to have asked him to write on the book, and Sedgwick's article, the first he ever wrote for a review, eventually appeared (1845),—without, it is to be hoped, too much of the raging contempt of the above and other letters. "I do feel contempt, and, I hope, I shall express it. Rats hatched by the incubations of a goose—dogs playing dominos—monkeys breeding men and women—all distinctions between natural and moral done away—the Bible proved all a lie, and mental philosophy one mass of folly, all of it to be pounded down and done over again in the cooking-vessels of Gall and Spurzheim!" This was the beginning of a long campaign, which is just now drawing near its close. Let us at least be glad that orthodoxy, whether scientific or religious, has mended its temper. One among other causes of the improvement, as we have already said, is probably to be found in the greater self-restraint which comes from the fact of the writer appearing in his own proper person.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE GREATNESS OF THE ROMANS.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

ROME was great in arms, in government, in law. This combination was the talisman of her august fortunes. But the three things, though blended in her, are distinct from each other, and the political analyst is called upon to give a separate account of each. By what agency was this State, out of all the States of Italy, out of all the States of the world, elected to a triple pre-eminence, and to the imperial supremacy of which it was the foundation? By what agency was Rome chosen as the foundress of an empire which we regard almost as a necessary step in human development, and which formed the material, and to no small extent the political matrix of mod-

ern Europe, though the spiritual life of our civilization is derived from another source? We are not aware that this question has ever been distinctly answered, or even distinctly propounded. The writer once put it to a very eminent Roman antiquarian, and the answer was a quotation from Virgil—

"Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice
clivum
Quis deus incertum est, habitat Deus; Ar-
cades ipsum
Credunt se vidisse Jovem cum sæpe nigran-
tem
Ægida concuteret dextra nimbosque cie-
ret."

This perhaps was the best answer that Roman patriotism, ancient or modern,

could give ; and it certainly was given in the best form. The political passages of Virgil, like some in Lucan and Juvenal, have a grandeur entirely Roman with which neither Homer nor any other Greek has anything to do. But historical criticism, without doing injustice to the poetical aspect of the mystery, is bound to seek a rational solution. Perhaps in seeking the solution we may in some measure supply, or at least suggest the mode of supplying, a deficiency which we venture to think is generally found in the first chapters of histories. A national history, as it seems to us, ought to commence with a survey of the country or locality, its geographical position, climate, productions, and other physical circumstances as they bear on the character of the people. We ought to be presented, in short, with a complete description of the scene of the historic drama, as well as with an account of the race who are to be the actors. In the early stages of his development, at all events, man is mainly the creature of physical circumstance ; and by a systematic examination of physical circumstance we may to some extent cast the horoscope of the infant nation as it lies in the arms of Nature.

That the central position of Rome, in the long and narrow peninsula of Italy, was highly favorable to her Italian dominion, and that the situation of Italy was favorable to her dominion over the countries surrounding the Mediterranean, has been often pointed out. But we have yet to ask what launched Rome in her career of conquest, and, still more, what rendered that career so different from those of ordinary conquerors ? What caused the Empire of Rome to be so durable ? what gave it so high an organization ? what made it so tolerable, and even in some cases beneficent to her subjects ? what enabled it to perform services so important in preparing the way for a higher civilization ?

About the only answer that we get to these questions is *race*. The Romans, we are told, were by nature a peculiarly warlike race. "They were the wolves of Italy," says Mr. Merivale, who may be taken to represent fairly the state of opinion on this subject. We are presented in short with the old fable of the Twins suckled by the She-wolf in a

slightly rationalized form. It was more likely to be true, if anything, in its original form, for in mythology nothing is so irrational as rationalization. That unfortunate She-wolf with her Twins has now been long discarded by criticism as a historical figure ; but she still obtrudes herself as a symbolical legend into the first chapter of Roman history, and continues to affect the historian's imagination and to give him a wrong bias at the outset. Who knows whether the statue which we possess is a real counterpart of the original ? Who knows what the meaning of the original statue was ? If the group was of great antiquity, we may be pretty sure that it was not political or historic, but religious ; for primæval art is the handmaid of religion ; historic representation and political portraiture belong generally to a later age. We cannot tell with certainty even that the original statue was Roman : it may have been brought to Rome among the spoils of some conquered city, in which case it would have no reference to Roman history at all. We must banish it entirely from our minds, with all the associations and impressions which cling to it, and we must do the same with regard to the whole of that cycle of legends woven out of misinterpreted monuments or customs, with the embellishments of pure fancy, which grouped itself round the apocryphal statues of the seven kings in the Capitol, aptly compared by Arnold to the apocryphal portraits of the early kings of Scotland in Holyrood, and those of the mediæval founders of Oxford in the Bodleian. We must clear our minds altogether of these fictions ; they are not even ancient : they came into existence at a time when the early history of Rome was viewed in the deceptive light of her later achievements ; when, under the influence of altered circumstances, Roman sentiment had probably undergone a considerable change ; and when, consequently, the national imagination no longer pointed true to anything primæval.

Race, when tribal peculiarities are once formed, is a most important feature in history ; those who deny this and who seek to resolve everything, even in advanced humanity, into the influence of external circumstances or of some particular external circumstance, such as food, are not less one-sided or less wide of the

truth than those who employ race as the universal solution. Who can doubt that between the English and the French, between the Scotch and the Irish, there are differences of character which have profoundly affected and still affect the course of history? The case is still stronger if we take races more remote from each other, such as the English and the Hindoo. But the further we inquire, the more reason there appears to be for believing that peculiarities of race are themselves originally formed by the influence of external circumstances on the primitive tribe; that, however marked and ingrained they may be, they are not congenital and perhaps not indelible. Englishmen and Frenchmen are closely assimilated by education; and the weaknesses of character supposed to be inherent in the Irish gradually disappear under the more benign influences of the New World. Thus, by ascribing the achievements of the Romans to the special qualities of their race, we should not be solving the problem, but only stating it again in other terms.

But besides this, the wolf theory halts in a still more evident manner. The foster-children of the she-wolf, let them have never so much of their foster-mother's milk in them, do not do what the Romans did, and they do precisely what the Romans did not. They kill, ravage, plunder—perhaps they conquer and even for a time retain their conquests—but they do not found highly organized empires, they do not civilize, much less do they give birth to law. The brutal and desolating domination of the Turk, which, after being long artificially upheld by diplomacy, is at last falling into final ruin, is the type of an empire founded by the foster-children of the she-wolf. Plunder, in the animal lust of which alone it originated, remains its law, and its only notion of imperial administration is a coarse division, imposed by the extent of its territory, into satrapies, which, as the central dynasty, enervated by sensuality, loses its force, revolt, and break up the empire. Even the Macedonian, pupil of Aristotle though he was, did not create an empire at all comparable to that created by the Romans. He overran an immense extent of territory, and scattered over a portion of it the seed of an inferior species of

Hellenic civilization; but he did not organize it into an empire, much less did he give it, and through it the world, a code of law. It at once fell apart into a number of separate kingdoms, the despotic rulers of which were Sultans with a tinge of Hellenism, and which went for nothing in the political development of mankind.

What if the very opposite theory to that of the she-wolf and her foster-children should be true? What if the Romans should have owed their peculiar and unparalleled success to their having been at first not more warlike, but less warlike than their neighbors? It may seem a paradox, but we suspect that in their imperial ascendancy is seen one of the earliest and not least important steps in that gradual triumph of intellect over force, even in war, which has been an essential part of the progress of civilization. The happy day may come when Science in the form of a benign old gentleman with a bald head and spectacles on nose, holding some beneficent compound in his hand, will confront a standing army, and the standing army will cease to exist. That will be the final victory of intellect. But in the meantime, our acknowledgments are due to the primitive inventors of military organization and military discipline. They shivered Goliath's spear. A mass of comparatively unwarlike burghers, unorganized and undisciplined, though they may be the hope of civilization from their mental and industrial qualities, have as little of collective as they have of individual strength in war; they only get in each other's way, and fall singly victims to the prowess of a gigantic barbarian. He who first thought of combining their force by organization, so as to make their numbers tell, and who taught them to obey officers, to form regularly for action, and to execute united movements at the word of command, was, perhaps, as great a benefactor of the species as he who grew the first corn, or built the first canoe.

What is the special character of the Roman legends, so far as they relate to war? Their special character is, that they are legends not of personal prowess but of discipline. Rome has no Achilles. The great national heroes, Camillus, Cincinnatus, Papirius Cursor, Fabius

Maximus, Manlius, are not prodigies of personal strength and valor, but commanders and disciplinarians. The most striking incidents are incidents of discipline. The most striking incident of all is the execution by a commander of his own son for having gained a victory against orders. "*Disciplinam militarem*," Manlius is made to say, "*qua stetit ad hanc diem Romana res*." Discipline was the great secret of Roman ascendancy in war. It is the great secret of all ascendancy in war. Victories of the undisciplined over the disciplined, such as Killiecrankie and Preston Pans, are rare exceptions which only prove the rule. The rule is that in anything like a parity of personal prowess and of generalship discipline is victory. Thrice Rome encountered discipline equal or superior to her own. Pyrrhus at first beat her, but there was no nation behind him; Hannibal beat her, but his nation did not support him; she beat the army of Alexander, but the army of Alexander when it encountered her, like that of Frederic at Jena, was an old machine, and it was commanded by a man who was more like Tippoo Sahib than the conqueror of Darius.

But how came military discipline to be so specially cultivated by the Romans? We can see how it came to be specially cultivated by the Greeks: it was the necessity of civic armies, fighting perhaps against warlike aristocracies; it was the necessity of Greeks in general fighting against the invading hordes of the Persian. We can see how it came to be cultivated among the mercenaries and professional soldiers of Pyrrhus and Hannibal. But what was the motive power in the case of Rome? Dismissing the notion of occult qualities of race, we look for a rational explanation in the circumstances of the plain which was the cradle of the Roman Empire.

It is evident that in the period designated as that of the kings, when Rome commenced her career of conquest, she was, for that time and country, a great and wealthy city. This is proved by the works of the kings, the Capitoline Temple, the excavation for the Circus Maximus, the Servian Wall, and above all the Cloaca Maxima. Historians have indeed undertaken to give us a very disparaging picture of the ancient

Rome, which they confidently describe as nothing more than a great village of shingle-roofed cottages thinly scattered over a large area. We ask in vain what are the materials for this description. It is most probable that the private buildings of Rome under the kings were roofed with nothing better than shingle, and it is very likely that they were mean and dirty, as the private buildings of Athens appear to have been, and as those of most of the great cities of the middle ages unquestionably were. But the Cloaca Maxima is in itself conclusive evidence of a large population, of wealth, and of a not inconsiderable degree of civilization. Taking our stand upon this monument, and clearing our vision entirely of Romulus and his asylum, we seem dimly to perceive the existence of a deep prehistoric background, richer than is commonly supposed in the germs of civilization,—a remark which may in all likelihood be extended to the background of history in general. Nothing surely can be more grotesque than the idea of a set of wolves, like the Norse pirates before their conversion to Christianity, constructing in their den the Cloaca Maxima.

That Rome was comparatively great and wealthy is certain. We can hardly doubt that she was a seat of industry and commerce, and that the theory which represents her industry and commerce as having been developed subsequently to her conquests is the reverse of the fact. Whence, but from industry and commerce, could the population and the wealth have come? Peasant farmers do not live in cities, and plunderers do not accumulate. Rome had around her what was then a rich and peopled plain; she stood at a meeting-place of nationalities; she was on a navigable river, yet out of the reach of pirates; the sea near her was full of commerce, Etruscan, Greek, and Carthaginian. Her first colony was Ostia, evidently commercial and connected with salt-works, which may well have supplied the staple of her trade. Her patricians were financiers and money-lenders. We are aware that a different turn has been given to this part of the story, and that the indebtedness has been represented as incurred not by loans of money, but by advances of farm

stock. This, however, completely contradicts the whole tenor of the narrative, and especially what is said about the measures for relieving the debtor by reducing the rate of interest and by deducting from the principal debt the interest already paid. The narrative as it stands, moreover, is supported by analogy. It has a parallel in the economical history of ancient Athens, and in the "scaling of debts," to use the American equivalent for *Seisachtheia*, by the legislation of Solon. What prevents our supposing that usury, when it first made its appearance on the scene, before people had learned to draw the distinction between crimes and defaults, presented itself in a very coarse and cruel form? True, the currency was clumsy, and retained philological traces of a system of barter; but without commerce there could have been no currency at all.

Even more decisive is the proof afforded by the early political history of Rome. In that wonderful first decade of Livy there is no doubt enough of Livy himself to give him a high place among the masters of fiction. It is the epic of a nation of politicians, and admirably adapted for the purposes of education as the grand presentation of Roman character and the rich treasury of Roman sentiment. But we can hardly doubt that in the political portion there is a foundation of fact; it is too circumstantial, too consistent in itself, and at the same time too much borne out by analogy, to be altogether fiction. The institutions which we find existing in historic times must have been evolved by some such struggle between the orders of patricians and plebeians as that which Livy presents to us. And these politics, with their parties and sections of parties, their shades of political character, the sustained interest which they imply in political objects, their various devices and compromises, are not the politics of a community of peasant farmers, living apart each on his own farm and thinking of his own crops: they are the politics of the quick-witted and gregarious population of an industrial and commercial city. They are politics of the same sort as those upon which the Palazzo Vecchio looked down in Florence. That ancient Rome was a republic there can be no doubt. Even the so-called monarchy appears clearly

to have been elective; and republicanism may be described broadly with reference to its origin, as the government of the city and of the artisan, while monarchy and aristocracy are the governments of the country and of farmers. The legend which ascribes the assembly of centuries to the legislation of Servius probably belongs to the same class as the legend which ascribes trial by jury and the division of England into shires to the legislation of Alfred. Still the assembly of centuries existed; it was evidently ancient, belonging apparently to a stratum of institutions anterior to the assembly of tribes; and it was a constitution distributing political power and duties according to a property qualification which, in the upper grades, must, for the period, have been high though measured by a primitive currency. The existence of such qualifications, and the social ascendancy of wealth which the constitution implies, are inconsistent with the theory of a merely agricultural and military Rome. Who would think of framing such a constitution, say, for one of the rural districts of France?

Other indications of the real character of the prehistoric Rome might be mentioned. The preponderance of the infantry and the comparative weakness of the cavalry is an almost certain sign of democracy, and of the social state in which democracy takes its birth—at least in the case of a country which did not, like Arcadia or Switzerland, preclude by its nature the growth of a cavalry force; but on the contrary was rather favorable to it. Nor would it be easy to account for the strong feeling of attachment to the city which led to its restoration when it had been destroyed by the Gauls, and defeated the project of a migration to Veii, if Rome was nothing but a collection of miserable huts, the abodes of a tribe of marauders. We have, moreover, the actual traces of an industrial organization in the existence of certain guilds of artisans, which may have been more important at first than they were when the military spirit had become thoroughly ascendant.

Of course, when Rome had once been drawn into the career of conquest, the ascendancy of the military spirit would be complete; war, and the organization of territories acquired in war, would then

become the great occupation of her leading citizens; industry and commerce would fall into disesteem, and be deemed unworthy of the members of the imperial race. Carthage would no doubt have undergone a similar change of character, had the policy which was carried to its greatest height by the aspiring house of Barcas succeeded in converting her from a trading city into the capital of a great military empire. So would Venice, had she been able to carry on her system of conquest in the Levant and of territorial aggrandisement on the Italian mainland. The career of Venice was arrested by the League of Cambray. On Carthage the policy of military aggrandisement, which was apparently resisted by the sage instinct of the great merchants while it was supported by the professional soldiers and the populace, brought utter ruin; while Rome paid the inevitable penalty of military despotism. Even when the Roman nobles had become a caste of conquerors and proconsuls, they retained certain mercantile habits; unlike the French aristocracy, and aristocracies generally, they were careful keepers of their accounts, and they showed a mercantile talent for business, as well as a more than mercantile hardness, in their financial exploitation of the conquered world. Brutus and his contemporaries were usurers like the patricians of the early times. No one, we venture to think, who has been accustomed to study national character, will believe that the Roman character was formed by war alone: it was manifestly formed by war combined with business.

To what an extent the later character of Rome affected national tradition, or rather fiction, as to her original character, we see from the fable which tells us that she had no navy before the first Punic war, and that when compelled to build a fleet by the exigencies of lost war, she had to copy a Cathaginian war galley which had been cast ashore, and to train her rowers by exercising them on dry land. She had a fleet before the war with Pyrrhus, probably from the time at which she took possession of Antium, if not before; and even if her first treaty with Carthage is to be assigned to the date to which Mommsen, and not to that to which Polybius assigns it, that treaty shows that before

348 B.C. she had an interest in a wide seaboard, which must have carried with it some amount of maritime power.

Now this wealthy, and as we suppose industrial and commercial city was the chief place, and in course of time became the mistress and protectress, of a plain large for that part of Italy, and then in such a condition as to be tempting to the spoiler. Over this plain on two sides hung ranges of mountains inhabited by hill tribes, Sabines, Æquians, Volscians, Hernicans, with the fierce and restless Samnite in the rear. No doubt these hill tribes raided on the plain as hill tribes always do; probably they were continually being pressed down upon it by the migratory movements of other tribes behind them. Some of them seem to have been in the habit of regularly swarming, like bees, under the form of the *Ver Sacrum*. On the north, again, were the Etruscan hill towns, with their lords, pirates by sea, and probably marauders by land; for the period of their degenerate luxury and frivolity may be regarded as subsequent to their subjugation by the Romans; at any rate, when they first appear upon the scene they are a conquering race. The wars with the Æqui and Volsci have been ludicrously multiplied and exaggerated by Livy; but even without the testimony of any historian, we might assume that there would be wars with them and with the other mountaineers, and also with the marauding Etruscan chiefs. At the same time, we may be sure that in personal strength and prowess, the men of the plain and of the city would be inferior both to the mountaineers and to those Etruscan chiefs whose trade was war. How did the men of the plain and of the city manage to make up for this inferiority, to turn the scale of force in their favor, and ultimately to subdue both the mountaineers and the Etruscans? In the conflict with the mountaineers, something might be done by superiority of weapons which superior wealth would afford. But more would be done by military organization and discipline. To military organization and discipline the Romans accordingly learned to submit themselves, as did the English Parliamentarians after the experience of Edgehill, as did the democracy of the Northern States of America after

the experience of their first campaign. At the same time the Romans learned the lesson so momentous, and at the same time so difficult for citizen soldiers, of drawing the line between civil and military life. The turbulent democracy of the former, led into the field, doffed the citizen, donned the soldier, and obeyed the orders of a commander whom as citizens they detested, and whom when they were led back to the forum at the end of the summer campaign they were ready again to oppose and to impeach. No doubt all this part of the history has been immensely embellished by the patriotic imagination, the heroic features have been exaggerated, the harsher features softened though not suppressed. Still it is impossible to question the general fact. The result attests the process. The Roman legions were formed in the first instance of citizen soldiers, who yet had been made to submit to a rigid discipline, and to feel that in that submission lay their strength. When, to keep up the siege of Veii, military pay was introduced, a step was taken in the transition from a citizen soldiery to a regular army, such as the legions ultimately became, with its standing discipline of the camp; and that the measure should have been possible is another proof that Rome was a great city with a well-supplied treasury, not a collection of mud huts. No doubt the habit of military discipline reacted on the political character of the people, and gave it the strength and self-control which were so fatally wanting in the case of Florence.

The line was drawn, under the pressure of a stern necessity, between civil and military life, and between the rights and duties of each. The power of the magistrate, jealously limited in the city, was enlarged to absolutism for the preservation of discipline in the field. But the distinction between the king or magistrate and the general, and between the special capacities required for the duties of each, is everywhere of late growth. We may say the same of departmental distinctions altogether. The executive, the legislative, the judicial power, civil authority and military command, all lie enfolded in the same primitive germ. The king, or the magistrate who takes his place, is expected to lead the people in war as well as to govern

them in peace. In European monarchies this idea still lingers, fortified no doubt by the personal unwillingness of the kings to let the military power go out of their hands. Nor in early times is the difference between the qualifications of a ruler and those of a commander so great as it afterwards became; the business of the State is simple, and force of character is the main requisite in both cases. Annual consulships must have been fatal to strategical experience, while, on the other hand, they would save the Republic from being tied to an unsuccessful general. But the storms of war which broke on Rome from all quarters soon brought about the recognition of special aptitude for military command in the appointment of dictators. As to the distinction between military and naval ability, it is of very recent birth: Blake, Prince Rupert, and Monk were made admirals because they had been successful as generals, just as Hannibal was appointed by Antiochus to the command of the fleet.

At Preston Pans, as before at Killiecrankie, the line of the Hanoverian regulars was broken by the headlong charge of the wild clans, for which the regulars were unprepared. Taught by the experience of Preston Pans, the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden formed in three lines, so as to repair a broken front. The Romans in like manner formed in three lines—*hastati*, *principes*, and *triarii*—evidently with the same object. Our knowledge of the history of Roman tactics does not enable us to say exactly at what period this formation began to supersede the phalanx, which appears to have preceded it, and which is the natural order of half-disciplined or imperfectly armed masses, as we see in the case of the army formed by Philip out of the Macedonian peasantry, and again in the case of the French Revolutionary columns. We cannot say, therefore, whether this formation in three lines is any way traceable to experience dearly bought in wars with Italian highlanders, or to a lesson taught by the terrible onset of the Gaul. Again, the punctilious care in the entrenchment of the camp, even for a night's halt, which moved the admiration of Pyrrhus and was a material part of Roman tactics, was likely to be inculcated by the perils to which a burgher army would be exposed in carry-

ing on war under or among hills and always liable to the sudden attack of a swift, surefooted, and wily foe. The habit of carrying a heavy load of palisades on the march would be a part of the same necessity.

Even from the purely military point of view, then, the She-wolf and the Twins seem to us not appropriate emblems of Roman greatness. A better frontispiece for historians of Rome, if we mistake not, would be some symbol of the patroness of the lowlands and their protectress against the wild tribes of the highlands. There should also be something to symbolize the protectress of Italy against the Gauls, whose irruptions Rome, though defeated at Allia, succeeded ultimately in arresting and hurling back, to the general benefit of Italian civilization which, we may be sure, felt very grateful to her for that service, and remembered it when her existence was threatened by Hannibal, with Gauls in his army. Capua, though not so well situated for the leadership of Italy, might have played the part of Rome; but the plain which she commanded, though very rich, was too small, and too closely overhung by the fatal hills of the Sammiti, under whose dominion she fell. Rome had space to organize a strong lowland resistance to the marauding highland powers. It seems probable that her hills were not only the citadel but the general refuge of the lowlanders of those parts, when forced to fly before the onslaught of the highlanders, who were impelled by successive wars of migration to the plains. The Campagna affords no stronghold or rallying point but those hills, which may have received a population of fugitives like the islands of Venice. The city may have drawn part of its population and some of its political elements from this source. In this sense the story of the Asylum may possibly represent a part, though it has itself nothing to do with history.

Then, as to imperial organization and government. Superiority in these would naturally flow from superiority in civilization, and in previous political training. The former Rome derived from her comparative wealth and from the mental characteristics of a city population; the latter she derived from the long struggle through which the rights of the plebeians

were equalized with those of the patricians, and which again must have had its ultimate origin in geographical circumstance bringing together different elements of population. Cromwell was a politician and a religious leader before he was a soldier; Napoleon was a soldier before he was a politician: to this difference between the moulds in which their characters were cast may be traced, in great measure, the difference of their conduct when in power, Cromwell devoting himself to political and ecclesiastical reform, while Napoleon used his supremacy chiefly as the means of gratifying his lust for war. There is something analogous in the case of imperial nations. Had the Roman, when he conquered the world, been like the Ottoman, like the Ottoman he would probably have remained. His lust of blood and pillage slaked, he would simply have proceeded to slake his other animal lusts; he would have destroyed or consumed everything, produced nothing, delivered over the world to a plundering anarchy of rapacious satraps, and when his sensuality had overpowered his ferocity, he would have fallen, in his turn, before some horde whose ferocity was fresh, and the round of war and havoc would have commenced again. The Roman destroyed and consumed a good deal; but he also produced not a little: he produced, among other things, first in Italy, then in the world at large, the peace of Rome, indispensable to civilization, and destined to be the germ and precursor of the peace of Humanity.

In two respects, however, the geographical circumstances of Rome appear specially to have prepared her for the exercise of universal empire. In the first place, her position was such as to bring her into contact from the outset with a great variety of races. The cradle of her dominion was a sort of ethnological microcosm. Latins, Etruscans, Greeks, Campanians, with all the mountain races and the Gauls, make up a school of the most diversified experience, which could not fail to open the minds of the future masters of the world.

How different was this education from that of a people which is either isolated, like the Egyptians, or comes into contact perhaps in the way of continual border hostility with a single race! What

the exact relations of Rome were with Etruria in the earliest times we do not know, but evidently they were close; while between the Roman and the Etruscan character the difference appears to have been as wide as possible. The Roman was pre-eminently practical and business-like, sober-minded, moral, unmystical, unsacerdotal, much concerned with present duties and interests, very little concerned about a future state of existence, peculiarly averse from human sacrifices and from all wild and dark superstitions. The Etruscan, as he has portrayed himself to us in his tombs, seems to have been, in his later development at least, a mixture of Sybaritism with a gloomy and almost Mexican religion, which brooded over the terrors of the next world, and sought in the constant practice of human sacrifice a relief from its superstitious fear. If the Roman could tolerate the Etruscans, be merciful to them, and manage them well, he was qualified to deal in a statesmanlike way with the peculiarities of almost any race, except those whose fierce nationality repelled all management whatever. In borrowing from the Etruscans some of their theological lore and their system of divination, small as the value of the things borrowed was, the Roman, perhaps, gave an earnest of the receptiveness which led him afterwards, in his hour of conquest, to bow to the intellectual ascendancy of the conquered Greek, and to become a propagator of Greek culture, though partly in a Latinized form, more effectual than Alexander and his Orientalized successors.

In the second place, the geographical circumstances of Rome, combined with her character, would naturally lead to the foundation of colonies and of that colonial system which formed a most important and beneficent part of her empire. We have derived the name colony from Rome; but her colonies were just what ours are not, military outposts of the empire, *propugnacula imperii*. Political depletion and provision for needy citizens were collateral, but it would seem, in early times at least, secondary objects. Such outposts were the means suggested by Nature, first of securing those parts of the plain which were beyond the sheltering range of the city it-

self, secondly of guarding the outlets of the hills against the hill tribes, and eventually of holding down the tribes in the hills themselves. The custody of the passes is especially marked as an object by the position of many of the early colonies. When the Roman dominion extended to the north of Italy, the same system was pursued, in order to guard against incursions from the Alps. A conquering despot would have planted mere garrisons under military governors, which would not have been centres of civilization, but probably of the reverse. The Roman colonies, bearing onwards with them the civil as well as the military life of the Republic, were, with the general system of provincial municipalities, of which they constituted the core, to no small extent centres of civilization, though doubtless they were also to some extent instruments of oppression. "Where the Roman conquered he dwelt," and the dwelling of the Roman was, on the whole, the abode of a civilizing influence. Representation of dependencies in the sovereign assembly of the imperial country was unknown, and would have been impracticable. Conquest had not so far put off its iron nature. In giving her dependencies municipal institutions and municipal life, Rome did the next best thing to giving them representation. A Roman province with its municipal life was far above a satrapy, though far below a nation.

Then how came Rome to be the fount-dress and the great source of law? This, as we said before, calls for a separate explanation. An explanation I do not pretend to give, but merely a hint which may deserve notice in looking for the explanation. In primitive society, in place of law, in the proper sense of the term, we find only tribal custom, formed mainly by the special exigencies of tribal self-preservation, and confined to the particular tribe. When Saxon and Dane settle down in England side by side under the treaty made between Alfred and Guthurm, each race retains the tribal custom which serves it as a criminal law. A special effort seems to be required in order to rise above this custom to that conception of general right or expediency which is the germ of law as a science. The Greek, sceptical and speculative as he was, appears never

to have quite got rid of the notion that there was something sacred in ancestral custom, and that to alter it by legislation was a sort of impiety. We in England still fancy that there is something in the breast of the judge, and that something is a lingering shadow of the tribal custom, the source of the common law. Now what conditions would be most favorable to this critical effort, so fraught with momentous consequences to humanity? Apparently a union of elements belonging to different tribes such as would compel them, for the preservation of peace and the regulation of daily intercourse, to adopt some common measure of right. It must be a union, not a conquest of one tribe by another, otherwise the conquering tribe would of course keep its own customs, as the Spartans did among the conquered people of Laconia. Now it appears likely that these conditions were exactly fulfilled by the primæval settlements on the hills of Rome. The hills are either escarped by nature or capable of easy escarpment, and seem originally to have been little separate fortresses, by the union of which the city was ultimately formed. That there were tribal differences among the inhabitants of the different hills is a belief to which all traditions and all the evidence of institutions point, whether we suppose the difference to have been great or not, and whatever special theory we may form as to the origin of the Roman people. If the germ of law, as distinguished from custom, was brought into existence in this manner, it would be fostered and expanded by the legislative exigencies of the political and social concordat between the two orders, and also by those arising out of the adjustment of relations with other races in the course of conquest and colonization.

Roman law had also, in common with Roman morality, the advantage of being comparatively free from the perverting influence of tribal superstition.* Roman morality was in the main a rational rule

of duty, the shortcomings and aberrations of which arose not from superstition, but from narrowness of perception, peculiarity of sphere, and the bias of national circumstance. The auguries, which were so often used for the purposes of political obstruction or intrigue, fall under the head rather of trickery than of superstition.

Roman law in the same mannner was a rule of expediency, rightly or wrongly conceived, with comparatively little tincture of religion. In this again we probably see the effect of a fusion of tribes upon the tribal superstitions. "Rome," it has been said, "had no mythology." This is scarcely an overstatement; and we do not account for the fact by saying that the Romans were unimaginative, because it is not the creative imagination that produces a mythology, but the impression made by the objects and forces of nature on the minds of the forefathers of the tribe.

A more tenable explanation, at all events, is that just suggested, the disintegration of mythologies by the mixture of tribes. A part of the Roman religion—the worship of such abstractions as Fides, Fortuna, Salus, Concordia, Bellona, Terminus—even looks like a product of the intellect posterior to the decay of the mythologies, which we may be pretty sure were physical. It is no doubt true that the formalities which were left—hollow ceremonial, auguries, and priesthoods which were given without scruple, like secular offices, to the most profligate men of the world—were worse than worthless in a religious point of view. But historians who dwell on this fail to see that the real essence of religion, a belief in the power of duty and of righteousness, that belief which afterwards took the more definite form of Roman Stoicism, had been detached by the dissolution of the mythologies, and exerted its force, such as that force was, independently of the ceremonial, the sacred chickens, and the dissipated high priests. In this sense the tribute paid by Polybius to the religious character of the Romans is deserved; they had a higher sense of religious obligation than the Greeks; they were more likely than the Greeks, the Phœnicians, or any of their other rivals, to swear and disappoint not, though it were to their own

* From religious perversion Roman law was eminently free: but it could not be free from perverting influences of a social kind; so that we ought to be cautious, for instance, in borrowing law on any subject concerning the relations between the sexes from the corrupt society of the Roman Empire.

hindrance ; and this they owed, as we conceive, not to an effort of speculative intellect, which in an early stage of society would be out of the question, but to some happy conjunction of circumstances such as would be presented by a break-up of tribal mythologies, combined with influences favorable to the formation of strong habits of political and social duty. Religious art was sacrificed ; that was the exclusive heritage of the Greek ; but superior morality was on the whole the heritage of the Roman, and if he produced no good tragedy himself, he furnished characters for Shakespeare and Corneille.

Whatever set the Romans free, or comparatively free, from the tyranny of tribal religion, may be considered as having in the same measure been the source of the tolerance which was so indispensable a qualification for the exercise of dominion over a polytheistic world. They waged no war on "the gods of the nations," or on the worshippers of those gods as such. They did not set up golden images after the fashion of Nebuchadnezzar. In early times they seem to have adopted the gods of the conquered, and to have transported them to their own city. In later times they respected all the religions except Judaism and Druidism, which assumed the form of national resistance to the empire, and worship which they deemed immoral or anti-social, and which had intruded themselves into Rome.

Another grand step in the development of law is the severance of the judicial power from the legislative and the executive, which permits the rise of jurists, and of a regular legal profession. This is a slow process. In the stationary East, as a rule, the king has remained the supreme judge. At Athens, the sovereign people delegated its judicial powers to a large committee, but it got no further ; and the judicial committee was hardly more free from political passion, or more competent to decide points of law, than the assembly itself. In England the House of Lords still, formally at least, retains judicial functions. Acts of attainder were a yet more primitive as well as more objectionable relic of the times in which the sovereign power, whether king, assembly, or the two combined, was ruler, legislator, and

judge all in one. We shall not attempt here to trace the process by which this momentous separation of powers and functions was to a remarkable extent accomplished in ancient Rome. But we are pretty safe in saying that the *prator peregrinus* was an important figure in it, and that it received a considerable impulse from the exigencies of a jurisdiction between those who as citizens came under the sovereign assembly and the aliens or semi-aliens who did not.

Whether the partial explanations of the mystery of Roman greatness which we have here suggested approve themselves to the reader's judgment or not, it may at least be said for them that they are *vera causa*, which is not the case with the story of the foster-wolf, or anything derived from it, any more than with the story of the fateful apparitions of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill.

With regard to the public morality of the Romans, and to their conduct and influence as masters of the world, the language of historians seems to us to leave something to be desired. Mommsen's tone, whenever controverted questions connected with international morality and the law of conquest arise, is affected by his Prussianism ; it betokens the transition of the German mind from the speculative and visionary to the practical and even more than practical state ; it is premonitory not only of the wars with Austria and France, but of a coming age in which the forces of natural selection are again to operate without the restraints imposed by religion, and the heaviest fist is once more to make the law. In the work of Ihne we see a certain recoil from Mommsen, and at the same time an occasional inconsistency and a want of stability in the principle of judgment. Our standard ought not to be positive but relative. It was the age of force and conquest, not only with the Romans but with all nations ; *hospes* was *hostis*. A perfectly independent development of Greeks, Romans, Etruscans, Phœnicians, and all the other nationalities, might perhaps have been the best thing for humanity. But this was out of the question ; in that stage of the world's existence contact was war, and the end of war was conquest or destruction, the first of which was at all events preferable to the second.

What empire then can we imagine which would have done less harm or more good than the Roman? Greek intellect showed its superiority in speculative politics as in all other departments of speculation, but as a practical politician the Greek was not self-controlled or strong, and he would never have bestowed on the provinces of his empire local self-government and municipal life; besides, the race, though it included wonderful varieties in itself, was, as a race, intensely tribal, and treated persistently all other races as barbarians. It would have deprived mankind of Roman law and politics, as well as of that vast extension of the Roman ædileship which covered the world with public works beneficent in themselves and equally so as examples; whereas the Roman had the greatness of soul to do homage to Greek intellect, and, notwithstanding an occasional Mummus, preserved all that was of the highest value in Greek civilization, better perhaps than it would have been preserved by the tyrants and condottieri of the Greek decadence. As to a Semitic Empire, whether in the hands of Syrians or Carthaginians, with their low Semitic craft, their Moloch-worships and their crucifixions,—the very thought fills us with horror. It would have been a world-wide tyranny of the strong box, into which all the products of civilization would have gone. *Parcere subjectis* was the rule of Rome as well as *debellare superbos*; and while all conquest is an evil, the Roman was the most clement and the least destructive of conquerors. This is true of him on the whole, though he sometimes was guilty of thoroughly primæval cruelty. He was the great author of the laws of war as well as of

the laws of peace. That he not seldom, when his own interest was concerned, put the mere letter of the social law in place of justice, and that we are justly revolted on these occasions by his hypocritical observance of forms, is very true: nevertheless their general action and the language of their national critics in these cases prove the existence of at least a rudimentary conscience. No compunction for breach of international law or justice we may be sure ever visited the heart of Tiglath-Pileser. Cicero's letter of advice to his brother on the government of a province may seem a tissue of truisms now, though Warren Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey would hardly have found it so, but it is a landmark in the history of civilization. That the Roman Republic should die, and that a colossal and heterogeneous empire should fall under the rule of a military despot, was perhaps a fatal necessity; but the despotism long continued to be tempered, elevated, and rendered more beneficent by the lingering spirit of the Republic: the liberalism of Trajan and the Antonines was distinctly republican; nor did Sultanism finally establish itself before Diocletian. Perhaps we may number among the proofs of the Roman's superiority the capacity, shown so far as we know first by him, of being touched by the ruin of a rival. We may be sure that no Assyrian conqueror even affected to weep over the fall of a hostile city, however magnificent and historic. On the whole it must be allowed that physical influences have seldom done better for humanity than they did in shaping the imperial character and destinies of Rome.—*Contemporary Review*.

SOME PHYSIOLOGICAL ERRORS.

ONE of the notable examples of popular delusions regarding bodily structure and functions, is exemplified by the belief that the third finger was selected as the **bearer** of the wedding-ring because a particular nerve placed this member in direct communication with the heart. Over and over again has this belief been expressed, and in the belief is found an apparently satisfactory reason why the third finger is thus

honored. The slightest acquaintance with physiological science shews that the supposition referred to has not even a germ of probability to shew on its behalf. The ring-finger is supplied with nerves according to the rule of nervous supply in the body generally, and, it need hardly be said, without the slightest reference to the heart; the nerves of which in turn are supplied from an independent source and one quite dissociated

from that which supplies the nerves of the hand.

Equally curious and erroneous beliefs intrude themselves into the domain of medicine and surgery. Thus for instance it is a matter of ordinary belief that a cut in the space which separates the thumb from the forefinger is of necessity a most dangerous injury. The popular notion regarding this region is that an injury inflicted thereupon is singularly liable to be followed by tetanus or lockjaw. There exist not the slightest grounds for this supposition. Lock-jaw it is true might follow an injury to this part of the hand, as it might supervene after a wound of any of the fingers. But physiology and medicine alike emphatically dispel the idea that any peculiarity of structure which might predispose to the affection just named, exists *chiefly* in the region of the thumb. It may be that the difficulty experienced in securing the healing of wounds in this portion of the hand—owing to the amount of loose tissue and to the free movements of the part which it is almost impossible to prevent—might favor or predispose to an attack of tetanus. But as the same remark may be made of many other portions of the body, it follows that the thumb-region possesses no peculiarity whatever in this respect over any other part of the frame.

One of the points which has been most hotly contested in technical as well as in popular physiology is the use and functions of the *spleen*. This organ, as most readers are aware, is a gland, of somewhat oval shape, lying close to the left side or extremity of the stomach. It is one of the so-called 'ductless' glands of the body—that is, it possesses no duct or outlet, as do the liver, sweetbread, and other glands concerned with the formation of special fluids used in digestion and other functions. In olden times philosophers puzzled themselves over this mysterious organ; nor was its nature rendered any clearer by the discovery of the fact that it may be removed from the bodies of the higher animals without causing any great or subsequent inconvenience, and without affecting in any perceptible degree the health of the subject operated upon. One classical authority went so far as to allege that he could find no use whatever for the

organ; whilst another maintained that possibly it was intended to serve as a kind of packing for the other organs around it, and that it kept them from getting out of their places in the movements of the body. The idea, however, which obtained most credence was that which regarded the spleen as the fountain and origin of all the vile 'humors' which rankled the blood and soured the disposition of man. We can still trace in the metaphorical expressions of our literature this ancient belief; so that what at first were regarded as literal and true ideas of the spleen and its use, have come in modern days to do duty simply as metaphors.

Modern science, in dispelling those antiquated notions, has now assigned to the spleen a very important part in our internal mechanism. The part it plays may be thus described. The blood, as every one who has looked at a thin film of that substance through a microscope will know, is in reality a fluid as clear as water, and derives its color from the immense number of little red bodies, the 'corpuscles,' which float in it. These red corpuscles of human blood do not attain a greater size than the $\frac{1}{2500}$ th part of an inch—that is, three thousand five hundred of these little bodies placed in a line would make up an inch in length. In addition to the red bodies, there exist in the blood a much smaller number of 'white corpuscles,' each containing a little central particle which the red ones want. From the results of the most recent researches it would appear that the red corpuscles are produced by the partial destruction of the white ones; and that the little central particles of the white globules, when colored, appear before us as the red corpuscles of the blood. Now the spleen is to be regarded as the great manufactory or *dépôt* in which the red corpuscles are thus produced from the white ones, and in which also many of the white corpuscles are themselves developed. And it would also appear highly probable, that when the red globules of the blood have served their turn in the economy of the body they are broken down in the spleen; their material being doubtless used for some wise purpose in the maintenance of our complicated frame.

A very common idea, but one founded on no certain or feasible grounds, is that

which maintains that our bodies undergo a complete change and renewal of all their parts every seven years. The 'mystical' nature of the number seven, has had an unquestionable effect in originating this opinion; and although the age of fourteen and again that of twenty-one may be regarded as marking the attainment of youth and manhood or womanhood respectively, yet physiology gives no countenance to the popular opinion that of necessity these periods are those of sweeping bodily change. On the contrary, it might be shewn that the periods at which full growth of body is attained vary with climate, race, and constitution—that is, with the personal nature, and with the physical surroundings of individuals, communities, and nations. The true state of matters as disclosed by physiology, leads us to contemplate actions and changes which are of infinitely more wondrous kind than those involved in the idea of septennial change. For if there is one axiom which physiology maintains more constantly than another, it is that which teaches that constant and *never-ceasing* change is the lot of life from its beginning to its end.

No part of the body of a living being is free from these changes of substance, through which indeed every act of life is carried on. Every movement of a muscle—the winking of an eyelid or the lifting of a finger—implies waste of the organs and parts which move. The thinking of a thought implies wear and tear of the organ which thinks—the brain itself. Were it possible to spend existence even in a perfectly still and rigid condition, there are still actions to be performed which are necessary for the maintenance of life, and which necessitate continual waste and wear of the tissues. Thus the beating of the heart, the movements of our chest in breathing, and the very act of receiving and digesting food—actions which are in themselves concerned with the repair of the frame—can only be performed through the intervention of processes of work, and waste of body. So that a living being is to be regarded as passing its existence in a constant state of change. Its particles are being continually wasted, and as incessantly renewed; and although the growth of our bodies may be said to culminate at various periods of our life, yet it is

anything but correct to say that there are marked epochs of change in human existence. The truth is that change and alteration are our continual heritage; and it is strange indeed to think that not an organ or part of our bodies exists which has not repeatedly in its history been insensibly and gradually, but none the less perfectly, renewed in all its parts. Our particles and substance are being dissipated in very many ways and fashions. Chemically and physically, we are in a state of continual breakdown; whilst on the other hand, it may be shewn that the forces of life are enlisted powerfully on the side of renewal and repair.

In connection with the exercise of our senses there are not a few points on which popular ideas stand in need of correction. When we speak of 'seeing' or 'hearing,' the exercise of these or any other of our senses indeed, is usually referred to the organ concerned—eye, ear, nose, or tongue, as the case may be. A little consideration, however, will shew us that we make a very grievous mistake in referring the act of sensation or perception to the organ itself. Let us consider for a moment what happens when we acquire ideas regarding the form of an object through the sense of touch. We may in the first place 'will' to touch the object in question; the act of 'volition' as it is termed, originating in the brain, being transformed into nerve-force, and being further directed along the particular nerves which supply the muscles of one finger or along those which supply all the fingers. The muscles are thus stimulated to action, and through their agency the fingers are brought into contact with the desired object. Leaving the sense of sight out of consideration for a moment, we know that we can through the sense of touch gain ideas regarding the form, size, hardness, and other qualities of the object. Our nervous system is thus bringing us into relation with the outer world and specially with that portion of it represented by the object we have touched. But how have we gained our knowledge? The reply to this question leads us at once to perceive that the tips of the fingers do not represent the seat of knowledge. And a further consideration makes it equally clear that the brain must

be credited not only with the task of perceiving, but also with that of appreciating what has been perceived. Hence we are forced to conclude that just as the first nervous impulse shot through the nerves to the fingers, so a second impulse has passed from the fingers to the brain. Our sense of touch has given origin to a subtle force which has passed upwards to the brain, and has there become transformed, through a mechanism—of the working of which we know as yet absolutely nothing—into perception and thought. Similarly with the work of the eye, of the ear, and of other senses.

When we talk of seeing or hearing, we are in reality speaking of the act of the brain, not of the eye or ear, which are merely the 'gateways' through which the brain obtains its knowledge. And that the brain is the true seat of the senses, may be proved to us from the side of pathology—the science which makes us acquainted with the causes and nature of disease. Cases are well known in which injury of the brain as the seat of sense has given origin to depraved sensations. Post-mortem examinations of persons who were continually conscious of a disagreeable odor have proved that these persons had labored under brain-disease; whilst one case is on record in which, after a fall from a horse, and for several years before his death, a person believed that he smelt a bad odor. So also the sense of sight may be altered

from internal causes, and on this ground may be explained the real nature of many cases of so-called ghost-seeing and spectral illusions. One well-known case, in illustration of this latter point, was that of Nicolai, a Berlin book-seller, who, neglecting to be bled in accordance with his usual custom, began to see strange persons in his room, and faithfully described the appearance of the figures. The figures disappeared when he had been bled once more. Thus in all such cases we must believe that those parts of the eye or ear which would have been concerned in seeing the supposititious objects or hearing the supposititious sounds—had either existed—were irritated from the brain and produced the delusive sensations.

Thus the common phrase that 'seeing is believing' is in one sense literally true; for the act of sight apparently exercised in the person who suffers from optical illusions is in reality performed by the brain and is thus an act of belief, even if it be one of unconscious kind. The entire subject of physiological errors teems with valuable applications, but with none more practical or worthy of remark than that which would insist on the advantages, in the ruling wisely of our lives, to be derived from even an elementary acquaintance—such as should be included in the curriculum of every school—with the science of life. —*Chambers's Journal.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT. By FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY. With a Portrait. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

It has been well said that army life, especially during an active campaign, is a crucial test of character, bringing out at once the best and the worst qualities of human nature, and revealing unmistakably the real bent of one's disposition. In too many cases it shows what latent capacities for barbarism lie hidden under the civilized exterior of men who in ordinary life would have conformed to the standards of respectable and respected citizens; and in others it seems to develop an unsuspected dignity of demeanor and refinement of feeling, and to deepen and broaden the whole mental and moral tone.

Of those whose natures were refined and ele-

vated and tempered in the thrice-heated furnace of our civil war, perhaps the most striking and certainly the most touching figure on either side is that of the late General Bartlett, of Massachusetts, whose fame and memory are embalmed for "the next ages" in Colonel Palfrey's exquisite "Memoir." The opening of the great drama of battle found Bartlett a mere youth, and an exceptionally boyish youth of twenty; its close, only four years later, found him a scarred and mutilated veteran, a Brevet Major-General and Commander of Division, the possessor of a most brilliant reputation, and with a record as heroic as that of any officer in either army. He seldom went into battle without being badly wounded—losing a leg at Yorktown, twice wounded at Port Hudson, shot in the head on one of those terrible days in the Wilderness, disabled and

captured at the assault on "the mine" before Petersburg; yet nothing could quench the ardor of his patriotism, and the first days of recovery from his wounds always found him again at the front in increasingly responsible positions.

"It is not alone his army career, however," as the writer has said elsewhere, "that entitles him to the appellation of hero. Daring courage and a lofty sense of duty were not so rare in either of the contending armies that these alone would suffice to lift one who had displayed them high above his fellows. But 'peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,' and he who had been foremost in the fight while the appeal lay to the sword was among the first to sheathe that sword when its stern arbitrament had been accepted; and his was the voice that first proclaimed the glad tidings of peace and good-will between those who had confronted each other in battle. The now famous speech delivered at Cambridge on Commencement-day, 1874, was a deed not less glorious and serviceable to his country than the most brilliant he had performed in the field; and if, in spite of the sham war of words kept up by selfish politicians, an era of reciprocal good feeling between the North and South has at last come, it is largely owing to his manly assertion then and afterward that 'between the soldiers and people of the two great sections of our country fraternal relations were established long ago.'

"There was something at once sublime and pathetic in the spectacle of the wasted and war-worn soldier, whose tongue had caught a sudden and unlooked-for eloquence in pleading for reconciliation with those whose arms had shattered the promise of his life. For not less truly can it be said of General Bartlett than of those who perished in actual battle that he was a martyr and victim of the war. He lived till 1876; but he never recovered from the effects of his wounds and imprisonment, and his closing years were a continuous struggle with disease and a declining constitution. Had he lived but a few years longer, there can be no doubt that he would have received the highest civic honors of his native State; yet, though he passed from the stage just as his life had touched its meridian, his career was singularly rounded and complete. In just half the period allotted to the life of man he had achieved a reputation unique in the annals of his country; and when Whittier mourned his untimely end in a beautiful poem in which he pronounced him 'the more than Sidney of our day,' generous hearts throughout the land responded in a universal chorus of acquiescence.

"If Colonel Palfrey's 'Memoir' did no more than refresh the public memory of such a man, it would more than justify itself; but, alto-

gether apart from the undying charm of its subject, it is a quite perfect piece of writing of its kind, and will take its place at once among the few really good biographies in American literature. It is a frank, unpretentious, and soldierly tribute of one soldier and friend to another; and does the best that such a work could do in convincing the reader that there was no exaggeration in the words of the eminent statesman who wrote, on hearing of General Bartlett's death, 'The Massachusetts of this generation has bred no so heroic a character as that of the man whom she will bury, with sadness and with honor, in Berkshire, this week.'"

The memoir is composed largely of General Bartlett's letters and extracts from a private diary which he kept from the time he entered the army to almost the end of his life; and it is these extracts that constitute its chief and abiding charm. Nothing else could so clearly reveal the inner and essential nature of the man; and their invariable modesty, simplicity, and unaffectedness are infinitely more impressive and touching than the most eloquent tribute could possibly be. It is not a mere epigram to say that General Bartlett was a great man without knowing it; for it is the entire absence on his part of any apparent consciousness that there was anything especially noble in his character and conduct that makes us the more ready to concede a place to him in the knightliest line of the heroes of history.

The volume itself is one of the most tasteful of the recent issues of the Riverside Press, and, aside from its other elements of interest, is worth possessing as a specimen of artistic book-making.

LITERATURE PRIMERS. Edited by JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A. Greek Literature. By R. C. JEBB, M.A. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

SCIENCE PRIMERS. Edited by Professors HUXLEY, ROSCOE, and BALFOUR STEWART. Political Economy. By W. STANLEY JEVONS, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

To call a book a *Primer* is to convey the impression to most readers that it is intended only for children, and is therefore of slight consequence to those who have advanced beyond the initial stages of education; but no inference could be more mistaken than this when applied to the little books which are appearing in the two series above named and in the "History Primers," which are also edited by Mr. Green. The Rev. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature," which was so warmly commended as "a guide to English literature" by Matthew Arnold, in an article reproduced in a recent number of the *ECLECTIC*, was

one of the series of "Literature Primers;" and there are other members of that series, as well as of the "Science Primers," which are hardly inferior to it in interest and value. The truth is that some of the best and most serviceable literary work of our time is being put into these modest-appearing little volumes; and nothing could more strikingly demonstrate the increasing apprehension of the importance of education than the fact that such men are willing to suspend for a time their more absorbing labors and engage in the preparation of elementary text-books. Besides the editorial supervision of the eminent authorities whose names alone are a sufficient guarantee of the efficiency of the work, each Primer is prepared by a specialist the most eminent in the particular field covered by it; and the books are *primers* not in the sense of being designed for children, but as adapted for *beginners* of any age in any department of knowledge.

Professor Jebb's "Primer of Greek Literature" is in all respects worthy of its association with Mr. Brooke's work already mentioned, and, notwithstanding its diminutive size, is by far the best outline or general survey of its subject that has been written. Every intelligent person desires to know, and in fact *must* know, something of the great masterpieces of Greek literature; but in order to comprehend the full meaning and importance of any one of them, he must understand the relation which it bears to its predecessors and successors; for "the unity of Greek literature," as Professor Jebb says, "is not the unity of the library, but the unity of a living body; in this, more perhaps than in any other literature, we shall fail really to understand any one part unless we see clearly what it has to do with the rest." It is for this reason that a thoroughly trustworthy sketch like Professor Jebb's is so useful: it is not necessary to be familiar with all the authors or works named in it, but it will serve as a framework into which those who read any of the Greek books may fit what they read. It covers the period from the legendary or Homeric era to the year 529 A.D., when a decree of Justinian closed the schools of heathen philosophy, and the *old* literature gave place to the *middle* or Byzantine literature; and it is designed for the use not only of students of Greek, but also of those who do not know Greek and who will never read a Greek book except in a translation.

In his "Primer of Political Economy," Professor Jevons has aimed to put the truths of political economy into a form suitable for elementary instruction. He agrees with Archbishop Whately that the rudiments of sound knowledge concerning these subjects can be communicated at a very early age; and he thinks rightly that it is most desirable to dis-

seminate these rudiments through all classes of the population. "From ignorance of them," he says, "arise many of the worst social evils—disastrous strikes and lockouts, opposition to improvements, improvidence, destitution, misguided charity, and discouraging failure in many well-intended measures." In order to render his lessons as simple and impressive as possible, the author has omitted the controverted or abstract questions of the science, reserving the greater portion of his space for such essential subjects as Production, Division of Labor, Capital and Labor, Value, Exchange, Trades-Unions, and Commercial Crises. The chapter on "Credit Cycles" is pre-eminently appropriate to the present time of depressed trade, and is worth whole volumes of the ordinary discussions of the subject; and the whole treatise is admirably adapted to serve as a stepping-stone to a knowledge of the science among general readers of maturer age who have hitherto neglected the study of political economy.

CURRENT DISCUSSION: A Collection from the Chief English Essays on Questions of the Time. Edited by EDWARD L. BURLINGAME. Vol. II. Questions of Belief. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The series, of which this is the second volume, "is designed to bring together, for the convenience of readers and for a lasting place in the library, those important and representative papers from recent English periodicals which may fairly be said to form the best history of the thought and investigation of the last few years." The first volume (which we have not received) is devoted to "International Politics," and contains, among other highly interesting papers, Mr. Forbes's article on "Russians, Turks, and Bulgarians," Mr. Gladstone's on "Montenegro," and Professor Goldwin Smith's on "The Political Destiny of Canada," with all of which readers of the *ECLECTIC* are already familiar. The present volume contains Mr. Frederic Harrison's striking paper on "The Soul and Future Life," the "Symposium" upon it which was reproduced in the *ECLECTIC*, another symposium on "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief," "The Course of Modern Thought," by G. H. Lewes, "The Condition and Prospects of the Church of England," by Thomas Hughes, and "Is Life worth Living?" by W. H. Mallock.

Mr. Burlingame has exhibited his customary skill in the selections, and his introductory remarks on the various contributors to his volumes are both instructive and pleasing; yet he does not win us to much confidence in the success of his enterprise. A group of disconnected essays cannot make a homogeneous book, even though they deal with the same general topics;

and his volumes have all the defects without the varied interest of a good magazine.

STUDIES IN SPECTRUM ANALYSIS. By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S. International Scientific Series. Vol. XXIII. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is mainly owing to the skill and industry of Mr. Lockyer that spectroscopic research has made such progress during the last few years, and that the spectroscope has become almost equally important with the telescope in the study of the heavens; and this, combined with exceptional skill as a writer, renders him peculiarly the person to expound the principles and methods of spectrum analysis. His "Studies" cover the entire field, from the laws of light and color (which are very lucidly explained) to the methods of demonstration and laboratory work and the details of solar and stellar structure which the spectroscope has revealed. Through some portions of the exposition the ordinary reader will perhaps find it difficult to follow him; but to those possessing the requisite knowledge of physics and mathematics it will convey an idea of what has already been accomplished by spectrum analysis, and of what may possibly be accomplished by it in the future, such as cannot be obtained with equal precision and clearness from any other source. Besides upwards of fifty wood-cuts, the volume contains eight exquisite colored plates, most of them reproduced from spectrum photographs.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Greeks intend shortly to publish a pamphlet, in connection with the Paris Exhibition, on the commerce and industries of the Hellenic kingdom.

THE Socialistic press of Germany boasts no less than seventy-five publications, with 135,000 subscribers: an increase of eighteen in the number of the papers since last year.

WE hear of a forthcoming commentary on Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which claims to catch, for the first time, the clue to the political meaning of the poem, and to show its rebuke as well as its praise of Queen Elizabeth.

GUSTAV FREYTAG, the German novelist, has been so much out of health during the past winter, that the publication of the last two volumes of his great novel-series of German life, *Die Ahnen* (The Ancestors) has been deferred *sine die*.

THE commission for the arrangement of the text of Luther's writings has been convened at Coburg, and consists of Prof. Camphausen from Bonn, Deacon Kühn from Dresden, and Prof. Bertheau from Göttingen.

THE libraries of Berlin and Munich have refused to buy the original MSS. of Schiller and Goethe's correspondence, which were offered to them for 4,000 thalers. To save the collection from being broken up or bought by foreigners, the publishing firm of Cotta in Stuttgart has secured it.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL & Co. are about to publish an authorized translation of Dr. Burckhardt's well-known work on the Renaissance in Italy. The translation is made from the third and enlarged edition which has been recently published in Germany.

It seems that the Chinese can lay claim to the invention of the telephone, for Chin-Hoo, writing in the *Peking Gazette*, says that Kung-Fo-Whing invented the telephone, or Thunth-sien, in the year 978. Probably the string telephone, which is certainly very old, but is also certainly very different to Prof. Bell's.

DR. F. H. STRATMANN, the author of the "Old English Lexicon," which is the friend and helper of all early-English scholars and students, has received from the Prussian Government an honorarium of 500 marks, as a slight acknowledgment of the value of his services to philology and literature.

THE author of "German Home Life" is preparing a pamphlet on Count Moltke, somewhat similar to the *brochure* upon Prince Bismarck and his policy which she published the other day. It is stated that the Chancellor was rather pleased with "German Home Life," although it provoked general indignation in the Fatherland.

THE first volumes of the series of the sacred texts published by the Clarendon Press, under the direction of Prof. Max Müller, will contain, besides the Shu-King, a translation of the Apastamba, aphorisms on the sacred laws of the Hindus, by Prof. Bühler, and Upanishads, by Prof. Max Müller.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE will shortly issue a new and complete edition of his poems, which will fill four volumes. In this reprint will be comprised "The Angel in the House," which was withdrawn from circulation about seven years ago. Mr. Patmore has in the press a new series of poems in continuation of "The Unknown Eros," and in a similar metre.

MESSRS. SOTHERAN & Co. have issued Prospectuses announcing that they are collecting into one volume, for private circulation among subscribers, the rare and beautiful writings of William Blake, entitled "Songs of Innocence and of Experience" and the "Books of Prophecy." It will be reproduced in exact facsimile of the original editions written and designed by the poet-painter. The number of copies is limited to one hundred.

PROF. DELIUS is lecturing in Bonn on Shakespeare's last play, "Henry VIII.," part of which Mr. Spedding, Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Browning, followed by the Cambridge editors and the leading members of the New Shakespeare Society, give to Fletcher. Prof. Delius intends to combat this somewhat formidable host, and, though a foreigner, to maintain that the earlier English critics who assigned the whole play to Shakespeare were better judges of style than the later ones who recognize Fletcher's hand in it.

WE are glad to see that the publishing firm of Brigola, at Milan, have undertaken the work of issuing an index to Muratori's great collection, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*. The index is to be a folio volume of 1,000 pages, and is to harmonize as much as possible in print and paper with the original volumes. There are to be four indexes—one of names of persons, another of institutions, a third of places, and a fourth of documents. The value of such a work as this to students, if it be carefully done, is incalculable, and the industry and zeal which is always displayed in Italy in all historical work leads us to expect that it will be conscientiously compiled.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INFLUENCE OF ELECTRICITY ON EVAPORATION.—Physicists are not agreed as to the relation between atmospheric electricity and the evaporation of water which goes on at the surface of the earth. The earlier writers on electricity maintained the view that the latter was the cause of the former; more recent investigations, however, have cast doubt on this conclusion. M. Mascart (*Comptes Rendus*) has regarded the matter from another point of view, and has endeavored to ascertain whether the slow formation of vapors is modified under the influence of electrified bodies. A series of small evaporating basins communicating with the ground and containing water or moistened earth, were placed beneath conductors maintained in a constant electrical condition. These conductors were charged by a Holtz machine maintained in continuous action by a water motor. One pole was connected with the ground, the other was insulated and kept at a constant potential by means of a sort of safety valve, formed of a metallic point, which allowed the electricity to escape as soon as the potential of the insulated pole exceeded a certain value. It was found that the evaporation was invariably increased under the electrified conductors, whether the latter were charged positively or negatively, and the effect was so marked that the evaporation was sometimes doubled in the basins under the conductors.

M. Mascart considers that whether the influence of electricity be due to a specific electrical intervention, or to a secondary mechanical action, the excess of evaporation is not limited to the case where the electrical forces in play are relatively considerable, as in his experiments. He considers it to be a general phenomenon, which must be taken into account in appreciating the part played by electricity in nature on the production of vapors.

TYNDALL'S NEW EXPERIMENTS ON FOG-SIGNALS.—In a lecture at the Royal Institution, Dr. Tyndall has made known the results of a long series of experiments on fog-signals, all involving more or less of noise, and demonstrating that the noisiest are the best. Mariners in a fog are helpless: no lights, no cliffs, no towers can be seen, and they must be warned off the land through their ears. So in conjunction with the Trinity House and the authorities at Woolwich, the professor fired guns of various kinds and sizes, and very soon found that a short five-and-a-half-inch howitzer, with a three-pound charge of powder, produced a louder report than an eighteen-pounder with the same weight of charge. Thereupon guns of different forms were constructed, and one among them which had a parabolic muzzle proved to be the best, that is in throwing the sound over the sea, and not wasting it to rearward over the land. Then it was ascertained that fine-grained powder produces a louder report than coarse-grained; the shock imparted to the air being more rapid in the one case than in the other. Experiments made with gun-cotton showed conclusively that the cotton was "loudest of all;" and "fired in the focus of the reflector, the gun-cotton clearly dominated over all the other sound-producers." The reports were heard at distances varying from two to thirteen miles and a half. When the fog clears off, the noisy signals are laid aside, and bright lights all round the coast guide the seaman on his way. Some years ago the old oil light was superseded by the magneto-electric light, and this in turn has given place to the dynamo-electric light, which excels all in brilliance and intensity. In this machine the required movements are effected by steam or water power; and when the electric current is thereby generated, it is conducted by wires to a second machine, which co-operates in the work with remarkable economy and efficiency.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—The experiment of Harvey is well known, in which a hen's egg is uncovered on the third day of incubation. The beatings of the heart are perceived, but suddenly stop. The egg is then put in tepid water, and the heart begins to beat again. M. Dareste has lately gone a little further. He

takes from the sitting hen an egg which has been three days under incubation, and keeps it at ordinary temperature for two or three days (of twenty-four hours). Then he replaces it in conditions favorable to incubation. The fowl is developed as usual. It appears from this experiment that the life of warm-blooded animals may be suspended for a very long time without death intervening, just as is the case with very inferior animals—*e.g.*, rotifers.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF LAKE DWELLINGS IN EUROPE.—From the *Correspondenz-Blatt* of the German Anthropological Society we are able to learn what passed at the last general meeting, which was held at Constance, under the presidency of Prof. Virchow. Assembled on the shore of a lake rich in the remains of pile-buildings, it was only natural that much of the opening address should be devoted to the consideration of these structures. Glancing at the relation of the pile-builders to the older cave-dwellers, Prof. Virchow enlarged on the enormous lapse of time which appeared to separate the one from the other, though many of the lake-dwellings are referred, like the caves, to the "Stone age." The Swiss pile-buildings may be brought into geographical relation with similar structures which have been discovered in Bavaria and Württemberg, and, again, in some of the lakes of Austria. All these are linked together by Virchow, and form his great *southern* group. But throughout Middle Germany these structures have not been found; nor, indeed, are there many lakes in which they could well have been built. In North Germany, however, we are able to trace another group, correlative with the southern, and stretching as far east as Livonia. Prof. Virchow described a lake-dwelling which he had lately visited in this extreme eastern limit. Further to the north, the pile-buildings again disappear; none being known throughout Denmark, Sweden, and Finland, though it is well known that their remains have been found in Ireland and even in Wales. With admirable caution Prof. Virchow argues against the inference that all pile-buildings are related in time, or that their inhabitants were connected by community of race, and he thus exposes the shallow dictum: "Pfahlbau ist Pfahlbau; Pfahlbauzeit ist Pfahlbauzeit."

GRANTS IN AID OF GEOGRAPHICAL INVESTIGATIONS.—The Council of the Royal Geographical Society have resolved to devote five hundred pounds yearly "in grants to assist persons having proper qualifications in undertaking special geographical investigations (as distinct from mere exploration) in any part of the world—To aid in the compilation of

useful geographical data and preparing them for publication, and in making improvements in apparatus or appliances useful for geographical instruction, or for scientific research by travellers—In fees to persons of recognized high attainments for delivering lectures on physical geography in all its branches, as well as on other truly scientific aspects of geography, in relation to its past history, or the influences of geographical conditions on the human race."

BRICKS OF "SLAG."—The manufacture of bricks from slag is still carried on at the Tees Iron-works, Middlesbrough, by machines constructed for the purpose. The slag, ground into sand, is mixed with lime, squeezed into moulds, and each machine turns out about ten thousand bricks a day. Being pressed, these bricks present advantages over ordinary bricks: they are uniform in size and thickness; do not break; occasion less trouble to the bricklayer and plasterer; require less mortar; and do not split when nails are driven into them, whereby carpenters are saved the work of plugging. Another important fact, which the laborers will appreciate, is that the weight of a thousand slag bricks is one ton less than the weight of a thousand red bricks; and as regards durability, we are informed that the longer they are kept the harder they become.

NEW EVIDENCE FOR THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—Professor Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S., in discoursing to the Manchester Geological Society, mentioned the discovery of fresh evidence of the antiquity of man. Certain caves in Cresswell Crags, on the borders of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, have been recently explored, and the relics thereby brought to light prove that man lived in the hunter-stage of civilization in the valley of the Trent and its tributaries, along with the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, cave-hyena, lion, and reindeer, and that he was capable of progress. In the lowest stratum in the caves, says Professor Dawkins, implements are found of the rudest kind and roughest form, made of quartzite pebbles from the neighborhood. In the middle stratum implements of flint appear mingled with the others; but in the uppermost stratum the tools and implements are of flint, and of the best kind. Among these are bone needles and other appliances of bone and horn, on one of which is rudely engraved the figure of a horse. "This sequence," remarks the professor, "establishes the fact, that even in the palæolithic age the hunters of reindeer, horse, mammoth, and other creatures were progressive, and that the cave-dwellers of the pleistocene age are to be looked upon from the same point of view as mankind of the present time, as 'one man always living and incessantly learning.'" If Professor Dawkins is right in his conjecture, the

cave-dwellers of the very remote period which he describes were somewhat like the Eskimos of the present day.

UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPHS.—An account has been published of the disturbance and destruction which the telegraph lines in Germany underwent during the widespread storm one night in March, 1876. The destruction was so very great, that had the storm occurred during a political crisis or a war, the consequences might have been much more calamitous. This liability to derangement has in nearly all countries led practical minds to conclude that underground telegraphs are preferable to lines carried on posts through the air; and the German Government have laid underground wires from Berlin to Mainz (Mayence) a distance of about three hundred and eighty miles, which will afford excellent means for comparing the two systems.

VARIETIES.

SPARROWS IN AMERICA.—The hero of to-day is not always the hero of to-morrow; and the English sparrow, who has long become acclimatized in America, is likely to find this to his cost. When, a few years ago, a small tribe of sparrows were set at liberty in Central Park, New York, every attention was lavished on them. They were plentifully fed with bread crumbs, carpenters were specially employed to construct ingenious devices for tempting them to build their nests, and for some time they were the pets of the public. All this is changed now. The sparrow, instead of being an honored guest, is pronounced a nuisance and an impostor. He has multiplied in various parts of the country; and, unfortunately, his conduct has not given satisfaction. The other day the Nuttall Ornithological Club, Massachusetts, held a meeting to discuss the question of the merits of the sparrow. The club contains many eminent naturalists; and, with the praiseworthy object of dealing fairly with the bird, had invited correspondence from leading authorities on birds in different districts. The balance of the evidence was overwhelming against the sparrow, who was in the end unanimously condemned by the club. For this verdict the sparrow has only himself to blame. It was proved beyond doubt that all respectable birds in America declined to associate with him, owing to his pugnacious and overbearing demeanor, and they have even deserted the localities which he has invaded. Complaints were made that the song sparrow, the snow birds, and the blue birds have been driven out of the Smithsonian grounds at Washington, and that the "chattering foreigners" have taken their place. Fifty species of birds that used to visit the common

and public garden now decline to come any more. Among these are fifteen or twenty species that, before the advent of the sparrow, made Boston their summer residence. Wild birds no longer show a tendency to settle and domesticate themselves in city parks. Nor is this surprising, if, as alleged, the sparrows fight in combination, and mob the orioles, robins, martens, and even the woodpecker. A more serious charge is even brought against the sparrow—namely, that he is carnivorous, and devours the eggs and young of other birds. A post-mortem examination of forty sparrows revealed also the painful fact that the birds had swallowed grain, oats, and seeds of various kinds, but that not one of them had devoured an insect. Under these circumstances, it is recommended that all restrictions upon shooting, trapping, or otherwise getting rid of sparrows, be withdrawn for a year or two. This, it is hoped, will either exterminate them or bring them to their senses.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ADVICE TO BATHERS.—With the view of diminishing the loss of life which annually occurs from drowning, and which, according to the recent returns of the Registrar-General, has increased between 30 and 40 per cent. during the past year as compared with corresponding periods of the previous year, the Royal Humane Society has issued the following important advice to bathers:—"Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration, and avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after being a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet, but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats, after having been in the water, or remaining too long in the water, but leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach, but the young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

"TO-MORROW."

"TO-MORROW!" wept the watcher, as she knew
That Death had claimed her dearest as his due—
"O, bitter waking! O, the joyless day!"

"To-morrow!" murmured he, with dying breath,
Viewing the timeless life that starts from Death—
"Only to-morrow, and we meet for aye!"

R. I. O.



Engraved for the Academy by J. J. Kuhn, New York.

HERMANN L. F. HELMHOLTZ.



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THE ORIGIN OF FLOWERS.

At the noble brilliant flower which looks nature opens to immediately before the eye of those who can see—a sense of sympathy far smaller than it ought to be, has growing from day to day its own beauty opens in view the world down at his neighbors—there is nothing so great as the bright and graceful flowers of our meadows, our hedgerows, and our gardens. There is nothing so beautiful which we turn with so much and to which we regard; nothing which we so immediately invest with the emotions and reactions of the human soul. There the sweet child and the wisest sage, the most artist and the deepest philosopher, every heart has ever found in its depths a thrill of delight in nature and those exquisite gems of God's handiwork. In a previous paper I have endeavored to trace this feeling to its fabled sources in the myths of time, and to show how the many different simple and complex emotions which, when mixed together, make up

our total sympathy, pass into the color-terminations of a sensible poem. But in the article which I then undertook, it was necessary to accept the love of color in itself as a given factor, whose origin we were content for the time to leave unexplained. There it seems to think, however, that the pleasure of simple colors, red and orange and yellow, green and violet and purple, which stands out so so distinct in character in our scientific nature, may be finally traced back to the subtle effects of flowers and trees upon the natural feelings generally, and upon primitive man in particular. While in the human species is concerned, there can be no doubt that our civilization depends more upon the golden and red of the orange, the crimson cheeks of the cherry, the milky white of the mango, and the peach, the blue of grapes and apples, or the ruddy glow of raspberries, than upon the thousand beauties of English and flowers of the massive wealth of tropical climates. But if



WILLIAM F. B. B. B. B. B.



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THE ORIGIN OF FLOWERS.

In the whole brilliant museum which Nature opens so bountifully before the eyes of those who can see—a museum unhappily far smaller than it ought to be, but growing from day to day as each neophyte opens in turn the sealed volumes of his neighbors—there is nothing so lovely as the bright and graceful flowers of our meadows, our hedgerows, our gardens. There is nothing so intimate to which we turn with so tender and so loving a regard; nothing which we so instinctively invest with the attributes and emotions of the human soul. From the merest child and the veriest savage to the truest artist and the deepest philosopher, every heart has ever found in its depths a thrill of delight in communion with those exquisite gems of God's handiwork. In a previous paper we have endeavored to trace this feeling to its varied sources in the minds of men, and to disentangle the many threads of simple and complex emotion which, when woven together, make up

our total synthetic pleasure in the contemplation of a wayside posy. But in the analysis which I then undertook, it was necessary to accept the love of color in itself as a given factor, whose origin we were content for the time to leave unexplained. There is reason to think, however, that the pleasure of simple colors, red and orange and yellow, green and violet and purple, which stands out as so distinct an element in our æsthetic nature, may be finally traced back to the remote effects of flowers and fruits upon the animal kingdom generally, and upon primitive man in particular. So far as the human species is concerned, there can be little doubt that our color-sense depends more upon the golden rind of the orange, the crimson cheeks of the cherry, the melting tints of the mango and the peach, the blush of grapes and apples, or the ruddy glow of wayside berries, than upon the thousand beauties of English wild-flowers or the massive wealth of tropical blossoms. But if

we would track the question to its very roots, we must go down first to the butterfly and the primrose, before we can understand the true relations of the bird or the mammal to the various fruits which attract them.

In short, we must push back our inquiry to-day to the ultimate origin of colored bodies and of the color-sense. If we look about us in the unsophisticated fields and valleys, we shall find that the ordinary hues of nature are green, brown, and blue. Only a few exceptional objects, like insects, birds, fruits, and flowers, are tinted with the brighter dyes of scarlet, crimson, orange, and yellow. We shall see, on closer inspection, that every one of these organic bodies has been specially developed to meet the wants of animal eyes. We shall find that the flower has been given its brilliant corolla in order to attract the bee and the butterfly; that the fruit has acquired its glowing coat in order to lure on the bird and the mammal; and that the feathers, scales, and gaudy fur of these animate creatures themselves have a special relation to the nature of their food, their habits, and their surroundings. In other words, the beautiful colors of the external world, and the delight which conscious minds feel in their beauty, have both a common origin in the great principles of evolution and natural selection. Let us see what light can be shed upon this intricate question of their interdependence by the magnificent generalisations which science and humanity owe to Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin.

If we wish to get at the very origin of flowers, we must go a long way back in time to the earliest geological age; and we must look at the condition of those vast primæval forests in which terrestrial animal life made with trembling feet its first forward steps. We must imagine ourselves placed as spectators in the midst of a flora totally unlike any now existing on our earth—a flora which we can only picture to ourselves by its incomplete resemblance to a few surviving but antiquated forms. In the great tropical swamps whose refuse supplies the coal for our grates, there grew a thick herbage of ferns and club-mosses and strange green plants, but probably not a single distinguishable flower. It

is true that a fair sprinkling among the vegetable productions of those luxuriant wilds belong to the botanical sub-kingdom of Phanerogams or flowering plants; but these few exceptions are almost all trees or shrubs of the pine and palm kinds, bearing the green cones or catkins which science recognises as inflorescences, but not the conspicuous bunches of colored leaves which ordinary people know as flowers. In the forests which then bordered the great deltas of forgotten Amazons and Niles, it seems probable that no gleam of scarlet, blue, or purple ever broke the interminable sea of waving green. Uncanny trees, with sculptured or tessellated bark, raised their verdant heads high above the damp soil into which they thrust their armored roots; huge horsetails swayed their jointed stems before the fiercer tempests raised by a younger and lustier sun; tree-ferns, screw-pines, and araucarias diversified the landscape with their quaint and symmetrical shapes; * while beneath, the rich decaying mould was carpeted with mosses, lichens, and a thousand creeping plants, all of them bearing the archaic stamp peculiar to these earliest developments of vegetable life: but nowhere could the eye of an imaginary visitor have lighted on a bright flower, a crimson fruit, or a solitary gaudily-painted butterfly. Green, and green, and green again, on every side; the gaze would have rested, wherever it fell, upon one unbroken field of glittering verdure.

To put it simply, all the earliest plants belonged to the flowerless division of the vegetable kingdom; and though a few flowering species made their appearance on earth even before the epoch at which our coal-beds were formed, yet these were of the sort whose pollen is borne by the wind, and whose blossoms are accordingly unprovided with gay colors, or sweet scents, or honeyed secretions, as a bait for the insect visitor to rifle and fertilise their bloom. The greater part of the larger coal flora consisted of acrogens, that is to say, of plants like the ferns, club-mosses, and horsetails, which have spores instead of seeds, and

* These names must only be accepted in a representative sense, as giving a modern reader the nearest familiar congener of the extinct forms.

so of course bear neither fruit nor flower. The smaller creeping plants belonged to the same class, or to the still more humble thallogens, represented in our world by lichens and seaweeds. Only a few conifers foreshadowed the modern tribes of flowering plants; and even these were of the most abnormal and antiquated type to be found in the whole sub-kingdom.

How, then, did those crimson, orange, or purple leaves which make up the popular idea of a flower first originate? And how did the seed which it is their object to produce, become coated with that soft, sweet, pulpy, and bright-colored envelope which we call in every-day language a fruit? Clearly the first of these questions must be answered before we attack the second, both because the flower precedes the fruit in point of time, and because the tastes formed by the flower have become the *raison-d'être* of the fruit. I propose, therefore, in the present paper, to attempt some slight solution of the earlier problem; and I hope in a future number of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE to set before my readers some remarks upon the later one.

The origin of flowers is not a difficult subject upon which to hazard a plausible conjecture. Even in the flowerless plants we see occasionally some approach to that separate set of organs for reproductive purposes which reaches its fullest development in the colored and scented blossoms of our gardens. Most ferns, as we all know, bear their spores on the under side of every frond, where some of them form the beautiful powder which gives a name and a charm to the gold and silver ferns. But the splendid *Osmunda regalis*, besides several smaller species, has its seed vessels on an independent stem, thus exhibiting that division of labor among its parts which allows each more efficiently to perform its own special function. And the horsetails carry this movement one step further in advance, having a distinct fruit-bearing growth early in the spring, which is followed by sterile shoots later on in the year. So that through these faint indications we can picture dimly to ourselves the gradual stream of evolution by which the frond-borne spore made its first onward metamorphosis towards the flower-borne seed.

But such fructiferous heads of embryonic acrogens differ widely in the most important particular from true flowers. They do not need fertilisation.* The very essence of the flower consists in the fact that its ovule, or embryo seed, must be quickened into fresh life by the contact of pollen, either from the same or another blossom. All the rest which we ordinarily think of as belonging to the flower—its bright petals, its sweet scent, its store of honey—are merely so many accessories to this central fact. The true flower begins at the point where pollen and ovules first make their appearance. And in the earliest geological flowering plants, the pollen was apparently wafted to the ovule on the wings of the wind, not on the heads or bodies of insects. They belonged to that coniferous family in which the seeds are borne on a scaly head, such as we know so familiarly in the pine and the fir-tree: so that their green scales could have formed no exception to the prevailing verdure of a palæozoic forest.

"But what advantage did the plant gain from this complicated arrangement of seed-producing organs?" A not unnatural question to ask, yet a very difficult one to answer. So far, only a speculative explanation of the facts has been attempted; and that speculation is too intricate and too fundamental for any but the trained physiologist to appreciate. Happily, however, the facts themselves have been placed beyond all doubt by Mr. Darwin's minute observations on *cross fertilisation*. Our great master has shown us that when any organism is the product of interaction between the parts of two other organisms, it possesses a vigor, plasticity, and vital power far surpassing that of any similar individual produced by one unaided parent. He has proved incontestably that young plants derived from a self-fertilised flower are weaker, poorer, and shabbier than those derived from the pollen of one flower and the ovule of another. And this general principle, illustrated on the small scale by Mr. Darwin's experiments, has been demonstrated on a gigantic scale by Nature herself: for

* The obscure phenomena connected with the antheridia and pistillidia of cryptogams do not interfere with the practical truth of this statement accepted in a popular sense.

when once the flowering plants were introduced upon the earth by a favorable combination of surrounding circumstances, their superior vitality enabled them in the struggle for existence to live down their flowerless neighbors, and to spread themselves slowly but surely over the whole habitable globe. While the flora of the coal and the earlier formations consists almost entirely of ferns, club-mosses, and horsetails, the surface of our existing earth is covered by grasses, herbs, and forest-trees; and only in a few tropical ravines or a stray patch of English warren do we still find the degenerate modern representatives of those Titanic calamites and lycopodites which flourished in the jungles of the Black Country a million æons since.

We can guess, accordingly, how flowers, in the botanical sense, came first to be developed. Where a chance combination of external agencies occurred to carry certain cast-off reproductive cells of one plant to the most exposed cells of another, there may have resulted such a race of hearty descendants, endowed with a similar tendency to produce their like in future, as could compete at an enormous advantage with the sexless and flowerless plants around. Vague and indefinite as our conception of this process must necessarily be, we can still figure to our imagination enough of its nature to find in it no miracle, but a simple physical fact. The next step in our inquiry must be to account for those bright and conspicuous masses of leaves which the 'popular eye recognises as flowers. To do so properly, we must glance first at the few animals and insects which peopled the green palæozoic forests, and whose descendants were to prove the principal agents in developing the blossoms and fruits that we see around us.

Few if any birds or mammals lived amongst those rank jungles of more than tropical growth. Reptiles of serpentine or lizard-like form crawled through their dense underbrush of club-moss and lichens; while primitive scorpions, beetles, and cockroaches eked out a hard-earned livelihood by devouring smaller prey, or by feeding on the more succulent parts of the dry and horny plants around them; but not a single moth or butterfly flitted among the primæval tree-ferns

and pines, as they flit in countless myriads now on the banks of the Amazon or the mountain slopes of Ceylon and Jamaica.* The higher and brighter forms of insect life are entirely dependent upon the honey or other secretions of flowers, and without flowers they could not continue to exist for a day, much less come for the first time into existence.

As soon, however, as any flowering-plants at all began to show themselves on the face of the earth, if only in the form of cones or green panicles, we may be sure that they were visited for the purpose of feeding by some of the smaller insects of those days. The pollen and other parts of the incipient blossom would almost certainly attract attention both by their softness and their nutritious properties. We shall see hereafter, when we come to examine the case of fruits, that those very portions of plants which are devoted to the growth of their offspring are the exact portions best fitted for animals to devour and thrive upon. And as the insects would carry away small quantities of the pollen, adhering to their legs and heads, they would be very likely to deposit some part of it on the stickier portion of similar blossoms which they afterwards visited. Any flower that offered exceptional advantages to such visitors in the way of food, would thus be able to substitute the new mode of fertilisation by means of insects, for the old one by means of the wind. Moreover, this substitution would prove economical to the plant, because wind-fertilised flowers require a large number of stamens and pistils, hanging out in conspicuous situations, so that the pollen may be borne away upon the breeze in sufficient quantities to fertilise a large proportion of the neighboring blossoms. Of course such

* Those readers who have personally made acquaintance with tropical scenery will be able to recognise in the picture of green forests given above a strong contrast to the existing vegetation in the temperate zone of our earth. It is a great mistake to suppose that the tropics are a land of unbroken coloring. Here, as in the temperate zone, the vegetation is broken up by the presence of a kind of 'open' spaces, which are not only a part of the landscape, but that o

diced yellowness. If an insect turns some portion of it into a gall-nut or a blight, the tips assume a beautiful pink hue. In short, any constitutional weakness in the leaf brings about changes in its contained pigments which result in an altered mode of reflecting light. Or, to put the same fact in another way, any change in the composition of the pigments is apt to be accompanied by a change in their color. Now the ends of long branches are naturally the least nurtured portions of a plant, and the young leaves formed at such spots have a great tendency to assume a brown or pinky hue. Furthermore, these spots are exactly the places where flowers are formed ; flowers being, as we saw above, mere collections of aborted leaves, destined to fulfil the function of parents for future generations at the point where the vigorous growth of the original plant is beginning to fail. Nothing can be more natural, therefore, than that the flower-leaves should show an original tendency to exhibit brilliant hues : a tendency which would of course be strengthened by natural selection if it gave the plant and its descendants any superiority over others in the struggle for life.

It should be remembered, too, that the flower differs from the leaf in the fact that it is not self-supporting. The green portions of a plant are its mouths and stomach : they are perpetually engaged in assimilating from the air and the water those elements which are fitted for its growth. But the flower is a purely expensive structure : it does not feed itself ; it is fed by other portions of the plant. It uses up, in the act of growing and expanding, energies derived from the food which has been stored up by the chlorophyll elsewhere. Accordingly, we might expect its pigment to present that less energetic, more worn-out form, which produces the brighter hues of autumn and the pink tips of a growing bough. From whatever point of view we regard it, we see that a flower is naturally supplied with some coloring matter less active than that green substance which forms the assimilative agency in common leaves. It is easy, therefore, to guess how certain plants may have acquired the first tinge of color around their organs of fructification,

and thus have attracted the eyes of insects by their superior brilliancy.

This, however, is only one side of the problem. We can imagine how leaves may have become colored to attract insects, but we do not yet see why insects should be attracted by colored leaves. Side by side with the development of color in flowers must have gone the development of a color-sense in insects. The creatures which strayed through the green carboniferous brushwood were doubtless endowed with eyes, sensitive in a considerable degree to light in its varying shades, and to visible form ; but there is little reason to suppose that they were capable of distinguishing between red and blue. We know of nothing in their external circumstances which would have made such a faculty of any value to them ; and we have now learnt that every structure presupposes some advantage to be gained by its development. On the other hand, Sir John Lubbock's experiments and observations upon bees leave us little room to doubt that the higher insects, at least, now possess considerable discriminativeness for colors, in a manner which does not differ greatly from our own. Sir John discovered that a bee habitually fed from a piece of paper of a particular color, would at once select that color from a considerable number of others, thereby demonstrating the essential identity of its senses with those of human beings. Now, it was pointed out above that color means physically nothing more than particular kinds of light-waves ; and, accordingly, the perception of color means nothing more than a special susceptibility of individual nerves for the reception of particular light-waves. What can be more natural than that a body so modifiable as nerve-substance should show an aptitude for accommodating itself to slight differences in the external agencies which affect it ? Accordingly, we can easily imagine how the small insects of the palæozoic world may have soon acquired a power of discriminating vaguely the red and purple ends of shoots where pollen and soft nutriment were to be found from the comparatively innutritious green and horny portions of the plant. Once this power had begun to exist, the two must continue to develop

side by side. Those plants which had the most conspicuous blossoms must have best attracted the insects around them; and those insects which were most strongly attracted by conspicuous blossoms must have fed most easily and lived most persistently. The bee, flying straight from flower to flower, shows us the accuracy which is reached at last in this mutual adaptation of the one to the other.

The facts of geology sufficiently prove that such has been really the case. From age to age we can trace, among the few remains which survive for our inspection, a gradual spread of flowering plants and a gradual growth of flower-fed insects. Step by step they go on advancing, until at last we get the wonderful modifications of each to each which have been traced out in detail by Mr. Darwin, Sir John Lubbock, the Müllers, and countless other earnest interpreters of nature. These modern teachers have shown us how the lip of the flower has been shaped for the bee to alight; how the honey has been secreted at the very end of an ambrosial labyrinth; and how the pollen has been placed just where the hairy forehead of the insect will brush gently against it, and carry it off in a powdery mass or in a sticky club. And they have noted how, simultaneously, the legs and body of the bee have grown adapted to the exact shape of the lip and bell; how the senses have been quickened to perceive the color and the odor; and how the proboscis has lengthened itself to the very dimensions of that ambrosial labyrinth which leads in its inmost recesses to the prize of honey. They have told us, too, how in many cases a particular insect has adapted itself to a particular plant, while the plant in return has laid itself out to deserve and secure the good services of that specific insect. In short, they have taught us to see such a minute interdependence of animal and vegetable life as had never before been dreamt of in the whole history of natural science.

Leaving out of consideration for the present those modes in which flowers and insects have been mutually modified in shape to meet one another's convenience, let us look more closely at those various ways in which the flower has been adapted to the senses of the insect,

while the senses, in return, have been strengthened and developed by the properties of the flower. There are three principal means by which this interaction takes place, namely, by the senses of taste, of smell, and of sight. We shall examine all three in order, and we shall notice as we do so how singular is the bond of connection between the lower and higher forms of life; for we shall find that our own likes and dislikes in taste, smell, and color, can be traced down with great plausibility to the exactly similar likes and dislikes of bees and butterflies. It will aid us in explaining and comprehending this connection if we remember that what flowers are to insects, fruits are to birds and mammals. Both are colored, scented, and sweet; but they have acquired their various allurements for the attraction of widely different creatures. Yet it shows the general community of structure and function running through the whole animal world, that the very same sweet tastes, fragrant perfumes, and bright hues appeal in the very same way to bees and butterflies as they appeal to parrots, to humming-birds, and to men.

First, then, as to taste. The need for food is, of course, the primary allurement in every case, both of the fruit and of the flower. The scents and colors are only useful as guiding the seeker to his dainty meal. In the earliest times, doubtless, the insect prowlers who carried pollen from head to head regaled themselves upon the actual juices of the plant, which in all fairness should have gone to provide for the general needs of the flower and seed. But plants must soon have learnt the trick of letting a little of their more nutritious juice exude of its own accord, at once as a bait to draw the insect fertilizer, and as a security against his breaking in upon the tissues themselves. This juice is what we know as honey. Many parts of plants contain small quantities of sugar, and in some (like the sugar-cane and the American maple) it exists in large proportions in the sap; but wherever we find it deposited in the concentrated form of honey, we may be sure that the plant has distilled it for some special purpose of attraction. Honey-glands sometimes occur on the stem, in which case they are often mere traps to attract

the presence of ants, who act as guards to the plant against the approach of noxious insects. But more commonly they are to be found in the flower; that is to say, somewhere among the whorls of stunted leaves which surround the seed-producing structures. There they are set as insect-attractors, to draw the fertilising agents into the neighborhood of the pollen and the ovules. Of course we can only suppose that this production of special honey-secreting organs proceeded very slowly during long ages, parallel with the development of specialised honey-seeking insects. And we have some warrant for the belief—more fully to be set forth in a subsequent paragraph—that some of the greatest honey-storing plants are quite modern denizens of our earth, and owe their existence to the general demand for sweet-stuffs amongst their insect contemporaries. Similarly, we have reason to think that the honey-eaters have gone on adapting themselves more and more continuously to the flowers, until at last, in the fulness of time, we get such specialised creatures as hive-bees and humming-birds. But perhaps the most noticeable fact of all is this—that the very same sweet juice which was developed to suit the taste of humble-bees and emperormoths, is the symbol for sweetness in the language of mankind, whose tastes have been formed upon the strawberry, the plum, and the banana. And is it not likewise significant of the same general community of nervous impressibility that while the humming-birds, belonging to a mainly fruit-eating class, have taken to the honey of bignonia and hibiscus, the wasps, in turn, belonging to a mainly honey-eating class, have taken to the sugary juices of the peach and the nectarine? I think these facts may guide us greatly when we come to ask how the love of color has been devolved in the human race.

Secondly, as to smell. So soon as flowers have developed the honey-producing structures, they will gain an advantage by giving insects at a distance some warning of their presence. There is no simpler way of doing this than by means of etherealised particles, which may chemically affect some exposed nervous structure in the insect; and such chemically affected structures are what

we know as organs of smell. Here, too, we see the same essential agreement between the higher and lower forms of animal life; for just as our taste for sweets corresponds to the insect's taste for honey, so our love for the perfume of flowers is absolutely identical with the pleasure which draws the butterfly towards the luscious blossoms of the tuberose and the stephanotis. In our own English meadows we may see the bees and the children alike, collected around the fragrant meadow-sweet, or seeking together for the scented clover. And it is worth while to observe that most of the sweet-smelling flowers appear to be quite late developments of vegetable life, a fact which harmonises well with the correspondingly late development of the bees and other highly-adapted honey-suckers. There is no tribe of plants, for example, more noticeable for their perfume than the family of Labiates. To this family belong the various kinds of mint, thyme, balm, sage, marjoram, lavender, rosemary, horehound, and calamint, besides innumerable foreign or little-noticed species, like patchouli, hyssop, and basil. These plants are almost all very peculiarly shaped and highly scented, and their attractiveness for bees has become proverbial—the honey of poetry is always "redolent of thyme." Now the Labiates, so far as known, are late tertiary plants; that is to say, they made their first appearance upon earth only a short period before the advent of man himself. In short, it was not until bees and other specialised honey-suckers had reached a high point of development that scented flowers began to possess any advantage over their neighbors. I shall endeavor to show in a future paper that our chief fruit-bearers, the Rosaceæ, are similarly late in making an appearance on the earth, and that they owe their evolution to the higher birds and frugivorous mammals who began to exist in large numbers about the same period. For the present it will be sufficient to point out the intimacy of the interdependence which we thus see to exist between the evolution of the animal and vegetable worlds.

It is needful, too, to point out another special case of the sense of smell. While the flower-sucking insects have likes and dislikes, in taste and smell, essentially

identical with those of man, the descendant of frugivorous ancestors, and with those of the flower-sucking humming-birds, and the fruit-eating birds and mammals, there is another class of carrion-feeding insects which have likes and dislikes more in unison with the vultures, the turkey-buzzards, and the jackals. Since it is possible for life to be sustained upon decaying animal matter, it must result that some small class possessing the unusual taste for carrion will be able to gain an easy living upon this undisputed prey. Hence the growth of such uncanny creatures as flies, condors, and sopilotes. Accordingly, we find certain flowers adapting themselves to these abnormal tastes, and acquiring the appearance and smell of decaying meat. The Sumatran *Rafflesia*, and the South African *Hydnora*, are large and lurid blossoms, which thus deceitfully induce the carrion flies to visit them for the purpose of laying their eggs, and are accordingly fertilised by means of an organised deception. To naturally frugivorous man the scent and the appearance are alike disgusting.

Lastly, we arrive at the device of color, the most important of all from an æsthetic standpoint. We have seen already how reds, yellows, and purples came to be developed in the neighborhood of the floral reproductive organs, but we have yet to inquire why they should prove attractive and pleasurable to the eyes of insects. In order to do so properly, we must glance a little at the nature of pleasure generally.

Without entering into any ultimate physiological question, it will suffice for our present purpose to point out that pleasure results from the normal stimulation of any fully-nurtured and underworked nervous structure. For instance, in a state of health, our limbs, when properly fed and not previously fatigued, derive pleasure from the mere act of exercise. So with each of our senses; any particular stimulation is pleasant if it has been sufficiently intermitted, and is not excessive in amount. Now, if we apply this simple principle to the case of sight, we shall see that so soon as the eyes of insects have been differentiated enough to discriminate the pinkish or ruddy tips of boughs from the green leaves about them, the special nerves in-

volved in this process will receive pleasure from their due stimulation. The more intermittent each such stimulation may be, the more pleasurable will be the resulting sensation. So we can see how, as the petals of flowers grew gradually more and more distinguishable in color from the green leaves about them, and as the eyes of primordial bees or butterflies grew gradually to distinguish them better and better, an ever-increasing pleasure would grow gradually up by their side, and become stronger and stronger as the nerves increased by practice in calibre and strength. And so, too, we can understand how at last we reach the pure and brilliant coloring of the gladiolus, the laburnum, the hyacinth, the peony, and the tulip; and how the insect eye is drawn on by the pleasure hence arising to the nectary of the flower, and to the pollen or the stigma from which the future seed is to take its rise.

Here too, in like manner, we may observe the practical identity of taste in the flower-feeding insects and the fruit-eating vertebrates—including the human species, who, as we have already noticed, derive their likes and dislikes from their frugivorous ancestors. For, just as the sweetness of fruits answers to the sweetness of honey, and just as the scent of fruits answers to the scent of flowers, so the colors of fruits are identical in origin and nature with the colors of flowers. It would seem as though in every case nature found a single mode of modifying the nervous substance was amply sufficient (because simplest and easiest) alike for insect and reptile, for bird and ape and human being.

As for the particular color of each particular species, little is known as yet of its determining causes. In a few cases we can plausibly account for the special hue selected; thus the plants which depend for fertilisation upon carrion insects naturally imitate the lurid red appearance, as well as the noisome smell, of putrid meat; while the night-flowering blossoms are apt to be white or bright yellow, as those colors best reflect the scanty light of evening or the scattered rays of the moon. But in the majority of instances we can scarcely hazard a conjecture as to the reasons which have influenced insects in their unconscious

selection. It must suffice to point out that in many cases the spots, lines, and bars on the flower seem to act as guides for the insect in discovering the exact locality of the honey-store, while in others they are placed for some purpose of mimicry which is directly or indirectly useful to the species. With this brief indication of a great field for future inquiry, we may pass on to some other interesting aspects of the color-sense as applied to flowers.*

As the object of the colored whorls is merely to attract the attention of insects, it does not matter, of course, which particular whorl is supplied with pigment in each instance. It is only needful that the bunch of colored leaves should be so placed as to guide the insect towards the pollen and ovules. Hence we find a great variety in the portions of flowers which are thus decorated with brilliant tints. The stamens and pistil themselves rarely take part in this function of attraction, though sometimes even these working organs are brightly painted with pink, yellow, or pearly white. In such plants as the mallow, the bramble, the tulip, the fuchsia, the mignonette, and the clematis, the stamens and pistil form very conspicuous portions of the attractive organ. More frequently, however, the corolla, or petal-whorl, which succeeds the fructifying structures, is alone entrusted with the special function of alluring insects by its hue. This is the case with the buttercup, the pink, the pea-tribe, the rose, the poppy, the violet, and the great mass of ordinary flowers in general. Indeed, one may say roughly that the popular conception of a flower is mainly founded upon the corolla, while the botanical idea of an inflorescence is mainly founded upon the stamens and pistil. But in a considerable number of plants the coloring of the corolla is not by itself sufficient to allure the fertilising visitors, and so the calyx, or outer whorl, originally a protective sheath for the blossom, is sometimes diverted wholly or in part to this secondary function. In the milk-wort we see an early stage of such a process, where

only a portion of the calyx is devoted to the purpose of allurement; but in the fuchsia it is the calyx which forms the principal and most brightly-colored feature on the whole flower. Then again, a large number of blossoms have only a single duplicate whorl to represent both calyx and corolla, in which case we sometimes conclude that the two original whorls have coalesced, and sometimes that the plant never possessed more than one. Instances are to be found in the tulip, the hyacinth, and most so-called lilies. Lastly, we have in the arum a white or purple sheath which encloses a whole group of little inconspicuous blossoms, but performs exactly the same function as the petals in attracting the insect eye.

The most conclusive fact, however, in favor of the purely functional origin here assigned to the colored leaves is to be found in the case of certain plants, whose true flower, being small and inconspicuous, is surrounded by an irregular supplementary mass of brilliant leaves. The best known instance of this peculiarity is the scarlet poinsettia, which has an insignificant little yellow blossom, so small that it could hardly strike even the microscopic eye of a tropical butterfly. But the comparative poorness of the true flower is made up for by a magnificent bunch of scarlet leaves, which terminate every flower-bearing branch, and are far more striking than the yellow blossom could ever hope to become, even if immensely increased in size and brilliancy. In the midst of this scarlet bunch the flowers nestle securely, and trouble themselves no more about the disposal of their pollen. An equally instructive though less beautiful example is offered by a little West Indian plant, whose tiny blossom is surrounded by three green bracts, while the upper surface of each bract has a patch of red pigment, daubed, as it were, over its face. If you turn up the leaf, you see that the pigment does not penetrate to its lower surface, so that at first you have great difficulty in rejecting the belief that some mischievous painter has been playing you a trick by deftly spreading a little patch of color in the centre of each bract. Of course the conclusion towards which all these facts point is a very simple one—namely, that if a tendency to the production of bright

* Those who wish to find out how much is already known on this curious point of special adaptations may turn to Mr. Darwin's work on *Orchids*, or to Sir John Lubbock's on *British Wildflowers in their relation to Insects*.

colors in the neighborhood of the reproductive organs is once set up, no matter in what portion of the plant it may occur (whether in stamens, corolla, calyx, sheath, bracts, or leaves), it will be perpetually strengthened and further developed by natural selection, provided it proves useful to the plant in promoting cross fertilisation through the agency of insects.

Nor does the process stop here. Some flowers are not sufficiently conspicuous to attract separate attention on their own account, but they manage to do so by massing themselves together in considerable bunches. This massing can be simply effected, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, if the internodes (or pieces of stem between each blossom) are permitted to become dwarfed. We see the first instance of such dwarfing in a spike,* like that of the foxglove, the snapdragon, the gladiolus, and the orchid. In the head, the dwarfing has proceeded a step further, as exemplified by clover. To one or other of these or similar classes belong those conspicuous bunches of blossom which we find on the lilac, the horse-chestnut, the wisteria, the laburnum, the rhododendron, and indeed, almost all our most noticeable flower-bearing plants, domestic or exotic. The umbellate family, represented by fool's parsley, carrot, and cow-parsnip, attain the same end in a slightly different way. Their small white flowers are grouped together in a flat mass, on the end of a stiff stem, while the outermost blossoms of each mass have much larger white corollas than those of the central ones, thus affording a greater total of attractive area.† But in the composite flowers we see this tendency pushed almost to its extreme limits. These blossoms, of which the daisy is a familiar example, consist of an immense number of separate florets, crowded

densely together into a head, and enclosed by a bunch of bracts, known as the involucre, which performs the same protective function for the compound mass as the calyx performs for a separate flower. Each single floret would doubtless fail by itself to secure enough insect attention for safe fertilisation; but when thus huddled together into a conspicuous head, they have proved very successful plants, forming probably the largest and most populous family of the vegetable kingdom at the present day.

If we look still closer at the individual members of this last-named family, the composites, we shall see yet more ingenious devices for attracting attention by multiplied bunches, or by special arrangement of florets. In the simplest form of composite, which we find in the thistle and the artichoke, all the florets are of the same size and similarly colored. But in the centaury, the outer florets begin to grow larger than their neighbors of the central mass, thus affording a greater total area of alluring color. In the corn-marigold, again, the outer florets assume the shape of elongated rays, but still retain the same yellow hue as the central bells. Next, in the daisy, the rays are of a brilliant white, and the central bells a beautiful yellow; while in the camomile, heads composed of these twin-shaped florets are arranged in bunches, instead of growing each on a separate stalk. These last-named heads closely simulate the appearance of single blossoms, as the long white rays which surround their clustered central bells may easily be mistaken for petals by a careless observer. There are two other well-known composites which exhibit the same tendency to increased conspicuousness in a different way. The bunches of the milfoil, each of which is separately too insignificant to attract attention, are arranged on a number of umbels, which make in the mass a compound head of heads, while those of

* I must warn the reader that I am intentionally and consistently avoiding the cut-and-dried phraseology of botany, in favor of simpler though less exact terms. He will learn with pleasure from any botanical critic, that the proper expression in this case would have been a *raceme*. Having made this apology once for all, I trust I may be permitted to continue unmolested in a tongue understood of the people.

† I cannot entirely agree with Mr. Herbert Spencer that this difference is solely due to

freer elbow-room and more abundant light. The case of a common English centaury, whose outer florets are sometimes much larger than the inner ones, while at other times they are of exactly the same size, shows that we must make great allowances for the selective action of insects. Were the effect due to position alone, it would occur in all specimens alike.

the golden-rod are disposed on a tall shaft, so as to form a waving plume of floret-bundles. To put it more simply, when individual flowers are too small to prove separately attractive, they derive an advantage from grouping themselves into masses, and when the masses thus composed become in turn too small for effective display, they succeed by once more grouping themselves into compound bunches of masses.

Before we conclude this lengthy investigation, there is one more point upon which I should like to dwell for a moment. While the colors of flowers are apparently due in the main to insects, I believe it to be equally true that the colors of insects are indirectly due to the influence of flowers. We observed above that any set of nervous structures habitually excited in a certain manner becomes thereby strengthened and improved, so as to be capable in future of healthy and pleasurable stimulation. Now, as insects are perpetually seeking their food amongst bright-colored flowers, it follows that their eyes must have become specially sensitive to the attraction of brilliant light. We get the extreme case of such attraction in the moth irresistibly into the burning embrace of the flame. We get it in a less violent form amongst those nocturnal insects like the fire-flies, which are provided with lanterns to guide the opposite sex to their sides. And there seems reason to believe that those insects which feed habitually upon the beautiful flowers have acquired a taste for color, which leads them to select mates resembling the flowers in hue. I hope to enter more fully into this subject when we come to treat of the development of fruits; but at present a brief outline of the principal facts which support the theory now advanced may be given shortly by anticipation.

Among the invertebrates, there are no creatures more exquisitely colored than the butterflies, which are flower-feeders. Those of tropical countries are more brightly tinted than the denizens of northern climes, and exactly the same is true of the flowers. In some special regions, particularly islands such as Madagascar, the flowers and the butter-

flies are both equally noticeable for their brilliant hues. On the other hand, if we look at their relations, the moths, which are nocturnal in their habits, and feed often upon large whitish or yellowish blossoms, we shall see that their shades are generally dull and dusky, varying from whitey-brown to dingy-black. So too, the carrion-feeding flies are not marked by any such beautiful hues as the honey-feeding butterflies. Indeed, a general glance through the insect world will probably convince us that wherever their colors are not due to protective or imitative devices they are traceable to sexual selection, acting by means of tastes, which take their origin in the attractive hues of flowers.

Similarly amongst vertebrates, the most exquisitely colored are the birds, and amongst the birds, the palm of beauty must be given to the humming-birds, which are flower-feeders. Next may rank the sun-birds of the Eastern Hemisphere, which are also flower-feeders. And after them come a whole mass of tropical species, the birds of paradise, the toucans, the macaws, the parrots, the cockatoos, all of which feed upon bright-colored fruits. And in the case of the lower-birds we know with certainty that a love for color as color exists, because these queer little creatures actually take possession of all the brilliant objects they can find to decorate their meeting places. All these instances lead one to suppose that the colors of birds are due to a liking for pure tints, originally derived from the nature of their food, and afterwards extended to the choice of mates.

When we compare the birds of prey and the carrion-feeding vultures with these bright creatures, we get an instance exactly analogous to that of the flies and the butterflies. So, in like manner, the dingy nocturnal owls are the obvious counterpart, amongst birds, of the whitish or grey-coated moths. Indeed there is a good physiological reason for believing the owls to be destitute of the color-sense altogether, since a particular kind of nerve terminals in the eye (known to anatomists as the *cones*, and supposed to be the special organs of color perception) are totally wanting in these night birds, which is only what one

might expect in the case of creatures who sit at home all day, and only prow about in the grey twilight.

Without pushing this speculation, then, to any further length at present, we may recognise as probable the theory

that while insects have developed the colors of flowers, flowers have reciprocated the attention by becoming the *raison d'être* for the colors of insects.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY REV. R. W. DALE.

II. POLITICS.*

THE American Revolution is very commonly regarded as one of the results of that wide and general movement of political thought and passion which sixteen years later overthrew the French monarchy. But we shall misunderstand both American history and American politics unless we remember that most of the leaders of the Revolution were English Whigs *pur sang*. They had no theoretical or sentimental objections to monarchy, and no democratic faith in 'the rights of man.' The famous passage in the Declaration of Independence—'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, &c.'—this passage, I say, is colored by a political theory which had very little to do with the resistance offered to the Stamp Act and to the threepenny duty on tea; and for this theory only a few of the men who were assembled in Independence Hall on July 4, 1776, and voted for the Declaration, had any hearty admiration. The Americans maintained that they ought not to be taxed by a Parliament in which they were not represented. This was the real question in dispute with the mother-country. Webster, in his famous speech on Adams and Jefferson, puts the case very clearly:—'The inhabitants of all the colonies, while colonies, admitted themselves bound by their allegiance to the king; but they disclaimed altogether the authority of Parliament; holding themselves in this respect to resemble the condition of Scotland and Ireland

before the respective unions of those kingdoms with England, when they acknowledged allegiance to the same king, but had each its separate legislature.'* They did not revolt because they had any abstract preference for a republican form of government; and after their separation from the mother-country they established a republic simply because a monarchy was impossible. Their political creed consisted of one article—that the right to tax the colonies belonged to the colonial legislatures, which were elected by the colonists, not to the British House of Commons, which was elected by Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen. In their debates they rested their whole case on the ancient principles of the English Constitution.

It was because they refused to recognise any authority in the British Parliament over the colonies that in the Declaration of Independence Parliament was absolutely ignored. The whole instrument was directed against the king. To the colonists Parliament was nothing; it was with the king that they had to do, and they therefore assumed that the misgovernment and tyranny of which they complained were his. The only representative assemblies of which they knew anything were the assemblies which met and legislated in the several American States; in those assemblies, as far as America was concerned, were vested all the powers and prerogatives which were exercised in England by the two Houses of Parliament. This was their theory. They believed that they were acting in the true spirit of the English Constitution.

They followed English precedents with a rabbinical fidelity. At the English Revolution James the Second was

* The first paper, on "Society," appeared in the *ECLÉCTIC* for June.

* *Works of Daniel Webster*, vol. i. p. 127.

declared to have 'abdicated ;' and the Americans declared that the king 'has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection and waging war with us.' George the Third had 'abdicated' at the very time that he was putting forth the whole strength of the empire, on sea and on land, to maintain his authority !

This recurrence to a British constitutional precedent is positively humorous. It is also very instructive. It illustrates the political spirit of the founders of the American Republic. There were some of them—Jefferson, for instance—who had theories, and it was Jefferson who drew up the Declaration of Independence, and inserted in it what has been described by Americans themselves as the 'glittering generality' about all men being created 'equal' and having 'inalienable rights ;' but most of the prominent revolutionary statesmen and most of their followers desired nothing better than to retain the privileges which, as they believed, were secured by the British Constitution to all the subjects of the British Crown. The Federal party which, with Washington and Hamilton at its head, claimed to represent 'the experience, the prudence, the practical wisdom, the discipline, the conservative reason and instincts of the country,'* held supreme power till 1810. While Washington lived the opposition which, according to a Federalist historian, expressed 'the hopes of the country, its wishes, theories, many of them enthusiastic and impracticable, more especially its passions, its sympathies and antipathies, its impatience of restraint,' had no chance of controlling the policy of the government.

The Federalists regarded the French Revolution with a hatred almost as intense as that which inspired the splendid and vehement pages of Edmund Burke. In 1784 Jefferson was sent as envoy to France. While there he was in the closest relations with the Revolutionary leaders, and he sympathised with all their hopes. He made himself acquainted with the hard life of the French peasantry ; he went into their houses and would contrive 'to sit upon the bed instead of

the offered stool, in order to ascertain of what material it was made ; and he would peep on the sly into the boiling pot of grease and greens to see what was to be the family dinner.'* He came to the conclusion that the poverty and misery of the common people were the result of bad laws and bad institutions ; monarchy and an hereditary aristocracy were in his judgment the root of all the evil. For the intellectual capacity of kings he had an ineffable contempt. 'There is not a crowned head in Europe,' he wrote to General Washington in 1784, 'whose talents or merits would entitle him to be elected a vestryman by the people of America.' For the nobles he had no deeper reverence. Even the Queen of France, who so intoxicated the imagination of Burke when he saw her, 'just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning-star full of life and splendor and joy,' failed to dazzle the Virginian Democrat. In the summer of 1789 he declared that this fair and brilliant creature was prepared to do 'whatever rage, pride, and fear can dictate in a breast which never knew the presence of one moral restraint.' 'The Queen cries,' he says, 'and sins on.' Even after the tragedy of her execution, which, however, he did not approve, thinking it would have been better to have shut her up in a convent, he did not shrink from writing that her 'inordinate gambling and dissipations' had been one of the causes which led to the financial crisis that precipitated the revolution, and that it was her inflexible opposition to reform which 'led herself to the guillotine, drew the king on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will forever stain the page of modern history.'†

He returned from France long before there were any signs of the excesses of the Reign of Terror, and his whole heart was glowing with enthusiasm for the Revolution. To his dismay and indignation he discovered that the most powerful classes among his own countrymen regarded his political friends in France with bitter hostility. He entered

* Hildreth's *History of the United States*, vol. ii. Second Series, p. 415.

* Parton's *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, p. 326.

† *Ibid.* pp. 328, 329.

Washington's Cabinet, and found that the political sympathies and principles of his colleagues were wholly antagonistic to his own. He records part of a conversation on the British Constitution which took place at a Cabinet dinner about the year 1790, just after his return.

Mr. Adams observed : ' Purge that constitution of its corruption, and give to the popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect constitution ever devised by the art of man.' Hamilton paused and said, ' Purge it of its corruption and give its popular branch equality of representation, and it would become an *impracticable* government ; as it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government which ever existed.'

And this was more than forty years before the first Reform Bill !

Adams and Hamilton are among the greatest names in the early history of the Republic, and the political temper which is illustrated in this conversation still survives. Some of the Americans with whom I came into contact were so intensely conservative that if they were Englishmen they would regard the democratic achievements of Lord Beaconsfield with dismay, and would sigh over the disappearance of genuine Tory statesmanship. One gentleman expressed the hope that in fifty years America might cease to be a republic—not remembering that between Monarchy and Conservatism there is no indissoluble alliance. Men of this extreme type generally belong to the class that has wealth enough and leisure enough to travel in Europe. When they are on this side of the Atlantic, there are many Americans whose imagination appears to be very easily excited by the pomp and splendor of thrones, and by whatever is venerable and romantic in ancient institutions. In all parts of the country I found a kind of sentiment towards the Queen and the members of her family which it was not very easy to distinguish from loyalty.

Though there are very few persons who seriously desire to see a monarchical form of government established in America, and fewer still who expect it, a distrust of popular institutions is far from uncommon among the wealthier and educated classes. In America as in England there are many who believe that a country will never be well governed

unless a preponderating power is conferred by the Constitution on wealth and culture. Unhappily most of the persons, in America as well as in England, who hold this theory refuse to exert the authority which is actually within their reach. They would be perfectly happy if the political affairs of the country could be transacted quietly in carpeted rooms lit with wax candles, and with walls covered with ' engravings after the best masters,' or with water-color sketches from Italy and Spain and Algiers ; but if they must go into heated halls lit with flaring gas, and defend their opinions in the presence of a crowd of noisy electors, their patriotism fails them. There is a still larger class—a class including thousands and tens of thousands of the best men in the country—who think it possible to enjoy the fruits of good government without working for them.

To an Englishman, especially to a Birmingham Radical, the little interest which many Americans seem to feel in politics is one of the worst and most ominous characteristics of American life. They go to the poll when there is an election, but at other times they seem to feel no responsibility for the maintenance and diffusion of their political convictions. The reasons for this neglect of political duty are not far to seek. The action of government does not affect the life and interests of the great masses of the people so directly and so powerfully as among ourselves. The material prosperity of the country has been so great that there has been no reason for engaging in political agitation in order to resist a policy which was regarded as the cause of national distress. From the close of the war down to the election of Mr. Hayes there were no public questions which were calculated to kindle popular passion, none that created the enthusiasm and the hostility which were aroused in this country by the struggle for Catholic emancipation, for the Reform Bill of 1832, for the abolition of the Corn Laws, for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, for the extension of the suffrage in boroughs, for the reform and reconstruction of the national system of education—none that could excite the fervor both of support and of antagonism which is excited by the present

movement for the disestablishment of the Church of England. Of late years the most violent contests in America have turned upon persons rather than upon principles. 'The American people,' some one has said, 'care very little about politics, but a great deal about politicians.'

Further, the energy of political life is lessened, and the current of political interest is broken, by the division of power between the State Legislatures and Congress. America is the Paradise of Home Rulers. With the interior affairs of the several States the Washington Government has no authority to interfere. Within its own limits, the government of every State is charged with the protection both of life and property; it preserves order and controls all matters of police; tries criminals in its own courts, and punishes them in its own prisons; enforces civil contracts; regulates the mode of acquiring, holding, selling, and conveying property; legislates on all social questions, such as education, pauperism, marriage and the domestic relations, wills and testaments; provides roads and bridges; grants powers for the making of railways and canals; levies, collects, and administers taxes for all purposes of government within its own boundaries. On the other hand, 'within the several States the Federal Government has power to levy taxes for national purposes; to establish post-offices and post-roads, receive, transport, and distribute mail matter; to regulate foreign commerce, and commerce and navigation between States; to exercise certain enumerated military powers; to borrow money; to establish a uniform system of naturalisation and uniform laws upon the subject of bankruptcies; to secure copyrights to authors, and patents to inventors; to coin money, . . . to regulate the currency, as is now claimed, and fix the standard of weights and measures; to punish certain enumerated crimes and all violations of its own laws; and to hold courts to administer its own laws, and to administer justice between citizens of different States and in a few other cases.'* It has also the entire control of the foreign relations of the country.

It is at Washington that statesmen win a national reputation; and in the great crises of the national history, when war seems imminent, when any of the States are disposed to secede, when commercial disasters compel the whole country to re-examine the principles of Free Trade, or the currency laws, or the laws regulating bankruptcy, Congress is the centre of all political excitement. But in quiet times Congress has very little to occupy it. To the farmers of Illinois and to the citizens of Boston, Washington seems to be a very long way off, and Washington has nothing to do with most of those departments of government which affect most closely the affairs of ordinary life. But the State Legislatures, though charged with great powers, fail to appeal to the popular imagination. The State, though it may cover more square miles than an ancient and powerful European kingdom, is dwarfed to the American mind by the extent of the national territory, and the importance of State politics suffers a corresponding diminution. This system of Home Rule is an historical necessity, and it is vindicated by its practical adaptation to the necessities of the people. But it divides political interest. Political life loses the depth and the force derived from concentration.

The interest of the general community in political affairs is lessened by another and perhaps still more powerful cause. In the United States during the last fifty years, it has been customary for each political party, on its accession to power, to expel its opponents from all the appointments in the Civil Service worth having, in order to make way for the promotion of its own adherents. This was not the custom in the earlier days of the Republic. During Washington's administration, which covered eight years, he removed 'six unimportant collectors, one district surveyor, one vice-consul, and one foreign minister,' nine persons in all; and none of them were removed because they did not belong to his own party. John Adams 'removed nine subordinate officers during his presidency, but none for political opinion's sake.' 'Jefferson,' according to Mr. Parton, from whose life of Andrew Jackson* I have quoted these

* *The American System of Government*, by Ezra Seaman, pp. 25, 26.

* Vol. iii. pp. 207 sq.

facts, 'removed thirty-nine persons, but he himself repeatedly and solemnly declared that not one of them was removed because he belonged to the party opposed to his own.' Hildreth, indeed, appears anxious to make Jefferson guilty of introducing the mischievous practice which has had such disastrous fruits in later times; * but the evidence seems to be inadequate. And if in a few cases Jefferson displaced men because of their political opinions, it must be acknowledged by his most bitter critics that the manner in which his predecessor exercised the power of patronage during the interval between Jefferson's election and the commencement of his presidency was a strong provocation to resort to measures of retaliation.† Madison, accord-

ing to Mr. Parton, made five removals; Monroe nine; John Quincy Adams two. The evil precedent was really set by Jackson. In the first month of his administration (1829) more removals were made than had occurred from the foundation of the government to that time. Some have declared that during the first year of his presidency two thousand persons in the civil employment of the government were removed from office, and two thousand partisans of the President appointed in their stead.*

The Democratic party represented by Jackson must therefore be held responsible for one of the worst and most pernicious elements in the political life of America.† But since his time both parties have accepted the evil motto—'The spoils to the victor'—as the rule of their policy. If the Democrats have carried their candidate for the Presidency, Republican postmasters, custom-house officers, supervisors of excise, and a whole army of office-holders besides, have had to make way for the men who have won the Presidential triumph. If the Republicans have been successful, the

* *History of the United States*, vol. ii. Second Series, pp. 426 sq.

† Hildreth speaks lightly of the 'clamor' which was raised about the 'midnight appointments' of John Adams. If Mr. Parton's narrative and the story which he gives on the authority of Jefferson's great-granddaughter are to be trusted, these appointments created very great annoyance. The incidents are given by Mr. Parton with his usual dramatic force. It should be remembered that the President comes into power on the 4th of March.

* Mr. Adams's last day arrived.

† This odious judiciary law had been passed three weeks before; but, owing to the delay of the Senate to act upon the nominations, the judges were still uncommissioned. The *gentlemen's* party had not the decency to leave so much as one of these valuable life-appointments to the incoming administration; nor any other vacancy whatever, of which tidings reached the seat of government in time. Nominations were sent to the Senate as late as nine o'clock in the evening of the 3d of March, and Judge Marshall, the acting Secretary of State, was in his office at midnight, still signing commissions for men through whom another administration was to act. But the secretary and his busy clerks, precisely upon the stroke of twelve, were startled by an apparition. It was the bodily presence of Mr. Levi Lincoln, of Massachusetts, whom the President-elect had chosen for the office of Attorney-General. A conversation ensued between these two gentlemen which has been recently reported for us, by Mr. Jefferson's great granddaughter.

* *Lincoln*. I have been ordered by Mr. Jefferson to take possession of this office and its papers.

* *Marshall*. Why, Mr. Jefferson has not yet qualified.

* *Lincoln*. Mr. Jefferson considers himself in the light of an executor bound to take charge of the papers of the Government until he is duly qualified.

* *Marshall* (taking out his watch). But it is not yet twelve o'clock.

* *Lincoln* (taking a watch from his pocket and showing it). This is the President's watch, and rules the hour.

* Judge Marshall felt that Mr. Lincoln was master of the situation, and, casting a rueful look upon the unsigned commissions spread upon the table, he left his midnight visitor in possession. Relating the scene in after years, when the Federalists had recovered a portion of their good humor, he used to say, laughing, that he had been allowed to pick up nothing but his hat.*

* Parton, *Life of Andrew Jackson*, vol. iii. p. 209.

† In the report of a speech delivered a few weeks ago by an English manufacturer I noticed that he charged the 'hot-headed Democrats' of America with the folly of maintaining the present protective system. The speaker was a Conservative, and seems to have forgotten four things: (1) That Mr. Hayes and his administration are not 'Democrats,' but 'Republicans'; (2) that the 'Democrats' in America have not been in power for the last seventeen years; (3) that the 'hot-headed Democrats' are the party with which English Conservatives have always had most political sympathy; (4) that although Protection is a cross question and does not accurately divide the two great American parties, free-trade principles have a stronger support among the 'Democrats' than among the 'Republicans.'

Democratic office-holders have suffered the same penalty for their political defeat. The local predominance of either party in any particular State is succeeded by similar consequences. A considerable number of salaried State-officials are elected by popular vote ; and whenever there is a change in the political temper of a State the men that are in office lose their positions, and give place to the nominees of the victorious party.

An Englishman will naturally suppose that only the waifs and strays of society, men who have learned no trade or profession, or who from want of power, or want of industry, or want of character, have been unsuccessful in ordinary business, would be willing to accept office on these terms ; and that the Civil Service must therefore be inefficient and expensive, and probably corrupt. But the conditions of society in America are very different from the conditions of society in England. There is reason to suppose that many restless 'ne'er-do-weels' find refuge in public employment, and such men are likely to be as incompetent and as inefficient in the business of the public as in their own. In America, however, it seems to be comparatively easy to turn from one occupation to another. A judge who loses his seat on the bench will go out west and buy a farm, or he will start a manufactory in New England, or become manager of a bank. Sometimes a man, while holding a public office, carries on a business of his own on which he will be able to fall back when his party gets into trouble. A postmaster, for instance, whom I met was also a manufacturer, and, in the event of his losing the five thousand dollars a year which he received as postmaster, he would still have a considerable income from his own business. Men of excellent character and great energy are, therefore, eager for public appointments. The scandals of the New York Custom House are shameful and notorious ; in some other departments there has been, here and there, great inefficiency ; but I am convinced, on the testimony of men of large knowledge and high integrity, that the Civil Service is on the whole both honest and effective. The organisation of the Post Office, for example, is admirable, and I believe

that the whole administration of this department is not only singularly vigorous and able, but absolutely free from corruption.

The popular election of judges in New York and some other States is obviously a mischievous practice. There is strong reason to believe that when the resolute administration of the law would be generally unpopular, a judge, if he owes his seat to a popular vote, sometimes shrinks from doing his duty. But the system works better than might have been expected. Now and then, especially in the thinly settled districts, a man is elected who knows as little of law as the unpaid magistrates that administer justice on this side of the water ; but it is rarely that there is any suspicion of a judge's integrity, and since the man who is 'run' for a judgeship is usually selected by the lawyers of his party, he is, in the great majority of cases, a man of good ability and with a competent knowledge of law.

It must also be remembered that the tenure of office is less uncertain than it seems. The Republican party has now been in power for seventeen years, and since the changes incident on the election of Mr. Lincoln there has been no political reason for disturbing the appointments under the Federal Government. Up to 1861 there had been a Democratic President in the White House for a very much longer period. I was told by a gentleman, who had exceptionally good means for knowing the facts, that among the present clerks in the Secretary of State's Office at Washington the average length of service is longer than among the present clerks in our own Foreign Office.

In most of the States the ascendancy of one of the great political parties is, under ordinary political conditions, sufficiently secure to relieve its adherents from any serious dread of a political catastrophe. Among ourselves most of the constituencies usually remain faithful to their political colors through a long course of years. The counties and the boroughs are comparatively few in which the political equilibrium is so unstable as to make it uncertain whether the members will be Conservative or Liberal. Except in times of great political excite-

ment it is only here and there that there is any chance of changing the character of the representation. It is the same in America. There are some States in which the rival parties are so nearly equal in power that an election is always anticipated with anxiety; but in most the political bias is too strong and permanent to leave the issue of a contest in any uncertainty. The State officials, therefore, in the majority of the States, have very little reason to fear that they will lose their places through the triumph of their political opponents.

The worst consequences of the Civil Service arrangements in America are to be found outside the Civil Service. At this moment I suppose that from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, every postmaster, every supervisor, every Federal official of every description, is, with rare exceptions, a Republican.* These officials constitute the political 'machine' for securing the permanent ascendancy of the Republican party throughout the United States. In those States which have a Republican majority these gentlemen are reinforced by the State officials, and the 'machine' is so much the stronger. Every one of them has a pecuniary motive for keeping the power in the hands of his own party. In every district of the country the Republican officials are the permanent Republican committee. It is their business to keep the party together; to look after the Register; to arrange for 'primary meetings'; to select candidates; to work the elections. They have received their appointments from the party; they will keep their appointments only so long as the party retains its supremacy; it is taken for granted that they will look after party interests. The Democrats who would like to hold the offices now held

by Republicans constitute, as a matter of course, the standing Democratic committee. When the Democrats win, they will have their reward. In those States in which the Democrats command a majority, these expectants of Federal office are, of course, associated with those who already hold office under the State governments.

The results of this system of party organisation are most disastrous. Men who have no desire to hold any public employment feel that they are released from political responsibility. If a man is disposed to discharge his political duties, he is regarded with suspicion and jealousy. Let him show a disposition to promote the interests of his party, let him attend 'primary meetings,' let him appear frequently on the party platform, and his allies as well as his opponents will ask, 'What does he want?' If he is on the same side as the men who are in office already, they begin to think that, to secure a berth for himself, he will intrigue in order to get one or another of them dismissed; if he is on the other side, the men who are hoping for office will feel that their own chances of winning an appointment when their party becomes triumphant are diminished by the appearance of a new candidate.

Of course, general statements of this kind are not to be taken without qualification. Men who have done little for their party are often appointed to office on their merits, and there are others who do a great deal for their party without any hope or desire of receiving official reward. But, broadly speaking, men who are too wealthy to care for public employment, and men whose time is fully occupied with a remunerative profession, are thrown out of politics. The complete separation of the Civil Service from party interests would remove from the political life of America its most corrupt and most pernicious element.

Mr. Hayes is making a gallant attempt at reform, but he is fighting a desperate battle. To a stranger the manner in which he opened the campaign seemed audacious. On the eve of a great contest in Ohio he issued a circular directing the Civil Service to take no part in the struggle. By doing this he simply broke up and shattered the Republican organisation in the State, and the result

* Mr. Hayes is said to have appointed a few Democrats as postmasters in the Southern States. The reason alleged is that in some districts of the South there are no Republicans that are decently qualified for the office. Occasionally an announcement appears in the newspapers of the death of a man 'who has been postmaster at — for forty years.' In these cases the man was probably the only person in the district whom it was possible to appoint, or else the office was too obscure and too poorly paid for any one to have been anxious to deprive him of it.

was that Ohio was lost to the party. This catastrophe did not recommend the President's policy to Republican politicians. The Democrats are still less likely to regard it with favor. If he is to succeed, he must awaken the conscience and kindle the enthusiasm of the great masses of the people who commonly abstain from political agitation.

The great material prosperity of the American people has contributed to make them indifferent to their political and municipal responsibilities. Sometimes I was told in a tone of complaint that rogues went into municipal office with no other object than to make money. 'Why don't you keep them out?' I asked; 'there are more honest men in the country than rogues.' 'We can't afford it,' was the reply; 'we are making money, and on the whole it is cheaper to be swindled than to give our time to public work to prevent ourselves from being swindled.' I ventured to answer: 'The rogues, according to this account, do public work in order to make money, and the honest men neglect public work in order to save money. Judged by the laws of public morality, there is not much to choose between them.'

On one point of public duty most Americans seem to have a conscience—they go to the poll. To vote seems to be recognised as a duty. Indeed, in the old colonial times, every voter in Virginia was compelled to vote under a penalty of 100 lbs. of tobacco. But there are considerable classes—or rather there are considerable numbers of men in all classes—who have not yet learned that it is the duty of the citizens of a free country to give time and labor and money to promote the diffusion of the political principles in which he believes, and the triumph of the politicians whose integrity and ability command his confidence. There are many Americans, as there are many Englishmen, who have not yet learned that in claiming the right to govern themselves they have accepted the responsibility of doing their part towards maintaining a just and wise and vigorous government. In politics, as in every other region of morals, rights and duties are inseparable. Free institutions are worthless unless they are sustained by the zeal of an intelligent and virtuous people.

The politician who was creating the greatest sensation while I was in America was Mr. Conkling, one of the senators for the State of New York, a distinguished orator, and one of the ablest leaders of the Republican party. Last autumn he and his immediate friends were very wroth with Mr. Hayes, and the cause of their anger will serve to illustrate the magnitude of the task which the President has undertaken in attempting to regenerate the Civil Service.

It is provided by the Constitution that the President 'shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint, ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law.'* The clear intention of the Constitution was to vest the patronage in the President, but to enable the Senate to prevent corrupt and improper appointments. As it was impossible for the President to have any personal knowledge of the claims and qualifications of all applicants for employment, it was the common practice for him to consult the senators representing a State in which a Federal office had fallen vacant before he made any nomination to the Senate. The private suggestions of the senators were sometimes accepted, sometimes rejected. The President asked for advice, but retained in his own hands the authority vested in him by the Constitution. Under the reign of Andrew Johnson, it is alleged that the nominations of the President were so flagrantly bad that the Senate was driven to adopt some decisive measures to save the public service from absolute ruin. It was therefore agreed among the members of the Senate that when a Federal appointment was to be made in any State, the nomination of the President should not be confirmed unless he nominated the man whom the senators from that particular State had recommended to him. This informal understanding has, of course, practically transferred the Federal patronage from the President to the senators. The senators for New York

* Art. II. sect. 2.

are able, through what is commonly described as 'the courtesy of the Senate,' to distribute among their own political supporters all the Federal offices in the State of New York. The senators for the other States have a similar power. Mr. Hayes was resolved to reassert the prerogative of the President. He regarded the 'courtesy of the Senate' as a new and most pernicious instrument of political corruption. Mr. Conkling, with great vehemence and energy, defended the 'rights' of the senators, and took a course which contributed to widen the rents which already existed in the Republican party.

It is not merely in relation to Federal offices in the several States that the Senate has attempted to wrest the patronage from the hands of the President. Last autumn a new American Minister had to be sent to England. The senators from Pennsylvania claimed the right of selection, and from all that I saw in the newspapers the man they selected was preposterously unfit for the post. Mr. Hayes resolutely refused to nominate him. After some private negotiations, in which it was understood that the President would recognise the claims of Pennsylvania, the candidate was withdrawn. Mr. Hayes nominated Mr. Welsh, of Philadelphia, to whom, as I have good reason for believing, he intended from the first to give the appointment. Mr. Welsh was in every respect qualified for the position, and he now represents the United States at the Court of St. James's.

I had long discussions with several of my American friends on Free Trade. Some of them maintained the extraordinary proposition that the present tariff is a tariff for purposes of revenue, not for purposes of protection. Those who admitted that in an enormous number of cases the duties are prohibitory, and who defended the policy of prohibition, used the old arguments with which we were familiar before 1846. The unquiet ghosts of Lord George Bentinck's speeches are still 'walking' in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Had my friends argued, as I believe some American statesmen have argued, that economically protection inflicted a heavy loss on the country, but that it was worth while to submit to the

loss in order to secure variety of employment for the population, and to rescue the national life and character from the dull monotony which would follow from uniformity of occupation, the plea for protection would have some force. Assuming that, in the absence of protective duties, nearly all forms of manufacturing industry would be unprofitable, and that the whole people would have to devote themselves to growing buckwheat and Indian corn and to raising pigs, I can imagine an intelligent and patriotic American defending the protective tariff. But the defence was rested on the old economical fallacies which in this country have been finally exploded.

In one respect the American advocates of protection are exceptionally unfortunate. When in 1844 and 1845 the 'farmers' friends' were delivering eloquent and gloomy prophecies at market dinners and in the House of Commons about the certain ruin of the agricultural interest if the insane and wicked policy of the Anti-Corn Law League ever became triumphant, we were not exporting wheat to Odessa and Chicago, and the price of wheat in Mark Lane was very much higher than at New York or at the mouth of the Danube. But the Lowell manufacturers who are aghast at the prospect of Free Trade are actually sending cotton-cloth to Manchester; and in American retail 'stores' cotton goods are marked at a lower price than that at which goods of the same quality could be sold in Liverpool or London. It is the same with the other manufacturing industries of America. The manufacturers of hardware who think that they would have to shut up their works if the duties on English goods were abolished, are beating us in market after market from Hamburg to Melbourne. In Birmingham itself merchants are importing from the United States such articles as axes, hay-forks, and agricultural implements of nearly every description, sash pulleys, and 'small castings' of very many kinds, although it is estimated that freight and other expenses add 17 or 18 per cent. to the cost of the goods.

The Russo-Turkish war ought to have shown the American manufacturers that they have little reason to fear us. Not a single cartridge, as far as I know, has

been made in Birmingham for either Russia or Turkey; but when I was in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in November, the cartridge factories had been running day and night for months, and I saw a Russian commissioner and a Turkish commissioner in the same works. The Americans have made the rifles as well as the cartridges for both combatants. When I asked how it was that they had carried off the orders from Birmingham, they told me that the exchangeable parts of the American weapon are more readily fitted than ours. This explanation was confirmed by an eminent Birmingham manufacturer with whom I had some conversation on the subject after I came home. He said that in England we are accustomed to make the parts of the rifle fit very tightly, and that the Americans are satisfied with a loose fit; so that when the English rifle receives any damage, more time and trouble are required to replace the injured part than when an American rifle receives similar damage. He also told me that he could never see that there was any practical advantage in the closer accuracy of the English make.

Spite of their tariff, the Americans may be said to enjoy the advantages of Free Trade more largely than any other nation in the world. They are a confederation of States extending over a territory that stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Tropics through nearly twenty-five degrees of latitude. These States, possessing every variety of climate and of soil, rich in forests, in corn-land, in pasture, and in mines, are separated from each other neither by differences of language, nor by differences of government, nor by differences of currency. No line of custom-houses divides State from State; their commercial intercourse is absolutely unrestricted. The Americans, therefore, argue that what might be ruinous for England may be safe for themselves. It is obvious, however, that the very wealth and variety of their internal resources destroy every plausible economical argument for prohibition. Already the professors of political economy in every considerable college, with hardly an exception, are Free Traders; and, notwithstanding the cry of distress, which I believe has gone up from Pennsylvania

at the very moderate reduction of duties proposed in the Tariff Bill now before Congress, there is little probability that the policy of protection will last many years longer. Commercial restrictions in any country must always have an injurious effect on the natural and vigorous development of the industry of the world, and for this reason it is very desirable, in the interest both of Europe and of America, that America should adopt the principles of Free Trade. But, if the protective duties were swept away to-morrow, I doubt whether our own manufacturing industry would receive at once the general stimulus which some sanguine persons might anticipate. Leeds and Bradford might become more active; but that the Lancashire and Birmingham manufacturers would recover their old place in the American market seems to me extremely improbable.

The agitation for the repeal or the evasion of the Act passed in 1875 for the resumption of specie payments in 1879 was only beginning to show its strength last autumn. Most of my New England friends assumed that the repeal of the Act was not to be feared, and when I left the country the Silver Bill of Mr. Bland had not created any considerable excitement; indeed I am not sure whether at that time the Bill was actually before the House. The President was known to be strongly in favor of 'hard money,' and resolutely opposed to repudiation in any form. There was a general impression in New England that he would be able to prevent any tampering with the Act of 1875.

The apologists for Mr. Bland's Bill contend that the Bill provides for the honest fulfilment of the financial obligations of the Government. They allege that when the American debt was contracted, silver was a legal tender, and that the Acts under which the loans were raised promised payment of principal and interest in 'coin,' but did not specifically promise gold.* These pleas may have concealed from honest Ameri-

* In a letter which appeared in the *Times* of February 18th it is stated that 'in the prospectus of the funded loans—issued under the auspices of Messrs. Rothschild and Messrs. Baring Brothers—payment of both interest and principal is guaranteed in "gold coin" of the United States.'

cans the true character of Mr. Bland's measure, but as a justification of it they are wholly and absurdly inadequate. When the loans were raised the United States had practically ceased to have a double standard; 'coin' meant gold; the interest of the public debt has always been paid in gold; the duties which have been levied to pay the interest have been made payable in gold. To make silver a legal tender and to make the silver dollar weigh only $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains is an attempt to cheat all creditors for the advantage of all debtors. If the ratio between the value of gold and the value of silver which has ruled for some time past continues, every one who has lent money, whether to the Federal Government, to State Governments,* to municipal corporations, to railway and manufacturing companies, or to private persons, will lose 9 or 10 per cent. of his principal and interest. The parable of the unjust steward is to be illustrated in the national policy of America; to every man who owes a hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Bland says, 'Take thy bill and write ninety.'

It is very possible, indeed, that the enormous injustice which this policy is calculated to inflict may be averted. Under the fresh demand for silver created by remonetisation, the price may touch a point which will make the silver dollar of $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains equal in value to gold. If this happens, the people of the United States will have provoked universal distrust and indignation by the attempt to pay their debts in a depreciated currency, and yet they will have to pay in full. They will have committed the crime, and will lose the wages of their iniquity.

The controversy is a grave one, politically as well as morally. It will create a bitter feeling in New England against the rest of the country. The Middle and Western States are the borrowers; the North-Eastern States are the lenders. The sudden resurrection of Chicago from its ashes a few years ago was the splendid achievement of New England capital. A great part of the city was mortgaged to the men of Connecti-

cut and Massachusetts. When the fire came, the mortgagees found the money necessary to rebuild. Chicago is only an example of the extent to which the West is indebted to the North-East. If the results which Mr. Bland and his supporters are expecting actually follow the triumph of their policy, the resentment of the New Englanders will not be easily allayed.*

I propose to give my impressions of the Common Schools of America in another paper; but there are certain political aspects of the education question which it will be convenient to dismiss at once.

As to the necessity of maintaining the existing system for providing elementary education, I found no difference of opinion among the Americans with whom I happened to meet. On this subject Northerners and Southerners, the men of New England and the men of the West, Republicans and Democrats, Free Traders and Protectionists, Episcopalians, Unitarians, and Congregationalists, were all of one mind. About the free high schools there was not the same unanimity. In one of the Middle States I spent an evening with a number of gentlemen who complained most bitterly of being taxed for schools in which, without paying a cent, the son of a bricklayer or a washerwoman may study conic sections, and the calculus, Goethe, Molière, and Tacitus, ancient and modern history, political economy, and the art of rhetoric; and in which the bricklayer's daughter and the washerwoman's daughter may have half an hour's calisthenics every day, may have a drawing master and a music master, may study geometry and work quadratic equations, may run through a course of French and German literature, and may listen to lectures on chemistry, on mechanics, on heat, on light and

* These paragraphs were written before the Bill had passed. The President's Message to Congress, in which he explained his reasons for vetoing the Bill, was excellent; but within two hours and twenty-five minutes from the time the veto message reached the Capitol the measure was carried through both Houses by majorities sufficiently large to overrule the veto: in the House of Representatives by 196 to 73, fifty votes over the necessary majority of two-thirds; in the Senate by 46 to 19, eight votes over the two-thirds.

* Immediately on the passing of Mr. Bland's Bill, Massachusetts announced that she intended to pay the interest of her debt in gold.

sound, on electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, on astronomy, mathematical and descriptive, on botany, geology, and mineralogy. They maintained that in these schools the children of the poor acquire a distaste and contempt for manual labor, and are made discontented with their 'rank and station in life.' But even these gentlemen were as anxious as any of their fellow-citizens to sustain the efficiency of the elementary schools and to keep them in the hands of the School Boards.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy are, of course, hostile to the fundamental principle of the American system. In America as in Europe it is their contention that education should be under the control of the Church. The large number of Roman Catholics in the City and State of New York, and the importance of the Roman Catholic vote to the rival political parties, led the bishops a few years ago to hope that, by skilful political management, they might be able to secure for their parochial schools grants from the Public Education Fund. The disposition on the part of a certain section of the American people to regard English precedents with sympathy and admiration was in their favor. In England, where a Protestant Church is established, Roman Catholic schools receive large grants of public money; conspicuous English statesmen—Liberals as well as Conservatives—have declared again and again that to withhold public assistance from schools which are managed by Roman Catholic priests and the clergy of other religious denominations would be a violation of religious liberty. Why should Americans be less 'liberal' than Englishmen? Why should Roman Catholics under the American Republic, which has no national Church of any kind, enjoy inferior advantages to those which they possess under the English monarchy, which has made the Sovereign the head and the defender of a Protestant Establishment? There was one serious difficulty to be got over. In an Act passed in 1851 for amending and consolidating the Acts relative to the common schools in the city and county of New York it was provided—

that no school shall be entitled to or receive any portion of the school moneys in which the religious doctrines or tenets of any particular

Christian or other religious sect shall be taught, inculcated, or practised, or in which any book or books containing compositions favorable or prejudicial to the particular doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect, or which shall teach the doctrines or tenets of any other religious sect, or which shall refuse to permit the visits and examinations provided for in this Act. But nothing herein contained shall authorise the Board of Education to exclude the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, or any selections therefrom, from any of the schools provided by this Act; but it shall not be competent for the said Board of Education to decide what version, if any, of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, shall be used in any of the schools: *Provided* that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to violate the rights of conscience, as secured by the constitution of this State and of the United States.*

While this clause remained unrepealed it was impossible for Roman Catholic parochial schools to receive any appropriations from the Public School Fund. The Board of Education of the city of New York is, however, specially empowered by the Acts under which it is constituted to make grants to certain 'corporate and asylum schools' which are not under the direct government of the Board. The schools to which the grants may be made are specifically named in a series of Acts of the State Legislature, the earliest of which was passed in 1851 and the latest in 1874. The total amount apportioned in 1876 to schools of this class was a little under 20,000*l.*, the whole amount expended by the Board on schools of every kind during the same year being a little under 250,000*l.* Of the 20,000*l.* the Children's Aid Society, which establishes and maintains industrial schools for the worst and most destitute classes of the population, received considerably over 7,000*l.* The society is 'unsectarian,' and I heard so much of its success in dealing with 'wastrel children' that I regret that I was unable either to visit its schools or to make myself acquainted with its methods of operation. Societies for 'the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents' and for the 'Reception of Juvenile Delinquents' receive between them rather more than 2,000*l.* The schools established by the 'New York Juvenile Asylum' and by the 'Five Points House of Industry' receive rather

* *Manual of the Board of Education of the City and County of New York, 1876, p. 37.*

more than 2,000/. Orphan asylums which are not described as connected with any religious denomination receive 1,000/. The schools of the 'American Female Guardian Society' receive more than 3,000/.; a school established by the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, receives rather more than 800/.; and the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum about 2,700/. The rest is divided among 'Schools for Colored Orphans,' 'Schools for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled,' and other minor charities. With one possible exception, none of these schools seem to be ordinary day schools; in most of them the children are lodged, boarded, and clothed. The grant which they receive appears to be determined by the cost of the elementary instruction which is given to their inmates. Only one of the schools can be recognised as Roman Catholic by its description in the schedule of the Report from which these figures are quoted; and this school, as I have said, received less than 3,000/. in the year 1876.*

The grants to these 'corporate and asylum schools,' though insignificant in amount, and constituting less than a twelfth of the whole sum expended by the New York Board for educational purposes, were a convenient instrument in the hands of the priests. They argued that if the Board was willing to assist in maintaining Roman Catholic schools which boarded and lodged the children as well as educated them, there was flagrant inconsistency in refusing assistance to ordinary Roman Catholic day schools.

The struggle was a fierce one. It ended in a very unexpected manner. Party spirit ran high. It was resolved that the priests should be sharply punished for attempting to undermine an institution which the American people regard as one of the chief glories of the commonwealth. It is one of the current scandals of New York that the party which governed the municipality in its evil times secured the Roman Catholic

vote by the sale of sites for Roman Catholic Churches at nominal prices. The defenders of the common schools alleged that sites and buildings for Roman Catholic schools had also been sold by the municipality at prices far below their value in the open market. They alleged that by means of corrupt influence the intention of the Legislature to withhold public aid from ordinary day schools under denominational management was persistently thwarted, and that the time had come for putting a stop to abuses which had become flagrant and intolerable. The clause I quoted from the Act of 1851 was left as it stood, and an Act was passed (June 13, 1873), in which there appears the following stringent provision:—

No money belonging to the city, or city and county, of New York, raised by taxation upon the property of the citizens thereof, shall be appropriated in aid of any religious or denominational school; neither shall any property, real or personal, belonging to said city or said city and county, be disposed of to any such school, except upon the sale thereof at public auction after the same has been duly advertised, at which sale such school shall be the highest bidders, and upon the payment of the sum so bid into the city treasury; neither shall any property belonging to the city, or city and county, be leased to any school under the control of any religious or denominational institution, except upon such terms as city property may be leased to private parties after the same has been duly advertised.*

I believe that the agitation was continued for some time after the passing of this Act, but it appears now to have collapsed, and the friends of the common school system have won a definite victory. In the City and State of New York the denominationalists are probably stronger than in any other part of the Union, and they fought with great energy. For a time the English opponents of the denominational system watched the contest with anxiety, and even with apprehension; and I remember very well the sense of relief which came to us when we heard of its result. But if I may trust the assurances of many gentlemen whom I saw last autumn in different parts of the country, our anxiety and alarm were needless. I was told again and again that the com-

* I have the impression, however, that there are other Roman Catholic schools of this class, not described as Roman Catholic, which may receive 1,000/. or 1,500/. more.

* *Manual of the Board of Education, &c.*, 1876, pp. 81, 82.

mon school system was never in serious danger.

Defeated in their attempts to obtain public money for the support of Catholic education, the priests have not closed their schools, but are maintaining them with characteristic vigor. In the city of New York they have nearly ninety schools, with an average attendance of between 30,000 and 40,000.* In the archdiocese of Cincinnati, with a Catholic population of 240,000 there are 140 parochial schools, with an average attendance of nearly 30,000. In the archdiocese of Philadelphia, with a Catholic population of 250,000 there are fifty-one parochial schools, with an average attendance of 20,000. In this diocese there are also a few parochial schools, under the charge of the Christian Brothers, the attendance at which is not included in these figures. In the diocese of Chicago the Catholic population is reported as numbering 300,000; there are nearly ninety parochial schools, and an average attendance is reported of rather less than 25,000, but as many of the schools do not return the number of their scholars, it is probable that the attendance is at least 30,000. Similar figures might be given from other dioceses.

It must be remembered that in America as in England a very large proportion of the Roman Catholic population consists of laborers and of other classes receiving small wages, and that the common schools are all free. The priests have, therefore, to carry on their own schools, not only without a grant, but, in most cases I believe, without the aid which denominational managers in this country receive from the children's pence. In some cases they appear to charge a fee, but in the presence of the public schools, in which no fee is charged, and which are attended by the children of wealthy tradesmen and professional men, the levying of a fee on the Irish bricklayer must obviously be a matter of extreme difficulty. The whole cost of maintaining denominational education must, therefore, in most cases, come from the contributions of

the faithful. What adds to the difficulties of the zealous priest is the discovery which even the bricklayer is very likely to make before he has been very long in the country, that as a rule the common schools are incomparably superior to the schools of the Church; and I was informed on excellent authority that even where Catholic schools are within reach, the higher educational advantages of the common schools attract Catholic children in considerable numbers.*

Under the present constitution of the United States the struggle, whenever it may be renewed, will have to be carried on, as it has been carried on hitherto, in the separate States. At present it is in the power of the Legislature of any State to permit appropriations from the Public Education Fund to denominational schools. In 1876 an attempt was made to deprive them of this power. The Judiciary Committee reported to the Senate the following amendment to the constitution :—

No State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under any State. No public property, and no public revenue of, nor any loan of credit by or under the authority of the United States, or any State, territory, district, or municipal corporation, shall be appropriated to, or made or used for the support of any school, educational or other institution under the control of any religious or anti-religious sect, organisation, or denomination, or wherein the particular creed or tenets of any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination shall be taught. And no such particular creed or tenets shall be read or taught in any school or institution, supported in whole or in part by such revenue or loan of credit, and no such appropriation or loan of credit shall be made to any religious or anti-religious sect, organisation, or denomination, or to promote its

* The School Board of New Haven, Connecticut, recently reported that of the children on the rolls of the schools other than High Schools, during the week ending January 18, sixty-three out of every hundred were of foreign parentage. A very competent authority estimates that of these sixty-three, fifty were either Roman Catholics or Jews. From what I know of New Haven, I think it very unlikely that of these fifty more than ten are Jews. It therefore follows that 40 per cent. of the children in the Common Schools of New Haven are probably the children of Roman Catholic parents. There are three Roman Catholic 'parochial schools' in New Haven.

* *Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1877*. All the Roman Catholic statistics in this paragraph are given on the same authority.

interests or tenets. This article shall not be construed to prohibit the reading of the Bible in any [school or institution, and it shall not have the effect to impair rights of property already vested.

SECTION 2.—Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to provide for the prevention and punishment of violations of this article.

This amendment, though it begins with a clause directed against the creation of a religious establishment of any kind, was notoriously intended to prevent the creation of a religious establishment of that particular type for which the Roman Catholic hierarchy are anxious—an educational religious establishment. The amendment in a somewhat different form had been carried in the House of Representatives by an overwhelming majority—180 to 7. In the Senate, on the first reading, it was carried by 27 to 15. On 'final passage' 28 voted for it, and 16 against it; it was therefore lost—a constitutional amendment requiring a majority consisting of two-thirds of those voting. The senators who voted against the amendment are not to be regarded as friendly to granting aid from public funds to sectarian education; they were simply contending for the old principle of the Democratic party—State rights. That any encroachment on the part of Congress upon the free action of the several States in relation to their internal concerns should be resisted, is the leading article of the Democratic creed. Up to the time of the Civil War the Democrats contended that if any of the States chose to maintain slavery, Congress had no right to interfere, for slavery was a 'domestic institution.' Slavery has gone, but the Democrats are still jealous of any limitation on the powers of the State Legislatures. Fourteen out of the sixteen who secured the rejection of the amendment belong to the Democratic party; one is regarded as 'doubtful';

of the sixteenth I have no information. The twenty-eight who voted in its favor are, without exception, Republicans.

That the Roman Catholic hierarchy should so far renounce the traditions of their church as to sanction the attendance of the children of Roman Catholic parents at schools which are not under the control of the priests is very improbable. That, with all the difficulties created by the rivalry of the public system, they should abandon the hope of obtaining assistance for their own parochial schools from the public funds is equally improbable. The conflict appears to have come to an end for the present, and to renew it immediately would seem useless. But the political troubles of America are not over. The two existing political parties are rapidly dissolving, and within a very few years they will have to be reconstituted, probably under new names, and certainly on new principles. The priesthood will watch for their occasion, and will grasp it. In many of the States the Catholic voters are so numerous that politicians will be under a strong temptation to purchase their support. Here and there the denominationalists may win a temporary victory. But on the whole I have a firm belief that, with whatever persistency and energy the struggle may be sustained, the general defeat of the priests is certain. For the American people to surrender their common school system would be to confess that they are a conquered race. It would be to acknowledge that Roman Catholic immigrants from Europe have been strong enough to trample under foot the proudest traditions and to destroy the dearest institutions of the Republic. It would imply a complete revolution in the spirit and temper and habits of the nation.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF TURKEY.

BY MIDHAT PASHA.

ALL those who were awaiting with anxiety a solution of the Eastern Question in conformity with the public interest of Europe must at the present day, in view of the complications of every de-

scription which have arisen, seek to know what has been in reality the spring of their miscalculations, the true cause of their illusions.

To my thinking this cause is due to

the fact that data contradictory or wanting in precision, and information at once vague and incomplete, have been given under different circumstances in respect of the historical facts, the geographical and ethnographical condition of the Ottoman Empire, as well as in respect of the character, manners, and aspirations of the different peoples of which it is composed.

In point of fact, this information varies according to the special views and tendencies of different races, which differ among themselves under the three heads of politics, religion, and social organisation; and the truth, subjected in turn to these opposite influences, remains for the most part unknown, or shows itself only in an uncertain light and half-veiled.

But just as it is natural to see nationalities, whose interests, by reason of the constant clash of ideas and passions, can scarcely be harmonised, provide public opinion—each in support of its own cause—with contradictory information, so there is no greater room for surprise when we find that writers who have never seen the East, or who, though acquainted with it, have yet not sojourned there long enough to form clear and precise ideas upon the questions as to which they are called on to form a judgment, have not always conformed in their writings to the truth.

It follows that to speak of the East a man should know it well, just as, to judge properly of the questions relating to it, it is necessary before everything to have exact data as to the facts which bear upon it.

How many unsuspecting persons thought, even till quite lately, that it was solely with a view to the amelioration of the lot of the Oriental Christians that Russia had taken upon herself the sacrifices of a great war!

Was that indeed her object? And did this plea not hide other designs which there is no longer any need to divulge? At the present day every one knows what to think of it, the last events of the war having laid bare the whole truth.

But since our enemies have not ceased to speak of the alleged servitude of the Christians, as well as of the duty incumbent on Europe to deliver them from the yoke under which they groan, and as

many people still believe that Christians in Turkey are looked upon as vile slaves, and treated as such, it is necessary to demonstrate the falsity of these accusations, and to speak of the relations which exist in Turkey between Mussulmans and Christians, and particularly of the principles that have always guided the Government in its mode of action towards its non-Mussulman subjects.

A retrospective glance at history will cast a new light on the state of things.

It is notorious that throughout Islamism the principle of government rests upon bases essentially democratic, inasmuch as the sovereignty of the people is therein recognised. The institutions which at the different epochs of history have governed the different Mussulman States, although clothed in a form more or less autocratic, have nevertheless not altogether departed from this principle, which has remained in our laws; consequently every Mussulman looks upon himself as a member of the great national family. He enjoys by virtue of this title all civil rights, personal liberty, equality before the law; and, if he has not shown himself always disposed to admit the same rights in an equal degree for other races, it is impossible to deny that he has never ceased to profess the principle of a wide toleration towards them. It is by virtue of this principle that under Mussulman dominion all religions have enjoyed security as well as fulness of liberty, whether in the exercise of their worship or in the administration at their own pleasure of the interests of their respective communities. We know, further, that the Mussulman religion ordains justice, and threatens with the severest punishment those who deviate from it.

The founders of the Ottoman dynasty owed their first successes more to the justice and tolerance which they displayed than to the force of their arms.

It was by equity that they developed their nascent authority, and extended it to neighboring countries, which, before ever they were attacked, were already, such is the radiant power of justice, annexed in spirit to their dominion.

When Roumelia was conquered, it was in the power of the conquerors to force the Christians to embrace Islamism. They did nothing of the sort; the

noble principles they professed forbade them to exercise any pressure, any violence, on the consciences of the populations subjected to their sway. They allowed the conquered to preserve their religion, their language, their property, and all their goods, granting them besides the privilege of directing at their pleasure the affairs of their community, and of organising as seemed good to them their schools, over which the Government has never exercised any control.

Our sovereigns may boast of having been, and of being up to the present day, the protectors of every form of worship, so much so that our tolerance in the matter of religious belief has become proverbial.

To give an example of the tenderness of the Sultans with respect to the Christians, I may be allowed to cite two facts in history which will furnish the proof of what I am putting forward.

After the conquest of Constantinople by Mohammed the Second, the re-establishment of order, and the proclamation of an amnesty, that sovereign commanded a Divan or official reception to be held, to which he invited the Greek patriarch. He even sent all his ministers to meet him. At this time the sovereign never rose in the presence of any one whatever, and least of all could he be expected to do so before the spiritual head of a conquered nation; but on this occasion he waived the rule; quitting his place, he advanced ten paces towards the patriarch, and, taking him by the hand, made him sit beside him. He then gave him, as a token of the renewal of his spiritual authority, a sceptre which even to the present day, on occasions of high ceremony, is carried by a priest before the patriarch.

Subsequently this same Sultan, wishing to satisfy himself that the tribunals which he had instituted at Constantinople were doing justice to Christians, as to Mussulmans, and with the view doubtless of setting the conquered populations at their ease as to the fears they might entertain with respect to a procedure to which they were not yet accustomed, requested the patriarch to nominate two learned and competent ecclesiastics, to whom he committed at once the inspection of these tribunals for the space of a year according to some, and

of three years according to others, with orders to render an account of their labors to him.

It is established that these priests, after having fulfilled their mission, betook themselves to the palace to render an account of it to the sovereign, and in the report which they submitted to him they added :—

If the tribunals which your Majesty has instituted in the Provinces of the Empire execute the same justice as those which perform their functions here, and if this system lasts, your Majesty may be assured that your powerful and glorious government will soon have attained the apogee of its glory, that its duration will be long, and that the prosperity of its faithful subjects will be great.

But whilst the Ottoman Government was establishing its authority and was consolidating it by justice, from one end of Europe to the other the peoples were at the mercy of the ills engendered of revolt and war.

The nations of the East and of the North had not yet emerged from the state of barbarism in which they existed. As a consequence of this state of things there was an influx of crowds of immigrants from all directions towards the Ottoman countries, where they sought refuge and protection.

Those who read history will see the mass of Jewish emigrants who fled from Spain to withdraw themselves from persecution; Armenians came over to avoid being insulted and harassed; and Cossacks to escape the slavery of Russia. All these fugitives recovered their liberty on the soil of the Empire. The hospitality which was offered, and the protection which was granted them, should suggest the reflection that at this very day those who are still enjoying the same prerogatives and a prosperity which is incontestable, since it has been acknowledged by our enemies themselves, are the children and descendants of these same emigrants.

The state of things which I have roughly sketched lasted till the eighteenth century. During this time Europe was becoming organised and was entering by degrees on the path of progress. Towards the end of that century a vigorous and energetic effort was giving a new start to modern civilisation and changing the form and nature of governments, whilst the Ottoman Empire,

wanting men capable of appreciating the excellence of realised progress and the necessity of making the country take a step in advance, had remained stationary, and had modified in no-wise its ancient institutions, which themselves, it must be admitted, had fallen into such a state of disorganisation that a change of system had become inevitable. The material forces of the Empire were exhausted alike by intestine disorders and by the periodical wars which it had to maintain against Russia.

Thus it befel that, constantly losing strength, it had fallen to the rank of a second-rate power, after having been for centuries one of the first powers in the world ; and whilst European civilisation made growth and rose up beneath the shadow of the liberties secured to it by its new institutions, Turkey, deprived of these advantages, beheld its strength diminish, and began herself to be conscious of the dangers to which she was exposed.

To exorcise these dangers and with the object of restoring to the Empire its ancient splendor, the statesmen of Turkey, such as Rachid, Aaly, Fuad, and others, labored in succession to endow the Empire with new institutions, and to destroy the abuses of the old régime. Their efforts did not remain barren ; if they were not always crowned with complete success, the condition of Turkey, such as it was before the last war, compared with what it was thirty years earlier, discloses the happy change which had taken place in the state of the country ; it was an astonishing transformation, so great that in any other country a century of effort would have appeared insufficient for its realisation. But so great also was the rapidity of the progress made around us, that ere long these improvements were no longer sufficient.

In spite of the reforms accomplished, a certain discontent continued to prevail amongst the people, and gave rise to complaints which were transmitted to Europe by the Christians. Whence sprang this general uneasiness ? What was the cause of these complaints ? Was it because the Christians did not enjoy perfect equality ? Yet since the reforms the condition of the Christians had been

ameliorated sensibly, and even beyond all expectation. Many among them were admitted to the most important offices of the Empire ; they filled the public services, the tribunals, the places under government ; and enjoyed besides certain privileges which the Mussulmans did not possess.

Was it because they were oppressed by the Mussulmans, as has been alleged ? It is another mistake to suppose so ; for the Mussulmans never have oppressed the Christians ; if the latter have had to suffer from abuses of administration, the Mussulmans themselves shared their wrongs, and keenly desired an amelioration in the state of things. But because the Christians, as I have said, echoed these grievances, Europe was induced to believe that they alone suffered under them. What was it then that brought about the concert of complaints which from time to time arose from the East ? The explanation is simple. The Porte, by an anomaly unfortunate but honorable to herself, had granted to the Christian races more liberty and more means of instruction than it had allowed to the Mussulmans. The eternal enemies of our Empire, profiting skilfully by this circumstance, found no difficulty in inspiring some of these races with separatist ideas. Thus the complaints heard in Europe on the part of the Christians arise not exactly from persecution or oppression, but from the fact that they are urged on to hostile aspirations, which they themselves can scarcely be brought to admit.

What ought to have been done at the outset when reforms were undertaken, would have been to group all these elements round a vivifying and regenerative principle which would have cemented their union ; to create for these races a common country which would have rendered them insensible to suggestions from without. The task was difficult, but it was not impossible, as afterwards appeared by the attitude of the Chamber when a constitutional system was inaugurated in Turkey.

Russia, it is true, for her part neglected nothing to create new obstacles in our way.

After having appealed to the treaty of Kainardji to make a war against us in 1854, she used every effort to destroy the

treaty of 1856 by a new weapon more dangerous and more expeditious, which she added to the old ones ; to the expedients of which she had up to that time made use to enfeeble Turkey, she added a means of attack more powerful than all the rest, namely, Panslavism.

She entrusted the Committees with the care of sowing in the Balkans the germ of rebellion, whilst Russian diplomacy, so skilful in its manœuvres, was accomplishing its task.

Almost on the morrow of the evacuation of the Ottoman territory by the allied troops, Prince Gortchakoff hurled a note of denunciation against the oppression of the Bulgarians by the Turkish Government ; an inquiry was held and disclosed no act of this nature. About this time the Circassians and the Tartars, driven from their country, came to settle in Turkey ; this was the moment chosen by the Russian Government to enjoin its agents to encourage Bulgarian emigration in the direction of Widdin, by letting the Christians believe that the intention of the Porte was to expel them from their hearths in order to put the Circassians in their place.

About twenty thousand persons allowed themselves to be seduced by the promises which were made to them, and abandoned their hearths. Subsequently, however, they asked the Ottoman Government to be allowed to return to their country ; and as these unfortunates had fruitlessly expended the slender resources which they possessed, the Government had to charter ships to effect their transport, and to supply them with oxen and with instruments of husbandry to cultivate their fields which were restored to them.

In 1865 and in 1866, with the object of creating a revolution in Bulgaria, organised bands were sent thither from Kishnieff by way of Bucharest. They crossed the Danube near Sistova, and advanced up to the Balkans between Tirnova and Selvi ; but, having met with no support on the part of the Bulgarians, they were beaten and dispersed by the gendarmerie, aided by the inhabitants of the country. I must here remind the reader that on the passage of these bands, the first act which they committed was the massacre of five poor Mussulman children of the town from

eight to ten years of age, who were out walking.

Evidently the object of this horrible deed was to incite the Mussulmans to reprisals against the Christians, and to take advantage of the consequences that they would bring about, to stir the country to insurrection, and to make Europe believe that the Christians were oppressed and massacred by the Turks ; but the Mussulmans remained quiet, and the scheme of the wire-pullers was defeated. In presence of this state of things the Committees were obliged to make a change of tactics ; and so, instead of sending schoolmasters to the Bulgarians to teach their children, they took every year a good number of pupils recruited among the Christian population, and placed them in schools in Russia, whence they returned to their homes to propagate Panslavist ideas.

This took place whilst the Russian Embassy at Constantinople was obtaining a firman recognising a national Bulgarian church independent of the Greek Church.

But it is not my intention to trace the course that Russian diplomacy has pursued against us, nor to repeat what is known to every one of the operations of the Committees. I would only wish it to be known that these revolts and insurrections, the wild excesses of the Sultan Aziz in the last years of his reign, the senseless expenditure of the court, followed by expedients of a disastrous kind, and all the misfortunes which one after another came to overwhelm us, all proceed more or less from the same source.

Nor is it for me to speak of the circumstances which led to the war ; they are too recent and well known to need mention. I will here, however, to say but one word in connection with the Conference at Constantinople, remark that a careful perusal of the first paragraph of the Appendix to the circular of Prince Gortchakoff, which appeared in the *Journal Officiel* of St. Petersburg on the 9th of April last, will prove that what Russia wished to obtain from Turkey by means of the Conference hardly differed at all from the conditions she has imposed on her by her treaty of San Stefano, to which the Marquis of Salisbury has done full justice in his admirable note of the 1st of April.

And hence we are justified in saying that Turkey could not of her own accord assent to stipulations which Russia, in spite of her successes, finds it no easy task at this moment to make Europe accept. There is not a government, there is not a nation in the world, which could have accepted those conditions, especially when it is borne in mind that in our case the people were eager to defend at any cost their rights and their honor, and that 500,000 soldiers were awaiting the signal of battle and laying claim to the honor of dying for their country. Turkey was not unaware of the attitude of the English Government towards her; the British Cabinet had declared in clear terms that it would not interfere in our dispute.

This decision of the English Cabinet was perfectly well known to us; but we knew still better that the general interests of Europe, and the particular interests of England, were so bound up in our dispute with Russia, that, in spite of all the declarations of the English Cabinet, it appeared to us to be absolutely impossible for her to avoid interfering sooner or later in this Eastern dispute. This profound belief, added to the reasons we have mentioned, was one of the principal factors of our contest with Russia. The last steps taken by the English Cabinet have justified the anticipations of Ottoman ministers; England has intervened, as they foresaw she would, unhappily a little later than they had reckoned.

As may be inferred from what I have said, the sole motive power of Russia's policy in the East was the right of protection which from the earliest times she has desired to exercise over the Christians under the pretext that they were oppressed by the Mussulmans.

This is the proposition which she has upheld in the face of Europe and which she has used as a weapon against us. What has caused the change of opinion is that the Christian element in the south of Europe, worked upon by political influences and by the destructive and injurious action of the Committees, did not always confine itself within the law, and had recourse to violent means, not for the purpose of ridding itself of Turkish oppression, as has been alleged, but in point of fact in order to realise the

idea of Pan Slavism. I do not say that administrative abuses did not furnish them with the pretext for a rising, but recent events have proved that these revolts were not raised in order to put an end to those abuses, but with the view, really, of conquering their independence and autonomy; with the exception perhaps of the Bulgarians, who have been a blind tool in the hands of those to whom they trusted themselves. What was desired and what was vigorously pursued was the crumbling to pieces of the forces of the Empire for the benefit of Pan Slavism, and the influence and action of a mighty power which should stretch from the Pruth to the Bosphorus and from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. It seems to me that the Christian interest is vanishing entirely from sight, or is undergoing at least a striking diminution in value in the face of that huge political interest which discloses a system of universal domination that has terrified Europe; this is proved by the marks of friendship which were lavished upon us by Russia after the signature of the Treaty of San Stefano. We know with what eagerness she sought our alliance against Europe, whom she had nevertheless induced to believe that this war was undertaken for her sake alone and out of love for the Christians.

But it is not enough to utter recriminations against the past and the present; it is furthermore and above all necessary to turn our thoughts to the future.

How to remedy the existing state of things? And what under the circumstances is the best means to employ?

At the present moment solutions are presented in abundance; there is a flood of schemes and suggestions—a phenomenon explained by the perplexities of the situation, and by the urgent and legitimate need which is felt for making an end of a question which is the source of the general uneasiness from which Europe is suffering.

For my own part, I do not presume to propound one; but as I governed for several years the provinces of the Danube, it will not be thought presumptuous in me to desire to throw out some considerations regarding Roumelia and Bulgaria, followed by a few general suggestions to which I make bold to call the attention of those who at the present

moment concern themselves, in whatever capacity, with the destinies of Turkey.

And, firstly, it should be borne in mind that among the Bulgarians, for whom so keen an interest is being evinced, there are more than a million of Mussulmans. In this number neither the Tartars nor the Circassians are included. These Mussulmans did not come from Asia to settle in Bulgaria, as is commonly believed : they are the descendants of the Bulgarians who have been converted to Islamism at the time of the conquest and in the following years. They are children of one and the same land, one and the same race, sprung from the same stock. There are among them some who speak no tongue save the Bulgarian.

To desire to tear this million of inhabitants from their firesides, and to condemn them to be driven out of their country, constitutes, in my eyes, the most inhuman act that could be committed.

By virtue of what right, in the name of what religion, could men so act ? I do not believe that the Christian religion allows it, and I know that civilisation has its code, that humanity has its laws for which the nineteenth century professes great respect. Besides, we no longer live in times in which it could be said to the Mussulmans : ' Become Christians, if you wish to remain in Europe.'

It is not out of place, moreover, to mention that the Bulgarians, in intellectual respects, are very backward ; what I have said of the progress made by the Christian races does not affect them ; it is the condition of the Greeks, Armenians, and others.

Of the Bulgarians it is estimated that 50 per cent. are laboring men, and not less than 40 per cent. shepherds, herdsmen, mowers, &c. As for the Mussulman Bulgarians, thanks to the instruction imbibed in the course of their religious teaching, and to the experience consequent on long practice in the art of government, they have in the course of time acquired a more marked development of their intellectual faculties, which makes them superior to the others, a fact recognised by the Bulgarians themselves.

To desire to-day that those who for four centuries have held sway should be

governed by those who yesterday were obeying them, when the latter are their inferiors in intelligence, is clearly to seek to create in the Balkan peninsula a state of things such as would disturb Europe for another generation ; for the Bulgarian Mussulmans, before quitting their country and yielding up their lands and goods will plunge into a bloody contest, which has already begun and which will still continue ; but which, were it stifled, would spring up anew out of its ashes to disturb Europe and Asia.

The Christians, and notably the Greeks, will fight in the ranks of the Mussulmans in order to be delivered from the Bulgarian yoke, which they detest ; moreover, Turks and Greeks will be obliged henceforth to act in concert against Panslavism. No ; it would be impossible, without great danger to the peace of the world, to expel a million Bulgarians from their country, on the ground of their being Mussulmans, or to convert the servants of yesterday into the masters of to-day.

If it be inferred from what I have said that we desire no change to be made in the old state of things, our answer will be that such is not at all our view. We would only desire that regard should be had at the same time for the condition of the Christians and for that of the non-Christians, that the gradual transformation of the East should be wrought out to the advantage of both, and that the improvements with which it is wished to endow one section of the population should not constitute the unhappiness and the misfortune of the other. This involves, as it seems to me, a question of justice and fair dealing from which there is no escape without incurring the reproach of being behind the time and the age. It would be truly lamentable for humanity to witness in times of civilisation the occurrence of events which barbarous ages would repudiate.

But what means can be found to escape these difficulties ?

I do not presume, as I have said before, to have found one ; but it seems to me that a more reasonable delimitation of Bulgaria might fairly be regarded as doing justice, in reasonable measure, to all interests ; I am speaking, be it understood, of those which touch the people, and I care not to trouble myself

with political interests which have their own champions and defenders.

A Bulgaria which, starting from the Danube at the point where the passage of the Russian army was effected, and, extending to Sistova, should follow the course of the Jantra, pass between Osman Bazar and Tirnova, cross the Balkans between Gabrova and the Shipka Pass, and, following the crests of the mountains, should reach first Ihtiman, then Samakof and Kustendie, and finally Lescovitza, and from this point should extend to the Servian frontier, passing between Urkul and Kourchounlou, would be such, I imagine, as to satisfy many an ambition.

This huge province, inhabited by about two millions of souls, would be bounded on the north by the Danube, on the west by Servia, on the south by the vilayet of Roumelia and a part of the Balkans, and on the east by the Jantra. It will comprise the following districts :—

Sistova, Nikopoli, Rahova, Lom, Widin, Adlié, Belgradjik, Berkovitza, Vrachta, Loftcha, Plevna, Selvi, Tirnova, Gabrova, Ihtiman, Samakof, Isladi, Orkhanie, Sofia, Dubnitza, Radomir, Kustendie, Lescovitza, Nissa, Izneboe, and Pirof.

In the twenty-six districts which I have just enumerated, the Christian Bulgarians are in a great majority ; the proportion varies from 60 to 80 per cent., according to the locality. The reverse is the case in the districts situated beyond the Jantra, such as Rustchuck, Rasgrad, Osman Bazar, Choumla, Totrakan, Djouma, Silistria, and the districts of Toulcha and Varna ; there the proportion is about 80 per cent., and may be analysed thus : 70 per cent of Mussulmans, and the remainder Greeks, Armenians, Germans, Lipovans, Kozaks, Wallachs, Bulgarians, and others. Several localities are indeed inhabited exclusively by Mussulmans, as may be seen between Dely Orman and Silistria, from Guerlova to Choumla, from Tozlouk to Osman Bazar, &c.

Moreover, the formation of a Bulgaria thus defined would powerfully contribute, if not to satisfy all interests, at least to avoid fresh conflicts for a long while to come ; those Mussulmans who might not wish to remain in the new

principality would be able to exchange their properties against those of such Christian Bulgarians as might entertain the wish of settling there. A mixed commission might be appointed to decide these questions of local arrangement.

The new Bulgaria would constitute a 'self-government' tributary to the Porte. The government, while giving a formal undertaking not to interfere with the internal administration of this principality, would at the same time reserve to itself the right of occupying the fortresses of Widin and Nisch for the purpose of the external defence of the country.

All the other districts, including the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, would continue, as in the past, to belong exclusively to the Ottoman Empire. These districts would not enjoy any special institution, but would have the benefit, in the same way as the other provinces, of the real and indisputable advantages which a strict enforcement of the constitution is bound to secure them. Of all systems of government which could be established, of all plans of administration which could be devised, the Ottoman constitution, loyally carried out, is assuredly what is best for the East, since it bears in itself the germ of her regeneration in the days to come by the intellectual and material development of all the nationalities.

This constitution having been given by the Sovereign to his peoples will be safeguarded by them ; it has become their property, and they attach all the higher value to the possession of it, in that they are convinced that in it alone lies the welfare of the country. The fact that material obstacles have hitherto stood in the way of putting this national charter into execution, and the further fact that certain persons have had to suffer by reason of it, detract nothing from its value. In Turkey every one is desirous to see constitutional government acclimatised, established, and becoming at the same time the soul and the main-spring of our institutions. It might however be objected, with some reason, that the execution of it raises certain doubts in men's minds. These doubts can only spring from the fact that the Porte has not carried out completely

certain promised reforms; but it appears to me that public opinion in general does not sufficiently take into account the numerous difficulties which the Porte encountered in the task which it had taken upon itself, difficulties which have often been complicated by a foreign action tending to stir up on every occasion in Turkey intestine disorders, which have naturally hindered her from fulfilling with punctuality the engagements she had entered into with Europe. Those who have followed with continuous attention the march of events in the East must have observed that there was nothing which Russia so much dreaded as a real improvement in the condition of affairs in Turkey, and accordingly she has always shown herself the foe of those who under divers circumstances had taken the initiative in the new reforms to be introduced into the administration of the country; and it is not puerile to suppose that in proclaiming the constitution the Porte has, so to speak, hastened the outbreak of the war; not that Russia had not made up her mind to wage it, but she might have put it off for some time to come had not the promulgation of the Ottoman charter hastened her resolve to attack Turkey with the view of annihilating her entirely if possible, or reduc-

ing her to such a condition as should make it impossible for her to rise again.

This constitution, I am bound to admit, has not yet and cannot have in itself the consistency and the authority of the old European constitutions; but this lack of authority could so easily be supplemented by Europe. Europe, which has so harassed the Porte by its often unjust interferences, would here have a perfectly legitimate opportunity of exerting an active superintendence over the enforcement of this charter, which sums up all progress possible for the East. This united superintendence would have besides this result, that it would neutralise the action of Russia in the East, an action which has been exerted hitherto to her own advantage only, and to the greatest prejudice of European interests.

Turkey, in a word, ought to be governed by constitutional régime, if it is desired that serious reforms be carried out, that a fusion be effected of the different races, and that out of this fusion should spring the progressive development of the populations, to whatever nationality and whatever religion they may belong; it is the only remedy for our ills and the sole means we have of struggling with advantage against enemies at home and abroad.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

A FIERY WORLD.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A.

WHEN the sun set on May 6, in Europe, a small black spot was visible upon his face, examined with a telescope of moderate power. The black spot was the disc of the small planet Mercury, whose movements, combined with those of the earth, brought him on May 6 directly between the earth and the sun. We take this opportunity to direct attention to such facts of interest as are known respecting the planet Mercury, the least of all the primary planets of the solar system.

In the first place, it may be well to make a few remarks on the exceptional position of the planet Mercury in the solar system. Setting aside as mythical the planet Vulcan, which some astronomers suppose to travel within the orbit

of Mercury, there is no planet which is so powerfully swayed by the sun, so brilliantly illuminated, so intensely heated by his rays as this small planet. If we could form an opinion of the importance of a world from the activity of the forces exerted upon it by the orb which dispenses light and life to our earth, we should judge Mercury to be the most favored, and therefore the most important, of all the members of the sun's family. On the other hand, if we judged of the planet's importance from its size and mass, we should regard Mercury as relatively altogether insignificant. He resembles our moon much more nearly than he does the earth in these respects. In fact, his diameter is but half as large again as the

moon's, while the diameter of the earth exceeds that of Mercury in the proportion of more than two and a half to one. It is probable that the largest of Saturn's moons exceeds Mercury in size, though probably Mercury has the greater mass.

Since considerations so opposite in character are suggested by the simpler and more obvious characteristics of this planet, it may be worth while to examine the evidence we have a little more closely.

If we take the earth's distance from the sun at $92\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles (for the result obtained from the British Delisle observations of the transit of 1874, which would set the sun's distance at $93\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles, can hardly be accepted as valid), the distance at which Mercury travels from the sun has an average value of about 35,800,000 miles. But the planet's path is exceedingly eccentric, in so much that while the greatest distance amounts to 42,100,000 miles, the least does not exceed 28,500,000 miles. In fact, it may be said that the least distance of Mercury from the sun is little more than two-thirds of his greatest distance. Thus the supply of light and heat received by him from the sun when at his least distance is greater than that received by him when at his greatest distance in nearly the proportion of 9 to 4, or is more than twice as great. This is a very important feature in the economy of the planet, regarded at any rate as possibly the abode of living creatures. The corresponding variation in our earth's case is too small to enable us to form any satisfactory idea of the effects of so marked a change. In winter the sun's distance from us is less than in summer in the proportion of about 30 to 31, and his direct heat is greater in our northern winter than in our northern summer in about the proportion of 16 to 15—a statement which may perhaps seem less perplexing (though in reality unchanged) if put in this way: During our northern summer we receive less heat than the inhabitants of the same latitudes in the southern hemisphere receive during their summer, in the proportion of about 15 to 16. We do not notice the corresponding change in the apparent size of the sun; but we should certainly do so, and we should notice also some very remarkable changes in the supply of light and

heat, if his disc looked twice as large at one season of the year as at another.

Even in the case just imagined, however, we should have ample time to prepare for the change seeing that it would require half a year, or $182\frac{1}{2}$ days, for the sun to change his face from its largest to its smallest size. Mercury, however, travels at once more quickly and in a smaller path around the central sun. In every second of time the earth sweeps over a distance of some $18\frac{1}{2}$ miles; but Mercury rushes in the same time over nearly 30 miles. The circuit of his orbit is but about two-fifths that of our earth's. Sweeping over this smaller orbit with his greater speed, Mercury completes its circuit in a little less than 88 of our days. Thus the sun passes from his fullest glory when nearest to his least when farthest in 44 of our days, or little more than six weeks.

But this is not all. Our sun might oscillate in apparent size—on which of course depends the quantity of light and heat we get from him—so widely on either side of his present mean aspect that his largest would be twice as great as his least disc; and yet we might bear the change. There have, indeed, been periods in the earth's past history, though far removed in years from the present time, when the sun's annual range of apparent size was largely greater than it is now; yet we know that the various races subsisting on the earth now are descended from creatures which bore, without being destroyed, the annual changes of temperature which must then have taken place. We might bear so great a degree of relative change even if the change from greatest to least supply of direct solar heat were completed in six weeks, as in Mercury's case. At least there is good reason for supposing that if the present order of things changed to that imagined order, as slowly as the actual changes have taken place in the past—these changes requiring hundreds of thousands of years for their completion—the different races inhabiting the earth would vary accordingly. In that case, though quite possibly the creatures which would inhabit the earth when the imagined changes were effected would be unlike those now existing, their remote progenitors, yet they would not be so utterly unlike

their relationship to present races not be recognisable. But it does seem equally possible to admit that, at the enormous intervals of time which modern science has to deal in tracing the life history of our earth, cases such as we are familiar with do change as to be able to endure conditions, or even the usual orders prevailing in the planet Mercury. For there is not merely in that a rapid change from a sun pouring a certain amount of heat to a sun giving twice as much heat directly to the planet, but the sun, even at his distance, pours seven times as much heat upon each square mile of the surface as upon each (similarly) square mile of the surface of our earth. The actual range is a supply of light and heat about ten times greater than ours to a supply ten times greater than ours. It is admitted that the largeness in the amount of the supply would of itself be enough to render Mercury uninhabitable for the kind of animals now living on earth, or even by any that we could suppose as the remote descendants (or ancestors, it matters not which way) of our range in time) of any known kind. When to the enormous absorption of heat we add the wide range of variation in the amount received, and the rapidity with which the amount passes from maximum to minimum and from minimum to maximum, we seem almost compelled to acknowledge that no kind of living creature which we can even conceive could inhabit the small world which travels so close to the central sun.

It is, however, concluding that Mercury is to be inhabited at all, can so when the lustre and heat of the sun have been greatly reduced—a case of things which must not be looked for after millions of years have passed—let us inquire how far the intensity of the solar heat poured upon Mercury may be mitigated perhaps by peculiarities.

At the outset of this inquiry we are led to determine in what direction the planet's atmosphere should differ from our own, in order to make the conditions of the Mercurial climates consistent with the intensity of the solar heat more

endurable. Should the atmosphere be rarer or denser? If rarer, we can imagine that something like an Alpine climate might prevail in Mercury, the intensity of the solar heat being mitigated by the coldness of the tenuous air; but then we have the effect of the direct rays increased in consequence of the tenuity of the air, and a contrast between heat and cold introduced which would be even more disastrous than the contrast between the intense heat when the sun is farthest and the still intenser heat when he is nearest. "We must not deceive ourselves," to quote words written by us eight years ago, "by inferring that mere rarity of atmosphere can compensate fully for an increased intensity of solar heat. It is not true that the climate of a place on the slopes of the Andes or Himalayas corresponds to that of a region on the plain which has an atmosphere equally warm. The circumstances are, in fact, wholly different.* On the plain there is, it is true, the same amount of heat in the case supposed; but the air is denser and more moisture-laden; the nights are warmer, because the skies are less clear, and the heat escaping from the earth is intercepted by clouds or by the transparent aqueous vapor in the air; and lastly, there is not so great a contrast between the warmth of the air and the direct heat of the solar rays. If the atmosphere of Mercury, therefore, be excessively rare, as some have supposed, so as to afford an Alpine or Himalayan climate in comparison with the tremendous heat we should otherwise ascribe to the climate of the planet, there would by no means result a state of

* A similar view has been taken by the ingenious and original French writer Flammarion, in a passage (pp. 149-151 of his recently published work *Les Terres du Ciel*), beginning, "Nous ne devons pas nous tromper nous-mêmes néanmoins, en calculant que la rareté de l'atmosphère pourrait à elle seule compenser pleinement l'augmentation de la chaleur solaire. Il ne serait pas exact de dire que le climat d'un point situé sur les sommets des Andes et de l'Himalaya correspondrait tout à fait à celui d'une région inférieure qui aurait la même température, car les circonstances sont très-différentes," and so forth, sentence after sentence, paragraph after paragraph, agreeing so closely with what we had ourselves written seven years earlier that we should almost have imagined M. Flammarion was borrowing but for the absence of any form of acknowledgment.

things resembling that with which we are familiar on earth. We must not, in our anxiety to people Mercury with creatures such as we know of, blind ourselves to the difficulties which have to be encountered. We cannot thin the Mercurial air without adding to the direct effects of the sun upon the Mercurial inhabitants. Whether in this way we increase the habitability of the planet may be doubted, when we consider that the direct action of the sun's rays upon the tropical regions of Mercury, thus deprived of atmospheric protection, would produce a heat four or five times greater than that of boiling water. It will hardly be thought that an intense cold in the shade, or during the Mercurial night, would compensate for so terrible a heat. In fact, this view of the Mercurial climate would lead us to find a close resemblance between the inhabitants of the planet and the unfortunates described by Dante as doomed 'a soffrir tormenti e caldi e gieli.' It would seem hard to believe in the existence of any organised forms under such conditions, unless perhaps such 'microscopic creatures with silicious coverings' as Whewell proposed to people Venus with."

But, on the other hand, nothing is gained (as it appears to us) by assuming that Mercury may have a very dense atmosphere heavily laden (as indeed it could not fail to be) with moisture and with cloud masses of various kinds, from the *nimbus* or rain-cloud to the lightest order of clouds, the feathery *cirrus*.

A dense atmosphere ordinarily causes increase in the total amount of heat, and a diminution in the range of change both diurnal and annual. The latter effect—that is, the tendency to general uniformity of temperature—is, in most cases with which we are familiar on earth, a favorable one. But it would hardly be favorable if the temperature thus uniformly maintained were a very high one. Suppose, for instance, our atmosphere were twice as dense as it is, and (as it would be in that case) very heavily laden with moisture, then a temperature would prevail, in the temperate and torrid zones, such as no race of men on earth could endure; but if to these conditions we superadd a sun seven times as powerful as ours, we

should have a state of things which would be very mildly described by the word "purgatorial." The temperature of the radiating room in a Turkish hammams would be coolness to the temperature which would prevail during the midday hours in mid latitudes; and this heat could not be dry heat, like that of a Turkish bath, but would be accompanied by the action of masses of intensely hot vapor. It is not only certain that no human race could endure such conditions as a race, but no human being (as men are constituted now) could survive under such conditions for five minutes. We believe, indeed, that the temperature which would of necessity prevail under such a sun, with an atmosphere of the assumed density, would be such that exposure to it for a single instant would destroy any human being as certainly as immersion in boiling water.

But it seems possible—barely possible, however—that a planet might have an atmosphere so constituted as to remain almost constantly loaded with heavy masses of cloud, and in such a way that the clouds would serve as a protection from the sun's intense heat. As we have elsewhere remarked, the only climatic effect which can be associated "with the frequent presence of large quantities of aqueous vapor in the air—or, therefore, with an ordinarily clouded state of the sky—is that of a general increase of heat. But, just as we know that a cloudy day is not necessarily, nor even commonly, a warm day, it may well be that an atmosphere so dense as to be at all times cloud-laden serves as a protection from the sun's intense heat; so that, instead of assigning dense atmospheres exclusively to the more distant planets, as some astronomers have done, we might be led to see in an envelope of great density the means of defending the inhabitants of Mercury and Venus from the otherwise unendurable rays of their near neighbor the sun."

But these efforts to show how Mercury might possibly be habitable by such creatures as ourselves are based on the tacit assumption that he must be a world inhabited by such creatures, an assumption which few astronomers in the present day would consider valid, while none would consider that any reasoning re-

specting the actual condition of the planet could safely be based on such an assumption, even though the assumption were reasonable and probable in itself. Let us consider what evidence we have as to the existence of an atmosphere around Mercury.

We may, not unfairly, consider first the *a priori* probabilities.

Mercury, as one of the primary members of the solar system, may be regarded as resembling the sun himself in general constitution, even as our own earth does. The planet was probably formed somewhat later than our own earth, being nearer to the sun; though it should be noted that, according to the views which are beginning to prevail respecting the development of the solar system, there is no absolute necessity for regarding proximity to the sun as an evidence of relative youth. As a much smaller planet than the earth, Mercury has probably passed far more quickly through the various stages of planetary life;* and if the two planets Terra and

Mercury had begun life in the same era and nearly at the same epoch, we might safely assume that Mercury had reached a much later stage of planetary development. But as it seems quite possible that Mercury may have begun planetary life far later—even several hundreds of millions of years later—than our earth, it is possible that Mercury may be very little more advanced in development than the earth, or may be in the same stage, or may even be a far younger planet in condition as well as in years. Hence we are in a position of uncertainty on the question of relative age, and must look for direct evidence on this special point and on all questions which depend upon it.

The quantity of matter in the globe of Mercury is equal, so far as can at present be determined, to about seven-hundredths of the earth's mass. Assuming his diameter to be about 3,300 miles, his volume would be about 63-thousandths of the earth's, so that his density would be greater than hers by about one-tenth. But some measurements of his globe would make his volume larger and his density about the same as the earth's. His surface is about one-sixth of the earth's. Now, his mass is about one-fourteenth of hers, so that, supposing that the mass of his atmosphere bore the same proportion to the mass of the earth's, one-fourteenth the quantity of air surrounding our globe could be spread round the globe of Mercury, the surface of which is much greater than a fourteenth, being nearly a sixth, of the surface of the earth. There would be less air, then, over each square mile of Mercury's surface in the proportion of six to fourteen, or three to seven. But this air, three-sevenths only in amount according to our assumption, is drawn downwards towards the surface of Mercury by a much smaller gravitating force than is exerted upon our own air. Gravity in Mercury is about nine-twentieths only of terrestrial gravity. Taking this circumstance into account, we find that,

* It is not commonly known (we were not ourselves aware of it until long after we had been independently led to the same conclusion) that Newton was among the first, if not the very first, to show that the larger a planet is the longer will be the various stages of its existence as a planet. "For a globe of iron," he says, "of an inch in diameter, exposed red hot to the open air, will scarcely lose all its heat in an hour's time; but a greater globe would retain its heat longer in the proportion of its diameter, because the surface (in proportion to which it is cooled by the contact of the ambient air) is in that proportion less in respect of the quantity of the included hot matter." (His meaning here may best be illustrated by example. If the larger globe has a diameter twice as great as the smaller, it has a surface four times as great, a volume eight times as great; so that it has eight times as much heat to part with; but, instead of having a surface eight times as great, as it should have in order to part with its eightfold supply of heat in the same time, it has a surface only four times as great, or half as great only as it should be for that to happen. In Newton's words, the surface of the larger is in this proportion—or the proportion of the diameter—less in respect of the quantity of the included hot matter.) "And, therefore," Newton proceeds, "a globe of red-hot iron equal to our earth—that is, about 40,000,000 feet in diameter—would scarcely cool in an equal number of days, or in above 50,000 years. But I suspect that the duration of heat may, on account of some latent causes, increase in a yet less proportion than that of the diameter; and I should be glad that the true

proportion was investigated by experiments." Such experiments have shown that the period required for the cooling of a globe of red-hot iron as large as the earth would be several thousand times longer than that deduced in the above rough manner by Newton. But the principle of his reasoning is sound enough.

on the assumption we have made, the atmospheric pressure at the sea-level of Mercury would be less than one-fifth (nine-twentieths of three-sevenths) of the atmospheric pressure at our sea-level. The mercurial barometer on the planet Mercury would stand only at about six inches, corresponding to the atmospheric pressure at a height of more than eight miles above the sea-level, or far higher than the height reached by Coxwell and Glaisher, when Glaisher fainted and Coxwell had barely strength left to draw with his teeth (his hands being powerless) the valve string of his balloon.

The assumption here made may be very remote from the truth. Still it seems the most probable that can be made. In one sense, of course, it is utterly improbable. No one can imagine that the quantity of atmosphere on any planet bears to that on our own earth precisely the same proportion that the mass of that planet bears to the earth's. Yet the supposition is still the most probable that we can make. In guessing beforehand where a bullet aimed at a target will fall, the most probable definite assumption we can make (whatever the skill of the rifleman may be) is that the central point of the bull's-eye will be struck—assuming always that we know of no cause tending to cause the bullet to fall on one side rather than on another of that point. The chance that that precise point will be struck may be, and generally is, exceedingly small; but it is not quite so small in any case (despite the joke commonly made that the safest place in front of a bad marksman is the point he aims at) as the chance that any other *definite point* will be struck. And precisely as the region where, in the long run, the greatest number of bullets would fall would be the region surrounding the central point, so in the case of assumptions such as we have made above, though it is utterly unlikely that any given assumption would be precisely fulfilled, yet it is more probable that the truth lies somewhere near the mean assumption than that it is far removed from that assumption. Nevertheless there is no question (unfortunately for our reliance on such reasoning) but it *may* be very far removed.

Still it seems exceedingly probable that the atmosphere of Mercury, though

it may not be so rare as our assumption would make it, is at least far rarer than the earth's atmosphere.

The telescopic evidence we have on this point is satisfactory as to the existence of a Mercurial atmosphere of appreciable density, but is not sufficient to supply an answer to the question whether the atmosphere is rarer or denser than our earth's.

In the first place, it seems satisfactorily shown that there is a twilight circle on Mercury. For the light on Mercury's disc, when this is seen as a crescent, half, or gibbous moon, fades off in such a way towards the boundary between the dark and illumined portions as to correspond better with the effects of atmospheric diffusion than with those due merely to the direction in which sunlight falls on different parts of the globe. And not only so, but the light spreads farther than it would if there were no atmosphere, or only a very rare atmosphere. We have not yet heard of any observation showing that the fine sickle of light, as Mercury approaches the sun's place in the sky (or what is technically called inferior conjunction), extends gradually farther and farther round until it forms a complete circle, as has been noted by Professor Lyman, in the case of Venus. Until an observation of this kind has been made it can scarcely be said that the existence of a tolerably dense atmosphere round Mercury has been absolutely demonstrated by this method of telescopic observation. Still there are few astronomers who entertain any doubts that the aspect of Mercury, especially in his crescent form, indicates the presence of an atmosphere of considerable extent and density.

Next it has been noticed that when Mercury crosses the face of the sun, or is *in transit*, the black disc of the planet occasionally appears to be surrounded by an arc or fringe, rather darker, according to some observers, but, according to others, somewhat brighter, than the sun's disc, on which, as on a bright background, the planet is projected.

Although accounts vary greatly as regards this fringe around Mercury in transit, most observers failing utterly to see it, while some see it dark and others bright, we must not too hastily reject the phenomenon as a mere optical illusion.

The fact that so skilful an observer of the sun as Dr. Huggins not only noticed the ring as an arc of somewhat brighter light than that of the sun's disc, but noted it as conspicuous even when he used the strongest darkening-glasses, seems unmistakably to prove that it is a real phenomenon. We can very well understand that at different times the atmosphere of Mercury may produce different effects. At one time its absorptive action may be more than compensated by the circumstance that its refractive action brings into view light from brighter parts of the sun than lie immediately behind the planet. In that case the ring would appear rather brighter than the solar background. At other times the absorptive action would not be compensated in this way, and then the ring would appear darker than the solar background. At other times the compensation would be so nearly exact that the ring would be appreciably of the same brightness as the solar background, and so would not be recognisable. At all times the phenomenon would be difficult to recognise, so that we can quite well understand why many telescopists fail to perceive the ring at the very time when some more clear-sighted observer has noted it. Thus when Huggins saw the ring around Mercury on November 5, 1868, no other observer perceived the appendage; in fact, whereas Huggins, when not looking for it, noticed the ring, some failed to perceive it who searched specially for it with the expectation, and in some sense with the hope, that it might be discernible. Thus M. Flammarion (on all of whose observations, however, we feel disposed to look with some degree of doubt) remarks of Huggins's observation, "Combien la vision humaine est singulière! Pendant que M. Huggins observait en Angleterre ce passage de Mercure devant le soleil, je l'observais à Paris, comme je l'ai déjà dit, avec toute l'attention possible également, et je n'ai pu apercevoir ni point lumineux ni trace d'atmosphère. Et cependant je les cherchais avec une idée préconçue. Cela ne veut point dire que l'astronome anglais et tous ses prédécesseurs se soient trompés; mais ces différences nous apprennent à ne pas nous fier à la vue dans certains cas spéciaux, comme

dans ceux où le contraste joue un grand rôle. Non-seulement la vue, la sensation de la rétine, le jugement, diffèrent d'un observateur à l'autre, mais l'instrument employé entre lui-même pour une large part dans les résultats de l'observation. Le passage de Mercure du 5 novembre 1868 a été observé par plus de cinquante astronomes, en France, en Angleterre, en Allemagne, en Russie, en Italie, en Espagne, et M. Huggins est le seul qui ait vu l'aurole et le point lumineux."

The most satisfactory evidence we have, however, respecting the existence of an atmosphere around Mercury is that derived from spectroscopic analysis. The evidence is of the same nature, and would seem to be almost as satisfactory in character, as that afforded in the case of Mars. The light we get from a planet is of course reflected sunlight, and therefore the spectrum of a planet shows the rainbow-tinted streak crossed by dark lines which we have as the spectrum of the sun. This is the spectrum belonging to a glowing solid liquid or much compressed vaporous mass shining through vapors, which, though absolutely in a state of intense heat, are yet relatively cool; though of course no one supposes Mercury himself to be a body of this sort, or to shine through an atmospheric envelope so constituted. But the sunlight which comes to us from Mercury, though in the main it can tell us only about the sun, has yet something to tell us of what has happened to its rays in their progress *twice* through the atmosphere of Mercury. When the sun's rays pass through the denser and more moisture-laden parts of our own atmosphere, they tell us, when forming a spectrum, of their passage through large quantities of the vapor of water; for they show certain dusky bands which are either wanting altogether, or much less conspicuous, in the spectrum of a high sun. Now, in the spectrum of Mercury these bands are sometimes (not always) seen, and this too when Mercury is so high above the horizon that the bands cannot be caused by moisture in our own air. We learn, then, two things—not only has Mercury an atmosphere, but there is water also on his globe in quantities large enough to load that atmosphere heavily with aqueous vapor.

We must not, however, fall into the

mistake of supposing that of necessity the atmosphere of Mercury, even at the times when these bands are seen, is more heavily laden with moisture than our own air. It has been too hastily concluded that, because these bands are seen in the spectrum formed by the light of Mercury as a whole, whereas they are only seen in the solar spectrum when the sun's rays pass through the deepest parts of our own air, Mercury's entire atmosphere exerts as great an absorptive action in this way as our own air at a maximum. It must be remembered that the rays from Mercury have passed not once but twice through the atmosphere of Mercury, and that the light from a considerable portion of his illuminated disc has even passed twice through the densest part of his atmosphere. Then, again, the same rays have passed also through our own air, and though on these occasions Mercury has not been so low down that the rays have passed through the deepest parts of our air, yet, as he is never seen *shining* high above the horizon, and can indeed only be studied with advantage, so far as his light is concerned, when but little raised above the horizon, it is manifest that the absorption exerted by his own atmosphere, during the double passage of the solar rays through it, must be appreciably reinforced by the absorptive action of our own atmosphere. Add to these considerations the well-known circumstance that variations of tint are always more clearly to be recognised when all the tints under examination have been proportionately reduced in brightness, than they could be before such reduction, so that, for instance, the atmospheric bands can be more readily discovered in the spectrum of the horizontal moon (though she has no atmosphere) than in that of the horizontal sun, and we perceive that the visibility of these bands in the spectrum of Mercury affords no sufficient proof that the planet's atmosphere is more heavily laden with the vapor of water than our own atmosphere.

That the air of Mercury *is* thus heavily laden with moisture seems, however, in itself likely enough. The intense heat poured by the sun upon Mercury must cause enormous evaporation. In fact, it is difficult to imagine how any water

existing on the planet's surface can escape evaporation at Mercurial midday. We may apply to Mercury now, almost unchanged, the reasoning applied by Newton (*Principia*, bk. iii. prop. viii.)—"Our water, if it were removed to the orb of Mercury, would quickly fly away in vapor; for the light of the sun, to which his heat is proportional, is seven times denser in the orb of Mercury than with us, and by the thermometer I have found that a sevenfold heat of our summer sun will make water boil"—though we cannot adopt the conclusion which Newton so confidently accepts, viz. that the materials, solid and liquid, of which Mercury is composed must therefore be very different from the substances with which we are familiar. "Nor are we to doubt," said Newton, "that the matter of Mercury is adapted to its heat, and is therefore more dense than the matter of our earth, since in a denser matter the operations of nature require a stronger heat." We now know that we are very greatly to doubt this seemingly safe inference, or rather that it is most certainly unsound.

Looking around for any further evidence respecting the atmosphere of Mercury, and the moisture certainly present in it at times, and probably always to a greater or less degree, we find ourselves led to consider one point to which (so far as we know) we were the first to direct attention. If Mercury were generally enwrapped in great masses of cloud like the cumulus clouds of our summer skies, or indeed in clouds of any known form, it is certain that his lustre under the solar rays would be considerably greater than if he were a body like our own earth or Mars, only partially enveloped in clouds, or, like the moon, entirely cloudless. We know that clouds reflect much more of the light which falls upon them than a rock surface, even than the whitest sandstones, and very much more light than is reflected (we speak throughout of scattered reflection, of course) from grey and brown rock surfaces. Clouds, in fact, reflect more light, or, to speak more correctly, are whiter, than any known natural substance except driven snow; and according to some estimates, the whiteness of a cloud surface is equal, under the same circumstances of illumination,

to that of lately fallen snow. Probably cloud reflects diffusely about three-fourths of the light which falls upon it, snow reflecting nearly four-fifths. But white sandstone does not reflect quite one-fourth, clay marl reflects but three-twentieths, quartz porphyry about a tenth, and dark grey syenite only about a thirteenth of the light which falls upon it. It would, therefore, be no very difficult task to determine, from the amount of light reflected by Mercury to us, whether the planet has a surface almost entirely cloud-covered, or, on the other hand, has a surface rather resembling the moon's. For if the planet were entirely cloud-covered it would reflect three-fourths of the light which falls on it, whereas if the surface were constituted exactly like the moon's it would reflect only about a sixth of the light falling on it. In the former case Mercury would shine with four and a half times as much lustre as in the latter case; and so great a difference as this would be readily recognisable even in so delicate an observation as the measurement of a planet's total lustre, or rather its comparison with the lustre of other sources of light.

Now, it so chances that the light of Jupiter has been very carefully measured, and appears to be nearly equal to that which this planet would reflect if it were entirely enwrapped in dense masses of cloud. Thus, if we can compare Jupiter and Mercury when they happen to be near each other upon the sky, then, taking fully into account the size of each planet, their distances from the sun and from our earth, and so forth, we can determine whether Mercury's lustre corresponds more nearly to what he would have if cloud-covered, or to what he would have if his visible surface were like our terrestrial rocks. I was able, on February 23, 1868, to make a comparison of this kind. The two planets Mercury and Jupiter were very close together (on the sky, of course, not in reality), Mercury being nearly at his brightest, whereas Jupiter, then nearly in conjunction with the sun, was considerably less bright than when in opposition—that is, shining highest above the horizon at midnight. Now, it could be readily calculated that under these conditions the lustre of Mercury should have surpassed that of Jupiter fully as 3

to 2; but in reality Jupiter shone far more brightly at the time than Mercury.* The inference is obvious. Mercury's surface cannot be to a great extent covered by clouds, but must for the most part be either land or water. We must, then, dismiss the idea that the intense heat of the Mercurial sun is mitigated by the interposition of unbroken envelopes of clouds.

When we consider other relations presented by Mercury—the length of his year, the nature of his rotation, both as affecting diurnal and annual phenomena, and so forth—we find little to encourage the idea that he can at present be the abode of any forms of life such as we are familiar with on earth.

We have already considered the effect of the shortness of the Mercurial year in intensifying, by making more rapid, the changes in the supply of solar light and heat; but its effect in connection with seasonal changes must be still more marked. It appears, from observations made by Schröter, that Mercury turns upon an axis inclined fully 70 degrees from uprightiness to the plane in which Mercury travels. The corresponding inclination in our earth's case amounts, as everyone knows, to about 23½ degrees only; and to this inclination our seasons are due. If the inclination were greater, the variation of the seasons would be greater. The sun's midday elevation, at any place on the earth, ranges during the year from 23½ degrees above to 23½ degrees below its mean value, or through 47 degrees in all, corresponding to rather more than half the

* M. Flammarion made a similar observation six days earlier—viz. on the evening of February 17, 1868. "On that day," he says, in the recently published work from which I have already quoted, "the two planets were close together on the sky (in perspective), and though Jupiter was far removed from his epoch of greatest brightness, yet Mercury, which was exactly at his brightest, was far less brilliant than Jupiter. At the same time Venus was also close by those two planets. She eclipsed both" (in the poetical, not the astronomical sense, of course) "by her intense white lustre; beside Jupiter she produced the same effect as an electric light beside an ordinary gas flame (*bec de gas*). She shone with light as white and limpid as that of a lustrous diamond; Jupiter's was yellowish and almost red; Mercury's less brilliant still than Jupiter's, and more ruddy." These peculiarities of color are very significant.

range from horizon to the point overhead. By this considerable amount does the midday elevation of the summer sun exceed that of the winter sun. In Mercury the corresponding range would be twice 70 degrees, or 140 degrees, if there were room for such a range. But of course in most latitudes there cannot be, for this range corresponds to more than three-fourths of the distance from the southern horizon across the point overhead to the northern horizon.

There is, however, another, and perhaps a simpler, way of viewing the matter. In the summer of our hemisphere the earth presents towards the sun a face on which the north pole is well brought into his view, the whole of the arctic regions, extending for a distance of $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the pole all round it, being at midsummer fully in the sun's view, and the antarctic regions of similar extent hidden from the sun's rays. At midwinter of our hemisphere the antarctic regions are in view, and the arctic out of view, of the solar orb. Now, in Mercury's case the same state of things prevails, but at intervals of 44 days instead of 182 $\frac{1}{2}$, while the arctic and antarctic regions, instead of extending only $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the poles, extend 70 degrees from them, or to within 20 degrees of the planet's equator. Over these two enormous portions of the planet's surface the characteristic peculiarity of arctic regions presents itself—viz. there is no night at midsummer and no day at midwinter. But the day in these arctic regions is something very different from the day in our arctic regions. Not only does the enormous sun of Mercurial skies blaze above the horizon for the whole day, but it attains at midday in the polar regions, and for a distance of 40 degrees all round the pole, a height of more than 70 degrees (8 degrees higher than our summer sun at midday), while at nominal midnight in these portions of the arctic regions the sun is never lower than 30 degrees. As for the remainder of the arctic regions, we shall presently consider their fortunes more particularly.

Turn next to the regions around the equator. To a distance of 70 degrees on either side of the equator, or to within 20 degrees of the poles, we have the characteristic peculiarity of the torrid

zone—viz. the sun twice in the year vertically overhead at noon. The midday sun of Mercury must be a tremendous phenomenon, and to support its fiery blaze living creatures should be well adapted to endure intense heat. A very few minutes of its action would kill the strongest living man. But there is a mid interval between the recurrences of these midday terrors, during which the midday sun is very low and a quite different state of things must prevail. At the equator in winter and summer (nominal, of course, for at the equator of a planet spring and autumn are always the periods of intensest heat) the midday sun has an elevation of only about 20 degrees; and it should seem that any atmospheric arrangement by which the intense heat of a vertical sun would be rendered endurable in Mercury would make the days of summer and winter at the equator intensely cold. Not, indeed, that they can be imagined cold to creatures such as we are, but to creatures capable of enduring unscathed the blaze of a vertical Mercurial sun they would appear so. Now, the change from intensest heat to the next cold season is completed in three weeks only of our time. Certainly very strong constitutions must be required to support changes so vast and so rapid.

But it is only at the equator itself of Mercury, or close to it, that no greater changes than these have to be endured, if indeed there are living creatures on Mercury. We have seen that in the polar regions there is an intense summer heat, lasting throughout the entire day, while at midwinter, only six weeks later, the sun does not rise above the horizon or even approach it, during the whole day—or rather during the twenty-four hours. This involves, of course, a change much more terrible than that which occurs along the equatorial zone, though not quite so rapid; and it may safely be said that no creatures in the remotest degree resembling any we know of could bear such rapid alternations of intense heat and cold. But the zones, fully fifty degrees wide, where the torrid zone overlaps the arctic regions, are certainly not more desirable abodes according to our ideas; for here the characteristic properties of both arctic and torrid regions are combined. Twice in each

year there is a vertical midday sun ; at one season in each year there is no day, and at another season there is no night, throughout the whole of the twenty-four hours. And all these vicissitudes occur in a year lasting three days less than one of our seasons !

Unless we adopt the fanciful notion once thrown out, that the inhabitants of Mercury are exceedingly mercurial in their habits, passing from one zone to another as the sun's elevation changes, so as always to occupy regions where there is neither excessive heat nor excessive cold, we can hardly imagine that this planet can at present be the abode of life. Nor, indeed, does it appear altogether probable that life would be pleasant on Mercury even after a few millions of years have passed and the sun's globe has cooled down to about one-seventh of its present temperature (in which state he would supply Mercury with as much heat as we at present receive). The peculiarities of the seasons described above would still remain, for we know of no force competent to greatly change the position of the polar axis of a planet, whether by a displacement of the entire planet through some external shock, or by the action of internal forces displacing the crust of the planet.

If indeed there is any planet in which volcanic changes (or, to speak more correctly, Vulcanian forces) might effect a considerable change in the position of the ~~polar~~ axis, it is Mercury ; for, according to observations made by Schröter, ~~this~~ planet would appear to have mountain ranges or high table-lands rising above his mean level (his sea-level, if he have any) fully fourteen miles, which would correspond to a height of more than thirty miles on our earth. Compared with such mountains our Himalayas and Andes are only hills. But even mountains so enormous, and Vulcanian forces competent to upheave large tracts now below the Mercurial seas to as great a height, or even greater, would account for only slight displacements of the polar axis of Mercury ; and a very great displacement would be required to make the Mercurial seasons resemble in range and character those of our own earth.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that

one phenomenon of Mercury, if real, might fairly be regarded as indicating Vulcanian energies compared with which those of our own earth, or even those which we have imagined in the preceding paragraph, would be as the puny forces of a child compared with the energy of a giant. It has been supposed that a certain bright spot seen on the black disc of Mercury, when the planet is in transit, indicates some sort of illumination either of the surface of the planet or in its atmosphere. In its atmosphere it can scarcely be ; nor could any auroral streamers on Mercury be supposed to possess the necessary intensity of lustre. If the surface of Mercury were glowing with the light thus supposed to have been seen, then it can readily be shown that over hundreds of thousands of square miles that surface must glow with an intensity of lustre compared with which the brightness of the lime-light would be as darkness. In fact, the lime-light is absolute blackness compared with the intrinsic lustre of the sun's surface ; and the bright spot supposed to belong to Mercury has been seen when the strongest darkening-glasses (or other arrangements for reducing the sun's light) have been employed. But there can be no manner of doubt that the bright spot is an optical phenomenon only. Regarded as a Mercurial illumination, it is unquestionably as utter a myth * as the celebrated satellite of Venus, by which astronomers were so often perplexed during last century, or, in other words, during the era of the first and necessarily imperfect telescopes of considerable size and power.

No choice seems left but to adopt one or other of two general inferences respecting the possibility of life upon the fiery Mercury. Either we must believe

* One ingenious but unscientific theoriser has suggested that the bright spot on Mercury may be the image of our earth mirrored on the surface of a metallic and possibly glass-enveloped planet ! The only objection to this view (at least the only one we need notice) is that the greatest possible amount of light we could receive from such an image, assuming Mercury to be exceedingly well polished and of the best mirror-metal, would correspond to that of a star which would just be rendered visible in the darkest and clearest night with a telescope 25 feet in aperture.

that the conditions under which life can exist vary much more widely than anything known here (as respects either the present era of the earth's history or those remote ages in the past when her condition was probably very different) would suggest, or else we must admit the probability that this small planet is not only at present unfit to be the abode of life, but cannot have been inhabited in any past era, and can never become habitable hereafter.

To many the first of these inferences will commend itself as the more satisfactory. It appears to some altogether inconceivable either that a planet can have been made for any other purpose but to become the abode of living creatures, or that, regarding a planet as only fitted for such a purpose—as having no other conceivable use, if we may so speak—any planet can fail of fulfilling that purpose. Such persons are barely willing to accept the opinion which we have advocated as in reality according best with known facts, that each planet has its special period of fitness for life, which period is short in duration compared both with the preceding period of preparation and with the sequent periods of decadence and ultimately of deathlike unchangeableness. But they are utterly unwilling to accept the possibility which suggests itself to all who consider the full evidence in these matters—that a considerable proportion of the orbs which people space are not only not inhabited now, but never have been inhabited and never will be.

Yet to those who consider the subject apart from conceptions based on our own insignificance both as to space and as to time, a planet in such respects differs in degree only, not in kind, from an embryo or a seed. Granting that the support of life is the special purpose for which alone a planet is suited, that cannot be more certainly known than that the special purpose for which a seed is formed (in every detail of its structure) is that it should eventually grow into a plant of its own kind. Even adding to this special purpose of a seed's structure such other purposes as seeds fulfil in becoming parts of the food of men and animals, or in being employed to make various substances of use to man, is it not

the case that multitudes of seeds fulfil none of these purposes? We know that of seeds even which are preserved for sowing some fall by the wayside and are devoured by the fowls of the air, and so become of use after a fashion. But 'some fall in stony places, where they have not much earth, and forthwith they spring up, because they have no deepness of earth, and when the sun is up they are scorched, and because they have no root they wither away.' And again, 'some fall among thorns, and the thorns spring up and choke them.' Not all fall into good ground and bring forth fruit, whether an hundredfold, or sixtyfold, or thirtyfold. May not the same be true also, though on so much larger a scale, of planets? In His eyes to whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day, we may be sure that the mightiest orb in space is as a grain of seed, a grain of seed as the mightiest orb. Of the planets which were made (let us assume to support life), even as the seed after its kind, some may spring too soon into being, when the fires of the youthful sun are poured too scorchingly upon them for life to come into existence. Others (like the zone of asteroids) may be scattered in such sort that they never even spring into full being as planets. Only a proportion may, like our own earth, come into being in pleasant places, where neither too intense a heat nor unendurable cold may afflict creatures living upon them; and thus they may bring forth life abundantly, after their kind, and in such degree as may be suited to their position in the planetary universe. Reasoning which would cause us to reject such conclusions as inconsistent with our conceptions of the fitness of things would equally cause us to reject as incredible the waste of multitudes of seeds, were it not that we know how many seeds are choked by thorns, how many, after sprouting into life, are scorched and withered by the sun. Astronomy gives many valid, if not demonstrative, reasons for believing that what thus happens within our ken on a small scale, happens also, on a wider scale, among the orbs which people space.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD.

BY W. W. STORY.

LIFE'S milestones, marking year on year,
 Pass ever swifter as we near
 The final goal, the silent end
 To which our fated footsteps tend.
 A year once seemed a century,
 Now like a day it hurries by,
 And doubts and fears our hearts oppress,
 And all the way is weariness.

Ah me ! how glad and gay we were,
 Youth's sap in all our veins astir,
 When long ago with spirits high,
 A happy careless company,
 We started forth, when everything
 Wore the green glory of the spring,
 And all the fair wide world was ours,
 To gather as we would its flowers !

Then, Life almost eternal seemed,
 And Death a dream so vaguely dreamed,
 That in the distance scarce it threw
 A cloud-shade on the mountains blue,
 That rose before us soft and fair,
 Clothed in ideal hues of air,
 To which we meant in after-time,
 Strong in our manhood's strength, to climb.

How all has changed ! Years have gone by,
 And of that joyous company
 With whom our youth first journeyed on,
 Who—who are left ? Alas, not one !
 Love earliest loitered on the way,
 Then turned his face and slipped away ;
 And after him with footsteps light
 The fickle Graces took their flight,
 And all the careless joys that lent
 Their revelry and merriment
 Grew silenter, and, ere we knew,
 Had smiled their last and said " adieu."

Hope faltering then with doubtful mind,
 Began to turn and look behind,
 And we, half questioning, were fain
 To follow with her back again ;
 But Fate still urged us on our way
 And would not let us pause or stay.
 Then to our side with plaintive eye,
 In place of Hope came Memory,
 And murmured of the Past, and told
 Dear stories of the days of old
 Until its very dross seemed gold
 And Friendship took the place of Love,
 And strove in vain to us to prove
 That Love was light and insincere—
 Not worth a man's regretful tear.

Ah ! all in vain—grant 'twas a cheat,
 Yet no voice ever was so sweet—
 No presence like to Love's, who threw
 Enchantment over all we knew ;
 And still we listen with a sigh,
 And back, with fond tears in the eye,
 We gaze to catch a glimpse again
 Of that dear place—but all in vain.

Preach not, O stern Philosophy !
 Nought we can have, and nought we see,
 Will ever be so pure, so glad,
 So beautiful, as what we had.

Our steps are sad—our steps are slow—
 Nothing is like the long ago.
 Gone is the keen, intense delight—
 The perfume faint and exquisite—
 The glory and the effluence
 That haloed the enraptured sense,
 When Faith and Love were at our side,
 And common Life was deified.

Our shadows that we used to throw
 Behind us, now before us grow ;
 For once we walked towards the sun,
 But now, Life's full meridian done,
 They change, and in their chill we move,
 Further away from Faith and Love.
 A chill is in the air—no more
 Our thoughts with joyous impulse soar,
 But creep along the level way,
 Waiting the closing of the day.
 The Future holds no wondrous prize
 This side Death's awful mysteries ;
 Beyond, what waits for us, who knows ?
 New Life, or infinite repose ?

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF
 THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

OTTER-SKINS.

"AH, pappy," said Miss Gertrude White to her father—and she pretended to sigh as she spoke—"this is a change indeed."

They were driving up to the gate of the small cottage in South Bank. It was the end of October. In the gardens they passed the trees were almost bare, though such leaves as hung sparsely on the branches of the chestnuts and

maples were ablaze with russet and gold in the misty sunshine.

"In another week," she continued, "there will not be a leaf left. I dare say there is not a single geranium in the garden. All hands on deck to pipe a farewell.

'Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
 Ihr sonnigen Weiden
 Der Senne muss scheiden,
 Der Sommer ist hin.'

Farewell to the blue mountains of New-castle, and the sunlit valleys of Liver-

e silver waterfalls of Leeds ; is indeed over ; and a veryasant summer we have had

of sarcasm running through sadness vexed Mr. White,ered sharply—

you have little reason to r a tour which has so disl to your reputation."

ot aware," said she, with a less sauciness of manner, tress was allowed to have a at least, there are always ople anxious enough to take

e," said he sternly, " what by this constant carping ? to cease to be an actress ? ill the world do you want ?" e to be an actress ?" she mild wonder, and with the smiles, as she prepared to the open door of the cab. t you know, pappy, that a ot change his spots, or an s skin ? Take care of the That's right. Come here, give the cabman a hand with iteau."

e was not grumbling at all e contrary was quite pleasrful—when she entered the and found herself once more

ry," she said, when her sister into her room, " you don't is to get back home after bandied from one hotel to l, and from one lodging-rother lodging-house, for ows how long."

ed," said Miss Carry, with l coldness that her sister .

the matter with you ?" the matter with *you* ?" the r retorted, with sudden fire. ow that your letters to me ite disgraceful ?"

crazed, child—you wrote out it the other day—I ke out what you meant," uite ; and she went to the at the beautiful brown hair too much disarranged by f her bonnet.

ou are crazed, Gertrude es.—VOL. XXVIII., No. 2

White," said Carry, who had apparently picked up from some melodrama the notion that it was rather effective to address a person by her full name ; " I am really ashamed of you—that you should have let yourself be bewitched by a parcel of beasts' skins. I declare that your ravings about the Highlands, and fairies, and trash of that sort, have been only fit for a penny journal——"

Miss White turned and stared—as well she might. This indignant person of fourteen had flashing eyes and a visage of wrath. The pale, calm, elder sister only remarked, in that deep-toned and gentle voice of hers—

" Your language is pretty considerably strong, Carry. I don't know what has aroused such a passion in you. Because I wrote to you about the Highlands ? Because I sent you that collection of legends ? Because it seemed to me, when I was in a wretched hotel in some dirty town, I would rather be away yachting or driving with some one of the various parties of people whom I know, and who had mostly gone to Scotland this year ? If you are jealous of the Highlands, Carry, I will undertake to root out the name of every mountain and lake that has got hold of my affections."

She was turning away again, with a quiet smile on her face, when her younger sister arrested her.

" What's that ?" said she, so sharply, and extending her forefinger so suddenly, that Gertrude almost shrank back.

" What's what ?" she said in dismay—fearing perhaps to hear of an adder being on her shoulder.

" You know perfectly well," said Miss Carry, vehemently, " it is the Macleod tartan !"

Now the truth was that Miss White's travelling dress was of an unrelieved grey ; the only scrap of color about her costume being a tiny thread of tartan ribbon that just showed in front of her collar.

" The Macleod tartan ?" said the elder sister, demurely. " And what if it were the Macleod tartan ?"

" You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Gerty ! There was quite enough occasion for people to talk in the way he kept coming here—and now you make a parade of it—you ask people to

look at you wearing a badge of servitude—you say, 'Oh, here I am; and I am quite ready to be your wife when you ask me, Sir Keith Macleod!'"

There was no flush of anger in the fair and placid face; but rather a look of demure amusement in the downcast eyes.

"Dear me, Carry," said she, with great innocence, "the profession of an actress must be looking up in public estimation when such a rumor as that could even get into existence. And so people have been so kind as to suggest that Sir Keith Macleod, the representative of one of the oldest and proudest families in the kingdom, would not be above marrying a poor actress who has her living to earn, and who is supported by the half-crowns and half-sovereigns of the public? And indeed I think it would look very well to have him loitering about the stage-doors of provincial theatres until his wife should be ready to come out; and would he bring his gillies, and keepers, and head-foresters, and put them into the pit to applaud her? Really, the rôle you have cut out for a Highland gentleman——"

"A Highland gentleman!" exclaimed Carry. "A Highland pauper! But you are quite right, Gerty, to laugh at the rumor. Of course it is quite ridiculous. It is quite ridiculous to think than an actress whose fame is all over England—who is sought after by everybody, and the popularest favorite ever seen—would give up everything and go away and marry an ignorant Highland savage, and look after his calves and his cows and hens for him. That is indeed ridiculous, Gerty."

"Very well, then, put it out of your mind, and never let me hear another word about it," said the popularest favorite, as she undid the bit of tartan ribbon, "and if it is any great comfort to you to know, this is not the Macleod tartan, but the MacDougal tartan, and you may put it in the fire if you like."

Saying which she threw the bit of costume which had given so great offence on the table. The discomfited Carry looked at it, but would not touch it. At last she said—

"Where are the skins, Gerty?"

"Near Castle Dare," answered Miss White, turning to get something else for

her neck, "there is a steep hill, and the road comes over it. When you climb to the top of the hill and sit down, the fairies will carry you right to the bottom, if you are in a proper frame of mind. But they won't appear at all unless you are at peace with all men. I will show you the skins when you are in a proper frame of mind, Carry."

"Who told you that story?" she asked quickly.

"Sir Keith Macleod," the elder sister said without thinking.

"Then he has been writing to you?"

"Certainly."

She marched out of the room. Gertrude White, unconscious of the fierce rage she had aroused, carelessly proceeded with her toilette, trying now one flower and now another in the ripples of her sun-brown hair, but finally discarding these half-withered things for a narrow band of blue velvet.

"Three score of nobles rode up the king's ha!"

she was humming thoughtlessly to herself as she stood with her hands uplifted to her head, revealing the beautiful lines of her figure,

"But bonnie Glenogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed and his coal-black e'e;
Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me!"

At length she had finished and was ready to proceed to her immediate work of overhauling domestic affairs. When Keith Macleod was struck by the exceeding neatness and perfection of arrangement in this small house, he was in nowise the victim of any stage-effect. Gertrude White was at all times and in all seasons a precise and accurate housemistress. Harassed, as an actress must often be, by other cares; sometimes exhausted with hard work; perhaps tempted now and again by the self-satisfaction of a splendid triumph to let meaner concerns go unheeded; all the same she allowed nothing to interfere with her domestic duties.

"Gerty," her father said impatiently to her a day or two before they left London for the provinces, "what is the use of your going down to these stores yourself? Surely you can send Jane or Marie. You really waste far too much time over the veriest trifles: how can

it matter what sort of mustard we have?"

"And, indeed, I am glad to have something to convince me that I am a human being and a woman," she had said instantly, "something to be myself in. I believe Providence intended me to be the manager of a Swiss hotel."

This was one of the first occasions on which she had revealed to her father that she had been thinking a good deal about her lot in life, and was perhaps beginning to doubt whether the struggle to become a great and famous actress was the only thing worth living for. But he paid little attention to it at the time. He had a vague impression that it was scarcely worth discussing about. He was pretty well convinced that his daughter was clever enough to argue herself into any sort of belief about herself, if she should take some fantastic notion into her head. It was not until that night in Manchester that he began to fear there might be something serious in these expressions of discontent.

On this bright October morning Miss Gertrude White was about to begin her domestic inquiries, and was leaving her room humming cheerfully to herself something about the bonnie Glenogrie of the song, when she was again stopped by her sister, who was carrying a bundle.

"I have got the skins," she said gloomily. "Jane took them out."

"Will you look at them?" the sister said kindly. "They are very pretty. If they were not a present, I would give them to you to make a jacket of them."

"I wear them?" said she. "Not likely!"

Nevertheless she had sufficient womanly curiosity to let her elder sister open the parcel; and then she took up the otter-skins one by one, and looked at them.

"I don't think much of them," she said.

The other bore this taunt patiently.

"They are only big moles, aren't they? And I thought moleskin was only worn by working people."

"I am a working person too," Miss Gertrude White said, "but in any case I think a jacket of these skins will look lovely."

"Oh, do you think so? Well, you can't say much for the smell of them."

"It is no more disagreeable than the smell of a seal-skin jacket."

She laid down the last of the skins with some air of disdain.

"It will be a nice series of trophies, any way—showing you know some one who goes about spending his life in killing inoffensive animals."

"Poor Sir Keith Macleod! What has he done to offend you, Carry?"

Miss Carry turned her head away for a minute; but presently she boldly faced her sister.

"Gerty, you don't mean to marry a beauty man?"

Gerty looked considerably puzzled; but her companion continued vehemently—

"How often have I heard you say you would never marry a beauty man—a man who has been brought up in front of the looking-glass—who is far too well satisfied with his own good looks to think of anything or anybody else! Again and again you have said that, Gertrude White. You told me, rather than marry a self-satisfied coxcomb, you would marry a misshapen ugly little man, so that he would worship you all the days of your life for your condescension and kindness."

"Very well, then!"

"And what is Sir Keith Macleod but a beauty man?"

"He is not!" and for once the elder sister betrayed some feeling in the proud tone of her voice. "He is the manliest-looking man that I have ever seen; and I have seen a good many more men than you. There is not a man you know whom he could not throw across the canal down there. Sir Keith Macleod a beauty man!—I think he could take on a good deal more polishing, and curling, and smoothing without any great harm. If I was in any danger, I know which of all the men I have seen I would rather have in front of me—with his arms free; and I don't suppose he would be thinking of any looking-glass! If you want to know about the race he represents, read English history, and the story of England's wars. If you go to India, or China, or Africa, or the Crimea, you will hear something about the Macleods, I think!"

Carry began to cry.

"You silly thing, what is the matter

with you?" Gertrude White exclaimed; but of course her arm was round her sister's neck.

"It is true, then."

"What is true?"

"What people say."

"What do people say?"

"That you will marry Sir Keith Macleod."

"Carry!" she said angrily, "I can't imagine who has been repeating such idiotic stories to you. I wish people would mind their own business. Sir Keith Macleod marry me!"

"Do you mean to say he has never asked you?" Carry said, disengaging herself, and fixing her eyes on her sister's face.

"Certainly not!" was the decided answer; but all the same Miss Gertrude White's forehead and cheeks flushed slightly.

"Then you know that he means to—and that is why you have been writing to me, day after day, about the romance of the Highlands, and fairy stories, and the pleasure of people who could live without caring for the public. Oh, Gerty, why won't you be frank with me, and let me know the worst at once?"

"If I gave you a box on the ears," she said, laughing, "that would be the worst at once; and I think it would serve you right for listening to such tittle-tattle and letting your head be filled with nonsense. Haven't you sufficient sense to know that you ought not to compel me to speak of such a thing—absurd as it is? I cannot go on denying that I am about to become the wife of Tom, Dick, or Harry; and you know the stories that have been going about for years past. Who was I last? The wife of a Russian nobleman who gambled away all my earnings at Homburg. You are fourteen now, Carry; you should have more sense."

Miss Carry dried her eyes; but she mournfully shook her head. There were the otter-skins lying on the table. She had seen plenty of the absurd paragraphs about her sister which good-natured friends had cut out of provincial and foreign papers and forwarded to the small family at South Bank. But the mythical Russian nobleman had never sent a parcel of otter-skins. These were palpable and not to be explained

away. She sorrowfully left the room, unconvinced.

And now Miss Gertrude White set to work with a will; and no one who was only familiar with her outside her own house would have recognised in this shifty, practical, industrious person, who went so thoroughly into all the details of the small establishment, the lady who, when she went abroad among the gayeties of the London season, was so eagerly sought after, and flattered, and petted, and made the object of all manner of delicate attentions. Her father, who suspected that her increased devotion to these domestic duties was but part of that rebellious spirit she had recently betrayed, had nevertheless to confess that there was no one but herself whom he could trust to arrange his china and dust his curiosities. And how could he resent her giving instructions to the cook, when it was his own dinner that profited thereby?

"Well, Gerty," he said that evening after dinner, "what do you think about Mr. —'s offer? It is very good-natured of him to let you have the ordering of the drawing-room scene; for you can have the furniture and the color to suit your own costume."

"Indeed I shall have nothing whatever to do with it," said she promptly. "The furniture at home is enough for me. I don't wish to become the upholsterer of a theatre."

"You are very ungrateful then. Half the effect of a modern comedy is lost because the people appear in rooms which resemble nothing at all that people ever lived in. Here is a man who gives you *carte blanche* to put a modern drawing-room on the stage; and your part would gain infinitely from having real surroundings. I consider it a very flattering offer."

"And perhaps it is, pappy," said she, "but I think I do enough if I get through my own share of the work. And it is very silly of him to want me to introduce a song into this part too. He knows I can't sing—"

"Gerty!" her sister said.

"Oh, you know as well as I. I can get through a song well enough in a room; but I have not enough voice for a theatre; and although he says it is only to make the drawing-room scene

more realistic—and that I need not sing to the front—that is all nonsense. I know what it is meant for—to catch the gallery. Now I refuse to sing for the gallery."

This was decided enough.

"What was the song you put into your last part, Gerty?" her sister asked. "I saw something in the papers about it."

"It was a Scotch one, Carry—I don't think you know it."

"I wonder it was not a Highland one," her sister said rather spitefully.

"Oh, I have a whole collection of Highland ones now—would you like to hear one? Would you, pappy?"

She went and fetched the book, and opened the piano.

"It is an old air that belonged to Scarba," she said, and then she sang, simply and pathetically enough, the somewhat stiff and cumbrous English translation of the Gaelic words. It was the song of the exiled Mary Macleod, who, sitting on the shores of "sea-worn Mull," looks abroad on the lonely islands of Scarba, and Islay, and Jura, and laments that she is far away from her own home.

"How do you like it, pappy?" she said, when she had finished. "It is a pity I do not know the Gaelic. They say that when the chief heard these verses repeated, he let the old woman go back to her own home."

One of the two listeners, at all events, did not seem to be particularly struck by the pathos of Mary Macleod's lament. She walked up to the piano.

"Where did you get that book, Gerty?" she said in a firm voice.

"Where?" said the other, innocently. "In Manchester, I think it was, I bought it."

But before she had made the explanation, Miss Carry, convinced that this, too, had come from her enemy, had seized the book and turned to the title-page. Neither on title-page nor on fly-leaf, however, was there any inscription.

"Did you think it had come with the otter-skins, Carry?" the elder sister said, laughing; and the younger one retired, baffled and chagrined, but none the less resolved that before Gertrude White completely gave herself up to this blind infatuation for a savage country and

for one of its worthless inhabitants, she would have to run the gauntlet of many a sharp word of warning and reproach.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN LONDON AGAIN.

ON through the sleeping counties rushed the train—passing woods, streams, fertile valleys, and clustering villages, all palely shrouded in the faint morning mist that had a sort of suffused and hidden sunlight in it: the world had not yet awoken. But Macleod knew that, ere he reached London, people would be abroad; and he almost shrank from meeting the look of these thousands of eager faces. Would not some of them guess his errand? Would he not be sure to run against a friend of hers—an acquaintance of his own? It was with a strange sense of fear that he stepped out and on to the platform at Euston Station; he glanced up and down: if she were suddenly to confront his eyes! A day or two ago it seemed as if innumerable leagues of ocean lay between him and her, so that the heart grew sick with thinking of the distance; now that he was in the same town with her he felt so close to her that he could almost hear her breathe.

Major Stewart had enjoyed a sound night's rest, and was now possessed of quite enough good spirits and loquacity for two. He scarcely observed the silence of his companion. Together they rattled away through this busy, eager, immense throng, until they got down to the comparative quiet of Bury Street; and here they were fortunate enough to find not only that Macleod's old rooms were unoccupied, but that his companion could have the corresponding chambers on the floor above. They changed their attire; had breakfast; and then proceeded to discuss their plans for the day. Major Stewart observed that he was in no hurry to investigate the last modifications of the drying machines. It would be necessary to write and appoint an interview before going down into Essex. He had several calls to make in London; if Macleod did not see him before, they should meet at seven for dinner. Macleod saw him depart without any great regret.

When he himself went outside it was already noon, but the sun had not yet broken through the mist, and London seemed cold, and lifeless, and deserted. He did not know of any one of his former friends being left in the great and lonely city. He walked along Piccadilly, and saw how many of the houses were shut up. The beautiful foliage of the Green Park had vanished; here and there a red leaf hung on a withered branch. And yet, lonely as he felt in walking through this crowd of strangers, he was nevertheless possessed with a nervous and excited fear that at any moment he might have to quail before the inquiring glance of a certain pair of calm, large eyes. Was this, then, really Keith Macleod who was haunted by these fantastic troubles? Had he so little courage that he dared not go boldly up to her house, and hold out his hand to her? As he walked along this thoroughfare, he was looking far ahead; and when any tall and slender figure appeared that might by any possibility be taken for hers, he watched it with a nervous interest that had something of dread in it. So much for the high courage born of love!

It was with some sense of relief that he entered Hyde Park, for here there were fewer people. And as he walked on, the day brightened. A warmer light began to suffuse the pale mist lying over the black-green masses of rhododendrons, the leafless trees, the damp grass plots, the empty chairs; and as he was regarding a group of people on horseback who, almost at the summit of the red hill, seemed about to disappear into the mist, behold! a sudden break in the sky; a silvery gleam shot athwart from the south, so that these distant figures grew almost black; and presently the frail sunshine of November was streaming all over the red ride and the raw green of the grass. His spirits rose somewhat. When he reached the Serpentine, the sunlight was shining on the rippling blue water; and there were pert young ladies of ten or twelve feeding the ducks; and away on the other side there was actually an island amid the blue ripples; and the island, if it was not as grand as Staffa nor as green as Ulva, was nevertheless an island, and it was pleasant enough to look at, with its

bushes, and boats, and white swans. And then he bethought him of his first walks by the side of this little lake—when Oscar was the only creature in London he had to concern himself with—when each new day was only a brighter holiday than its predecessor—when he was of opinion that London was the happiest and most beautiful place in the world. And of that bright morning, too, when he walked through the empty streets at dawn, and came to the peacefully flowing river.

These idle meditations were suddenly interrupted. Away along the bank of the lake his keen eye could make out a figure, which, even at that distance, seemed so much to resemble one he knew, that his heart began to beat quick. Then the dress—all of black, with a white hat and white gloves; was not that of the simplicity that had always so great an attraction for her? And he knew that she was singularly fond of Kensington Gardens; and might she not be going thither for a stroll before going back to the Piccadilly Theatre? He hastened his steps. He soon began to gain on the stranger; and the nearer he got the more it seemed to him that he recognised the graceful walk and carriage of this slender woman. She passed under the archway of the bridge. When she had emerged from the shadow, she paused for a moment or two to look at the ducks on the lake; and this arch of shadow seemed to frame a beautiful sunlit picture—the single figure against a background of green bushes. And if this were indeed she, how splendid the world would all become in a moment! In his eagerness of anticipation, he forgot his fear. What would she say? Was he to hear her laugh once more? And take her hand? Alas! when he got close enough to make sure, he found that this beautiful figure belonged to a somewhat pretty middle-aged lady, who had brought a bag of scraps with her to feed the ducks. The world grew empty again. He passed on, in a sort of dream. He only knew he was in Kensington Gardens; and that once or twice he had walked with her down those broad alleys in the happy summer-time of flowers and sunshine and the scent of limes. Now there was a pale blue mist in the open glades, and a gloomy purple instead of

the brilliant green of the trees ; and the cold wind that came across rustled the masses of brown and orange leaves that were lying scattered on the ground. He got a little more interested when he neared the Round Pond ; for the wind had freshened, and there were several handsome craft out there on the raging deep, braving well the sudden squalls that laid them right on their beam-ends, and then let them come staggering and dripping up to windward. But there were two small boys there who had brought with them a tiny vessel of home-made build, with a couple of lug-sails, a jib, and no rudder ; and it was a great disappointment to them that this non-descript craft would move, if it moved at all, in an uncertain circle. Macleod came to their assistance—got a bit of floating stick, and carved out of it a rude rudder, altered the sails, and altogether put the ship into such sea-going trim that, when she was fairly launched she kept a pretty good course for the other side, where doubtless she arrived in safety and discharged her passengers and cargo. He was almost sorry to part with the two small shipowners. They almost seemed to him the only people he knew in London.

But surely he had not come all the way from Castle Dare to walk about Kensington Gardens ? What had become of that intense longing to see her—to hear her speak—that had made his life at home a constant torment and misery ? Well, it still held possession of him ; but all the same there was this indefinable dread that held him back. Perhaps he was afraid that he would have to confess to her the true reason for his having come to London. Perhaps he feared he might find her something entirely different from the creature of his dreams. At all events as he returned to his rooms and sat down by himself to think over all the things that might accrue from this step of his, he only got further and further into a haze of nervous indecision. One thing only was clear to him. With all his hatred and jealousy of the theatre, to the theatre that night he would have to go. He could not know that she was so near to him—that at a certain time and place he could certainly see her and listen to her—without going. He bethought him,

moreover, of what he had once heard her say—that while she could fairly well make out the people in the galleries and boxes, those who were sitting in the stalls close to the orchestra were, by reason of the glare of the footlights, quite invisible to her. Might he not, then, get into some corner where, himself unseen, he might be so near her that he could almost stretch out his hand to her, and take her hand, and tell by its warmth and throbbing that it was a real woman, and not a dream, that filled his heart ?

Major Stewart was put off by some excuse ; and at eight o'clock Macleod walked up to the theatre. He drew near with some apprehension ; it almost seemed to him as though the man in the box-office recognised him, and knew the reason for his demanding one of those stalls. He got it easily enough ; there was no great run on the new piece, even though Miss Gertrude White was the heroine. He made his way along the narrow corridors ; he passed into the glare of the house ; he took his seat with his ears dinning by the loud music ; and waited. He paid no heed to his neighbors ; he had already twisted up the programme so that he could not have read it if he had wished ; he was aware mostly of a sort of slightly choking sensation about the throat.

When Gertrude White did appear—she came in unexpectedly—he almost uttered a cry ; and it would have been a cry of delight. For there was the flesh-and-blood woman a thousand times more interesting, and beautiful, and lovable than all his fancied pictures of her. Look how she walks—how simply and gracefully she takes off her hat and places it on the table—look at the play of light and life and gladness on her face—at the eloquence of her eyes ! He had been thinking of her eyes as too calmly observant and serious : he saw them now, and was amazed at the difference—they seemed to have so much clear light in them, and pleasant laughter. He did not fear at all that she should see him. She was so near—he wished he could take her hand, and lead her away. What concern had these people around with her ? This was Gertrude White—whom he knew. She was a friend of Mrs. Ross's ; she lived in a quiet little home, with an affectionate and provok-

ing sister ; she had a great admiration for Oscar the collie ; she had the whitest hand in the world as she offered you some salad at the small, neat table. What was she doing here—amid all this glaring sham—before all these people ? *"Come away quickly !"* his heart cried to her. *"Quick—quick—let us get away together—there is some mistake—some illusion—outside you will breathe the fresh air and get into the reality of the world again—and you will ask about Oscar, and young Ogilvie—and one might hold your hand—your real warm hand—and perhaps hold it tight, and not give it up to any one whatsoever !"* His own hand was trembling with excitement. The eagerness of delight with which he listened to every word uttered by the low-toned and gentle voice was almost painful ; and yet he knew it not. He was as one demented. This was Gertrude White—speaking, walking, smiling, a fire of beauty in her clear eyes, her parted lips when she laughed letting the brilliant light just touch for an instant the milk-white teeth. This was no pale Rose-leaf at all—no dream or vision—but the actual laughing, talking, beautiful woman, who had more than ever of that strange grace and witchery about her that had fascinated him when first he saw her. She was so near that he could have thrown a rose to her—a red rose full-blown and full-scented. He forgave the theatre—or rather he forgot it—in the unimaginable delight of being so near to her. And when at length she left the stage he had no jealousy at all of the poor people who remained there to go through their marionette business. He hoped they might all become great actors and actresses. He even thought he would try to get to understand the story—seeing he should have nothing else to do until Gertrude White came back again.

Now Keith Macleod was no more ignorant or innocent than anybody else ; but there was one social misdemeanor—a mere peccadillo, let us say—that was quite unintelligible to him. He could not understand how a man could go flirting and sighing after a married woman ; and still less could he understand how a married woman should, instead of attending to her children and her house and such matters, make her-

self ridiculous by aping girlhood and pretending to have a lover. He had read a great deal about this ; and he was told it was common ; but he did not believe it. The same authorities assured him that the women of England were drunkards in secret ; he did not believe it. The same authorities insisted that the sole notion of marriage that occupied the head of an English girl of our own day was as to how she should sell her charms to the highest bidder ; he did not believe that either. And indeed he argued with himself, in considering to what extent books and plays could be trusted in such matters, that in one obvious case the absurdity of these allegations was proved. If France were the France of French playwrights and novelists, the whole business of the country would come to a standstill. If it was the sole and constant occupation of every adult Frenchman to run after his neighbor's wife, how could bridges be built, taxes collected, fortifications planned ? Surely a Frenchman must sometimes think—if only by accident—of something other than his neighbor's wife ? Macleod laughed to himself, in the solitude of Castle Dare, and contemptuously flung the unfinished paper-covered novel aside.

But what was his surprise and indignation—his shame, even—on finding that this very piece in which Gertrude White was acting was all about a jealous husband, and a gay and thoughtless wife, and a villain, who did not at all silently plot her ruin, but frankly confided his aspirations to a mutual friend, and rather sought for sympathy ; while she, Gertrude White herself, had, before all these people, to listen to advances which, in her innocence, she was not supposed to understand ! As the play proceeded, his brows grew darker and darker. And the husband, who ought to have been the guardian of his wife's honor ? Well, the husband in this rather poor play was a creation that is common in modern English drama. He represented one idea at least that the English playwright has certainly not borrowed from the French stage. Moral worth is best indicated by a sullen demeanor. The man who has a pleasant manner is dangerous and a profligate ; the virtuous man—the true-hearted

Englishman—conducts himself as a boor, and proves the goodness of his nature by his silence and his sulks. The hero of this trumpery piece was of this familiar type. He saw the gay fascinator coming about his house ; but he was too proud and dignified to interfere. He knew of his young wife becoming the by-word of his friends ; but he only clasped his hands on his forehead—and sought solitude—and scowled as a man of virtue should. Macleod had paid but little attention to stories of this kind when he had merely read them ; but when the situation was visible—when actual people were before him—the whole thing looked more real, and his sympathies became active enough. How was it possible, he thought, for this poor dolt to fume and mutter, and let his innocent wife go her own way alone and unprotected, when there was a door in the room, and a window by way of alternative ? There was one scene in which the faithless friend and the young wife were together in her drawing-room. He drew nearer to her ; he spoke softly to her ; he ventured to take her hand. And while he was looking up appealingly to her, Macleod was regarding his face. He was calculating to himself the precise spot between the eyes where a man's knuckles would most effectually tell ; and his hand was clenched ; and his teeth set hard. There was a look on his face which would have warned any gay young man that when Macleod should marry his wife would need no second champion.

But was this the atmosphere by which she was surrounded ? It is needless to say that the piece was proper enough. Virtue was triumphant ; vice compelled to sneak off discomfited. The indignant outburst of shame and horror and contempt on the part of the young wife when she came to know what the villain's suave intentions really meant, gave Miss White an excellent opportunity of displaying her histrionic gifts ; and the public applauded vehemently ; but Macleod had no pride in her triumph. He was glad when the piece ended—when the honest-hearted Englishman so far recovered speech as to declare that his confidence in his wife was restored, and so far forgot his stolidity of face and demeanor as to point out to the

villain the way to the door instead of kicking him thither. Macleod breathed more freely when he knew that Gertrude White was now about to go away to the shelter and quiet of her own home. He went back to his rooms ; and tried to forget the precise circumstances in which he had just seen her.

But not to forget herself. A new gladness filled his heart when he thought of her—thought of her not now as a dream or a vision, but as the living and breathing woman whose musical laugh seemed still to be ringing in his ears. He could see her plainly—the face all charged with life and loveliness ; the clear, bright eyes that he had no longer any fear of meeting ; the sweet mouth with its changing smiles. When Major Stewart came home that night, he noticed a most marked change in the manner of his companion. Macleod was excited, eager, talkative ; full of high spirits and friendliness ; he joked his friend about his playing truant from his wife. He was anxious to know all about the Major's adventures ; and pressed him to have but one other cigar ; and vowed that he would take him on the following evening to the only place in London where a good dinner could be had. There was gladness in his eyes ; a careless satisfaction in his manner ; he was ready to do anything, go anywhere. This was more like the Macleod of old. Major Stewart came to the conclusion that the atmosphere of London had had a very good effect on his friend's spirits.

When Macleod went to bed that night there were wild and glad desires and resolves in his brain that might otherwise have kept him awake but for the fatigue he had lately endured. He slept, and he dreamed ; and the figure that he saw in his dreams—though she was distant somehow—had a look of tenderness in her eyes, and she held a red rose in her hand.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DECLARATION.

NOVEMBER though it was, next morning broke brilliantly over London. There was a fresh west wind blowing ; there was a clear sunshine filling the thoroughfares ; if one were on the lookout for picturesqueness even in Bury Street, was there not a fine touch of

color where the softly red chimney-pots rose far away into the blue? It was not possible to have always around one the splendor of the northern sea.

And Macleod would not listen to a word his friend had to say concerning the important business that had brought them both to London.

"To-night, man—to-night—we will arrange it all to-night," he would say, and there was a nervous excitement about his manner for which the Major could not at all account.

"Shan't I see you till the evening, then?" he asked.

"No," Macleod said, looking anxiously out of the window, as if he feared some thunderstorm would suddenly shut out the clear light of this beautiful morning. "I don't know—perhaps I may be back before—but at any rate we meet at seven. You will remember seven?"

"Indeed I am not likely to forget it," his companion said, for he had been told about five-and-thirty times.

It was about eleven o'clock when Macleod left the house. There was a grateful freshness about the morning even here in the middle of London. People looked cheerful; Piccadilly was thronged with idlers come out to enjoy the sunshine; there was still a leaf or two fluttering on the trees in the squares. Why should this man go eagerly tearing away northward in a hansom—with an anxious and absorbed look on his face—when everybody seemed inclined to saunter leisurely along, breathing the sweet wind, and feeling the sunlight on his cheek?

It was scarcely half-past eleven when Macleod got out of the hansom, and opened a small gate, and walked up to the door of a certain house. He was afraid she had already gone. He was afraid she might resent his calling at so unusual an hour. He was afraid—of a thousand things. And when, at last, the trim maid-servant told him that Miss White was within and asked him to step into the drawing-room, it was almost as one in a dream that he followed her. As one in a dream truly; but nevertheless he saw every object around him with a marvellous vividness. Next day he could recollect every feature of the room—the empty fire-place, the black-framed mirror, the Chinese fans,

the small cabinets with their shelves of blue and white, and the large open book on the table, with a bit of tartan lying on it. These things seemed to impress themselves on his eyesight involuntarily; for he was in reality intently listening for a soft footfall outside the door. He went forward to this open book. It was a volume of a work on the Highland clans—a large and expensive work that was not likely to belong to Mr. White. And this colored figure? It was the representative of the Clan Macleod; and this bit of cloth that lay on the open book was of the Macleod tartan. He withdrew quickly, as though he had stumbled on some dire secret. He went to the window. He saw only leafless trees now, and withered flowers; with the clear sunshine touching the sides of houses and walls that had in the summer months been quite invisible.

There was a slight noise behind him; he turned, and all the room seemed filled with a splendor of light and of life as she advanced to him—the clear beautiful eyes full of gladness, the lips smiling, the hand frankly extended. And of a sudden his heart sank. Was it indeed of her,

"The glory of life, the beauty of the world,"

that he had dared to dream wild and impossible dreams? He had set out that morning with a certain masterful sense that he would face his fate. He had "taken the world for his pillow," as the Gaelic stories say. But at this sudden revelation of the incomparable grace, and self-possession, and high loveliness of this beautiful creature, all his courage and hopes fled instantly, and he could only stammer out excuses for his calling so early. He was eagerly trying to make himself out an ordinary visitor. He explained that he did not know but that she might be going to the theatre during the day. He was in London for a short time on business. It was an unconscionable hour.

"But I am so glad to see you," she said, with a perfect sweetness, and her eyes said more than her words. "I should have been really vexed if I had heard you had passed through London without calling on us. Won't you sit down?"

As he sat down, she turned for a

second, and without any embarrassment shut the big book that had been lying open on the table.

"It is very beautiful weather," she remarked—there was no tremor about *her* fingers, at all events, as she made secure the brooch that fastened the simple morning dress at the neck, "only it seems a pity to throw away such beautiful sunshine on withered gardens and bare trees. We have some fine chrysanthemums, though; but I confess I don't like chrysanthemums myself. They come at a wrong time. They look unnatural. They only remind one of what is gone. If we are to have winter, we ought to have it out-and-out; the chrysanthemums always seem to me as if they were making a pretence—trying to make you believe that there was still some life in the dead garden."

It was very pretty talk all this about chrysanthemums, uttered in the low-toned, and gentle, and musical voice; but somehow there was a burning impatience in his heart—and a bitter sense of hopelessness—and he felt as though he would cry out in his despair. How could he sit there and listen to talk about chrysanthemums? His hands were tightly clasped together; his heart was throbbing quickly; there was a humming in his ears, as though something there refused to hear about chrysanthemums.

"I—I saw you at the theatre last night," said he.

Perhaps it was the abruptness of the remark that caused the quick blush. She lowered her eyes. But all the same she said, with perfect self-possession,

"Did you like the piece?"

And he, too: was he not determined to play the part of an ordinary visitor?

"I am not much of a judge," said he lightly. "The drawing-room scene is very pretty. It is very like a drawing-room. I suppose these are real curtains, and real pictures?"

"Oh, yes, it is all real furniture," said she.

Thereafter, for a second, blank silence. Neither dared to touch that deeper stage question that lay next their hearts. But when Keith Macleod, in many a word of timid suggestion and in the jesting letter he sent her from Castle Dare, had ventured upon that dangerous ground, it was not to talk about the

real furniture of a stage drawing-room. However, was not this an ordinary morning call? His manner—his speech—everything said so but the tightly clasped hands, and perhaps too a certain intensity of look in the eyes, which seemed anxious and constrained.

"Papa, at least, is proud of our chrysanthemums," said Miss White, quickly getting away from the stage question. "He is in the garden now. Will you go out and see him? I am sorry Carry has gone to school."

She rose. He rose also, and he was about to lift his hat from the table, when he suddenly turned to her.

"A drowning man will cry out—how can you prevent his crying out?"

She was startled by the change in the sound of his voice, and still more by the almost haggard look of pain and entreaty in his eyes. He seized her hand; she would have withdrawn it, but she could not.

"You will listen. It is no harm to you. I must speak now, or I will die," said he quite wildly, "and if you think I am mad, perhaps you are right, but people have pity for a madman. Do you know why I have come to London? It is, to see you. I could bear it no longer—the fire that was burning and killing me. Oh, it is no use my saying that it is love for you—I do not know what it is—but only that I must tell you, and you cannot be angry with me—you can only pity me and go away. That is it—it is nothing to you—you can go away."

She burst into tears, and snatched her hand from him, and with both hands covered her face.

"Ah!" said he, "is it pain to you that I should tell you of this madness? But you will forgive me—and you will forget it—and it will not pain you to-morrow or any other day. Surely you are not to blame! Do you remember the days when we became friends?—it seems a long time ago—but they were beautiful days, and you were very kind to me, and I was glad I had come to London to make so kind a friend. And it was no fault of yours that I went away with that sickness of the heart; and how could you know about the burning fire, and the feeling that if I did not see you I might as well be dead? And I am come—and I see you—and now I know

no more what is to happen when I go away. And I will call you Gertrude for once only. Gertrude, sit down now—for a moment or two—and do not grieve any more over what is only a misfortune. I want to tell you. After I have spoken, I will go away, and there will be an end of the trouble."

She did sit down; her hands were clasped in piteous despair; he saw the tear-drops on the long beautiful lashes.

"And if the drowning man cries?" said he. "It is only a breath. The waves go over him, and the world is at peace. And oh! do you know, that I have taken a strange fancy of late—But I will not trouble you with that; you may hear of it afterwards; you will understand, and know you have no blame, and there is an end of trouble. It is quite strange what fancies get into one's head when one is—sick—heart-sick. Do you know what I thought this morning? Will you believe it? Will you let the drowning man cry out in his madness? Why, I said to myself, 'Up now, and have courage! Up now, and be brave, and win a bride as they used to do in the old stories.' And it was you—it was you—my madness thought of. 'You will tell her,' I said to myself, 'of all the love and the worship you have for her, and your thinking of her by day and by night; and she is a woman and she will have pity. And then in her surprise—why——' But then you came into the room—it is only a little while ago—but it seems for ever and ever away now—and I have only pained you——"

She sprang to her feet; her face white, her lips proud and determined. And for a second she put her hands on his shoulders; and the wet, full, piteous eyes met his. But as rapidly she withdrew them—almost shuddering—and turned away; and her hands were apart, each clasped, and she bowed her head. Gertrude White had never acted like that on any stage.

And as for him, he stood absolutely dazed for a moment, not daring to think what that involuntary action might mean. He stepped forward—with a pale face and a bewildered air—and caught her hand. Her face she sheltered with the other, and she was sobbing bitterly.

"Gertrude," he said, "what is it? What do you mean?"

The broken voice answered, though her face was turned aside—

"It is I who am miserable."

"You who are miserable?"

She turned and looked fair into his face—with her eyes all wet, and beautiful, and piteous.

"Can't you see? Don't you understand?" she said. "Oh, my good friend! of all the men in the world you are the very last I would bring trouble to. And I cannot be a hypocrite with you. I feared something of this; and now the misery is that I cannot say to you, 'Here, take my hand. It is yours. You have won your bride.' I cannot do it. If we were both differently situated—it might be otherwise——"

"It might be otherwise!" he exclaimed, with a sudden wonder. "Gertrude, what do you mean? Situated? Is it only that? Look me in the face, now, and as you are a true woman tell me—if we were both free from all situation—if there were no difficulties—nothing to be thought of—could you give yourself to me? Would you really become my wife—you who have all the world flattering you?"

She dared not look him in the face. There was something about the vehemence of his manner that almost terrified her. But she answered bravely, in the sweet, low, trembling voice, and with downcast eyes—

"If I were to become the wife of any one, it is your wife I would like to be; and I have thought of it. Oh, I cannot be a hypocrite with you when I see the misery I have brought you! And I have thought of giving up all my present life, and all the wishes and dreams I have cherished, and going away and living the simple life of a woman. And under whose guidance would I try that rather than yours? You made me think. But it is all a dream—a fancy. It is impossible. It would only bring misery to you and to me——"

"But why—but why?" he eagerly exclaimed; and there was a proud light in his face. "Gertrude, if you can say so much why not say all? What are obstacles? There can be none if you have the fiftieth part of the love for me that

I have for you. Obstacles!"—and he laughed with a strange laugh.

She looked up in his face.

"And would it be so great a happiness for you? That would make up for all the trouble I have brought you?" she said, wistfully; and his answer was to take both her hands in his, and there was such a joy in his heart that he could not speak at all. But she only shook her head, somewhat sadly, and withdrew her hands, and sat down again by the table.

"It is wrong of me even to think of it," she said. "To-day I might say 'yes;' and to-morrow? You might inspire me with courage now; and afterwards—I should only bring you further pain. I do not know myself. I could not be sure of myself. How could I dare drag you into such a terrible risk? It is better as it is. The pain you are suffering will go. You will come to call me your friend; and you will thank me that I refused. Perhaps I shall suffer a little too," she added, and once more she rather timidly looked up into his face. "You do not know the fascination of seeing your scheme of life, that you have been dreaming about, just suddenly put before you for acceptance; and you want all your common sense to hold back. But I know it will be better—better for both of us. You must believe me."

"I do not believe you, and I will not believe you," said he, proudly and gladly, "and now you have said so much I am not going to take any refusal at all. Not now. Gertrude, I have courage for both of us; when you are timid, you will take my hand. Say it, then! A word only! You have already said all but that!"

He seemed scarcely the same man who had appealed to her with the wild eyes and the haggard face. His look was radiant and proud. He spoke with a firm voice; and yet there was a great tenderness in his tone.

"I am sure you love me," she said in a low voice.

"You will see," he rejoined, with a firm confidence.

"And I am not going to requite your love ill. You are too vehement. You think of nothing but the one end to it all. But I am a woman, and women are

taught to be patient. Now you must let me think about all you have said."

"And you do not quite refuse?" said he.

She hesitated for a moment or two.

"I must think for you as well as for myself," she said, in a scarcely audible voice. "Give me time. Give me till the end of the week."

"At this hour I will come."

"And you will believe I have decided for the best—that I have tried hard to be fair to you as well as myself?"

"I know you are too true a woman for anything else," he said, and then he added, "Ah, well, now, you have had enough misery for one morning—you must dry your eyes now, and we will go out into the garden—and if I am not to say anything of all my gratitude to you—why? Because I hope there will be many a year to do that in, my angel of goodness!"

She went to fetch a light shawl and a hat; he kept turning over the things on the table, his fingers trembling, his eyes seeing nothing. If they did see anything it was a vision of the brown moors near Castle Dare, and a beautiful creature, clad all in cream-color and scarlet, drawing near the great grey stone house.

She came into the room again; joy leapt to his eyes.

"Will you follow me?"

There was a strangely subdued air about her manner as she led him to where her father was; perhaps she was rather tired after the varied emotions she had experienced; perhaps she was still anxious. He was not anxious. It was in a glad way that he addressed the old gentleman who stood there with a spade in his hand.

"It is indeed a beautiful garden," Macleod said—looking round on the withered leaves and damp soil—"no wonder you look after it yourself."

"I am not gardening," the old man said, peevishly. "I have been putting a knife in the ground—burying the hatchet, you might call it. Fancy! A man sees an old hunting-knife in a shop in Gloucester; a hunting-knife of the time of Charles I., with a beautifully carved ivory handle; and he thinks he will make a present of it to me. What does he do but go and have it ground and sharpened and polished until it looks

like something sent from Sheffield the day before yesterday !”

“You ought to be very pleased, pappy, you got it at all,” said Gertrude White ; but she was looking elsewhere—and rather absently too.

“And so you have buried it to restore the tone ?”

“I have,” said the old gentleman, marching off with the shovel to a sort of outhouse.

Macleod speedily took his leave.

“Saturday next at noon,” said he to her, with no timidity in his voice.

“Yes,” said she, more gently, and with downcast eyes.

He walked away from the house—he knew not whither. He saw nothing around him. He walked hard, sometimes talking to himself. In the afternoon he found himself in a village in Berkshire, close by which, fortunately, there was a railway station ; and he had just time to get back to keep his appointment with Major Stewart.

They sat down to dinner.

“Come now, Macleod, tell me where you have been all day,” said the rosy-faced soldier, carefully tucking his napkin under his chin.

Macleod burst out laughing.

“Another day—another day, Stewart, I will tell you all about it. It is the most ridiculous story you ever heard in your life !”

It was a strange sort of laughing, for there were tears in the younger man’s eyes. But Major Stewart was too busy to notice ; and presently they began to talk about the real and serious object of their expedition to London.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A RED ROSE.

FROM nervous and unreasoning dread to overweening and extravagant confidence there was but a single bound. After the timid confession she had made, how could he have any further fear ? He knew now the answer she must certainly give him. What but the one word “yes”—musical as the sound of summer seas—could fitly close and atone for all that long period of doubt and despair ? And would she murmur it with the low, sweet voice, or only look it with the clear and lambent eyes ?

Once uttered, anyhow, surely the glad message would instantly wing its flight away to the far north ; and Colonsay would hear ; and the green shores of Ulva would laugh ; and through all the wild dashing and roaring of the seas there would be a soft ringing as of wedding bells. The Gometra men will have a good glass that night ; and who will take the news to distant Fladda and rouse the lonely Dutchman from his winter sleep ? There is a bride coming to Castle Dare !

When Norman Ogilvie had even mentioned marriage, Macleod had merely shaken his head and turned away. There was no issue that way from the wilderness of pain and trouble into which he had strayed. She was already wedded—to that cruel art that was crushing the woman within her. Her ways of life and his were separated as though by unknown oceans. And how was it possible that so beautiful a woman—surrounded by people who petted and flattered her—should not already have her heart engaged ? Even if she were free, how could she have bestowed a thought on him—a passing stranger—a summer visitor—the acquaintance of an hour ?

But no sooner had Gertrude White, to his sudden wonder, and joy, and gratitude, made that stammering confession, than the impetuosity of his passion leapt at once to the goal. He would not hear of any obstacles. He would not look at them. If she would but take his hand, he would lead her and guard her, and all would go well. And it was to this effect that he wrote to her day after day, pouring out all the confidences of his heart to her, appealing to her, striving to convey to her something of his own high courage and hope. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it was not quite fair that he should thus have disturbed the calm of her deliberation. Had he not given her till the end of the week to come to a decision ? But when in his eagerness he thought of some further reason, some further appeal, how could he remain silent ? With the prize so near, he could not let it slip from his grasp through the consideration of niceties of conduct. By rights he ought to have gone up to Mr. White and begged for permission to pay his addresses to the old gentleman’s daughter. He forgot all about that.

He forgot that Mr. White was in existence. All his thinking from morning till night—and through much of the night too—was directed on her answer—the one small word filled with a whole worldful of light and joy.

"If you will only say that one little word," he wrote to her, "then everything else becomes a mere trifle. If there are obstacles and troubles and what not, we will meet them one by one and dispose of them. There can be no obstacles, if we are of one mind; and we shall be of one mind sure enough, if you will say you will become my wife; for there is nothing I will not consent to; and I shall only be too glad to have opportunities of showing my great gratitude to you for the sacrifice you must make. I speak of it as a sacrifice; but I do not believe it is one—whatever you may think now—and whatever natural regret you may feel—you will grow to feel there was no evil done you when you were drawn away from the life that now surrounds you. And if you were to say, 'I will become your wife only on one condition—that I am not asked to abandon my career as an actress,' still I would say, 'Become my wife.' Surely matters of arrangement are mere trifles—after you have given me your promise. And when you have placed your hand in mine (and the motto of the Macleods is *Hold Fast*) we can study conditions, and obstacles, and the other nonsense that our friends are sure to suggest, at our leisure. I think I already hear you say 'Yes;' I listen and listen until I almost hear your voice. And if it is to be 'Yes,' will you wear a red rose in your dress on Saturday? I shall see that before you speak. I will know what your message is, even if there are people about. One red rose only."

"Macleod," said Major Stewart to him, "did you come to London to write love-letters?"

"Love-letters!" he said, angrily; but then he laughed. "And what did you come to London for?"

"On a highly philanthropic errand," said the other, gravely, "which I hope to see fulfilled to-morrow. And if we have a day or two to spare, that is well enough, for one cannot be always at work; but I did not expect to take a holiday in the company of a man who

spends three-fourths of the day at a writing-desk."

"Nonsense!" said Macleod, though there was some tell-tale color in his face. "All the writing I have done to-day would not fill up twenty minutes. And if I am a dull companion, is not Norman Ogilvie coming to dinner to-night to amuse you?"

While they were speaking a servant brought in a card.

"Ask the gentleman to come up," Macleod said, and then he turned to his companion. "What an odd thing! I was speaking to you a minute ago about that drag accident. And here is Beauregard himself."

The tall rough-visaged man—stooping slightly as though he thought the doorway was a trifle low—came forward and shook hands with Macleod, and was understood to inquire about his health, though what he literally said was, "Hawya, Macleod, hawya?"

"I heard you were in town from Paul-ton—you remember Paulton who dined with you at Richmond. He saw you in a hansom yesterday; and I took my chance of finding you in your old quarters. What are you doing in London?"

Macleod briefly explained.

"And you?" he asked, "what has brought you to London? I thought you and Lady Beauregard were in Ireland?"

"We have just come over, and go down to Weatherill to-morrow. Won't you come down and shoot a pheasant or two before you return to the Highlands?"

"Well, the fact is," Macleod said, hesitatingly, "my friend and I—by the way, let me introduce you—Lord Beauregard, Major Stewart—the fact is, we ought to go back directly after we have settled this business."

"But a day or two won't matter. Now, let me see. Plymley comes to us on Monday next, I think. We could get up a party for you on the Tuesday; and if your friend will come with you, we shall be six guns, which I always think the best number."

The gallant major showed no hesitation whatever. The chance of blazing away at a whole atmosphereful of pheasants—for so he construed the invitation—did not often come in his way.

"I am quite sure a day or two won't

make any difference," said he, quickly. "In any case we were not thinking of going till Monday, and that would only mean an extra day."

"Very well," Macleod said.

"Then you will come down to dinner on the Monday evening. I will see if there is any alteration in the trains, and drop you a note with full instructions. Is it a bargain?"

"It is."

"All right. I must be off now. Good-bye."

Major Stewart jumped to his feet with great alacrity, and warmly shook hands with the departing stranger. Then, when the door was shut, he went through a pantomimic expression of bringing down innumerable pheasants from every corner of the ceiling—with an occasional aim at the floor, where an imaginary hare was scurrying by.

"Macleod, Macleod," said he, "you are a trump. You may go on writing love-letters from now till next Monday afternoon. I suppose we shall have a good dinner, too?"

"Beauregard is said to have the best *chef* in London; and I don't suppose he would leave so important a person in Ireland."

"You have my gratitude, Macleod—eternal, sincere, unbounded," the Major said seriously.

"But it is not I who am asking you to go and massacre a lot of pheasants," said Macleod; and he spoke rather absently, for he was thinking of the probable mood in which he would go down to Weatherill. One of a generous gladness and joy, the outward expression of an eager and secret happiness to be known by none? Or what if there were no red rose at all on her bosom when she advanced to meet him with sad eyes?

They went down into Essex next day. Major Stewart was surprised to find that his companion talked not so much about the price of machines for drying saturated crops as about the conjectural cost of living in the various houses they saw from afar, set amid the leafless trees of November.

"You don't think of coming to live in England, do you?" said he.

"No—at least, not at present," Macleod said. "Of course, one never

knows what may turn up. I don't propose to live at Dare all my life."

"Your wife might want to live in England," the Major said coolly.

Macleod started and stared.

"You have been writing a good many letters of late," said his companion.

"And is that all?" said Macleod, answering him in the Gaelic. "You know the proverb—*Tossing the head will not make the boat row*. I am not married yet."

The result of this journey was, that they agreed to purchase one of the machines for transference to the rainy regions of Mull; and then they returned to London. This was on a Wednesday. Major Stewart considered they had a few days to idle by before the *battue*; Macleod was only excitedly aware that Thursday and Friday—two short November days—came between him and that decision which he regarded with an anxious joy.

The two days went by in a sort of dream. A pale fog hung over London; and as he wandered about he saw the tall houses rise faintly blue into the grey mist; and the great coffee-colored river, flushed with recent rains, rolled down between the pale embankments; and the golden-red globe of the sun, occasionally becoming visible through the mottled clouds, sent a ray of fire here and there on some window-pane or lamp.

In the course of his devious wanderings—for he mostly went about alone—he made his way, with great trouble and perplexity, to the court in which the mother of Johnny Wickes lived; and he betrayed no shame at all in confronting the poor woman—half starved, and pale, and emaciated as she was—whose child he had stolen. It was in a tone of quite gratuitous pleasantry that he described to her how the small lad was growing brown and fat; and he had the audacity to declare to her that as he proposed to pay the boy the sum of one shilling per week at present, he might as well hand over to her the three months' pay which he had already earned. And the woman was so amused at the notion of little Johnny Wickes being able to earn anything at all, that, when she received the money, and looked at it, she burst out crying; and she had so little of the

spirit of the British matron, and so little regard for the laws of her country, that she invoked Heaven knows what—Heaven does know what—blessings on the head of the very man who had carried her child into slavery.

"And the first time I am going over to Oban," said he, "I will take him with me, and I will get a photograph of him made, and I will send you the photograph. And did you get the rabbits?" said he.

"Yes, indeed, sir, I got the rabbits."

"And it is a very fine poacher your son promises to be, for he got every one of the rabbits with his own snare, though I am thinking it was old Hamish was showing him how to use it. And I will say good-bye to you now."

The poor woman seemed to hesitate for a second.

"If there was any sewing, sir," said she, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, "that I could do for your good lady, sir——"

"But I am not married," said he quickly.

"Ah, well, indeed, sir," she said with a sigh.

"But if there is any lace, or sewing, or anything like that you can send to my mother, I have no doubt she will pay you for it as well as any one else——"

"I was not thinking of paying, sir; but to show you I am not ungrateful," was the answer—and if she said *ungrateful*, what matter? She was a woman without spirit; she had sold away her son.

From this dingy court he made his way round to Covent Garden market, and he went into a florist's shop there.

"I want a bouquet," said he to the neat-handed maiden who looked up at him.

"Yes, sir," said she; "will you look at those in the window?"

"But I want one," said he, "with a single rose—a red rose—in the centre."

This proposition did not find favor in the eyes of the mild-mannered artist, who explained to him that something more important and ornate was necessary in the middle of a bouquet. He could have a circle of rosebuds, if he liked, outside; and a great white lily or camellia in the centre. He could have—this thing and the next; she showed

him how she could combine the features of this bouquet with those of the next. But the tall Highlander remained obdurate.

"Yes," said he, "I think you are quite right. You are quite right, I am sure. But it is this that I would rather have—only one red rose in the centre, and you can make the rest what you like, only I think if they were smaller flowers, and all white, that would be better."

"Very well," said the young lady with a pleasing smile (she was rather good-looking herself), "I will try what I can do for you if you don't mind waiting. Will you take a chair?"

He was quite amazed by the dexterity with which those nimble fingers took from one cluster and another cluster the very flowers he would himself have chosen; and by the rapid fashion in which they were dressed, fitted, and arranged. The work of art grew apace.

"But you must have something to break the white," said she, smiling, "or it will look too like a bride's bouquet," and with that—almost in the twinkling of an eye—she had put a circular line of dark purple-blue through the cream-white blossoms. It was a splendid rose that lay in the midst of all that beauty.

"What price would you like to give, sir?" the gentle Phyllis had said at the very outset. "Half a guinea—fifteen shillings?"

"Give me a beautiful rose," said he, "and I do not mind what the price is."

And at last the lace-paper was put round; and a little further trimming and setting took place; and finally the bouquet was swathed in soft white wool and put into a basket.

"Shall I take the address?" said the young lady, no doubt expecting that he would write it on the back of one of his cards. But no. He dictated the address; and then laid down the money. The astute young person was puzzled—perhaps disappointed.

"Is there no message, sir?" said she:—"no card?"

"No; but you must be sure to have it delivered to-night."

"It shall be sent off at once," said she, probably thinking that this was a very foolish young man who did not

know the ways of the world. The only persons of whom she had any experience who sent bouquets without a note or a letter were husbands, who were either making up a quarrel with their wives or going to the opera, and she had observed that on such occasions the difference between twelve-and-sixpence and fifteen shillings was regarded and considered.

He slept but little that night; and next morning he got up nervous and trembling—like a drunken man—with half the courage and confidence, that had so long sustained him, gone. Major Stewart went out early. He kept pacing about the room until the frightfully slow half-hours went by; he hated the clock on the mantelpiece. And then, by a strong effort of will, he delayed starting until he should barely have time to reach her house by twelve o'clock, so that he should have the mad delight of eagerly wishing the hansom had a still more furious speed. He had chosen his horse well. It wanted five minutes to the appointed hour when he arrived at the house.

Did this trim maid-servant know? Was there anything of welcome in the demure smile? He followed her; his face was pale, though he knew it not; in the dusk of the room he was left alone.

But what was this—on the table? He

almost uttered a cry as his bewildered eyes fixed themselves on it. The very bouquet he had sent the previous evening; and behold! behold—the red rose wanting! And then, at the same moment, he turned; and there was a vision of something all in white—that came to him timidly—all in white but for the red star of love shining there. And she did not speak at all; but she buried her head in his bosom; and he held her hands tight.

And now what will Ulva say; and the lonely shores of Fladda; and the distant Dutchman roused from his winter sleep amid the wild waves? Far away over the white sands of Iona—and the sunlight must be shining there now—there is many a sacred spot fit for the solemn plighting of lovers' vows; and if there is any organ wanted, what more noble than the vast Atlantic rollers, booming into the Bourg and Gribun caves? Surely they must know already; for the sea-birds have caught the cry; and there is a sound all through the glad rushing of the morning seas like the sound of wedding-bells. *There is a bride coming to Castle Dare—the islands listen; and the wild sea calls again; and the green shores of Ulva grow greener still in the sunlight. There is a bride coming to Castle Dare; and the bride is dressed all in white—only she wears a red rose.—Good Words.*

MÉRYON, AND MÉRYON'S PARIS.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE

I

HALF a century ago a London physician—suave, immaculate, irreproachable—met, followed, and captured a Paris dancing-girl; and the offspring of their loves, such as they were, was the great artist, Méryon. The offspring of their loves being that great artist, with a spirit at once the most original, imaginative, and persistent, a hand at once the most delicate and the strongest, one is curious to know whether the germ of some fine quality of his, in passion or skill, cannot have been inherited—whether that unlicensed connection which gave him birth had at least some heart in it, or

whether it was but the vulgar and shabby intrigue of green room and *cabinet*.

The truest, the most trustworthy story we are likely to get, answers that question not quite in the darkest way. Méryon was one of two children, and the other, a girl, was taken to England by her father, the physician, and there, in spite of the disadvantages and difficulties of her birth, there was made for her what the teller of the story describes to me as 'a brilliant marriage.' She took her place in the world. Méryon himself—Charles Méryon—remained with his mother, whom after some years the father seems to have entirely quitted; the cause of it, again I hear, the offen-

the British matron, and so little of the laws of her country, that Heaven knows what—does know what—blessings on of the very man who had carried child into slavery.

"The first time I am going over," said he, "I will take him, and I will get a photograph of him, and I will send you the photo. And did you get the rabbits?"

"Indeed, sir, I got the rabbits." "It is a very fine poacher your nephew is to be, for he got every one of the rabbits with his own snare, though thinking it was old Hamish was to show him how to use it. And I will say bye to you now."

"Your woman seemed to hesitate a good deal."

"There was any sewing, sir," said he, looking her eyes with the corner of his eye, "that I could do for your nephew, sir—"

"I am not married," said he. "Well, indeed, sir," she said with

if there is any lace, or sewing, thinking like that you can send to her, I have no doubt she will pay it as well as any one else—"

"as not thinking of paying, sir; now you I am not ungrateful," answered—and if she said *hush*—what matter? She was a woman without spirit; she had sold away

this dingy court he made his way to Covent Garden market, went into a florist's shop there. "Want a bouquet," said he to the dazed maiden who looked up at

him, "sir," said she; "will you look in the window?"

"I want one," said he, "with a single—*a red rose*—in the centre." "Proposition did not find favor in the eyes of the mild-mannered artist, explained to him that something so important and ornate was necessary in the middle of a bouquet. He gave a circle of rosebuds, if he liked; and a great white lily or carnation in the centre. He could have given him the next; she showed

him how she could combine the features of this bouquet with those of the next. But the tall Highlander remained obdurate.

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"Very well," said the young lady with a pleasing smile (she was rather good-looking herself), "I will try what I can do for you if you don't mind waiting. Will you take a chair?"

He was quite amazed by the dexterity with which those nimble fingers took from one cluster and another cluster the very flowers he would himself have chosen; and by the rapid fashion in which they were dressed, fitted, and arranged. The work of art grew apace.

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even an original engraver, until great fame has reached him, can hardly escape—it was at this time, and in the midst of work which served only its purpose of the hour and day, that Méryon had that vision of Paris, the ultimate realisation of which, with passion and with patience, lifted him into the rank of the greatest artists that can be.

Méryon's work, then, may be broadly divided into two classes : first, the work done mainly in his earliest time, after drawings of many subjects by old French and other artists—Renier Zeeman, the Dutchman, was one of them ;—and second, the sometimes partly original, but oftener *wholly* original work, in which best of all he recorded those characteristics of the Paris of his own day, and yet of the Middle Age, which were passing away under the improving hands of the Second Empire, in its first years. There are also the New Zealand views, among the earliest of all his works, and the insignificant or bizarre fancies of his latter days, when his mind declined ; but the work of artistic interest is that in which he recorded Old Paris, and he did this well in the etchings which were copies of old drawings which his art and feeling had made into finer pictures, and supremely well in the etchings which were wholly original.

Fancy him, then, established in a lonely way, and yet of course with some artistic comrades within reach, in the cabin-like rooms of the humblest floor of the street, the north side of which is occupied by the church that gives that street its name—St. Etienne du Mont—and which Méryon made the subject of one of the most harmonious and mysterious of his works. I went one evening this last spring to see the church and street : the street itself will have historic interest as that from which so many of Méryon's finest etchings are dated ; but I went chiefly to see, in a way in which hardly any other of the subjects of his pictures would allow one to see, how much or little of voluntary artistic composition entered into his work of record. Not much here, as far as concerns the mere lines of his plate, though the light and shade on the St. Etienne were his own. The Gothic college to the left had disappeared—was threatening no doubt to disappear when he executed his print.

But the church itself which remained—of that his record had been absolutely and delicately faithful, both the building and its position, half behind the massive angle of the Panthéon. The humble rooms he lived in, on that side of the church not seen in the picture, must have looked upon the church's bare south wall. The quarter, in any journey from reputable parts of Paris, would be reached by passage from richer street to poorer, and so to poorer again. A lost quarter, even behind and beyond the shabbiest of the quarters of students ; around it, in strange lanes, the dwellings of the *chiffonniers*, the rag-gatherers who with basket on back cluster towards it at midnight from nightly search among offal and gutter, and wander out from it once more when evening has come again, to spread themselves over the town. Beyond it an undiscovered country, known only to the police and to the workers in strange trades plied in remote places. There Méryon lived.

That old-world quarter of Paris—a lost quarter, a quarter seemingly deserted, yet thickly peopled all the while—was favorable to Méryon's art, to the growth of his imagination, to the strength and endurance of the impression which the mysterious and crowded city made on him in these the first years of his living there in manhood. He began his study of Paris, observing consciously the quaint combinations of window and house-roof, the chimneys, the *tourelles* in quiet back streets, narrow blind lanes where the Middle Age lingered, and perhaps not less consciously taking note of that moral aspect of Paris which was to color his work and to bring into strange and new juxtaposition elements of beauty and horror the fascination of whose union he was almost the first to appreciate. A high literary genius, Victor Hugo, had blended beauty and horror in his great romance, *Noire Dame de Paris*, which Paris had inspired. But in pictorial art Méryon was to be alone, and the Paris that he pictured was pictured in a way only too much his own—only too much above and beyond the valuing of those to whom he first submitted his work.

I went this year into the shop of a little-known dealer, and asked for Méryon's etchings. 'Views of Paris?' he

answered, and knew what I meant ; but knew no better than did the print-sellers of the artist's own lifetime how entirely these things were pictures, how much they were visions. Well, with little encouragement, Méryon did his work—none the less priceless as a record because it bore on it too the mark of his own sentiment—did the etching of St. Etienne of the Tour de l'Horloge, of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame seen from behind and from over the water, from places now strangely changed ; did the etching of the thick and speechless uncommunicative walls of the *Rue des Mauvais Garçons* (Baudelaire's favorite), and 'The Doric little Morgue,' the quay alive with the bustle and excitement of an instant of horrible arrival. He did these things, and took them to the dealers. One refused, and another. Wrapping up his port-folio he went on again—tramped, lonely and unencouraged, round the Paris he was beginning to hate.

Disappointment and neglect told soon upon the delicate organisation of the artist. Whimsical he had always been ; exaggerated in his hates and loves and in the very efforts of his will ; and now some years of poverty and isolation—some years of the production, amidst complete indifference, of immense and immortal work—began to thrust into prominence those traits in his character which could not be noticed without suspicion and fear. He fell violently in love with some little girl of the humble and uneducated class—a *fillette de crémerie*, a bright young woman, who stood, I suppose, behind the counter of the shop at which he got his morning meal. The charm of the man in his pleasant hours, his genius, his spirit, the prodigious skill of his hand, were less apparent to the Parisian shop-girl than the surprises of his wayward temper, his exaltation, his not unfrequent gloom. It was no use, his passion and beseeching—*elle ne voulait pas de lui*. She stood aloof, and he at last went on his way, embittered and saddened. The hardness of his living, the neglect of his art, the deprivation even of personal pleasure, of the excitement of love—these things curdled in his brain, and hallucinations crowded round him.

He had one constant and most kind patron and encourager—Monsieur Niel,

librarian at the Ministry of the Interior, who had tried, and not always without success, to get him commissions, and who was forming even then by purchase, when the prints had no recognised value, what was destined to be the earliest of the great collections of Méryon's work. Meeting this gentleman one day, Méryon looked aside with a frown and an expression of injury and grievance. He would have nothing to say to M. Niel. '*Voyous*,' said M. Niel ; 'what is it then, Méryon ?' 'You rob me,' was the answer, 'and make a profit by my work.' Another day, a critic, who among the earliest had recognised the genius of Méryon to create and interpret—to throw his spirit and the very spirit of Paris into his record of the semblance of its stones—met him in similar mood. 'The money that you owe me,' said Méryon, when he was forced to speak. But there was no money owed between them at all.

And so the artist, sufficiently neglected indeed from without, came to carry within him his most implacable enemies. In his imagination, they lingered in wait behind the corners of the streets—would be down upon him to distress and thwart him if he paused long or was heedless of who approached. And so with nervous and frightened eye, but with hand still keenly obedient and splendidly controlled, he stood on some empty space of quay, sketching, as his wont had been, with the finest of pencil points, the angles of house and church, bits of window, roof and chimney, to be afterwards pieced carefully together and used in the etching of the plate. The strokes drawn by his pencil were often drawn upwards instead of downwards. Often the sketches were discarded : the point of view had not been the right one. Thus I have seen a drawing of the Pompe Notre-Dame, taken from under a bridge whose arch, as an element in the picture, prominent in the foreground, he afterwards removed. There is a drawing, too, for the right side of his *Abside de Notre-Dame*, in which the line of varied house-roofs is higher than in the plate. He saw subsequently that the houses must be lower, smaller, and more distant, to give the sense of height and domination and an almost lonely grandeur to the structure of the cathe-

dral that rises dark and solemn against the evening sky. These things, by which a perfect composition was generally attained, he saw of course during those best days—the years of 1850 to 1854—in which he was doing the masterpieces of his work. Later, the skill of the hand was guided by no keen judgment nor sane imagination : at last the plates, or some of them, in their latest states, were disfigured by imaging the fancies of a mind rebellious or vanished.

Presently—it was at a time when he had done his finest work, but had not as yet drifted into madness—Méryon removed for a while to Brussels : a commission, obtained at the instance of M. Niel, awaiting him from the Duc d'Arenberg. Soon he came back. It was in the beginning of 1858, and he installed himself in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Jacques. There his illness more completely declared itself. Discouraged, overwhelmed with his failure, he gave up life : the common mechanical activities of life : the trouble of dressing, undressing, eating—down even to these small things, his energy was gone. He could not be roused from his bed. His friends at that time, recognising that his career was in the past—believing that almost on any day they might hear that he was dead or in the madhouse—brought one night the artist Flameng to his bedside, and Flameng made there a drawing of him, of which a reproduction has since been published. That night, or a day or two afterwards, he became dangerous, and they took him away to Charenton in a cab.

The order, the care, of the great *maison de santé* rapidly influenced him, and after some period of probation, during which he did some copyist's work in his art, he was discharged. In his new lodging of the Rue Duperré he retouched his coppers. Arrangements were made for the publication of one or two of them in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* and *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* ; others, retouched, were printed anew by Delâtre—those especially that had not before been printed by this printer of exceptional and unequalled skill. But no success of a substantial kind came to Méryon's work in Méryon's life. His days were more and more agitated ; the sense of failure preyed on him, though it was not to that

that he attributed his illness. 'I became mad,' said Méryon, 'the day I was going to sea, when I was a boy and they told me of my birth. The shock of it made me mad.' That was very probably a fancy. In 1867 he returned to Charenton, there thinking himself no longer Méryon, but some saintly character of some far-off time ; and there, next year, obstinately refusing sustenance, because he said there was not food enough in the world, and he was getting more than his share—there, on February 13, 1868, he died. '*Sa barque*,' as an old comrade of his on the high seas said finely at his grave—'*sa barque, à tout instant noyée, courait sans repos au naufrage.*'

Long afterwards, one curious and careful to know about his life went to Charenton for particulars—Charenton, outside Paris ; the gaunt white house in the bareish land. Did the doctor remember Méryon ? 'Méryon — Méryon ? No. Let us see, however.' And he consulted a book. 'Méryon ? Oh, yes. Number six hundred and forty-three. See here—a man who at the last was writing incoherent memorials. I will show you.' And, ringing the bell, 'Send down here the portfolios of No. 643.'

The immense artist—number six hundred and forty-three !

II.

What was the artist's work ?

The original work of Méryon was called into being, so to say, by the destruction of Old Paris, which he looked upon not so much with an antiquarian as with an artistic and personal regret. Had Méryon been genuinely antiquarian, he would have sketched details of architecture with a colder correctness, but with less of living force. As it was, he loved architecture, and knew it more widely than any artist before. The great strength of his draughtsmanship lay indeed in its representation, and all the styles he represented he represented with equal power ; but in the under-current of his work there is the mood of passion of an individual mind. Therefore his work combines, and will combine still more in the future (when the actual remembrance of the things it commemorates shall have passed away), a certain antiquarian interest, dear to some, and

valuable no doubt to all, with that much higher interest of work of an intense personality—work which no one could do before, and which no one has done since. Likely enough, no other circumstance than the passing away of that old vesture of the city which he loved would have roused him to the complete expression of himself in art. His dull panoramas of the New Zealand shores are adroit, but hardly personal. Some skill to speak in his art had begun to come before the substance to be spoken. Afterwards he failed as a painter: some attempts at painting, during the early Paris years, having proved to him not only the presence of manual and technical difficulties long to overcome, but a defective vision for color, so that green was seen by him as red. The defectiveness of vision for color had its compensation in an absolutely exceptional sensitiveness to tone and gradation. Etching was his art; and in the etching of Paris this mysterious and brooding spirit, whose care was for the past and the familiar—never the new—found his particular work. His sympathetic interest in his every subject, in the place, in the association, in the spirit of the scene, as well as in the lines and lights which he followed with so infinite a subtlety, divides his chronicle of Paris utterly from all others that artists have made of cities—gives it a unity, lacking, say, to that diligent and not unpicturesque record which Wenceslaus Hollar made of the London of the Commonwealth. And so it is that his work has a personal stamp and charm, of his own imagination enriching the bare walls and tottering houses—a charm recalling by that imaginative quality the literary work of Victor Hugo in *Notre Dame de Paris*, and of the great English master in *The Tale of Two Cities* and in *Barnaby Rudge*. And that imaginative, that personal quality, joined to manual dexterity likewise unsurpassed, makes his etched work the greatest and most profoundly personal of any (save Turner's own) produced since Rembrandt's.

Putting aside the drier and less artistic among the copies of other men's work, and two or three topographical records wholly his own—such as the *Ministère de la Marine*, the *Petite Pompe*, the *Bain Froid Chevrier*—Méryon executed dur-

ing his four great years a dozen plates, or at most a dozen and a half, which in their *ensemble* guarantee his fame. A quite limited number of impressions having been taken in the course of successive years, Méryon himself at last destroyed the plates—ploughed deep burin lines across them, in a moment of despair, as Mr. Hamerton picturesquely informs us. I thank Heaven he did. For the truth is, if that was madness, there was much method in it. The plates were used up hopelessly; and though no doubt they might have been again retouched, steeled, and so reproduced by the thousand in the poorest of their forms, the artist in destroying them did in the main but protect us from the eventual outpouring, in the interests of the shop, of masses of misleading impressions, libels upon his art. His works are rare—the best of them, in the best states, very rare; but there are enough of them, as there are enough of Rembrandts and of the *Liber* prints of Turner, to be seen by those anxious to see, and not too many to be cherished and held as precious things. Etchings are works of highest art only on the condition that the impressions submitted are of finest quality. The sharpness of the lines, the clearness of the lights, the richness of the transfer from copper to paper—these things, in their proper combination, are only possible while the plate remains flawless. And though impressions from Méryon's plates must now always be rare, the plates were not destroyed too soon. As it is, the prints differ extremely in quality.

The British Museum and two or three private collections are in possession of examples of his entire work. Isolated pieces, or a few carefully gathered, are to be seen more frequently among the lovers of art. Pieces here and there occur at sales; here and there in the portfolios of dealers. But for the public to be properly acquainted with them as a series, as a whole, as the work of a life, there is needed an exhibition of them in their choicest states and best impressions, and this is an exhibition which a society such as the Burlington Fine Arts Club would do itself honor by undertaking.

For, though a single piece may show well enough both manual skill and a sense

of beauty which shall be a surprise to the stranger, it is only by a knowledge of the whole, or at all events of several pieces carefully gathered, that the personal sentiment can be known and valued—that it can be felt how much more is in the artist's thought and work than the mere stones of the building he is recording, the mere water whose steady flow under dark bridges he has painted, so to say, as no one else; how he was possessed of a sense of the restless, eager, almost tragical activity of the existence around him; how the character, the life, the mysteries, the fortunes of Paris—the Paris unfrequented of the tourist and the prosperous—are depicted on his plates. For what one print suggests, another print confirms. The *Rue des Mauvais Garçons*, with its gaunt house lines, its barred windows, its darkly shadowed portal, and deserted ways—its narrow pavement, along which two lonely figures hurry, and 'gather garments round them, pass, not pry'—has its companion in the *Morgue*, where, before the tender and delicate lines of the Doric building now destroyed, and before the many-storied houses with windows indifferent or listening, the weird figures of Méryon's pencil gaze idly or rush with terror: here, a cruel crowd assembled heartless, the unmoved witnesses of the terrible arrival; there one woman in the agony of dread or discovery, knowing or surmising whose is the body borne with dropped and heavy head, with wet limbs, from the river. These things are conveyed with the strangest and most fascinating and most impressive union—Méryon's alone—of a realistic art that recoils from nothing of terrible, of shabby, of loathsome, provided it be actual, true, and of our day, with an imaginative art—an art of suggestion, almost of fantasy—that speaks to the mind by symbols, by hints of profound significance yet ever varying interpretations—an art in this one sense akin to that of the *Melancholia* and *The Knight of Death*. And above these scenes, so depicted that the realism which at first you looked for over all is arrested and elevated by imagination, or the imagination which at first you wanted over all is disturbed by the healthy shock of realism—above these scenes, these and so many others so depicted, there broods

with satisfaction Méryon's *Stryge*—the horned and winged demon, an incarnation of all evil and disastrous things, which the Gothic imagination set among the carved stones of Notre Dame, and which the genius of Méryon understood and interpreted, as it looked down from its lonely heights upon the life of the city. Here and elsewhere Méryon recorded strong things, terrible things, beautiful things, but never his sense of this or that object—building, church, or bridge—for its own sake alone. He recorded in them his imagination of Paris—his sense of various fortunes and many lives. He did this with the truth of fact, and the truth of poetic fiction.

The imaginative power never, except at will, weakened his grasp of the actualities he wanted to portray. I have spoken already of architecture, of the equal force in seizing and recording the characteristics of styles various or opposed, the solemnity of the Gothic cathedral, the lightness and simplicity of the Morgue, the elaborate luxuriance of the Renaissance waxing weightier to the days of Louis Quatorze—witness the church (St. Etienne itself) in the background of the *St. Etienne du Mont*. But he had not only the sense of the picturesque and the characteristic; he had the sense of construction. Take the *Pompe*—the engine-house by the river—and its scaffolding, beam crossed by beam. Here his pleasure in constructive work, however humble, is shown by his close and careful following of the woodwork to its darkest and furthest recesses. His fame would be assured if it rested only on his rendering of the labor of men's hands, from the fretted roof of the cathedral and its stately towers to the intricate timbers of the engine-house, or the rough boarding quickly round spots marked for destruction and repair.*

But while specially heedful of the streets and bridges, quays and houses, amid which the weird figures of his drama passed in playing their part, Méryon looked with no careless eyes on all

* Mr. Hamerton, who is generally, and with wisdom, loud in his praise, has blamed Méryon for a 'puerile imitation' of the grain of wood in the *Rue de la Tixanderie*. He erred in good company—with Dürer and Lucas of Leyden. (See the St. Jerome of Dürer, and an Entombment of Lucas of Leyden.)

of Nature that was visible in Paris—on water and sky. The *Pont au Change*—both the large original etching and the exquisite interpretation of Nicolle's old design—the *Pont Neuf*, the great *Abside* itself with its foreground of Seine stream, will show us that no one like Méryon has depicted running water, now shallow, now deep, never mirror-like, never gathered into waves, but rippling pleasantly against the angles of the bridge piers, or flowing moody and sullen under its darkest arches; now in happy sunlight; now in profound and blackened shadow, suggestive of the suicidal plunge and the slime of the river-bed; now again in the half lights, the delicate semi-tones more beautiful and difficult. Here, at least, there is success undisputed, and in etched work quite unequalled, save in our own day once and once only by the broad ripple of the Thames in *Agamemnon*, and save, in the great days, by the tranquil waters of Rembrandt, which reflect the pleasant lines of house and tree in *Cottage and Dutch Haybarn*, and of streamside, fence, and herbage in *Cottage with white Palings*.

The great etchers have been very chary of their treatment of skies, and Méryon, in adventuring sometimes a little further, could not hope to fare better than they. He would only have copied Rembrandt had he left, for the most part, his skies a blank; the master found that that simple proceeding, if properly combined with a subtle toning of the landscape, best suggested the open sky of open country—the stillness and the spaciousness he loved. Therefore he departed from it scarcely more than twice: once in the rainstorm of the *Three Trees*, once in depicting in a rare small landscape the limited light of dawn. But Méryon's skies were not the skies of open country, no vast spaces of unbroken air, of light uncrossed by shadows, but mostly fragments of sky seen from between towering street-lines—the grey, obscured, and lower sky of cities; now and again, as in the *Abside*, larger tracts, here charged with brooding clouds, with birds flying low—the 'solemn, admonishing skies' of a mind constant to its own imaginations. In the *Abside*, with its rolling cloud, his sky is at its best; so it is in the etching of the *Pont au Change vers* 1784 (after Nicolle), and in the shrouded

air of the *Pont Neuf*. But elsewhere his lines are now and then hard; his dots now and then mechanical in effect, though never without meaning. He saw skies as a poetical artist is bound to see them, but his hand, in rendering them, was not always of equal sureness. The conditions of etching—the employment of pure lines—fettered him, and what if he did fail sometimes, where Claude himself, the artist of the sunset—the triumphant craftsman of the plate, Dumesnil No. 15—failed often.

But indeed his distant skies are often of marvellous poetry, and the atmosphere between us and those furthest skies is of singular fidelity. Méryon felt the air, now keen and clear, now misty; now in the pleasantest places of brilliant Paris, sunny as Van der Heyden's or De Hooch's; now thick and blackish grey, as it hangs sluggishly under damp dark arch or over the slime of the bank of the river. Lastly, the figures of Méryon. Here, as nowhere else, reality and fantasy were allowed to join. They are small always—little passing masses of light, shade, and movement to relieve, to indicate, to suggest. They make no claim to accuracy of draughtsmanship. But they are always interesting, fascinating, and alive, always in strange accord with the dominant note of the subject, whether they are found in grace of quietness or energy of action. Thus the tall and tranquil elegance of the standing figure in the *Abside*, almost sculpturesque in the simplicity of its grace, and that of the figure leaning against the doorway in the *Rue de la Tixeranderie*, fits the sentiment no less than it suits the composition, and is Méryon's and no other's. Under the arch of *Le Pont Notre-Dame*, a woman's figure, standing, brooding nobly, is set well against the weird activity of the figure springing downwards by the rope. It is a page out of Eugène Sue and the *Mysteries of Paris*. Under the shadow of the College of Montaigu, now departed, sisters of charity hie on their errand; on the church steps a beggar will not be denied. Before the Morgue there gather, as we have said already, its eager seekers and its cruel crowd—a dramatic scene immensely emphasised. Somewhere else, there is a boat on dark water, with strange significant dredging. And below the place

where the sunlight Méryon painted so well strikes on the turrets of the Pont Neuf, figures point with eager gesture to the shadowed and blackened water, and in the boat a group of three form or suggest, like the willows in *Childe Roland*, 'a suicidal throng.' For no ghost would have been needed to beckon Méryon to 'more removed ground,' for such 'impartment' as it might desire 'to him alone.' Spirits spoke to him, only too well, in every street of Paris. The stones were

alive. And in every building of beauty or age, at every dark street corner, in every bridge that spanned the breadth of Seine; in every aspect of wandering water or passing sky, there was something to recall to him the fortunes of the solitary, of the disappointed, of the desperate, of the poor. His sense of these strange 'fortunes—of their 'mystery and tragedy—he has woven inseparably into the fabric of his work.*—*The Nineteenth Century*.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est—"Grant that the knowledge I get may be the knowledge which is worth having!"—the spirit of that prayer ought to rule 'our education. How little it does rule it, every discerning man will acknowledge. Life is short, and our faculties of attention and of recollection are limited; in education we proceed as if our life were endless, and our powers of attention and recollection inexhaustible. We have not time or strength to deal with half of the matters which are thrown upon our minds, and they prove a useless load to us. When some one talked to Themistocles of an art of memory, he answered: "Teach me rather to forget!" The sarcasm well criticises the fatal want of proportion between what we put into our minds and their real needs and powers.

From the time when first I was led to think about education, this want of proportion is what has most struck me. It is the great obstacle to progress, yet it is by no means remarked and contended against as it should be. It hardly begins to present itself until we pass beyond the strict elements of education—beyond the acquisition, I mean, of reading, of writing, and of calculating so far as the operations of common life require. But the moment we pass beyond these, it begins to appear. Languages, grammar, literature, history, geography, mathematics, the knowledge of nature—what of these is to be taught, how much, and how? There is no clear, well-grounded consent. The same with religion. Religion is surely to be taught,

but what of it is to be taught, and how? A clear, well-grounded consent is again wanting. And taught in such fashion as things are now, how often must a candid and sensible man, if he could be offered an art of memory to secure all

* A little practical guidance for the amateur who may look over Méryon's work, or who may care to collect it. For convenience sake, I divide it into three ranks—the first, splendid; the second, very fine; the third, unimportant.

In the first rank are seven original etchings, and two suggested by old drawings. They are: *L'Abside de Notre-Dame*; *Le Pont Neuf*; *Le Pont au Change*; *Saint Etienne du Mont*; *Tour de l'Horloge*; *La Morgue*; *La Rue de la Tixanderie*; *Pont Neuf et la Samaritaine*, suggested by a drawing of Nicolle; *Pont au Change vers 1784*, suggested by a drawing of Nicolle.

Why do I write 'suggested' and not 'copied'? A story will give the answer. M. Bonnardot, the possessor of the original drawing, looking at Méryon's plate of *Le Pont au Change vers 1784*, said to him, 'Why have you put that church tower in the corner?' 'Because it is there,' said Méryon. 'But no,' rejoined Bonnardot, referring to the drawing for a convincing proof, 'there is not the faintest sign of it.' The artist looked gravely at the drawing, gravely at his plate, gravely at M. Bonnardot. 'You do not see it,' answered Méryon; 'but I see it.' And indeed a composition otherwise stiff and fragmentary has become charming and complete by that tower. The picture wanted it, and for Méryon it was there.

In the second rank are six original etchings and one from an old drawing. They are: *Le Stryge*; *La Rue des Mauvais Garçons*; *L'Arche du Pont Notre-Dame*; *La Galerie de Notre-Dame*; *Le Petit Pont*; *La Pompe Notre-Dame*; *Une Partie de la Cité de Paris*, from an old drawing.

The few other originals and the less picturesque of the translations of old drawings form the third rank, which needs no longer mention.

that he has learned of them, as to a very great deal of it be inclined to say with Themistocles: "Teach me rather to forget!"

In England the common notion seems to be that education is advanced in two ways principally: by for ever adding fresh matters of instruction, and by preventing uniformity. I should be inclined to prescribe just the opposite course; to prescribe a severe limitation of the number of matters taught, a severe uniformity in the line of study followed. Wide ranging, and the multiplication of matters to be investigated, belong to private study, to the development of special aptitudes in the individual learner, and to the demands which they raise in him. But separate from all this should be kept the broad plain lines of study for almost universal use. I say *almost* universal, because they must of necessity vary a little with the varying conditions of men. Whatever the pupil finds set out for him upon these lines, he should learn; therefore it ought not to be too much in quantity. The essential thing is that it should be well chosen. If once we can get it well chosen, the more uniformly it can be kept to, the better. The teacher will be more at home; and besides, when we have got what is good and suitable, there is small hope of gain, and great certainty of risk, in departing from it.

No such lines are laid out, and perhaps no one could be trusted to lay them out authoritatively. But to amuse oneself with laying them out in fancy is a good exercise for one's thoughts. One may lay them out for this or that description of pupil, in this or that branch of study. The wider the interest of the branch of study taken, and the more extensive the class of pupils concerned, the better for our purpose. Suppose we take the department of letters. It is interesting to lay out in one's mind the ideal line of study to be followed by all who have to learn Latin and Greek. But it is still more interesting to lay out the ideal line of study to be followed by all who are concerned with that body of literature which exists in English, because this class is so much more numerous amongst us. The thing would be, one imagines, to begin with a very brief introductory sketch of our subject; then

to fix a certain series of works to serve as what the French, taking an expression from the builder's business, call *points de repère*—points which stand as so many natural centres, and by returning to which we can always find our way again, if we are embarrassed; finally, to mark out a number of illustrative and representative works, connecting themselves with each of these *points de repère*. In the introductory sketch we are amongst generalities, in the group of illustrative works we are amongst details; generalities and details have, both of them, their perils for the learner. It is evident that, for purposes of education, the most important parts by far in our scheme are what we call the *points de repère*. To get these rightly chosen and thoroughly known is the great matter. For my part, in thinking of this or that line of study which human minds follow, I feel always prompted to seek, first and foremost, the leading *points de repère* in it.

In editing for the use of the young the group of chapters which are now commonly distinguished as those of the Babylonian Isaiah, I drew attention to their remarkable fitness for serving as a point of this kind to the student of universal history. But a work which by many is regarded as simply and solely a document of religion, there is difficulty, perhaps, in employing for historical and literary purposes. With works of a secular character one is on safer ground. And for years past, whenever I have had occasion to use Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, the thought has struck me how admirable a *point de repère*, or fixed centre of the sort described above, these lives might be made to furnish for the student of English literature. If we could but take, I have said to myself, the most important of the lives in Johnson's volumes, and leave out all the rest, what a text-book we should have! The volumes at present are a work to stand in a library, "a work which no gentleman's library should be without." But we want to get from them a text-book to be in the hands of every one who desires even so much as a general acquaintance with English literature;—and so much acquaintance as this who does not desire? The work as Johnson published it is not fitted to serve as such a text-book; it is too extensive, and contains the lives of

many poets quite insignificant. Johnson supplied lives of all whom the booksellers proposed to include in their collection of British Poets; he did not choose the poets himself, although he added two or three to those chosen by the booksellers. Whatever Johnson did in the department of literary biography and criticism possesses interest and deserves our attention. But in his *Lives of the Poets* there are six of pre-eminent interest; the lives of six men who, while the rest in the collection are of inferior rank, stand out as names of the first class in English literature — Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray. These six writers differ among themselves, of course, in power and importance, and every one can see, that, if we were following certain modes of literary classification, Milton would have to be placed on a solitary eminence far above any of them. But if, without seeking a close view of individual differences, we form a large and liberal first class among English writers, all these six personages — Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray — must, I think, be placed in it. Their lives cover a space of more than a century and a half, from 1608, the year of Milton's birth, down to 1771, the date of the death of Gray. Through this space of more than a century and a half the six lives conduct us. We follow the course of what Warburton well calls "the most agreeable subject in the world, which is literary history," and follow it in the lives of men of letters of the first class. And the writer of their lives is himself, too, a man of letters of the first class. Malone calls Johnson "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century." He is justly to be called, at any rate, a man of letters of the first class, and the greatest power in English letters during the eighteenth century. And in these characteristic lives, not finished until 1781, and "which I wrote," as he himself tells us, "in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste," we have Johnson mellowed by years, Johnson in his ripeness and plenitude, treating the subject which he loved best and knew best. Much of it he could treat with the knowledge and sure tact of a contemporary; even from Milton and Dryden he was scarcely fur-

ther separated than our generation is from Burns and Scott. Having all these recommendations, his *Lives of the Poets* do indeed truly stand for what Boswell calls them, "the work which of all Dr. Johnson's writings will perhaps be read most generally and with most pleasure." And in the lives of the six chief personages of the work, the lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray, we have its very kernel and quintessence; we have the work relieved of whatever is less significant, retaining nothing which is not highly significant, brought within easy and convenient compass, and admirably fitted to serve as a *point de repère*, a fixed and thoroughly known centre of departure and return, to the student of English literature.

I know of no such first-rate piece of literature, for supplying in this way the wants of the literary student, existing at all in any other language; or existing in our own language, for any period except the period which Johnson's six lives cover. A student cannot read them without gaining from them, consciously or unconsciously, an insight into the history of English literature and life. He would find great benefit, let me add, from reading in connection with each biography something of the author with whom it deals; the first two books, say, of *Paradise Lost*, in connection with the life of Milton; *Absalom and Achitophel*, and the *Dedication of the Ancis*, in connection with the life of Dryden; in connection with Swift's life, the *Battle of the Books*; with Addison's, the *Coverley Papers*; with Pope's, the imitations of the *Satires* and *Epistles* of Horace. The *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* everybody knows, and will have it present to his mind when he reads the life of Gray. But of the other works which I have mentioned how little can this be said; to how many of us are Pope and Addison and Dryden and Swift, and even Milton himself, mere names, about whose date and history and supposed characteristics of style we may have learnt by rote something from a handbook, but of the real men and of the power of their works we know nothing! From Johnson's biographies the student will get a sense of what the real men were, and with this sense fresh in his mind he will find the occasion pro-

pitious for acquiring also, in the way pointed out, a sense of the power of their works.

This will seem to most people a very unambitious discipline. But the fault of most of the disciplines proposed in education is that they are by far too ambitious. Our improvers of education are almost always for proceeding by way of augmentation and complication ; reduction and simplification, I say, is what is rather required. We give the learner too much to do, and we are over-zealous to tell him what he ought to think. Johnson himself has admirably marked the real line of our education through letters. He says in his life of Pope :— " Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another ; and when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer." The aim and end of education through letters is to get this experience. Our being told by another what its results will properly be found to be, is not, even if we are told aright, at all the same thing as getting the experience for ourselves. The discipline, therefore, which puts us in the way of getting it, cannot be called an inconsiderable or ineffacious one. We should take care not to imperil its acquisition by refusing to trust to it in its simplicity, by being eager to add, set right, and annotate. It is much to secure the reading, by young English people, of the lives of the six chief poets of our nation between the years 1650 and 1750, related by our foremost man of letters of the eighteenth century. It is much to secure their reading, under the stimulus of Johnson's interesting recital and forcible judgments, famous specimens of the authors whose lives are before them. Do not let us insist on also reviewing in detail and supplementing Johnson's work for them, on telling them what they ought really and definitively to think about the six authors and about the exact place of each in English literature. Perhaps our pupils are not ripe for it ; perhaps, too, we have not Johnson's interest and Johnson's force ; we are not the power in letters for our century which he was for his. We may be pedantic, obscure, dull, everything that bores, rather than everything that attracts ; and so John-

son and his lives will repel, and will not be received, because we insist on being received along with them. Again, as we bar a learner's approach to Homer and Virgil by our *chevaux de frise* of elaborate grammar, so we are apt to stop his way to a piece of English literature by imbedding it in a mass of notes and additional matter. Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is a good example of the labor and ingenuity which may be spent upon a masterpiece, with the result, after all, really of rather encumbering than illustrating it. All knowledge may be in itself good, but this kind of editing seems to proceed upon the notion that we have only one book to read in the course of our life, or else that we have eternity to read in. What can it matter to our generation whether it was Molly Aston or Miss Boothby whose preference for Lord Lyttelton made Johnson jealous, and produced in his *Life of Lyttelton* a certain tone of disparagement ? With the young reader, at all events, our great endeavor should be to bring him face to face with masterpieces, and to hold him there, not distracting or rebutting him with needless excursions or trifling details.

I should like, therefore, to reprint Johnson's six chief lives, simply as they are given in the edition in four volumes octavo,—the edition which passes for being the first to have a correct and complete text,—and to leave the lives, in that natural form, to have their effect upon the reader. I should like to think that a number of young people might thus be brought to know an important period of our literary and intellectual history, by means of the lives of six of its leading and representative authors, told by a great man. I should like to think that they would go on, under the stimulus of the lives, to acquaint themselves with some leading and representative work of each author. In the six lives they would at least have secured, I think, a most valuable *point de repère* in the history of our English life and literature, a point from which afterwards to find their way ; whether they might desire to ascend upwards to our anterior literature, or to come downwards to the literature of yesterday and of the present.

The six lives cover a period of literary

and intellectual movement in which we are all profoundly interested. It is the passage of our nation to prose and reason; the passage to a type of thought and expression, modern, European, and which on the whole is ours at the present day, from a type antiquated, peculiar, and which is ours no longer. The period begins with a prose like this of Milton: "They who to states and governors of the commonwealth direct their speech, high court of parliament! or wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good; I suppose them, if at the beginning of no mean endeavor, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their minds." It ends with a prose like this of Smollett: "My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to inquire for an old school-fellow, who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel then in the river, and implore his assistance." These are extreme instances; but they give us no unfaithful notion of the change in our prose between the reigns of Charles I. and of George III. Johnson has recorded his own impression of the extent of the change and of its salutariness. Boswell gave him a book to read, written in 1702 by the English chaplain of a regiment stationed in Scotland. "It is sad stuff, sir," said Johnson, after reading it; "miserably written, as books in general then were. There is now an elegance of style universally diffused. No man now writes so ill as Martin's *Account of the Hebrides* is written. A man could not write so ill if he should try. Set a merchant's clerk now to write, and he'll do better."

It seems as if a simple and natural prose were a thing which we might expect to come easy to communities of men, and to come early to them; but we know from experience that it is not so. Poetry and the poetic form of expression naturally precede prose. We see this in ancient Greece. We see prose forming itself there gradually and with labor; we see it passing through more than one stage before it attains to thorough propriety and lucidity, long after forms of consummate adequacy have already been reached and used in poetry.

It is a people's growth in practical life, and its native turn for developing this life and for making progress in it, which awaken the desire for a good prose—a prose plain, direct, intelligible, serviceable. A dead language, the Latin, for a long time furnished the nations of Europe with an instrument of the kind, superior to any which they had yet discovered in their own. But nations such as England and France, called to a great historic life, and with powerful interests and gifts either social or practical, were sure to feel the need of having a sound prose of their own, and to bring such a prose forth. They brought it forth in the seventeenth century; France first, afterwards England.

The Restoration marks the real moment of birth of our modern English prose. Men of lucid and direct mental habit there were, such as Chillingworth, in whom before the Restoration the desire and the commencements of a modern prose show themselves. There were men like Barrow, weighty and powerful, whose mental habit the old prose suited, who continued its forms and locutions after the Restoration. But the hour was come for the new prose, and it grew and prevailed. In Johnson's time its victory had long been assured, and the old style seemed barbarous. The prose writers of the eighteenth century have indeed their mannerisms and phrases which are no longer ours. Johnson says of Milton's blame of the universities for allowing young men designed for Orders in the Church to act in plays, "This is sufficiently peevish in a man, who, when he mentions his exile from college, relates, with great luxuriance, the compensation which the pleasures of the theatre afford him. Plays were therefore only criminal when they were acted by academics." We should now-a-days not say *peevish* here, nor *luxuriance*, nor *academics*. Yet the style is ours by its organism, if not by its phrasing. It is by its organism—an organism opposed to length and involvement, and enabling us to be clear, plain, and short—that English style after the Restoration breaks with the style of the times preceding it, finds the true law of prose, and becomes modern; becomes, in spite of superficial differences, the style of our own day.

Burnet has pointed out how we are under obligations in this matter to Charles II., whom Johnson described as "the last king of England who was a man of parts." A king of England by no means fulfils his whole duty by being a man of parts, or by loving and encouraging art, science, and literature. Yet the artist and the student of the natural sciences will always feel a kindness towards the two Charleses for their interest in art and science; and modern letters, too, have their debt to Charles II., although it may be quite true that that prince, as Burnet says, "had little or no literature." "The King had little or no literature, but true and good sense, and had got a right notion of style; for he was in France at the time when they were much set on reforming their language. It soon appeared that he had a true taste. So this helped to raise the value of these men (Tillotson and others), when the king approved of the style their discourses generally ran in, which was clear, plain, and short."

It is the victory of this prose style, "clear, plain, and short" over what Burnet calls "the old style, long and heavy," which is the distinguishing achievement, in the history of English letters, of the century following the Restoration. From the first it proceeded rapidly and was never checked. Burnet says of the Chancellor Finch, Earl of Nottingham—"He was long much admired for his eloquence, but it was labored and affected, and he saw it much despised before he died." A like revolution of taste brought about a general condemnation of our old prose style, imperfectly disengaged from the style of poetry. By Johnson's time the new style, the style of prose, was altogether paramount in its own proper domain, and in its pride of victorious strength had invaded also the domain of poetry.

That invasion is now visited by us with a condemnation not less strong and general than the condemnation which the eighteenth century passed upon the unwieldy prose of its predecessors. But let us be careful to do justice while we condemn. A thing good in its own place may be bad out of it. Prose requires a different style from poetry. Poetry, no doubt, is more excellent in itself than prose. In poetry man finds the highest

and most beautiful expression of that which is in him. We had far better poetry than the poetry of the eighteenth century before that century arrived, we have had better since it departed. Like the Greeks, and unlike the French, we can point to an age of poetry anterior to our age of prose, eclipsing our age of prose in glory, and fixing the future character and conditions of our literature. We do well to place our pride in the Elizabethan age and Shakespeare, as the Greeks placed theirs in Homer. We did well to return in the present century to the poetry of that older age for illumination and inspiration, and to put aside, in a great measure, the poetry and poets intervening between Milton and Wordsworth. Milton, in whom our great poetic age expired, was the last of the immortals. Of the five poets whose lives follow his in our proposed volume, three, Dryden, Addison, and Swift, are eminent prose-writers as well as poets; two of the three, Swift and Addison, far more distinguished as prose-writers than as poets. The glory of English literature is in poetry, and in poetry the strength of the eighteenth century does not lie.

Nevertheless, the eighteenth century accomplished for us an immense literary progress, and even its shortcomings in poetry were an instrument to that progress, and served it. The example of Germany may show us what a nation loses from having no prose style. The practical genius of our people could not but urge irresistibly to the production of a real prose style, because for the purposes of modern life the old English prose, the prose of Milton and Taylor, is cumbersome, unavailable, impossible. A style of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance, was wanted. These are the qualities of a serviceable prose style. Poetry has a different *logic*, as Coleridge said, from prose; poetical style follows another law of evolution than the style of prose. But there is no doubt that a style of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance, will acquire a yet stronger hold upon the mind of a nation, if it is adopted in poetry as well as in prose, and so comes to govern both. This is what happened in France. To the practical, modern, and social genius of the French, a true prose was indis-

pensable. They produced one of conspicuous excellence, one marked in the highest degree by the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. With little opposition from any deep-seated and imperious poetic instincts, they made their poetry conform to the law which was moulding their prose. French poetry became marked with the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. This may have been bad for French poetry, but it was good for French prose. It heightened the perfection with which those qualities, the true qualities of prose, were impressed upon it. When England, at the Restoration, desired a modern prose, and began to create it, our writers turned naturally to French literature, which had just accomplished the very process which engaged them. The King's acuteness and taste, as we have seen, helped. Indeed, to the admission of French influence of all kinds, Charles the Second's character and that of his court were but too favorable. But the influence of the French writers was at that moment on the whole fortunate, and seconded what was a vital and necessary effort in our literature. Our literature required a prose which conformed to the true law of prose; and that it might acquire this the more surely, it compelled poetry, as in France, to conform itself to the law of prose likewise. The classic verse of French poetry was the Alexandrine, a measure favorable to the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. Gradually a measure favorable to those very same qualities—the ten-syllable couplet—established itself as the classic verse of England, until in the eighteenth century it had become the ruling form of our poetry. Poetry, or rather the use of verse, entered in a remarkable degree, during that century, into the whole of the daily life of the civilised classes; and the poetry of the century was a perpetual school of the qualities requisite for a good prose, the qualities of regularity, uniformity, precision, balance. This may have been of no great service to English poetry, although to say that it has been of no service at all, to say that the eighteenth century has in no respect changed the conditions of English poetical style, or that it has changed them for the worse, would be

untrue. But it was undeniably of service to that which was the great and work of the hour, English prose.

Do not let us, therefore, hastily despise Johnson and his century for defective poetry and criticism of True, Johnson is capable of "Surely no man could have fancied he read *Lycidas* with pleasure had known the author!" True, he is capable of maintaining "that the desecration of the temple in Congreve's *M. Bride* was the finest poetical passage he had ever read—he recollected no Shakespeare equal to it." But to conceive of Johnson and of his age as having a special task committed to them, the establishment of a new prose; and as capable of being so narrowed in their judgment of poetry by this exclusive task. The common course and law of progress; one thing is done at a time, other things are sacrificed to it; we must be thankful for the thing if it is valuable, and we must acquiesce with the temporary sacrifice of other things to this one. The other will have their turn sooner or later. Above all, a nation with profound classical instincts, like the English, may be trusted to work itself right in poetry after periods of neglect in poetical practice. Even in the nineteenth century, an age of such practice, and with a style frequently showing the balance of it, Gray was saved, we may say, and remains a poet whose work has a high and pure worth, simply by knowing the Greeks thoroughly, more thoroughly than any English poet had known them since Milton. Milton was a survivor of the great age of poetry; Dryden, Pope, and Swift were mighty poets for the age of prose. Gray, at the midst of the age of prose, and, moreover, of by no means the feeble force and of scanty productivity nevertheless claims a place among the chief personages of Johnson's list, because it was impossible for an English poet, even in that age, who knew the great Greek masters intimately, to respond to their good influence, to be rescued from the false poetical practice of his contemporaries. Ours is available to a nation are deep poetic instincts even in an age of prose.

much more may they be trusted to assert themselves after the age of prose has ended, and to remedy any poetical mischief done by it! And meanwhile the work of the hour, the necessary and appointed work, has been done, and we have got our prose.

Let us always bear in mind, therefore, that the century so well represented by Dryden, Addison, Pope, and Swift, and of which the literary history is so powerfully written by Johnson in his lives, is a century of prose—a century of which the great work in literature was the formation of English prose. Johnson was himself a laborer in this great and needful work, and was ruled by its influences. His blame of genuine poets like Milton and Gray, his over-praise of artificial poets like Pope, are to be taken as the utterances of a man who worked for an age of prose, who was ruled by its influences, and could not but be ruled by them. Of poetry he speaks as a man whose sense for that with which he is dealing is in some degree imperfect.

Yet even on poetry Johnson's utterances are valuable, because they are the utterances of a great and original man. That indeed he was; and to be conducted by such a man through an important century cannot but do us good, even though our guide may in some places be less competent than in others. Johnson was the man of an age of prose. Furthermore, he was a strong force of conservation and concentration, in an epoch which by its natural tendencies

seemed moving towards expansion and freedom. But he was a great man, and great men are always instructive. The more we study him, the higher will be our esteem for the power of his mind, the width of his interests, the largeness of his knowledge, the freshness, fearlessness, and strength of his judgments. The higher, too, will be our esteem for his character. His well-known lines on Levett's death, beautiful and touching lines, are still more beautiful and touching because they recall a whole history of Johnson's goodness, tenderness, and charity. Human dignity, on the other hand, he maintained, we all know how well, through the whole long and arduous struggle of his life, from his servitor days at Oxford, down to the *Jam moriturus* of his closing hour. His faults and strangenesses are on the surface, and catch every eye. But on the whole we have in him a good and admirable type, worthy to be kept in our view for ever, of "the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good-nature and good-humor of the English people."

A volume giving us Johnson's Lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Gray, would give us, therefore, the compendious story of a whole important age in English literature, told by a great man, and in a performance which is itself a piece of English literature of the first class. If such a volume could but be prefaced by Lord Macaulay's *Life of Johnson*, it would be perfect. —*Macmillan's Magazine*.

"PHILOCHRISTUS."*

OFTEN as the life and ministry of Jesus Christ have formed the subject of literary treatment within the last few years, another book on the same topic will seem superfluous to none who acknowledge, as we unreservedly do in favor of *Philochristus*, that it is a work of earnestness and ability; and who appreciate the interest felt throughout the whole world of culture and of intelligent religion in what is, without question, the central problem in the spiritual his-

tory of mankind. Scholarship, capacity, and a freshness and fascination due to rare literary skill are visibly impressed upon these pages; the tone is elevated, and there is preserved throughout a grave delicacy and refinement of feeling; yet the author delights in broad panoramic coloring, and the narrative moves rapidly onward, with the vividness and animation of a drama. The work bears everywhere the self-attesting signature of an original and a richly gifted mind.

The idea of the writer is to present a view of Christ's ministry, as reflected in the reminiscences of one who was one of

* *Philochristus: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord*. London: Macmillan and Co. Boston: Roberts Bros.

his companions in the flesh. Careful and patient study has manifestly been directed to the object of realising the exact conditions of existence—the whole aspect and activity of life—in Palestine, at the time when Christ appeared. The success attained in this very important matter is indisputable. A copious and felicitous selection of particulars has been made, and they are presented, not in dull statistical narrative, but with graphic distinctness and picturesque effect. We seem to behold the spectacle of Galilean and Judæan society, and to hear the buzz of its interests, industries, contentions. The Pharisees and Scribes insist upon a minute ceremonialism of tassels and nail-parings, transmuting the great Mosaic Law, with its majestic enforcement of the fundamentals of morality, into a pitiful carping and quibbling about the infinitely little. The Jewish patriot, mourning for the subjugation of his country as well as the subordination of his faith, cherishes the memory of deeds done and cruelties suffered in the struggle with the invaders, thirsts inexpressibly for vengeance and emancipation, and is ready, without minute inquiry into the credentials of hereditary or theological Messiahship, to rush to arms at the call of any Christ who will gird himself with the sword of Gideon or of David, and promise to call down, naturally or supernaturally, such fire from heaven as will smite the Legionaries of Rome. The Essenes, arising in the confusion and tumult of a revolutionary time, as the Quakers arose amid the heart-breaking troubles of the Puritan time, practise an industrial and ascetic communism, which has always presented an air of engaging innocence, and has never grappled with real effectiveness with the ills that beset humanity. Exorcists, partly quacks, partly believers in their own powers, patrol the country in all directions, probably doing some occasional good to nervous patients, if James Hinton's theory of "cure by emotion" is correct; certainly doing much evil, by confirming the ignorance and superstition on which they flourished, pretending to heal diseases, and driving out devils who generally came back in sevenfold reinforcement. Such are the figures which, with many others, are placed before us in this book, with a

force of presentment enabling us not only to learn, but to see. Nor can it be alleged against the author of *Philochristus*, as it can be alleged against M. Renan, that he delineates the characteristics of our Saviour's time with a view to mere artistic effect, and in the spirit of romance and dilettantism. Not to enhance our interest in a pious, but feeble sentimentalist, does he elaborate his descriptions, but to enable us to appreciate the complicated and stupendous difficulties of the position of the historical Jesus, and to understand the impression made upon a generation whose religion had shrivelled into the puniest will-worship, whose ignorance was dense, universal, impenetrable, whose heart was selfish and carnal, by a teacher whose clearness and width of intellectual apprehension and loftiness of spiritual character demonstrated him to be very God of very God. That this is the final view presented of Jesus in the book before us appears to be proved by the following sentence:—"When we worshipped him as the Son, it seemed not unto us as if we were honoring him by calling him God, but (if I may speak as a child) it seemed rather as though we were striving to honor God by saying that God was one with Jesus." Such an expression respecting any mere human being would be blasphemous adulation.

This Divine Man is the centre of a group of disciples and interested observers, who are in part derived by the author from the narratives of the New Testament, and in part suggested by his knowledge of the characters and circumstances of the period. Philochristus, the supposed chronicler, is not himself a man of very strong personality. We think of him as a kind of Jewish Xenophon, pure and upright-minded, but of slight intellectual originality, who longs for the redemption of Israel, feels that the Scribes and Pharisees do not respond to the cravings of his spiritual ideal, and finds in Jesus all that his higher nature wants. His task in the book is to observe with impartiality and simplicity, placing the facts before the reader, though generally, we are bound to add, lending them some color, or suggesting some interpretation of them, which makes it a matter of extreme difficulty to draw the line between what belongs, in strict dramatic proprie-

ty, to Philochristus, and what he must be understood to speak as the mouth-piece of the author. Nathaniel appears as what he is in the Gospels,—entirely trustful, entirely satisfied, incapable of a serious doubt that Jesus is the Christ, the Saviour of the world. Peter and Judas are not without affinity of character, both being fiery, impetuous men, but there is a profound difference between them. Peter loves with all his heart, believes as he loves, and cannot be moved from the conviction that the proceedings of Jesus, however enigmatical they may seem, will prove wise, right, and expedient. Judas is a Jewish patriot, willing enough to accept Christ's moral teaching, but inveterately persuaded that his doctrine is of quite secondary importance, and that his real aim must and shall be to expel the Romans and re-establish the throne of David. Judas has found many apologists, or at least, suggesters of a theory which would acquit him of mean and murderous guilt, but no one has undertaken his defence so boldly as the author of *Philochristus*. Giotto's notion of Judas, as a mere brutish reprobate, with the greed and cunning of a thoroughly insensitive nature, vulgar with that incurable vulgarity which Horace rightly discerned to be profane—a view of the character which Mr. Ruskin, in part at least, adopts—gives place in this book to the conception of a man whose faults are virtues in disguise, or at least are very mitigated forms of vice. "At the first, Judas was no traitor, nor like unto one that should be a traitor, but of a sanguine complexion and disposition, cheerful even to mirthfulness, and frank on a first acquaintance." He was not given to reflection, but was "active and strenuous, and withal a lover of Israel." Ambitious, readier with advice than with the real offices of kindness, he was yet from childhood "ever given to great purposes," and of a deep understanding and a discerning spirit, though lacking in power to love. "His understanding moved as a flame of fire, but his heart was very cold."

The suicide of Judas, the fruit of remorse, is the only shadow of evidence by which this view of his character can be supported. De Quincey, whose name is associated with it, from the eloquence

of his special pleading in its behalf, loved paradox, and was often whimsically absurd in his reasonings. We are by no means sure that suicide in consequence of remorse is so trustworthy an index of character as the crime which occasioned the distress, and there is obvious unlikelihood that if Judas had really meant, as his advocates suggest, to force his Master's hand, he would have covenanted so carefully for the thirty pieces of silver. The author of *Philochristus* is shy of the Fourth Gospel as an historical authority, but he too summarily reduces to (virtually) a mere slander of tradition that stern verse in which the Fourth Evangelist describes Judas, not only as a thief, but a thief who wanted to pass himself off as a philanthropist,—“This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief.” Although no important fact is taken from the Fourth Gospel, one of the characters adopts to some extent the tone and point of view of its writer, a circumstance indicated in his name “Quartus.” The philosophical religion of the period is represented by Xanthias. And there are minor characters not a few, some of whom play no unimportant part. The fertility of the author's imagination is remarkable, and his cast of *dramatis personæ* very rich.

The most strictly original elements in the book—original at least in the way in which they impress themselves upon the mind of the author—are two; a particular conception of miracles, and a suggested explanation of the occurrences which took place after Christ's death. These two—the theory of miracles and the theory of the resurrection—are intimately connected with each other, forming parts of a general biographic scheme of our Lord's history which, whether we agree with it or disagree,—and we ourselves wholly disagree,—must be admitted to be singularly consistent and complete. Among the miracles ascribed to Christ, Philochristus—for we shall endeavor to confine ourselves to what the character dramatically represented says for himself, waiving the inquiry whether his views are or are not those of the author—distinguishes between those which might be accounted for on natural grounds, and those which, if they really occurred in the way in which ordinary

readers of the New Testament believe them to have occurred, must have been supernatural. The healing of such cases of deafness or lameness as were due to nervous affection, and might yield to faith in the word of Jesus, including the expulsion of devils, are comprised in the first of these classes. The stilling of the tempest, the feeding of four or five thousand persons with a few loaves and fishes, and the raising of the dead, belong to the second. Philochristus, convinced that Jesus is the Messiah, has no doubt of his power to work any miracle whatever, but represents him as viewing Nature in a way which would render his working a real miracle in the highest degree improbable. The real—the world as it is, the appointed order of Nature—constituted, for Christ, the greatest possible miracle. "As Elias the prophet loved to commune with God on the tops of mountains and in deserts and in caves, received revelations of the Lord from earthquakes and fires, but most of all from the still small voice, even so doth our Master look upon all things that are, yea even on the smallest things that live or grow, and from all he heareth a still small voice, that speaketh of the Father." Looking upon the agencies of Nature as the ministers of God, Jesus submitted to them more willingly than others, enduring cold, hunger, thirst, homelessness, not stamping on the ground "to make the wheat spring up for him," not striking waters from rocks, but "willingly subject to all the fleshly weaknesses wherewith the All-wise hath encompassed the souls of men, to the end that they may depend on Him." Devils are expelled and diseases are healed by Jesus, because he esteems these the works of Satan, not of the Father; but Nature he regards as too sacred to be interfered with by miracle. "The course and appointed order of the world he esteemeth as the vesture of God, whereof he would not disturb one single fold."

The account given by Philochristus of the signs and wonders recorded in the Gospels, some of which he personally witnessed, some of which were described to him by his fellow-disciples who beheld them, fits in at all points with this theory of miracle. Of the healing of diseases and the driving out of devils, it

is unnecessary to speak; the view respecting them put forward is substantially in accordance with that of many previous writers. What light, then, is cast by the experience of Philochristus, as stated in simple, historical form by him, on the crucial instances before mentioned? Take that of the stilling of the tempest. The storm arises, the boat is almost filled with the waves, the disciples run terror-stricken to Jesus, and entreat him to save them. He turns himself towards the sea, "and then (as if it were revealed to him that he, being the safety of the world, could not be wrecked by any turbulence of winds or waves, and therefore that the storm was to cease), behold, he stretched out his hands to the tempest, praying; and straightway the storm seemed to abate a little; and then, perceiving the will of the Father, he stood up, like some great king or emperor, and rebuked the storm, bidding it be still, and immediately there was a great calm." On this narrative Philochristus makes one or two very significant remarks:—"On this only occasion did our Master appear to change the course of the world, and methinks even here he did it only in appearance. For he spake as he was moved by the Holy Spirit, it being revealed to him that the storm must needs cease, lest the fortunes of the world should be shipwrecked, if the Son of Man should perish." Such is the opinion of Philochristus; we shall not undertake to pronounce it also the opinion of the author of the book; but if the reader takes the same view of the stilling of the tempest as is expressed by Philochristus, he certainly will not believe that any miracle took place on the occasion. The impression that a miracle had been wrought arose from a coincidence, in time, between the offering up of a prayer by Christ, and the sudden passing over of a storm-gust on the sea of Galilee. It is somewhat perplexing to be told by Philochristus that on this occasion *alone* did Christ even "appear" to change the order of the world, for he must absolutely have "appeared" to change that order to those who saw him raise the daughter of Jairus from *what they*, at least, as Philochristus expressly admits, supposed to be death; and to ordinary readers of the New Testament, he surely "appears" to modify the order

of nature when he feeds thousands with what would usually suffice barely to appease the hunger of tens. Mr. Lewes has pronounced the miracles of feeding the multitudes more exacting in their demand upon the faith of believers even than the miracles of raising the dead. Let us see what Philochristus makes of them. By bread, we are told, Christ meant the essence of his doctrine and example,—in one word, himself. Perceiving that he, as well as John the Baptist, would be put to death, that his spirit would pass into his disciples, and that in this sense, "he would give himself to be the food of men, even the Bread of Life," he looked upon his teaching, and spoke of it to his disciples, as a ministration of bread. At first he ministered the bread himself, "but afterwards," says Philochristus, "because of the multitude of them which came unto him (for they were more than five thousand), he caused the disciples to divide them into companies, and to minister the Bread unto the people." The disciples ministered accordingly, and so much edification ensued, that "Thomas (who had been at the first loth to minister the Bread, as not being worthy) came afterwards to Jesus saying, 'Of a truth, the crumbs of thy Banquet which are fallen from the table of the guests do suffice unto them that minister, for the Lord hath increased the Bread of Life within us,' so mightily did the Bread of our Master increase in the hands of the Twelve." Matthew made the remark "that Jesus had not only spread a table in the wilderness for the hungry, but that he had also fulfilled his saying, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you. For,' said he, 'behold, to each of the disciples there cometh back his basketful of the fragments of the Feast.' And the like happened on another occasion, when they ministered the Bread unto another very great multitude, about four thousand in number." Of course, under those circumstances, it never occurred to Philochristus that any departure from the order of nature had taken place. We shall not say that the author of the book adopts the view of Philochristus, but he does not rebut it, and we cannot see any object that could be served by putting it into the mouth of Philochristus, unless the author believed, to

say the least, that it deserves careful consideration. The only plausibility it has, it derives from the unquestionable facts that bread was one leading symbol applied by Christ to his doctrine and to himself, and that he expressly spoke of this bread—in short, of himself—being eaten by those who believed in him. If, as the various branches of the Reformed Church maintain, the literal acceptance of Christ's words in the institution of the Supper is a misapprehension of his spiritual meaning, it may be a plausible extension of the principle of spiritual interpretation to apply it to the easy and obvious explanation of what would otherwise be a stupendous miracle. For the suggested explanation there is, on the other hand, not the slightest support in the New Testament. The observation put by Philochristus into the mouth of Matthew is in sharp discordance with the account of what occurred to be found in that Gospel which all tradition assigns, in its original form, to this apostle. "The disciples," Thomas and Matthew, no doubt, included, said to Christ that the multitudes required not to be ministered to in spiritual things, but to be "sent away," in order that they might "buy themselves victuals." What St. Matthew is represented as saying by Philochristus cannot possibly be reconciled with what he says for himself, and for the rest of the disciples, in the Gospel to which his name is attached. We submit that, by all conceivable rules of historical evidence, Matthew is a better witness of what he himself said than Philochristus can be.

Philochristus accounts with equal facility for the recorded instances; in which Jesus raised the dead, as well as for what, in view of the acknowledged rectitude of his character, is of equal consequence, his own seemingly explicit assertion that he did so. "Jesus was wont to use the word 'dead' of them that were in the deep waters of sin; as when he said that 'the dead should bury their own dead;' and again, when he said that 'the Son of Man hath power to quicken the dead.' Oftentimes, also, he spake in the same way of raising up the dead, as when he told the disciples of John, the son of Zachariah, that 'the dead are raised up.'" Here, again, of course, there is adducible in support of

the view presented by Philochristus the indisputable fact that Christ did habitually apply the imagery of physical death to the death of the spirit in selfishness and unrighteousness. It might, perhaps, be argued also that amid a generation like that to which Christ preached, a generation impenetrably ignorant, profoundly superstitious, it was, in the nature of things, impossible for a pervasively spiritual teacher to avoid being misunderstood by his hearers, and being handed down to posterity as a miracle-worker. It is clear, however, that this comprehensive solution of old difficulties will provide new ones; for if our Lord's teaching was spiritual and metaphorical to such an extent as Philochristus suggests, will it not strike many minds as a hopeless enterprise to ascertain what his teaching really was?

The view taken by Philochristus of the Resurrection is organically connected with the theory of miracles which we have explained. As Jesus appeared to Philochristus to studiously avoid interfering with the order of nature—the sequence of physical law—during his lifetime, Philochristus would not look for a suspension or violation of natural law in connection with his body after death. The life after death which Philochristus understood Christ to predict, was a life of influence, a life in the hearts of his disciples, a life in the many generations of a humanity purified from sin and triumphing over sorrow. Accordingly, when he was crucified, his body did not, in contravention of the law of nature, resume life, but—here is the peculiar theory of Philochristus—was stolen from the grave by the ministers of the High Priest. Philochristus is represented as having virtually witnessed the occurrence. The enemies of Christ thought that one who died as a malefactor ought not to be honored with such burial as Joseph of Arimathea had provided him. What became of the body is not stated. It is permissible in the author to preserve a reverential silence on that question, but no modern reader, if he accepts as exact and adequate the account given by Philochristus of the several appearances of Christ after the crucifixion, will entertain any doubt that the body laid in the tomb had no part in them, but that they were visionary. We cannot trust ourselves to

do perfect justice to the author by describing in our words what took place on those occasions, but shall quote one typical passage, and leave our readers to say whether the appearance of Christ noted therein was or was not of the kind which men see in visions. It details what occurred on that solemn evening when the disciples were assembled with closed doors, and Thomas also was among them:—

"So about one hour after sunset, we were assembled all together in the upper room (it was a room in the house of Peter, wherein Jesus was wont to sit at meat with us in past times), and Thomas also was with us. But the door was shut and made fast for fear of spies; whom the Scribes in Capernaum had begun to set over us for to watch us. When all things were now ready, first we sang a psalm, even the same psalm that Jesus had sung on the same night in the week before, when we kept the Passover together. Then Simon Peter offered up prayers and praises to God, and made mention of the comfortable words of the Lord Jesus, how he had said that he would never leave us nor forsake us, but that wheresoever two or three were gathered together in his name, there would he be present among them. Last of all he spake of the testament of the Lord Jesus, how he had bidden us break bread and drink wine in memory of him, that we might partake of his body and his blood. Then began Simon Peter to break bread and to reach it to each of us, and at the same time he said, 'This is the body of the Lord.' But behold, in the midst of his giving of the bread, Peter made a sudden pause and was silent, and his eyes were fixed, and he gazed steadfastly upon the place which had been left empty at the table; for Jesus had been wont to sit there in times past, wherefore in that place durst no man sit. Then I turned round hastily to look, and behold, Jesus was there, as clear to view as ever I had seen him in this life, only very pale, and there were the nail-prints in his hands, and methought there was a wound in his side; and the brightness of his love and compassion passed sensibly forth from his eyes to mine, and all my soul went out to him as I looked; but I could in nowise speak, nor did I desire to speak, for I had thoughts deeper than all words. Now not a hand moved, not a word was spoken, and there was such a silence as if one could hear and count the footsteps of time; neither could I turn mine eyes from Jesus till I heard Thomas weeping beside me; but he threw himself on the ground, stretching out his hands to Jesus, and reproaching himself for his faithlessness, and at the same time, pressing the bread, even the body of the Lord, which he held in his hand, he cried out, saying, 'My hand hath touched; yea, I have touched; I believe, I believe.' But neither he nor any of us durst adventure to go to that part of the table where Jesus sat; but when I looked again, behold, his hand was stretched out (even as the two disciples had described their vision of Jesus) as if

he brake and blessed the bread that was his body; and Thomas also heard a voice (but I heard not the voice) saying that he was to touch with his hand, according to his own saying, and to be no more faithless, but believing. After this, Jesus vanished from our eyes, and neither in his coming nor in his departing was the door opened, but it remained shut fast, wherewith we all marvelled."

This is ingenious naturalism of the school of Paulus, as well as delicately clear and expressive in style. A single occurrence of this kind might of course be paralleled from the recorded instances of spectral apparition and optical illusion. But there is one circumstance affecting all such representations of the appearance of Jesus Christ after the crucifixion which is irreconcilable with their correctness, namely, that the appearances came abruptly to an end. There is no fact upon which destructive criticism has more strongly insisted, none upon which it has built more in accounting for Christianity, than that the followers of Jesus expected his *second* appearing. It was the intense flame of this hope, the enthusiastic ardor of this wish, they tell us, that made Christianity run like wildfire through the Roman world. Why, then, we ask, did the faint and hesitating hope of the disciples, after the crucifixion and *before* the ascension, produce many visionary appearances, while the undoubting persuasion that Christ would return *after* the ascension produced not one? Why were the disciples unanimously convinced that they had seen a Jesus whose rising from the dead took them actually by surprise, while the same disciples never once imagined that they saw the Jesus whose return they expected every hour with confident hope, yet inexpressible long-

ing? So practical and so convincing is the evidence of this fact, that shrewdly logical deniers of a miraculous resurrection, like Mr. Greg, consider it the likeliest hypothesis that the Jesus who was taken down from the cross did indeed emerge alive from the grave, having never been dead. These, again, are confronted with the unanswerable question,—What became of him? If he had made up his mind to withdraw from public life, is it conceivable that he would have shown himself *at all* to his disciples? If he died within a few weeks after his apparent death on the cross, is it credible that there would have been no trace of the event? In the interest of historical science, if in no other, we insist that no solution of an historical problem ought to be accepted, unless it satisfies the conditions of the problem. Admitting the right of science to attempt to account naturally for all that can be naturally accounted for, we maintain that no mode of naturally accounting for the indubitable facts connected with the Resurrection has yet been offered to the world.

This study of the life of Christ has some advantages over the most noted handlings of the same subject which have preceded it. More Christian than that of Strauss, more readable than that of Neander, more earnest and genuinely reverential than that of Renan, and more thorough-going than that of the author of *Ecce Homo*, it will reward a careful perusal by any one who is seriously interested in the subject. Its realisation of the circumstances of Christ's life is perhaps unequalled, its conception of Christ's spiritual character is sublime, but its logical and historical basis is feeble.—*The Spectator*.

MY FRIEND.

BY ARTHUR HOLT.

No sage with well-developed skull,
Exceeding wise and very dull;
Polite, pedantic:
No guardian with Draconic views
To drive his ward to mournful muse,
Or protests frantic.

No Damon, good 'at gun or hook,
 With whom to 'do' the last new book
 By streamlet shady.
 No ;—she is none of all the three,
 But just—so much the worse for me—
 A little lady !

White brow framed-in with pale gold hair ;
 Two dimpled cheeks, a thought too fair
 For mortals' rapture ;
 A child's frank smile, unclouded, warm ;
 A charming woman's graceful form,
 Inviting capture !

Brimful of wicked innocence,
 Her eyes meet yours with arch pretence
 Of meanings tender ;
 Then sink abashed, reluctant, slow,
 Behind the rich red sunset glow
 Her blushes lend her.

A little *triste*, she likes to nurse
 A sadness born of tender verse,
 And touching stories :
 O'er 'In Memoriam' she mopes,
 And dreams she's buried all her hopes—
 This fair Dolores !

Your *friend* ? Ah ! yes. For us it seems
 That Friendship's purer ensign gleams
 O'er Cupid's crescent.
 Across the gulf we may not pass
 We laugh, and idly chat, alas !—
 And find it pleasant.

Just while it lasts. But ah ! who knows
 What fate may hide beneath the rose
 For hearts uncertain ?
 We run the risk. She's free to sigh
 Or smile for whom she will, and I—
 I'll drop the curtain.

—*Belgravia Magazine.*

THE GREAT TROPICAL FALLACY.

BY J. ARBUTHNOT WILSON.

ONCE upon a time I believed in the tropics, but that was a great many years ago ; I have seen too much of those wretched pretenders to believe in them any more, and I have made up my mind to denounce and expose them before an indignant world. The hoary old deceivers shall deceive no longer, if word of mine can strip the tawdry disguises from their shabby faces ; no longer shall

they hide themselves behind their *cloak* of gorgeous colors, or trick themselves out hypocritically with flaunting *flowers*, beautiful birds, and brilliant *butterflies*. They have decked their nakedness too many centuries already in these *false* theatrical properties, and now they *must* come out into the open light of *day*. To exhibit the rags and tatters which *form* their everyday vestments. To put *the*

le matter in a nutshell, there *are* no ics. The entire conception is a sham a delusion, an elaborate humbug etrated by whole generations of ellers, the baseless fabric of a disor- d dream.

f course I am not going to deny all e dreadful astronomical facts which arnt in our hapless childhood at a f two guineas extra, under the mys- us designation 'Use of the Globes.' quite prepared to admit that Can- and Capricorn have a real external ence, and that the sun annually per- as all kinds of antics when he reaches e invisible limit, only discernible to ical eyes by the aid of a sextant and arine binocular. I have had the evi- ce of my own senses to the peculiar in which my shadow has run north, h, east, or west, and finally disap- red under my feet, after I had once sed that intangible barrier of twen- hree something north (thank Heaven, e forgotten the minutes, though the es will haunt my memory till the l of my days); and I have experi- ed all the horrors of a vertical sun, ring his red-hot rays straight down y devoted head for months and s together. These physical and graphical phenomena I am not going a moment to dispute, nor do I wish oin the eccentric squadron of earth- eners, who march solemnly forth er Mr. Hampden's guidance to do le with Galileo, Copernicus, New- Mr. Wallace, and the Astronomer al. The tropics of science may rest urbed; but the tropics of poets, ters, lovers, romancists, and trav- s, I venture to assert, do not exist, ever did exist, elsewhere than in e fertile imagination which called their re into being.

e all know that picture by heart. he background a glorious sunset, ing the mountain peaks in a flood of en halo and crimson light; at the distance a waterfall leaping down rocks, spanned by a rainbow, and hidden with a mass of gigantic s; in the foreground a group of a-trees, their feathery branches oping in a graceful curve, and their ; stems rising grandly towards the whose blue expanse throws up in ng relief their leafy crowns. Among

the lesser trees, parrots of every hue— red, green, white, and yellow—chatter and scream in circling flight; while monkeys grin in the underwood, and leap in vain at the gaily painted butter- flies that flit unheeding past. Creepers with huge crimson blossoms hang pend- ent from every bough; orchids of strange shape and color carpet the moist soil be- neath; and bushes of cactus or euphor- bia spread their quaint jointed stems and yellow bloom over all the barer patches in the forest shade. That is the sort of thing that we all picture to ourselves when we talk in our pristine ignorance of tropical scenery.

Well, the picture bears about as much resemblance to the reality as Aladdin's Palace at Drury Lane bears to Rag Fair or the Seven Dials. The tropics of real life are no gorgeous scenes of glossy ver- dure and brilliant coloring, but vast ex- panses of dry and dusty plain, hideous rocky masses of shapeless and tangled vegetation, interspersed with squalid patches of straggling human tillage, and filthy collections of tumble-down human huts. It is a sad truth for the poet and the painter, who would fain cling to that romantic faith in 'Summer isles of Eden lying 'mid dark purple spheres of sea;' but a truth it is nevertheless, and as such I feel it my duty to preach it for the further destruction of the Great Tropical Fallacy, whose flimsy pretences I have myself unearthed.

In am not alone in my belief. Mr. Wallace, of Malay Archipelago fame; Mr. Bates, the Naturalist on the Ama- zons; Professor Agassiz, who went on a Journey to Brazil, and fifty other ex- perience travellers, have all announced the same truth before me. But these eminent writers had too much to tell about birds, beasts, fishes, and all man- ner of creeping things, to find much leis- ure for fully exposing the gigantic fraud of those unblushing tropics. They merely brushed aside the fallacy as a thing to be disposed of with a wave of the hand; whereas I, a humbler way- farer, find in it an error which has taken deep root in the European mind, and can only be extracted by a deliberate operation. That operation I am here to-day to perform, and I propose to be- gin by a short account of my first expe- riences in tropical life. Jamaica was the

scene of my disillusionment, and I will therefore convey the reader without more ado to the open mouth of Port Royal Harbor, on the day of my first arrival in the sunny regions of the South.

We were all up at four bells in the morning, six o'clock by terrestrial time, to see the good ship *Tagus* sweep round the spit of land known as the Palisades. Our first view of the tropics tended to keep up the delusion so soon destined to a sudden explosion. At the very end of the spit, within a hundred yards of our deck, stood a waving grove of cocoa-nut palms. Now, the palm-tree is the making of the tropics, the ultimate source of all that misconception which our traveller has religiously set himself to demolish. Take a hideous sandy plain with a couple of huts and some Arab or negro children, and then stick a palm-tree in the foreground, and there you have them, the beautiful poetical tropics! But just remove the palm-tree, and what remains? a hideous sandy plain and a couple of huts. Try this simple experiment at the Academy, and you'll be surprised to find how utterly the Scene in Egypt disappears, how ridiculously the Sunset at Rio collapses, how absurdly the Street in Delhi flattens down into a dusty alley. If I had my will, I would exterminate those deceptive endogens at one fell blow. For the worst of them all is this, that in real life they always get in the background of your view, whereas every artist knows that their sole pictorial value is to overhang and browbeat the tropical cottage at twenty yards' distance.

Not long, however, did those theatrical palm-trees impose upon our young credulity. An hour's steaming up a sultry, breathless bay, where even at that early hour the heat proved scarcely supportable, landed us alongside the coal-begrimed wooden quay of Kingston. Gracious heavens, what a disenchantment! At one glance the eye takes in the gloomy panorama, and the beautiful tropics have vanished forever. Not Martinique, not Brazil, not Ceylon itself can ever reinstate that shattered idol. Dead, as hopelessly as the gods of Nepál, after the Rájá had blown their images from the cannon's mouth; dead, as eternally as the great and good Pecksniff after Tom Pinch had woken up in

the organ loft to a sense of his meanness and hypocrisy. In three minutes I am ready to cry aloud, 'There are no tropics,' and to hold that false faith with unshaken confidence till my dying day.

Before my gaze stretches a wooden town, its long streets run straight inland from the water's unpaved, unwatered, untended, thick lazy dust, which the sea breeze two days later will drive with eddying whirl against mouth, and nose, and eyes, an irresistible phalanx of penetrating. On either side the street, low, oriel-wooded houses line the road, painted white, with bright green shutters, but now dingy grey in general, broken by windows of dull olive. The roofs scarcely stick on their deriding beams, the dirty cedar shingles are overgrown with rank weeds, which give shelter to spurious vulture-like birds—the John-crow or turkey buzzard of the colonists—and the whole has an air of neglected decay, seems ten times more evident than the blinking, staring sunlight that is in full force on every squalid

Behind the abodes of men, a treeless plain runs back for many miles in unshaded hideousness; while the far background, masses of hot blue mountains close the view, their steep peaks shadowed by no cool or soft cloud, but standing out in naked contrast against the blazing sky overhead. No color, no dust, no sunlight in abundance, no trees, no birds, no flowers, no sea—in short, no tropics.

I put up my white umbrella, and stood on the quay. Ragged half-clothed negroes in tatters and dust stood along the pathway to the custom-house; I packed my luggage, waiting meanwhile under the fierce sun; and when the peppery porter had satisfied himself that I did not intend to cheat the revenue, and had been sufficiently at his underlings—the mate and the use of capscums seemed to exert a sort of direct reactive influence on the human temper in these West India isles—I turned into the street to select my chosen hotel. Drivers with 'buses' were near in numbers. I engaged one for myself and my portmanteau, and, leaving my heavy goods to follow on in a rickety dray, betook

elf to Colonial Hall, the leading hos-
elry of the metropolis in which I stood.

A Jamaican omnibus is a unique ve-
icle after its kind. The main portion
consists of a square box, surmounted by
a Chinese canopy in American leather,
and stuck upon four wheels by the inter-
vention of some antediluvian springs.
Between the shafts a sorry mule walks
solemnly along, until a blow from the
butt-end of the whip (thongs appear to
be mere survivals of a once useful struc-
ture) rouses him for a moment into a
furious canter, subsiding immediately
into the original dead march. Over un-
metalled roads intersected by open wa-
terways, and diversified by occasional
hollows known under the graphic title of
'butter-bowls,' the negro driver jolts his
luckless victim with undiminished com-
posure, observing with a grin after each
unusually heavy jump, 'Massa from
Englan' doan't 'customed yet to Jamaica
ro-ad; dat nuffin after Massa larn to
know him!'—a pleasing prediction
which Massa shortly recognises as no
more than the truth.

So on we jolt, from one tumble-down
street to another, past groups of chatter-
ing negroes, past long rows of shabby
houses with no *trottoir* in front, until at
last we draw up at the broken door and
shaky wooden steps of Colonial Hall.
I am not writing an account of Jamaica,
but merely exposing the 'Great Tropical
Fallacy'; and so I will not try to de-
scribe the transcendent horrors of that
unrivalled house of entertainment. I
have travelled in Spain, and I thought I
understood dirt; but, believe me, I only
knew as yet the first rudiments of that
extensive subject. The floors of Colo-
nial Hall might have been converted
into a thriving flower-garden. The ser-
vants might have sold their rags to an
enterprising manager as 'properties' for
Joe or Oliver Twist. The loaves of
bread might have been transported entire
to the entomological cabinets of the
British Museum. The whole house
might have been indicted for a nuisance
by the righteous indignation of the New
Cut. I will not dwell upon it, lest I
should seem to exaggerate, but will pass
on to my after experiences of the coun-
try at large, so far as they cast a gleam
of light upon the true nature of the Fal-
lacy in hand. That tropical towns are

squalid and miserable, I suppose every-
body more or less believes. I discov-
ered at a later date that Kingston, com-
pared with Santa Martha or Savanilla,
might be considered a clean, thriving,
and civilized city. But to my untutored
European mind, it seemed at first sight
more frightful than anything I could
have believed of Coomassie or Timbuc-
too. I suppose those who stay at home
have no idea of what an extra-European
town must necessarily be. At any rate,
I could not before have believed that
there existed on earth a place so wretch-
ed, so mean-looking, so utterly bankrupt
and disreputable, as that in which I then
stood.

But the country, thinks the unsophis-
ticated Briton, the country must be
beautiful! There the hand of man can-
not mar the natural charms of green
fields and lovely flowers. There the
waving sugar-cane, the graceful bamboo,
the spreading tree-fern, the magnificent
palms (those palms again!) must make a
scene of fairy loveliness. There the
orange-trees, the parrots, the butterflies
—Ah, my dear sir, all, all mere fancy.
Go and see for yourself, or trust those
who have seen. Such things you may
find if you will at Kew Gardens or at
Sydenham, but *not*, I assure you, in the
Tropics.

Behind the town lies a plain, occupied
for the most part by grazing farms and
cultivated land. You may drive out on
any side along a dusty road and survey
the beauties of nature as they unfold
themselves to your enquiring eye. Hedges
of cactus shut it in on either hand, and
of course shut off the prospect of every
object except their own obtrusive stems.
Now, a cactus-hedge is a very pretty
thing in the abstract: that is to say, a
hedge of such cactus plants as one may
see at Kew or Sydenham aforesaid. But
the concrete cactus-hedge of reality con-
sists of tall, scraggy stalks, flowerless
and spiny, covered half an inch deep in
collected dust, and as thoroughly unro-
mantic as dirt and neglect can make
them. Here and there a gap in the
hedge or an interval of wire-fencing al-
lows one to glance at the fields within.
And what fields! No soft green turf,
pied with daisies and buttercups, but
great dusty levels, overgrown with rank
and weedy vegetation, more like rushes

than English grass. The dust lies on its spiky blades, not in light powder, but thick and deep as in an uninhabited room. You cannot see the shape of the leaves for the white layer that overlies them, always, of course, under that pelt-ing sunlight which makes the dull-est grey come out in staring whiteness. The plain is one unbroken sea of dingy weeds, and the tropical country has fol-lowed the tropical town to John Milton's limbo of false imaginings, the Paradise of Fools.

And the flowers? And the fruits? Well, there are no flowers. If you wish to see brilliant blossoms, you must go into your own English warren on a May morning, when the primroses cluster by thousands on every sunny bank, when the cowslips raise their dappled heads on every grassy knoll, when the dog-roses sweeten the air on every side with their perfumed breath. But you will not find these things in the Tropics. A few rare trees burst once a year into masses of crimson bloom; a few stray plants after the rainy season open their faint yellow petals in the fields from which the showers have washed away the surface dust: but the general aspect of every tropical plain is one of monotonous and wearisome greenish-brown. As to walking in the fields in search of flowers, you might as well walk through an acre of furze. In tropical countries no man strays far from the dry highway, or if he strays, he repents it afterwards with many a literal thorn in the flesh, not to mention many a creeping thing buried deep beneath his tender skin.

The fruits are there, one must allow; but not the luscious fruits of our imag-ination. Good oranges are found only in temperate climates; those which grow under a vertical sun run more to rind, pulp, and fibre than to sweet juice or delicate flavor. Pineapples in the West Indies are mere masses of sugary string, unfit to compare with our delicious hot-house fruit. As for the common ruck of berries—resinous mangoes, mealy bananas, sloppy custard-apples, insipid cherimoyas, infantile naseberries—they deserve no place at any decent table, and, to say the truth, seldom obtain one. While we at home are talking with lus-cious lips of the exquisite tropical fruits, the wiser planter is quietly importing

prunes and raisins, figs and olives for his own dessert, and would as soon think of eating a crocodile as of putting the com-mon and tasteless messes of his native trees before his English guests.

The birds are equally great humbugs with the fruits and the flowers. Parrots are said to inhabit Jamaica, but I never suc-ceeded in setting my eyes on one. I gen-erally lived, during my long stay in the island, at the south-east corner only. So, whenever I told my friends that I had not yet seen a parrot, they always an-swered in an offhand way, 'Ah, you should go to the Port Royal Hills; you'll find them there in thousands.' But one day I started for the Port Royal Hills, and spent three months in explor-ing their fauna and flora throughout. All that time I never saw a solitary parrot. 'Ah,' said my friends again, 'you must try St. Thomas-in-the-Vale. They swarm in all the mango trees in the Vale.' So I took a trap another day, and saw the Vale from end to end: but not a parrot could anywhere be found. My friends re-treated a step further. 'You must go to the North Side. On the North Side there are simply myriads.' At last, however, I tracked down the myth to the North Side, and not a parrot did I discover throughout the whole island. They are there, I know, because Mr. Gosse and other good observers have seen and shot them; but they are about as rare in practical life as a badger or an otter in an English village.

And this fact brings me into the very heart of the Great Tropical Fallacy. The point which grows upon the travel-ler in India, in South America, in the Pacific Islands, with greater distinctness every day, is the total absence of the poetically marvellous. I have lived for years in the Tropics, but I have never yet beheld an alligator, an iguana, a toucan, an antelope, in their wild and native state. I have had scorpions trapped for my inspection, and tarantu-las bottled as specimens for my cabinet; but I never caught a living individual creeping up my boots or dropping from the ceiling into my soup. These little incidents, even if unpleasant, would have at least the charm of novelty; they would look well to figure in one's me-moirs, and would point the moral of an after-dinner tale. But unhappily they

Swarms of common and ugly insects perpetually worry the tropical countries : mosquitoes, termites, ticks, and innumerable brutes distress the visitor from morn to night, to morn again ; but no creature poetically marvellous order is the monotony of these vulgarities. The pests which one expects make one's existence with their ceaseless stings ; but which one looked forward to as a mixture of terror and interest make their appearance on all.

Is this be true, whence did the Fallacy derive its origin ? Mankind come to believe so in the supreme beauty of every thing between the imaginary limbo and the Goat ? The reason is far to seek. Suppose we were in a familiar English guise, at the idea of England a tropicist from a British Botanical and Garden on one of his coolest expeditions.

At first sight of delight would open up to the first glance over the half-cultivated bowers covered with rose, honeysuckle, and white Beds of purple foxglove and ritillary would alternate with masses of cowslip, primrose, but-andine, and corn-marigold. The white daisies would form around the gravelled paths ; would rise in little clumps on the grassy lawn ; bee-orchids, pansies, cuckoo-pints, hyacinths, corn-crops, corn-poppies, and meadow would bear the aspect of rare while the unwonted sight of red clover and heath, or mustard and charlock, would involuntary exclamation of surprise. In the cages around, animals of that distant land exhibited to the eyes of visited deer of the Highlands, deer of English parks, the of Chillingham, would represent ruminants. The badger, the fox, the weasel, the marten-cat, and the ferret would be carnivores. Then the tiny mouse, the long-nosed shrew,

the prickly hedgehog, the soft-furred mole, the nimble squirrel, the hare, and the pretty little rabbit would give a delightful idea of our smaller mammals. As for birds, what a beautiful picture of our woodlands or ponds the visitor would gain from an aviary filled with herons, swans, redbreasts, yellow-hammers, lapwings, pheasants, bullfinches, curlews, kingfishers, golden thrushes, woodpeckers, and seagulls ! Adders, vipers, blind-worms, and lizards would bask in their glass cases ; while the aquariums would swarm with crested newts, speckled trout, silvery minnows, banded perch, shining carp, and quaint monstrous-headed miller's thumbs. As he surveyed the whole, the tropical spectator would naturally exclaim, 'What a lovely country this England must be !' And in my humble opinion he would be quite right too.

Now, all these varied and beautiful objects are roughly selected from a single European island. If we were to add flowers and animals from all temperate climates, such as the Alpine rhododendrons and gentians, the Canadian trilliums and columbines, the heaths and geraniums of the Cape, we should have a garden of transcendent beauty, which not even the tropics themselves could outdo. But when we form our ideal of tropical scenery, we similarly pick out from all the equatorial world every beautiful tree, shrub, herb, flower, beast, bird, or butterfly, and put them together into a fanciful picture of waving trees, hanging creepers, and gorgeous colored blossoms, surrounded by groups of brilliant animals. Nor is this all ; we think of the palms and the tree-ferns as we see them under Sir Joseph Hooker's charge, with all the branches carefully tended and every dead leaf picked off at once by watchful myrmidons. But a palm in its native state has generally a dirty ring of decaying boughs beneath its green crown ; while a tree-fern can scarcely be seen through the foul mouldering fronds that cling around its musty stem. Cruel, perhaps, the reader thinks, to disenchant him of his pretty dream ; but is it not worth something after all to know that our own home is far lovelier than these distant lands ? Why need any man wish to search the mountain passes of Java or

Madagascar when he can roam at will through Dovedale and Aberglaslyn? why need he hanker after Trinidad or Hawaii when he can wander over the purple moorsides of the Grampians and gather bunches of spotted snake-heads in the flowery levels of Iffley meadows?

Of course, in Jamaica, as in every other tropical country, we may find a fair sprinkling of handsome flowers and brilliant birds. The night-flowering cereus, with its great white hanging blossoms and rich luscious scent, forms the very ideal of a tropical plant; bright-colored orchids grow here and there on solitary trees in the remoter woods; and a few cultivated hybiscus-bushes surround the negro huts. Humming-birds flit rapidly from tree to tree; while a pretty little red-and-green tody, the tropical robin, may sometimes be seen perching on a wayside bough. Golden lizards sun themselves on the trunks, protruding now and then the orange pouches beneath their sky-blue necks; burnished beetles crawl among the underwood; and butterflies as lovely as our own brimstones, emperors, peacocks, or admirals gleam through the foliage of the mountain sides. All these, and more than these, I freely grant. But they only count as a small item in the total account, far less numerous than the corresponding beauties of our own island. Thousands of such plants and animals have been sedulously gathered from all countries to form our great European collections, and therefore, I confidently say, if you wish to see the tropics in their glory, take a cab or a *fiacre*, and go to Regent's Park or to the Jardin des Plantes.

Certain other good points about the tropics I allow with equal readiness. Undoubtedly, fine sunsets are commoner on the average than in temperate climates; though even here the difference is one of frequency rather than of kind. I have watched the great red orb sinking behind Bardsey Island in Carnarvonshire, or dipping into the calm bosom of Lake Ontario, with just as grand a circle of golden or crimson clouds as any that ever met my eyes in the charmed circle of equatorial earth. But such displays, exceptional in our colder region, are of nightly occurrence on tropical seas and mountains. Moreover, there

are certain mysterious undertones or faint green, delicate blue, and melting violet in southern sunsets which never appear, to my fancy, in any other earthly object. Then the ferns, again, must be frankly conceded by a conscientious critic. The more isolated the tropical islands with which one has to deal, the greater the wealth of maiden-hairs, adder's-tongues, spleen-worts, and club-mosses. Even in Jamaica, the number of graceful waving fronds which clothe the grottoes on the roadside cannot fail to attract the notice of the most prosaic traveller; while the Pacific Islands yield masses of green ferny vegetation unknown in any other portion of the world. Yet we must remember that ferns and club-mosses bear no flowers, and so, just in proportion as they predominate amongst the flora, must brilliant blossoms be at a discount. This fact obtrudes itself most conspicuously on our notice in New-Zealand, where the palms, tree-ferns, pines, and other plants with spores, cones, or green inflorescences form striking features in every landscape; while red, blue, orange, or yellow flowers are almost entirely wanting from the perpetual sea of glossy green.

On the other hand, if candor compels me to admit these few good qualities in the boasted tropics, I can safely assert that Europeans generally overlook most of their discomforts the moment they begin to think rapturously of their supposed beauties. For example, there is the single fact of the unceasing heat. 'Regions of perpetual summer,' the poets say, but what becomes of your poetry if we just alter it more truthfully to 'regions of perpetual broiling?' When you think of the tropics in your own comfortable Belgravian drawing-room, you may for a moment take the heat into consideration; but as soon as you turn mentally to the scenery, you have dropped the heat out of the account altogether. Not so, however, in real life; you can never enjoy those cool-looking mountains except under the scorching blaze of a red-hot sun; you can never separate those lovely rocks, covered with gold and silver ferns, from the flood of 'molecular motion' which not even Professor Tyndall can render once more into its desirable latent and potential form. Down it beats for ever,

with unceasing energy, destroying all the pleasure of waterfall, hill, and ocean for the weary and panting spectator.

Then look again at the mosquitoes. A small pest, it is true, but ever-present, watchful, thirsting for blood day and night, maddening your sleepy ears with their detestable humming, disturbing your literary enjoyment with constant attentions to your nose or your forehead; imperturbable, invincible, insatiable, pitiless; genuine vampires, who surround you in organised flocks, and so numerous that to kill one is only to lay yourself at the mercy of another. You forget these minor torments, too, as you lie back in your easy-chair at home and gaze dreamily at that imaginative picture on the wall; but if you have ever tried to read Tennyson on the cliffs at Scarborough with a blue-bottle and a horse-fly alternating their visits to your bitten veins, you can form some faint conception of the miseries which man experiences when he lies down on the sofa or in the hammock for a quiet afternoon's reading under the verandah of an Indian bungalow or on the piazza of a Brazilian cottage.

Yet all such little vexations sink into nothingness compared with the absolute exile from every serious interest or habit of one's being. For, disguise it as you may, life in the tropics is an exile. The political world disappears. What matters the Eastern Question or the last General Election to a man who sees European newspapers once a month? What unselfish or cosmopolitan feeling can a person nourish who finds his own dinner the only serious difficulty of the day? In that utter famine of books, pictures, music, theatres, society, science, thought, all the pursuits that make life worth living to a civilised and rational being, what can one find to arrest one's attention or to occupy one's brain? The little routine of official business once completed for the day, there is no club where one may interchange ideas on politics, art, or social topics, no institute where one may hear the latest conquests of scientific research, no opera where one may drink in sweet sounds to echo through the brain during every brief interval of to-morrow's toil. The educated and cultivated European, who finds himself suddenly cast upon that ocean of

squalid misery and crass ignorance which composes a tropical colony, discovers to his surprise that half his life has been cut away from under him, and learns for the first time how large a part of his existence was filled up by literary, political, and æsthetic interests.

I know we are apt at home to ridicule such ideas, to laugh them down as sentimentality, to pillory them in our Pall Mall cynicism, to assert that life is really made up of nothing more than dinners, cigars, billiards, money, position, fame, titles, and high-stepping horses. Everybody at your club firmly possesses this faith, and sneers sublimely at all who reject it. But if we could transport one of these easy cynics to a tropical town, if we could set him to work all day at an office, and in the evening drive him out, high-stepping horses, footman, and all, through a row of wretched mud hovels, into a brown and burnt-up plain, with no green grass to delight the eye, no signs of human prosperity to gladden the sympathetic heart; if we could take him back again to a bookless house, and turn him out alone upon the verandah to smoke his solitary weed, unsolaced by the 'Saturday' or the 'Globe'; if we could keep him for twelve months in this purposeless life, without music, art, science, congenial talk—even though cynical—if we could do all this, believe me, our friend would return to his club at last, a gladder and a wiser man, ready to own that the Academy and the Royal Society have their advantages, that South Kensington and the British Museum are something other than an egregious bore, and that the power to take a country walk over the green, rolling downs, commanding a view into some pleasant English combe, with its Norman church-tower and its Elizabethan manor-house, forms just as appreciable an element in his happiness as the addition of an extra hundred to his income or his salary. These are the things which we miss in the tropics, and for which no adventitious advantages of mere money payment can ever compensate us. The years spent between those self-same imaginary parallels on our terrestrial globe I count as just so much dead loss of time cut away from one's allotted span.

And now, as the preachers say—I feel as though I had been gradually dropping

into the didactic strain of a sermon—I have done my best to expose, so far as in me lay, the true nature of the Great Tropical Fallacy. I may, perhaps, have drawn my picture rather too grimly from the other side, but where an exaggerated view prevails, exaggeration in the opposite direction can alone redress the balance of truth. It is useless to fight a popular belief with gentle language; a good hearty denunciation is needed to impress the speaker's conviction. Besides, in the case of the tropics, I feel strongly on personal grounds. I have myself been deceived and played upon; I have read the late Canon Kingsley's

rhapsodies and marvelled over the exquisite word-painting of Bernardin de St. Pierre. But now I come out like the countryman at the fair, who pays his penny to behold the Wonderful Sea Serpent, and is introduced to a tame seal in a tub of water. Under such circumstances, some countrymen and some wayfarers, for very shame, keep up the wicked delusion, lest bystanders should mock at their credulity; but for my part, I prefer to take my stand at the door of the tent, and warn all and sundry that this Tropical Show is a gigantic and unconscionable Sham.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

ETERNAL HOPE. A REPLY TO MANY CRITICS.

BY REV. F. W. FARRAR.

My immediate task is to answer the objections which have been urged by writers in this REVIEW against my treatment of that solemn topic which has lately awaked so much eager controversy in England and America. I would gladly offer towards the decision of the question a contribution far more exhaustive than the sermons which have been subjected to so fierce a criticism, and the notes which I threw together in their support. At present this is not possible; but this at least I can say, that I have read with respectful consideration, and with a mind entirely open to conviction, a great deal which has been urged in opposition to my views, and that I have not met with one argument to which I was unable to offer what appeared to me, and to others wiser and more learned than myself, a perfectly serious and perfectly conclusive answer.

Let me, in the fewest words, get rid of all that is personal in this controversy.

To the larger number of the well-known writers and theologians who have expressed their opinions upon the subject treated in my "Eternal Hope," I owe my grateful thanks for their candor and courtesy. But some of them have overlooked, and one of them at least has ungenerously ignored, the circumstances under which the book was published. I explained, as fully as I could, that it could not profess to be a formal treatise.

The main part of it consisted of sermons, written, I may fairly say, under the difficulty of interrupted leisure and uninterrupted anxieties; written a day or two before they were delivered; written to be addressed to large miscellaneous audiences; written lastly under the influence of emotions which had been deeply stirred by circumstances, and had taken the strongest possible hold of my imagination and memory. While I was musing, the fire burned, and it was only at the last that I spake with my tongue. It is not thus that I should have addressed the small audience of learned theologians. It is not thus that I should have addressed *any* audience but one which for the time being I could regard as my own. Expressing the same convictions I should have formulated them with more deliberate completeness. "Every one," says Dr. Newman, "preaches according to his frame of mind at the time of preaching." If he have a firm grasp upon the truths which he is uttering, surely it is neither possible nor desirable for him so utterly to repress his own individuality as to exclude his feelings from waking some echo in the words which he employs. I have been rebuked, I know not how often, for my "rhetoric." If by the word "rhetoric" be meant the natural language of strong emotion, I do not see why it should involve a reproach. If by rhetoric be meant a style *artificially* elabo-

lly vehement, *deliberately* boldly plead not guilty. nk has ever intended to h that pompous inflation l insincerity which is at- ordinary conception of a . I can only express my- words and images as first elves, and I have always what I have to say in the ich it comes to me most ay it. It may be that in ; my very "defects" may ered "effective" for good l if so, I am content ; but the supremely unimport- of my style be eliminated is discussion of the truths endeavored, at any rate niguity, and I trust with- of courage, to express and

of pity which repudiates a Gospel which it identifies with images of endless despair and hideous torment. I believe that the faith of Christ will gain an incomparable force—I believe that it will reassert its waning empire over the prevalence of scepticism, when noble and earnest-minded men shall see that the Judge of all the earth will do *right* ; and that neither in Scripture nor in the Catholic faith is there anything which excludes—while alike in Scripture and in the Catholic faith there is very much that encourages—the doctrine of Eternal Hope ; the doctrine (that is) that, even if in the short span of human life the soul have been not yet weaned from sin, there may be for some at any rate, a hope of recovery, a possibility of amendment, if not after the last Judgment, at least in some disembodied condition beyond the grave.

en objected that on a sub- supposed to belong to the eology, I ought to have ise, or at any rate ought ublished my sermons. I hether the question of ents" belongs to theology ne which possesses a very a very terrific interest for of living men and women. r parochial clergyman who ges, whether he does not and especially women, hey are not flagrant sin- onscious of grievous im- id on whom the popular with agonizing incidence, ent from sin but as an in- air ? Whether they have nen of intellect, and men io reject all religion be- l it to be bound up with t which their moral sense ther they have not known ad which God had not he awful dread lest those est to them should have passed irrevocably, into g flames and diabolical of unending torture, where nconformist preacher tells e damned for ever jingle ns of their torment ?" It lance at our recent litera- at Atheism has made its d in the indignant sense .—Vol. XXVIII., No. 2

On every ground, therefore, I held it to be a duty not to refuse to face the solemn question I had in nowise sought, but which had been brought before me in the ordinary course of my ministrations. It was, however, no part of my duty to publish what I had said. While utterly despising what "A Layman" calls the "conspiracy of silence," I have never been eager to plunge into controversy. During a ministry of more than twenty years, though I have never taught what I did not believe, and though in my published sermons I have alluded quite distinctly to the hope which I have ever held, I have been almost invariably content to dwell on those vast truths respecting which all Christians are heartily agreed ; and I would earnestly advise our younger clergy to do the same. I refused multitudes of requests to publish these sermons, simply because I had no wish to subject to the fierce glare of minute and most hostile criticism opinions which in an ordinary sermon it was impossible to formulate with the rigid and exhaustive accuracy of a formal treatise, or to defend with a complete array of authorities and arguments. But this matter was not left to my own decision. The sermons had been taken down in shorthand, and were published against my will and without my knowledge, and were being sold by tens of thousands in unauthorized and incorrect forms, of which I had never seen a sin-

gle copy. I was therefore driven at last to show what I had said, in order to defend myself against a deluge of misrepresentations; and in the notes and preface I mentioned, at the shortest possible notice, some of the reasons on which my views were founded. If these facts had been borne in mind, my severest critics would, I think, have been led to write in a different and fairer tone.

Once more then I would ask, What is it that I have advocated? What is it that I have impugned?

I have advocated the ancient and Scriptural doctrine of an interval between death and doom, during which state—whether it be regarded as purgatorial, as disciplinary, as probational, or as retributive—whether the æon to which it belongs be long or short—we see no Scriptural or other reason to deny the possible continuance of God's gracious work of redemption and sanctification for the souls of men; and I have added that I can find nothing in Scripture, or elsewhere, to prove that the ways of God's salvation necessarily terminate with earthly life. I have never denied—nay, I have endeavored to support and illustrate—the doctrine of Retribution both in this life and the life to come. I have never said—as I am slanderously reported to have said—that there is no "Hell," but only (and surely this should have been regarded as a self-evident proposition) that "Hell" must mean what those words mean of which it is the professed translation; and that those words—Hades, Gehenna, Tartarus—mean something much less inconceivable, much less horribly hopeless, than what "Hell" originally meant, and than what it has come to connote in current religious teaching. I have not maintained Universalism, in spite of much apparent sanction for such a hope in the unlimited language of St. Paul, because I did not wish to dogmatize respecting things uncertain, and because I wished to give full weight to every serious consideration which may be urged against the acceptance of such a hope. I have earnestly maintained that no soul can be saved while it continues in sin; or saved by any means except the efficacy of Christ's redemption. So far from derogating from the necessity of that awful sacrifice,—as has been so often and so

strangely asserted,—I know of literally nothing which is so infinitely calculated to enhance our sense of its blessedness, or our love to Him who made it, as the hope that its power will be unexhausted even beyond the grave. And it is monstrous to represent this hope as a modern novelty. To speak of it as a "new theology" is to speak with complete ignorance. I have shown,—and so far as I am aware no sort of attempt has been made to set aside my proofs,—that it is far more primitive and far more catholic than the darker Creed by which in the last three centuries it has been superseded;* that it was held in the very earliest ages of the Church;† that it has been in every age of the Church demonstrably permissible;‡ that it has been held by some of the Church's greatest teachers and holiest saints;§ that, though eagerly debated and widely prevalent, it was not condemned by any decree of the four first œcumenical councils;|| that it has never been condemned by any article of any universal Creed or by any decree of any œcumenical council;¶ that in some form or other it enters into the faith of by far the greatest part of Christendom;** and that even St. Augustine, and St. Jerome, and Luther himself,—though from them mainly, in ancient and modern times, the popular teaching is supposed to be derived,—use language far more accordant with man's instinctive sense of God's mercy, love, and justice than is heard in the majority of modern pulpits. For even St. Augustine believed in a sort of purgatory,†† and wrote "*Neque hoc dixerim ut diligentior tractationem videar ademisse de pœnis peccatorum quomodo in Scripturis dicuntur æternæ.*"††† And St. Jerome held that Christians at any rate would be saved after a future punishment;§§ and even Luther wrote "God forbid that I should limit the

* Eternal Hope, 9th Ed. pp. 154-169.

† See the Pastor of Hermas, iii. 278, and p.

155.

‡ Ibid. pp. 159-167.

§ Ibid. pp. 156-183.

|| Ibid. p. 167.

¶ Ibid. p. 180, seqq.

** Ibid. p. 180, seqq.

†† Aug. De Civ. Dei, xxi. 24.

††† In Matt. xxv. 26.

§§ See References to St. Jerome's opinions, Eternal Hope, p. 166.

time of acquiring faith to the present life ! In the depths of Divine mercy there may be opportunity to win it in the future state." * But what have I impugned ? Not the humble and awful dread, not the trembling and sensitive submission of pure and loving Christian souls, but that hard, exaggerated, and damnatory literalism,—that unreasonable insistence on admitted metaphors and emotional appeals—that interpretation of words in senses which they will not bear,—that hideous play of the imagination employed for the ignoble purpose of promoting virtue by stimulating a sense of abject terror, of which some religious writers have been so dangerously guilty. Principal Tulloch says with perfect truth that "a Christian theology must not be made responsible for these lurid pictures ;" but my very object was to show that they form no true part of Christian theology at all, and ought to be eliminated from popular teaching as dangerous to faith and dishonoring to God. It is on these accretions alone that my so-called invectives fell, and not on the more sober teaching of thousands of holy and loving ministers of the Gospel, whose hearts will not allow them to indulge in such language as led to the celebrated exclamation, "*Oh Dr. Emmons ! Dr. Emmons ! has God then no mercy at all ?*" But many are now anxious to repudiate as at all expressive of their views such amplifications as those of Mr. Spurgeon on the parable of Dives : † "*See how his tongue hangs from between his blistered lips ! How it exorciates and burns the roof of his mouth as if it were a firebrand !*" But, however much it may now be rejected, it certainly *was*, and *is*, a fair representation of much that is still uttered by Christian ministers, and endured by Christian congregations. "What do the wicked do for ever in Hell ?" is the question of a once celebrated catechism, which many of my readers must have learnt in their childhood. "*They roar, curse, and blaspheme God.*" Where has

this teaching been repudiated ? When, and where, and by whom, until within the last month or two, has there been a distinct refusal by teachers of this school to endorse the sentiments of the frightful sermon of Jonathan Edwards, entitled "Sinners in the hands of an angry God ?" "*The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much in the same way as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked.*" Apart from the metaphor, is this to be regarded as orthodox teaching or not ? Is this the God who has bidden us love our enemies ? Is this the God of whom we are taught that His love is deeper than that of a mother, and that His tender mercies are over all His works ? Is this the God who says that He will not cast off for ever ? Is this the God who "pardoneth iniquity," who "retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy ?" If language, such as I have quoted, be utterly reprehensible, if it be an unconscious blasphemy against the love and pity of our Father in Heaven, why have my sermons been so vehemently attacked ? I have received so many letters on the subject, from all sorts of strangers in England and America, that few living men are I suppose better able to estimate the character of the extreme popular view, or the hardening, embittering, inquisitorial, Pharisaical, depraving, pride-and-hatred-engendering influence, which it exercises on the minds—not of course of all—but of too many who hold it. This was the doctrine that produced the Torquemadas, the Arnolds of Citeaux, the Sprengels of the Middle Ages. This is the doctrine which often makes the so-called religious character so little lovely and so little religious. This is the doctrine which to this day produces the dull and obstinate fanaticism of many whom we would fain win to a diviner charity. The Bishop of St. Andrews, having recently written a letter on the war question, received the next day the following post-card : "Your letter . . . is quite a scandal. . . . Why, you make Christian people rejoice that there is in God's providence a place of retribution for workers of evil like you." I can only say, "Legant, erubescant, horrescant, Christiani. Perpendant, perhorrescant !"

* Letter to Hansen von Rechenberg, 1522.

† Who, be it observed in passing, was not in Gehenna at all, but in Hades, the intermediate state ; whom Abraham still addresses as son ; and who can speak, and speak words of sympathy and affection, in spite of his burning and exoriated tongue.

Undoubtedly this vindictively remorseless style of dwelling upon the "*horribile decretum*," though, as I have experienced, far from extinct, is being gradually modified, and is inevitably doomed to pass away. Professor Birks, in his somewhat acrid paper, complains of my "loose massing of authorities" against the popular view, because many of these authorities differ widely from each other. To me it seems that their very divergence in other matters adds almost indefinite weight to their unanimity in this. I will not mention the many names of the illustrious dead, from Hermas down to Archbishop Tillotson, from Origen down to Archbishop Whately, from St. Gregory of Nyssa down to Bishop Ewing of Argyle, from Johannes Scotus Erigena down to Professor F. D. Maurice, from Clement of Alexandria down to Canon Kingsley and Dr. Norman McLeod; but if men otherwise so dissimilar in their views as Dr. Littledale and Mr. Llewelyn Davies, the Dean of Westminster and Archdeacon Reichel, Mr. T. J. Rowsell and Mr. Jukes, Bishop Moorhouse and Mr. S. Cox, Professor Jellett and Mr. J. Baldwin Brown, Professor Plumptre and Mr. E. White, Mr. H. N. Oxenham and Professor Birks himself—to mention but a few out of hundreds of living divines, of all schools, ranks, and degrees of learning, in the Protestant Churches of England, Sweden, Germany, and France—are agreed in rejecting the doctrine of endless torment in the form in which it has been preached even recently, in all its undisturbed horror, by many preachers, then this fact alone is a very decisive proof that such a doctrine cannot at any rate be regarded as indisputably Scriptural. Controversialists of the type of those who are contented with Horbery's "hundred and three texts on his side" (!) or with the assertion that eternal torments are "*indisputably* taught in twenty-six passages of the New Testament," might have thought themselves justified in using such language fifty years ago, but now simply put themselves out of court as having failed to comprehend the most elementary conditions of the controversy. Assertions of that type are simply a mark of incompetent provincialism, and they fall to the ground at once before the unbiassed remark of the

devout, learned, and excellent Dr. Isaac Watts, that "for the doctrine of an immortality of endless torment he found in Scripture no warrant whatever." In the face of such facts, in the face of all Church history, in the face of the existing belief of the largest part of Christendom, how can any one, without condemning himself, venture to assert that the four accretions to the doctrine of future retribution which I rejected—viz., physical torture, necessarily endless duration, irreversibility after death, and the all but universality of the doom—are undeniably parts of the Catholic verity? I have been anathematized by many who are innocent of the veriest rudiments of criticism; but is it not a significant fact that of the fifteen divines—Irish, Scotch, and English—who have been invited to criticize my sermons, all but two, as well as both the eminent laymen, agree with me in repudiating the *main* points which I have rejected; and that even the two who desire to defend the current opinion, make large concessions as to the untenable character of popular eschatology?

Having thus endeavored to clear the ground, I will now glance with all possible brevity at the criticisms contained in these papers.

Professor Jellett, with a calmness and courtesy worthy of all praise, has defended the great canon of Bishop Butler on the relations of natural to revealed religion. Principal Tulloch also points out, with admirable force, the necessity of allowing weight to the moral intuitions of mankind. He urges against Universalism the Law of Continuity. I am not concerned to defend Universalism; but seeing that repentance is always possible in life—seeing that so long as life lasts any man *may* become good—the Law of Continuity was one of the very grounds on which I based the doctrine of Eternal Hope. If the greatness of God's mercies lasts till the grave, the Law of Continuity strengthens our hope

* They profess to found this doctrine on an entire misinterpretation of Matt. vii. 13, 14, which only conveys such a meaning when it has been tortured by a systematic and inferential literalism which would fill all Scripture with contradictions, and which is practically only tolerated in a few favorite texts.

that it will not be for ever cut short by the accident of death. If the efficacy of Christ's Atonement lasts till death, the Law of Continuity helps to strengthen our conviction, so well expressed in the eloquent and admirable paper of Mr. J. Baldwin Brown, that "the love of God cannot be the one Divine power in the universe which, for man at any rate, is paralyzed by the hand of Death."

With the greatest part of Dr. Hunt's able paper I entirely agree; but when he says that the doctrine of never-ending torments "has been believed by the majority of Christians in all ages, in all Churches," this belief must be most carefully distinguished from the post-Reformation dogma—a dogma which even Luther could not accept—of an all but universal, unmitigated, and irreversible doom to endless torments at the moment of death.

Mr. White thinks that the doctrine of Eternal Hope "gives to the generality of defiant men a cheerful and even hopeful view of their ultimate destiny, and that it differs *toto cælo* and even *toto inferno* from the fearful doctrine of Christ and the Apostles, and will be attended practically, as experience shows, by widely different results." I reply that (i.) this is but an opinion; and (ii.) that if my view thus *appears* to differ from the *letter* of some of Christ's utterances, it agrees most absolutely with both the *letter* and the *spirit* of others; and Mr. White himself will hardly say that it differs *toto cælo* and *toto inferno* from the parables of the Lost Sheep and the Prodigal Son, and Christ's prayer for his murderers, and St. Paul's unlimited prophecies of the final Palingenesia. And (iii.) that we have nothing to do with *results*, but with *truths*. The doctrine of endless torments, being at any rate unknown to the Old Dispensation, cannot be necessary to deter from sin; and if the Gospel of Hope be wrested by some to their own destruction,—which I doubt, seeing that, in the words of St. Paul, "we are saved by hope,"—it certainly rescues others from despair. But in truth Mr. White is taking a wrong point of view when he talks of my holding out to defiant men a cheerful view of their future. To them we preach that so long as they are defiant, so long must they remain in that outer

darkness which is alienation from God. We tell them that sin is loss and ruin, and must inevitably entail, both here and hereafter, that dread law of consequence in which they only refuse to believe when it is presented to them with impossible additions. We tell them that the longer and the more defiantly they continue in sin, the greater and the deadlier must be that loss, which, even if it do not assume the form of physical torment, may continue to be loss—a *pæna damni*—for ever. The hope of the *mitigatio*, the *refrigeria*, the remissions, which God may grant hereafter, the cessation of a maddening agony and a gnawing remorse, is surely a very different thing from the assertion that all sinners will ultimately be admitted to the beatitude of heaven—to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive.*

I can only attribute much of Professor Salmon's paper to his having "skipped or skimmed many pages" of the book which he was professing to criticize. A less supercilious process might have shown him that my supposed horror of physical pain, as compared to mental remorse, is not due, as he hints, to personal pusillanimity, but to my belief that the physical pain of which I was speaking—material fire and material worms—could only be inflicted by arbitrary external acts, the supposition of which degrades our conception of God. Professor Salmon entirely fails to see that I regard vindictive and purposeless inflictions not as "too dreadful" to believe, but as too contrary to my faith in God's love; too impossible to reconcile with the declaration that He punishes "not willingly but for our profit, that we may be partakers of His grace."

Dr. Littledale's paper calls for no notice at my hands. I regret, but shall not imitate, the arrogant discourtesy by which it is characterized. Let others

* Canon Ryle, and many others, fall into this misconception. I, at any rate, have never taught that "we shall somehow or other all get to heaven hereafter." In fact nine-tenths of what has passed for triumphant refutation of what I have said is only triumphant in its refutation of what I never dreamt of saying at all.

decide whether the tone which he sees fit to adopt is justifiable or becoming.

I have no such grounds of complaint against Mr. Arthur. And yet I am simply amazed at his statements that I found my opinion on two texts; that I do not refer to history and experience; that I suppose the world to be governed on the painless principle; that I assume that the Ruler of the Universe could never inflict pain; and that, on this subject, I do not seek guidance in the rules maintained amongst us on this side the grave. I could almost suppose—were it not that it would have been unworthy of his seriousness—that Mr. Arthur had adopted the “skipping and skimming” methods of Professor Salmon. If it were respectful to Mr. Arthur I could only vent my astonishment by several notes of admiration: as it is I will simply refer to the pages of my book, literally from end to end, in direct refutation of every one of his assertions. One indeed of his allegations is perfectly correct—that I have not alluded to “the procedure in the case of angels.” I have not done so because, apart from Scholasticism and Milton, we know so very little about it, and are so entirely unable to estimate the analogies to the destiny of man which it may or may not present. I do not hold, as Mr. Arthur thinks, either that all who repent in Hades “pass to heaven,” or that sin is put away by pain. I fear that Mr. Arthur will be—but he ought not to be—surprised when I entirely agree with him in saying that Christ taught that “they who will not repent will suffer an endless penalty;” but I instantly part company with him if he makes the unwarrantable addition, “they who will not repent *in this life*,” since my whole book is a statement of the reasons why I venture to hope that the gates of mercy are not finally closed after the brief span of earthly existence. Again, I hold with Mr. Arthur that if “God’s severity is all love,” so God’s love is sometimes manifested by severity, and that punishment does not necessarily imply cruelty. But *endless* punishment—billions of millenniums of unutterable and flaming agony for each tenth part of a second of sin—has Mr. Arthur faced what that means? Protection, as Mr. Arthur says, may require punishment, but can he prove that

it requires *endless torments*? And if in all my “impetuous flights” I “barely graze the surface of the mystery of suffering, like a bird skimming over a still but unfathomable deep,” what human writer has ever done more? Not even the eagle-wing of the logical and theological can do more, much less “smooth, gliding swallows, and noisy, impudent tomtits!”—

“Quales ego vel Cluivennus.”

Mr. Arthur writes like a high-minded and earnest man, but I would respectfully submit that, so far as I am concerned, his paper, from beginning to end, is a good illustration of what is meant by *Ignoratio Elenchi*.

I now proceed to make a few remarks on the second series of papers.*

My friend, Dr. Plumptre, quotes some remarkable letters from a Catholic priest.† I have not been told who he is, but it is not very difficult to conjecture, and, at any rate, his letters are sufficient to show that he speaks with authority. How very remarkable, then, is his statement—how deeply ought that statement to be weighed by the multitudes who have so blindly asserted that my view has in all ages been condemned by the Church—that “there is nothing incompatible with the faith of Catholics” in the view that vast multitudes who have popularly been considered to fall under the awful doom of everlasting punishment, may be withdrawn from it by substituting the notion of a purgatorial punishment in its place. How remarkable, again, is the statement that Catholics may hold “that there are innumerable degrees of grace and sanctity among the saved, and that those who go to purgatory, however many, die, one and all with the presence of God’s grace and the earnest of eternal life, however invisibly to man, already in their hearts,” so that “faith and repentance may be believed to exist in many of those who die and make no sign.” And if such an

* These were not reproduced in the *ECLECTIC* because it was thought that the first series sufficiently indicated the various currents of opinion on the subject. Their character may be easily inferred from Mr. Farrar’s summaries and rejoinders.—ED. *ECLECTIC*.

† Understood to be John Henry Newman.—ED.

who is so exceptionally high
ity on patristic literature—ad-
this view was held "by several
others," what becomes of the
cruel, and ignorant assertion
heretical, when it can be proved
candid reader that, though thus
universally known to be thus
leaders of orthodoxy like the
ories, yet as a demonstrable,
fact it has *never* been authori-
ondemned?

I agree with Dr. Allon, that the
of our Lord respecting a future
ardly be settled by the philo-
analysis of one or two words. If
dduced and examined those
a view to prove that their
was misunderstood, it is be-
was, for the time being, occu-
that element of the question
nsists in showing that those
especially "Gehenna" and
, "not only do not convey,
opinion distinctly *exclude*, the
hich have been popularly at-
them. The common interpre-
them has indeed been all but
since the days of St. Augus-
t this general *consensus* is of lit-
if strong evidence can be ad-
prove that the original mean-
become gradually obscured, by
ignorance, and yet that this
neaning continued to be main-
ot only by multitudes of simple
s, but by some of the most pro-
d learned of Fathers during the
nturies. And surely when Dr.
rs that our Lord "in the most
manner affirmed, and intended
the finality of religious condi-
r *death*," he must mean (though
s the phrase several times) not
death," but "*after the Day of*
t." I agree with one of our
nent and learned Bishops, who,
r on this subject, remarks how
t is that any who profess to be
y the Bible only should reject
itive and catholic belief of an
liary State between death and
t. If not one word which our
ered can be perverted into any
t of a final decision *at the mo-*
death, I should be quite content
untouched the much more tena-
ugh not, I think, at all demon-

strable—conviction that He left no hope
of alleviation for those who were finally
doomed at the Last Assize. And if Dr.
Allon holds it legitimate, nay, impera-
tive, to introduce limitations into what
he calls "rhetorical passages" of unlim-
ited promise and hopefulness in St. Paul
and St. John, must it not be far more
admissible to refuse (if need be) a scho-
lastically rigid acceptation to passages of
professed parable and admitted meta-
phor? Again, Dr. Allon thinks that,
after all, "finality of moral condition
does not imply unending being, or un-
ending consciousness of retribution."
Yet surely this view is far more at vari-
ance with the *primâ facie* teachings of
Scripture than one which mainly protests
against attaching the conception of
"endlessness" to a word which, by uni-
versal concession, does not necessarily
or generally convey such a meaning?

Dr. Rigg is chiefly arguing against
Universalism. Now I have said, and I
repeat with all sincerity, that I am *not* a
Universalist. I do not mean that I con-
demn the doctrine as heretical or un-
tenable; or that I do not feel (can there
be such a wretch as not to feel?) a long-
ing, yearning *desire* that it might be true.
But I dare not say that it *must* be true,
because, as I intimated in my book, no
man has ever explained the present ex-
istence of evil, and no man has ever
sounded or can know the abysmal deeps
of personality or "the marvel of the
everlasting will."

Dr. Rigg and others seem to fancy
that I have overlooked this mystery of
widespread evil as a factor in the final
conclusion. I should have thought it
stood out, terrible and palpable, on every
page of the Fifth Sermon. The rebukes
which bid me not to construct a God, or
a Universe, after my own liking—even
if that liking be guided by all that Scrip-
ture teaches us to regard as most divine
in the character of God—are to me quite
needless. It is not I, but the maintain-
ers of the popular opinion—with all
those fearful accretions of it which I
hope I shall have helped to sweep away
—who are "wise above what is writ-
ten." I take some of the books of God
—Reason, Conscience, Nature, Experi-
ence, History: they reveal antinomies
which I cannot solve, and apparent dis-
cords which I do not deny: but when I

turn from them to Scripture, in which I believe that we hear *most* clearly the voice of God speaking through the mind of man, I find that we are there taught to trust in God, *in spite of* all that might seem at strife with the love and perfectness of His being; I find ample grounds for the hope that all apparent discords shall ultimately be harmonized in one vast concord; and I do *not* find one simple word which, when fairly examined, sanctions the hideous accumulation of dark human fancies which have gathered round the supposed data of a literalism which was at first inevitably ill-informed and then became inevitably traditional.* The mystery of the present evil is, indeed, insoluble; but does it not become transcendently *less* insoluble—does it not produce an infinitely less severe strain on man's faith in the merciful omnipotence of God—if we are entitled to, nay, encouraged in, the belief that Evil at last shall end, and God be *πάντα ἐν ἑαυτῷ*, *all things in all men*? "So at least thought St. Paul," says Archdeacon Reichel, "if his language means what it appears to mean. To him the whole Creation presents itself as travailling in the birth-throes of something new and better, along with ourselves who are its highest part. . . . May not evil be likened, to a discord or dissonance in the vast harmony of Creation, tolerable, even beautiful, if resolved into a concord; intolerable if taken by itself, or protracted for ever without such resolution?"†

Mr. Cox has contributed some admirable remarks from De Quincey on the word *æonian*. There is, I think, nothing new in De Quincey's views, but he states, with clearness and force, the fact

* Since Dr. Rigg doubts my view of Canon Kingsley's opinions, I must reassert, on the highest authority, that they were as nearly as possible identical with my own. If any one desires to satisfy himself respecting that, let him consult his "Water of Life," p. 76, seqq.; his Westminster Sermons, and his Life, i. 318, 319, 371—375, 392—396, 469—471; ii. 41, 42, 207, 395—397, 446. Whatever apparent contradictions on the subject may be found in his writings, as in those of Archbishop Tillotson, and some of the Fathers, I have the best reasons for positively affirming that Dr. Rigg is mistaken as to the opinion which he held to the very last.

† Sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, June 28, 1877.

which only prejudice can deny, that the word is always colored by the substantive to which it is joined. Of all arguments on this question the one which appears to me the most absolutely and hopelessly futile, is the one in which so many seem to rest with entire content; viz. that "eternal or *æonian* life" must mean endless life, and therefore that "*æonian* chastisement" must mean "endless chastisement." This battered and aged argument, which has now been refuted times without number, and which if it had possessed a particle of cogency would not have been set aside as entirely valueless by such minds as those of Origen and the two Gregories in ancient days, nor by multitudes in the days of St. Augustine and St. Jerome, nor by the most brilliant thinker among the schoolmen, nor by many of our greatest living divines,—is again triumphantly reproduced by Bishop Wordsworth and Canon Ryle. It seems to be useless "to smite the hoary head of this inveterate delusion." If they can still regard it as convincing, it is obviously useless to repeat the considerations which have shattered to pieces every particle of cogency which it possesses. It is not surprising that the glaring commonplaceness of the argument should render it a natural stronghold of some who are content with the obvious and the superficial: and let all such repeat it in peace for ever; but do not let men of culture, like the learned Bishop and the eloquent Canon, think that it will weigh the thousandth part of a scruple with those who have again and again furnished the reasons why they regard it as absolutely inconclusive. No proposition is capable of more simple proof than that *æonian* is *not* a synonym of endless. It only means, or can mean, in its *primary* sense, pertaining to an *æon*, and therefore "indefinite," since an *æon* may be either long or short; and in its *secondary* sense "spiritual," "pertaining to the unseen world," "an attribute of that which is above and beyond time," an attribute expressive not of duration but of quality. Can such an explanation of the word be denied by any competent or thoughtful reader of John v. 39; vi. 54; xvii. 3; 1 John v. 13, 20? Would not the introduction of the word "endless" into those divine utterances

be an unspeakable degradation of their meaning? And as for the argument that the redeemed would thus lose their promised bliss, it is at once so unscriptural and so selfish that, after what Mr. Cox and others have said of it, one may hope that no one will ever be able to use it again without a blush. I cannot here diverge into a discussion with Bishop Wordsworth and Canon Ryle, whose sermons need some *adversaria* rather longer than I can here devote to them; but as they both dwell on the fact that people who spoke Greek interpreted *αἰώνιος* to mean endless, I reply that some of the greatest masters of Greek, both in classical times and among the Fathers, saw quite clearly that, though the word *might connote* endlessness by being attributively added to endless things, it had in itself no such meaning. I cannot conceive how any candid mind can deny the force of these considerations. If even Origenists would freely speak of future punishment as *αἰώνιος* but never as *ατελεύτητος*,—if, as even these papers have shown, Plato uses the word as the *antithesis* of endlessness—if St. Gregory of Nyssa uses it as the epithet of “an interval”—if, as though to leave this Augustinian argument without the faintest shadow of a foundation, there are absolutely two passages of Scripture (Hab. iii. 6 and Rom. xvi. 25) where this very word occurs in two consecutive clauses, and is, in the second of the two clauses, applied to God, and yet is, in the first of the two clauses, applied to things which are temporary or terminated—what shall be said of disputants who still enlist the controversial services of a phantom which has been so often laid in the tomb from which it ought never again to emerge? How is it that not one out of the scores of writers who have animadverted on my book have so much as noticed the very remarkable fact to which I have called attention, that those who followed Origen in holding out a possible hope beyond the grave *founded their argument for the terminability of torments on the acknowledged sense of this very word*, and on the fact that other words and phrases which do unmistakably mean endless are used of the duration of good, but are never used of the duration of evil?*

* *Cæsarius*, Dial. 3, in *Huet's Origeniana* (Opp. ed. Paris, iv. 233).

Of the carping verbal criticism to which Professor Birks has descended, I take no notice. I have already alluded to what he says about my “loose massing of authorities,” and to the entire misconception which he shares with Professor Salmon as to my *reason* for betraying “a dislike of any element of sensible pain in the punishment of the future.” I am sorry that he should charge me with “vehement invective and gushes of indignant declamation against those simple believers in the Bible, who dare not give up any part of the creed of their childhood till they see surer grounds for rejecting it than the unwillingness of sinful hearts to believe anything so alarming, and an offered choice, in its stead, of three or four contradictory alternatives which exclude each other.” I fear that this sentence proves that Professor Birks has not, even in the school of persecution, himself learnt that “caution, and patience of thought, and exclusion of hasty speech,” which he preaches to me. He will not find in my book a word of invective against “simple believers,” though he will find what he calls invective and declamation against errors which I believe to be at dangerous variance with that revelation which God has given us of Himself in His Son. On the contrary, he will find that, in order to represent the “*horribile decretum*” in its very best light, I gave it originally, not in the language of modern pulpiters, but in the powerful images of men of splendid genius. No names could have been selected which lent more lustre to the false theology of revolting, vindictive, material torments than those of Dante, Shakespeare, Jeremy Taylor, and Milton; and no names certainly which I regard with a warmer love or a deeper reverence. And if *this* were not a sufficiently obvious proof that I did not dream of attacking those who held even the most abhorrent and the most unscriptural accretions to the belief in hell, I expressly said that I knew them to be held in deep sorrow by many good, holy, and loving Christians. I need not stoop to refute the uncharitable insinuations that I reject these inferences because I regard them as “alarming,” or because I share the prevalent tendency to set aside the warnings of God. If my Fifth Sermon does not suffice to show the ut-

ter baselessness of such innuendoes, I am more than content to leave them unanswered. There are some criticisms which are sheltered from refutation by disdain. And yet how strange it is that Professor Birks, determined to use a two-edged sword, goes on to say that I myself adopt the very method of those whose terrible pictures I reprobate, when I speak of the horrors of that disease which is God's executioner on drunkenness. Well, but in the first place, the description is not mine at all! It is simply quoted from the pages of one whose name I purposely suppressed because he has not only seen, but actually suffered from, this frightful retribution. Has Professor Birks never seen it? Alas! I have, and that in women! And did it never even occur to him that I at least was alluding to *facts* which no human being has ever dreamt of denying, while in my opinion Dante and Jeremy Taylor were alluding to the unwarranted and faith-destroying *fictions* of human fancy which are now rejected (as Professor Birks himself admits) by the almost unanimous conviction of mankind? "But," says Professor Birks, "the Scriptures give us no pattern of such 'ghastly' modes of impressing their warnings!" One might have read such a sentence without surprise had it been written by a sceptical layman, but it is very surprising indeed when written by a Cambridge theologian. Has Professor Birks never so much as read Deut. xxviii. 28—35, or Prov. xxiii. 26—35, or Isa. i. 4—6, or Isa. li. 17—20? Might not multitudes of such passages have recurred to his memory had he been less eager to find fault?

I could adduce many more passages in which Professor Birks has not been just in his criticisms. At the close, for instance, of his paper he says that "the practical creed of millions is Universalism," and thinks that my involuntarily published volume will "give fresh currency to some of the worst elements of a widespread popular delusion"—that, namely, which, under the name of religious consolation, tells sorrowing relatives that every one, "except a few prodigious wretches," has gone straight to heaven. Now as to the fact here alluded to, it is indisputable, and it ought to demonstrate how utterly inoperative,

how worse than useless, is the popular doctrine, because it is so often instinctively rejected at the very moment when it should have been most effective. But this is the very kind of hypocrisy which I abhor, and the very kind of consolation which I never use. When indeed I find a woman mourning for a drunkard, whom yet she loved,—and driven into wretchedness by thinking that he is burning in endless flames,—although I should try to soften the agony of that hard despair by the gleam of possible ultimate hope which I think that God Himself has lighted in the mysterious gloom of the sinner's future, I should never dream of holding out any hope to her that he had gone to bliss. He had suffered retribution in this world—terrible retribution; and if that had failed to win him, he might have to suffer a continuance of that terrible retribution hereafter. But I should certainly not exclude a hope that at least in the Intermediate State God's love revealed in Christ *might* find him ere the last great day. And as for the common run of men—imperfect, faulty, not saints but sinners, yet with many possibilities of good—I should be content to say that wherever they were, and whatever might be the retribution which their sins had incurred, they were "taken to the mercy of the Merciful." I never met with any saying about death which seemed to me at once more tender and more reverent than that of F. W. Robertson: "He is gone. . . . Why should we have wished him to remain a little longer? Better surely as it is. And as to the eternal question—we know of him all that we can ever know of any one removed beyond the veil which shelters the unseen from the prying of curiosity—that he is in the hands of the wise and loving. Spirit has mingled with spirit. *A child, more or less erring, has gone home. Unloved by his Father? Believe it who may, that will not I.*"

I come lastly to Professor Gracey. He too indulges in verbal criticism, to which I have neither space nor inclination to reply, though I think that I could give him a very satisfactory, and even important, explanation of some passages which he seems to regard as mere nonsense. When he thinks that he "understands my ignorance," he is only

"ignorant of my understanding." But let me say in reply to his concluding page, that I am not at all ashamed of not having "mastered every doubt." I came with no compact system; no flawless theodicy. No such is to be had. My object was very different. It was to show that things which were taught as Scriptural were as unwarranted by Scripture as they were, by the confession of even Calvin and Jonathan Edwards, agonizing to the conscience, abhorrent to the reason of mankind. Professor Gracey is not content with Hope. Does he then prefer Despair? He says that possible æons of retribution furnish a dismal look-out—a fearful looking-for. Undoubtedly it is so, and I do not think that God meant it to be otherwise. But does Professor Gracey think it *more* consoling to accept the retribution as *unending*? If not, his last eloquent sentences are to me entirely unintelligible. He thinks that I have offered but a weak basis for æonian Hope; but I need not surely remind him that hope is not certainty, is not even faith. "For we are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."

The three remaining papers powerfully support what I desired to maintain. Professor Mayor has written with the learning and thoughtfulness which we should have expected from him, and has dealt ably with points which I left untouched. Mr. Beresford Hope, alone of all my critics, points out a decided omission in my treatment of the subject, and I hail with deep thankfulness his declared belief that "all reason, all experience, all Scripture, unite in the teaching that the divine work of discipline goes on behind as well as before the veil." The remarks of the Layman deserve the very earnest consideration of all who desire above all things to be faithful, honest, and true.

I have finished my task, and have not consciously left a single objection without reply. And now I ask what have the writers who did not hold my opinion effected by their criticisms? Not one of them has touched, much less attempt-

ed to set aside, the proof which I adduced for my palmary argument, that we must mean by "hell" what our Lord meant by Gehenna, and that Gehenna did not mean endless torment. In spite of unfair depreciation, I venture to say that, hastily as my book was produced, no modern writer has furnished a fuller contribution from Jewish testimonies to the decision of this important question; and if this position cannot be shaken, how strongly does it tell in favor of Eternal Hope? Again, which of my critics has overthrown, or even attempted to overthrow, the various arguments founded on the uses of the words *Olam* and *αιων* or *αιωνιος*? And which of them has produced the article of Creed, or decree of Council, or decision of our Church, which diminishes the force of the distinct historic proof that this view, even when least popular, has never been considered as untenable? And which of them has attempted to disprove that the splendid name of Butler, so often invoked against us, is absolutely on our side? And which of them has weakened the testimony of the many distinct passages which favor, nay distinctly imply, an Eternal Hope? And which of them has even attempted to refute the exegesis which shows the *πρωτον ψευδος* of post-Reformation traditionalism? It may comfort and harden those who love and cling to the current dogmatism on endless torments—it may effectually blind their eyes from any enlightenment as to the real meaning of Scripture—it may disastrously prevent them from having those noble thoughts of God and large hopes for redeemed humanity which seem to me to be of the essence of religion,—to be told that not we only, but also all the great saints and lofty souls who have believed in a salvation by faith and hope, have only repeated the lie of the old serpent, "Thou shalt not surely die;" or that we are robbing the blessed of their hope of bliss; or that Scripture *could not have used clearer language* (!) to express the endless duration of penal torments; or that the non-endlessness of punishment is (in spite of the highest decision to the contrary) irreconcilable with the language of the Prayer-book; or that God's justice is the *antithesis* of His love; or that His justice demands

the *endlessness* of misery ; or that we only reject endless torments because we do not like them ; or " which of the two shall we believe—Satan the father of lies, or Jesus Christ, who is truth ?" and so on, and so on. But all this is not argument. It is not even the shadow of argument. It may stereotype the bigotry of ignorance, and render impregnable the obstinacy of prepossession, but it will not have a feather's weight in the ultimate decision. " Believe me that there is nothing which *Satan* more desires than that we should believe that there is no such place as hell and no such thing as eternal torments. *He* whispers all this into our ears, and *he* exults when he hears a layman, and much more when he hears a clergyman, deny these things. *For then he hopes to make them and others his victims.*" So writes Bishop Wordsworth. "*Spectatum admissi* . . . ?" Setting aside the excessively loose, inaccurate, and misleading statement of my opinions—if indeed (as I am informed) the sentence was meant for me,—one would have said, had the language been used by any one less to be honored than so estimable and learned a prelate,—one would have said—

" Hic nigræ succus loliginis, hæc est
Ærugo mera. Quod vitium procul afore
chartis
Atque animo prius, ut si quid promittere de
me
Possum aliud vere, promitto."

And when Canon Ryle says, " At the end of six thousand years the great enemy of mankind is still using his old weapon (the daring falsehood ' Ye shall not surely die ') to persuade men that they may live and die in sin, and yet at some distant period finally be saved"—one would have said of so glaring an abuse of that text (which would tell equally against any who preached the Forgiveness of Sins), and of this attribution of a primitive Catholic opinion to the devil, and this identification of those who hold it (saints though many of them have been, in nowise inferior in holiness to Canon Ryle) with the devil's emissaries

—one would have said of him who spoke thus, had he been a less excellent man than the vigorous and worthy Canon,

" Hic niger est ; hunc tu, Romane, caveto."

But it is more charitable to refuse to treat such remarks as serious. What would Canon Ryle say were I to charge *him* with repeating the devil's daring falsehood, when (as I suppose) he teaches that men may live in sin, *and yet not die*, but even on the bed of death be saved by repentance ? I should be every whit as much justified in saying this to him, as he is in saying it to me ; for he holds exactly what I hold, that men *may* be saved from death, upon repentance, by Christ's merits, even though they have sinned. But one is accustomed to this style of theological discussion, and one can make large allowance. One could hardly expect that eminent teachers should confess that they have been mistaken all their lives, and, abdicating the papacy of their infallible opinions, should go humbly back to ignorance again. Yet we all ought to do this if necessary. But let those who cannot accept our hope learn at least a deeper wisdom and a truer charity in the attempt to refute it. To go on repeating such arguments of the Dark Ages as those which I have quoted is to rely on bows and arrows in a battle-field swept over its whole surface from every point of vantage by the mighty artillery of modern war. They may identify us, if it so pleases them, with the emissaries of Satan ; but certain passages of the Gospel in which the Pharisees were blasphemously guilty of a similar identification might make them pause and tremble, lest in so doing they should be guilty of a very frightful sin. But we shall not retaliate. Do they love God ? So do we. Do they put their trust in Christ ? So do we. But, let them denounce as they will, our hope for ourselves and our fellow-men proves this only—that our trust in the love of God is deeper, our faith in the efficacy of Christ's Redemption is stronger and larger, than is theirs.—*Contemporary Review*.

A ROMANCE BY RUM-LIGHT.

I.

IF I were to say that we hoped to light up the whole of Paris with the blaze of that plum-pudding which we were preparing to do honor to our English guest, John Brokenshire, I should be indulging in one of those figures of speech which, poet as I am, I think should be used rather in verse than in prose. But Noémie, the children, and I had resolved that there should be enough rum round that pudding to remind our English friend in no dubious fashion of Christmas in his own insular home. Noémie had spent two days in combining the ingredients, the number and strangeness whereof made our French minds wonder; and it was good as a picture to see her stand with a wooden spoon in one hand and a list in the other, asking herself whether after all she had not forgotten something. We were both agreed that the dish which John Brokenshire and his countrymen love must have been invented by a grocer in difficulties, anxious to sell off a variegated stock, and willing, by the same occasion, to do a good turn to his friends, the grocer and the chemist.

Pudding, though, formed but one feature in our preparations, for I had ransacked the books that treat of English customs, and found that John Brokenshire would feel unwelcome unless we all kissed him under a branch of Druidical mistletoe, and encouraged him to do the same by us. So mistletoe hung from a hook in the ceiling. Then the side-board was graced by six bottles of British ale, labelled with little red pyramids; and two of Oporto, not to be touched with a pair of tongs for the crusts and cobwebs on them, and three more of our own national vintage of Champagne, which you will allow me to think is a not unconvivial wine when capped with gold leaf, and bearing the Duke de Montebello's *carte blanche* mark to guarantee its being made of the full white grape that grows on the sunny slopes near Rheims.

Meanwhile, an odor of soup and roasting came from the little kitchen, where Noémie had just enough room to

move about among her ruddy saucepans and white dishes, with her sleeves rolled up to her shapely elbows, and her cheeks pink from the glow of the stove-range. The two children, Victor and Louisette, sat each on a stool, making themselves useful. Victor was scraping a truffle of pungent perfume; Louisette was cutting out one of those paper frills that are fastened to ham bones. Hard by, on the hot-plate, a goose in a baking-dish was hissing vespers plaintively in his own juice, pending the time when he should be laid on his supreme bed of apple sauce. By-the-by, looking to the goose's ultimate destiny, may not his career on earth be described in the words of my brother poet, Horace, as *ab ovo usque ad mala*? I beg your pardon. . . .

Noémie Leblanc was not my wife, nor was I her children's uncle—only their godfather. We clubbed much together, for we all lived on the fifth floor of one of those big Parisian houses whose roofs seem to reach up to the skies whenever the weather is misty, and cast shadows right across the street when the sun shines. The lowermost story was occupied by a printing-office, where Noémie was employed as reader to two newspapers—one Republican, the other Royalist—which were struck off by the same presses and published under one roof, though their principles differed like fire and water. Her work occupied her during twelve hours of every day; and while she was punctuating the articles that were to instruct our countrymen in the principles engendered by a fruitful series of revolutions, I, sitting in my attic and writing, used to keep an eye on the children. My door remained open that they might run across the landing from their apartment to mine. What games they had! If they were not up to some piece of mischief that kept the whole upper part of the house in an uproar, they scarcely considered that they were playing. One of their favorite amusements was to filch some damp clay from a neighboring sculptor's studio, and to make exploding pancakes. Having flattened out the clay to the size of a cheeseplate, they impressed a little hol-

low in the middle with the thumb, then threw the pancake with force on the floor. The sudden compression of air in the hollow caused it to explode with a noise like the eruption of a gasometer. It was a delightful sport.

Victor was seven, and Louissette six. They were good children, with affectionate ways and merry voices—he, an intelligent little urchin, much addicted to spoiling bits of wood in the carpenter's shop next door, on pretence of learning upholstery; she a damsel with gay blue eyes, already versed in the wiles of her sex for getting what she wanted, even when it might not be convenient to let her have the same. The pair went to the communal school every morning with knapsacks on their backs full of books and bread-and-butter; and if my door was not opened when they set out, they rapped at it, and called me lazy through the keyhole. At four they returned, and I rather think that was the pleasantest hour in the day to me, notwithstanding that they would herald their arrival by a terrific clatter of their small shoes on the wooden staircase, which the *concierge* was at such pains to polish twice a week with bees'-wax. From four to seven, when their mother came back, rather tired of her proof-correcting, to make supper ready, I had Victor and Louissette all to myself, or, to speak more truly, they had me all to them. Many are the poetic inspirations which they have nipped short by playing hide-and-seek behind my bed, and dragging me into their game by the coat-tails when I was immersed in that difficult task of finding rhymes—as laborious often as fishing for pearls.

I have told you that I am a poet. I write verses that are widely read and pondered over by thoughtful minds; but, unlike my countryman Victor Hugo, I attune my lyre to sing the products of man's industry rather than the works of Nature, which, maybe, have panegyrists enough. I indite versified advertisements for pushing firms, whose names cover large spaces in the outer sheets of newspapers; and I excel, so they say, in the ornate description of articles suitable for human attire, chiefly feminine. I have turned sonnets upon bonnets, but am not above rhyming to a pill or a pickle. One of the most fanciful things

that ever flowed from my pen was a little epigram in four lines, which the purchaser, a hairdresser, ambitiously gave out as his own, and caused to be stuck on all the pomatum pots that left his shop. The best of this sort of work is that it keeps a man in beefsteaks, which the higher sort of epics do not, so far as my experience of them goes; but the more important point to me was that, by picking up a little more money than was essential to my needs, I was enabled to assist my neighbor Noémie Leblanc in bringing up the children, her own slender earnings being much curtailed by the sums which she sent regularly every quarter-day to her absent husband.

Where was that husband? had he deserted her? Had he gone away, as so many husbands do, with grand hopes of making a fortune, which had all come to nothing, and obliged him to fall back on his wife's wages? No, Jules Leblanc was a political exile in New Caledonia.

He had got mixed up in the doings of the Commune, and had been sentenced to transportation for life, though a milder man than he, and one less disposed to upset existing arrangements for the government of mankind, I never saw. Talk to him of charters and barricades, why he could not so much as understand what was the use of the vote which the Constitution had conferred on him, and he would have given it to the first canvasser as readily as a sou to a beggar. But Jules was a humorist; and in that droll honest head of his Nature had implanted a gift for caricature, which served him to sketch you off a cabinet minister with a monkey's tail, or a cardinal with long ears, in no time. He called this mere fun, and thought he was only doing a laughable thing when he stopped in Paris during the civil war, and brought out a comic paper, which contained twice a week a colored cartoon of one of the generals or Royalist statesmen of the Versailles party. Fun indeed! when the generals got hold of him they showed him what fun was. He would have been shot but for Noémie's throwing herself at the feet of some man in authority, who had just influence enough to get the sentence commuted into one of transportation. We were obliged to be content with that. One

weary, dry summer day Noémie travelled down to Toulon with the two children (the one a baby in arms then, the other a toddling mite not two years old) to see Jules a last time before he sailed in the convict ship. I think I can see that day now. The sun was baking hot, and the streets of Toulon were hardly fit for a dog to cross. Jules passed along the port amidst a large gang, all handcuffed and guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets; and Noémie could do no more than wave her handkerchief to him from a distance. He answered by kissing his fettered hands, once, twice, and smiling to exhort her to keep up her spirits for the children's sake. Noémie, half distracted, made another effort to get near him, but there was a crowd of other wives and mothers around her, all sobbing, and the police were obliged to force them back. So Jules disappeared, stepping on to the gangway that led to the ugly black transport, where he was to be cooped up for four months with felons and murderers, and with some convicts, maybe, as innocent as himself.

John Brokenshire, the Englishman, had come down to Toulon about a contract for supplying this very transport with tinned meat. He was standing by when Noémie swooned. Catching her in his arms he bore her to the nearest wine-shop, and when she had come to herself he swore one of those curt oaths peculiar to his shy race, vowing that it would be one of his objects in life thenceforth to procure Jules Leblanc's pardon.

John Brokenshire was a dry man, with a cold blue eye that repelled people of the begging sort. He never gushed with sentiment, as we Frenchmen do; and he seldom made promises, but when he did he kept them. He redeemed his pledge in this instance more largely than could have been expected, seeing that his words had been spoken under the influence of pity, which might have been a passing emotion.

But alas! it is not much that a commercial traveller can effect, even one so energetic as John Brokenshire. This much only could our Englishman do, and did—he kept Noémie supplied with news from her husband, and Jules with letters and remittances from Noémie. There never was such a man for know-

ing people. Being constantly on the move, having business connections everywhere, and not caring whether he compromised himself, since our French laws had no hold on him, John Brokenshire found it easy enough to smuggle letters in and out of the penal colony. He fancied at first it would be easy to obtain the pardon too by pulling the proper wires; but in this he was mistaken. Either the wires were rusty or he had not got hold of the right ones. Our Government does not so readily loose men at whose opinions it has taken fright. The Englishman's ill-success made him fret and abuse the political ferocity of Frenchmen with all the vigor of that liberalism which grows on the banks of the Thames; but he neither despaired nor suffered us to do so; and we knew that, wherever he went and whatever he did, he bore Jules Leblanc in mind. If he was buying wine of a Bordeaux merchant he would mention the exile's case between two tastes of samples; he begged sympathy for him of influential silk merchants, importers of British cutlery, coffee-brokers, and indigo salesmen. He had all the particulars of the poor caricaturist's offence and its mitigating circumstances by heart, and spoke of them to journalists and politicians whom he met in his travels, thereby widening every day the circle of those who knew something about poor Jules and pitied him.

That is how John Brokenshire came to be our friend. That is why, every Christmas Day since that year when Noémie had been widowed by decree of a court-martial, he was the chief guest at a banquet which we prepared of such delicacies as he loved; and seasoned with a frank French welcome. That is why we were expecting him with our goose, our mistletoe, our pudding, and our homely wishes, on the occasion of which I am now writing—which was last Christmas Day.

II.

"*Les voici!* Here they come!" exclaimed little Victor, clapping his hands as the first ascending steps of our guests were heard on the staircase; and Louise, bravely tricked out in a Scottish tartan dress, with a Royal-Stuart sash, clung to her mother's gown, and half

hid herself behind it, with one finger in her mouth—making believe to be timid, the sly puss, as if ever little French girls had really wanted for assurance !

It was six o'clock. The room was lit, the cloth laid, and Noémie stood ready to receive her visitors by the crackling fire of pear-wood logs. How pretty she looked ! How sweetly sad and gentle in her black silk dress, and the small lace cap that covered her glossy chestnut hair ! She was but twenty-seven then, and grief had not aged her—it had only thrown a wistful look into her blue eyes, and subdued her manner to a quietness like that of a nurse in a sick-room. For the sake of her children, who could not remember their father, she had been obliged to maintain an outward serenity more heroic than sorrow ; and had forced herself always to smile in their presence, that their young hearts might not be moulded to a melancholy which would change to moroseness when they grew older. Only those who knew Noémie as I did guessed how her wifely heart ached with hope long deferred. How she could work so exactly as she did at her correction of proofs—never missing a stray comma, nor an ill-placed circumflex, and amending even grammatical errors in the neatest of hands—was to me a mystery. Grattelot, the foreman of the printer's works, and Barbelard, the sub-editor of one of the two Republican journals on which Noémie was employed, were as much puzzled as I ; but they had ended by concluding that Madame Leblanc was of a philosophical turn, a master-woman, who thought that crying spoilt the eyes. They and their wives were to be our guests on this evening. By the hearty way in which they entered, sniffing our goose and glancing at our bottles, it was evident that they did not consider they were intruding into an abode of sorrow.

Grattelot, Barbelard, their spouses, and John Brokenshire, formed the total of our expected company—that is, including Noémie, the children, and self, nine of us, the number of the Muses, were to sit down to table. Neither Grattelot, Barbelard, nor their wives, reminded one of the Muses though. The printer's foreman was a little swarthy fellow who had a Rabelaisian leer, and spoke with the richest brogue of Mar-

seilles. He used z's for 'j's, and pronounced *o* as *ou*. Out of his experience in the print-shop he had picked up an odd jumble of education and a standing grievance against all literary men, whom he accused of never measuring their productions to the requirements of newspaper⁴ size. He cared nothing for style or logic : " Give me adaptability," he would say ; and his universal test of merit was : " Will this article run to more or less than a column and a quarter ?" If it ran to more the writer was stamped in his mind as a man of incontinent verbiage ; if to less he was one who lacked elasticity of expression. Grattelot had a respect for poets, because their lines were easy to set up in type, and did capitally as padding ; and of course he gave the palm of poetry to bards who did not write in Alexandrines. He has often told me that he preferred⁵ an ode of mine to the finest idyll by M. François Coppée ; and I felt much flattered by the compliment till I discovered it was owing solely to my fondness for six-foot versification, not to the subject-matter of my odes, which Grattelot never read.

Barbelard, the sub-editor, was another literary curiosity, for he could only read with difficulty, and spelt no word in our language correctly save his own name. He had been appointed sub-editor by reason of his gigantic stature and his prowess with all duelling weapons. An old sergeant of the Cent Gardes, who had been decorated for carrying off two Austrian colonels prisoners (one under each arm) in the Italian war, he stood six French feet in his socks, and had a pair of bristling red moustaches, which when he was angry looked as if they were aflame. It was Barbelard who assumed the responsibility of all the unsigned articles in the Republican journal which employed him ; and if any stranger came to ask for explanations about personalities, this imposing sub-editor was there to answer him in the correctest language of chivalry. He tendered no apologies or explanations, but would forthwith be ready to accept a challenge to fight next morning, early, with swords or pistols, according as might be most convenient. This often led to little dialogues, somewhat in the following fashion :—

STRANGER (*bouncing in furiously with the offending journal in his hand*).—Sir, I want to see the man who wrote this article.

BARBELARD (*rising with dignity from the sub-editorial seat, with a pipe in his mouth*).—Young man, it's me as wrote that article. If you want to objectionise, name your friends, and we'll have it out at daybreak.

STRANGER (*growing civil*).—Ah no. . . . I have merely come to renew my subscription to the paper. . . . What a warm day it is. . . . Goo-o-d morning. . . . (*and exit*).

Sometimes, however, a duel would arise, and then Barbelard always showed himself magnanimous in inflicting only flesh-wounds—just mere flea-bites, as he called them, ripping up the arm for twelve inches or so, or carrying off an insignificant little piece from the aggressor's calf. Barbelard had fought a round dozen of duels; but he owed another duty to his newspaper besides fighting, for he appeared in the correctional courts to answer all charges of attacking the Government, and underwent the sentences of imprisonment to which members of the staff were condemned. He had come to look upon the gaol of Ste. Pélagie much as a second home, and was never sorry to go there for a few months, for he got double pay, unlimited allowance of tobacco, and excellent meals, sent in daily from the restaurant at the expense of his employers so long as his incarceration lasted. Madame Barbelard, a little black-haired woman with despotic eyes, used affectionately to remark that she was always more pleased to see her husband in prison than out of it, for she knew then that he was not in mischief—risking his life in mortal combat, or drinking more absinthe than was good for him at the café. Prison life was such a saving, too, for she could go every day to sit with Barbelard from ten to six, take her meals with him, and economise thereby the cost of marketing and kitchen fuel. She had no opinion of liberal governments, ascribing their unwillingness in sending journalists to prison to sordid stinginess with the public purse.

It turned out that on this Christmas Day when he came to dine with us, honest Barbelard had one of his periodical

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scores of durance to wipe off, for his first remark to us, when he had shaken hands with Noémie and kissed the children, was about going to Ste. Pélagie on the morrow. "Three months for writing disrespectfully of the Senate," he said in his dry bass voice, and casting a side-long glance of anticipation at the *chiffonnière* where the bottles stood.

"Yes, three whole months!" exclaimed little Madame Barbelard in glee. "I had some hopes it might have been six, for then we could have saved up enough to buy that pretty villa at Suresnes, on which I have set my heart."

"We'll make up for it by taking three more months in the summer, if all goes well, my dear," said Barbelard, good-humoredly; "too much off the reel isn't good: one likes to get out and breathe the air now and then."

"Ah, that's just it; and then hatfuls of francs are spent in billiards and little glasses with your friends!" responded Madame Barbelard, tartly. "Think of what nice things we might do if you remained for a whole twelvemonth under lock and key!"

"I wonder why they never send printers' foremen to prison," said Madame Grattelot, querulously. She was an Alsatian dame, very fleshy and frugal, and talked with that grinding Strasburg accent, which used to make us Frenchmen laugh till all the sturdy men and women of our fairest Rhenish province passed under the Prussian yoke. "*Lieber Himmel!*" continued she, "what would I not give to see Sesostris in prison for a year, that we might save a little money in these not-to-be-equalled-for-hardness times!"

Sesostris was Grattelot, and he laughed: "Softly, Mamma Gredel—if I were sent to prison thou wouldest save nothing, for I should have to go there at my own cost. The good times when printers were imprisoned went away with the Empire."

"I wish the Empire would come back then," declared Madame Grattelot. "There should be equal privileges for all; if a sub-editor goes to prison, a printer should be allowed to go too."

At this Madame Barbelard fired up, for she was a stickler about her husband's prerogatives.

"But you forget, Madame, a sub-ed-

tor runs greater risks, for he has to draw the sword at times!" she observed with a touch of asperity.

"Doubtless, Madame, but Sesostris would fight too if need were," retorted the Alsatian dame, drily; "and all I say is that it's hard that all the enjoyment should go to one set of parties, when there's room enough in those prisons for other parties if the Government only chose to make better laws."

Noémie diverted the course of this delicate dispute. It was in her nature to play the peacemaker. I have seen her in the old times, before her husband went away, reconcile a roomful of artists, who were quarrelling about æsthetic art, by setting a jug of beer in their midst. She did something of the sort now by bringing out a decanter of kirsch and some liqueur glasses to whet our appetites. Such potations make tongues soft. We were still expecting John Brokenshire. The children had climbed on to Barbelard's huge knee, something like a camel's lump in size, and were riding a cock-horse on it. The two lady guests, possibly struck of a sudden by the incongruity of vaunting the delights of imprisonment in the hearing of Noémie, who was pining after her captive husband, fell to conversing with their hostess on the more congenial topic of children's garments. Grattelot, pleasantly inhaling the odors of good things that came from the kitchen, took his stand by the mantel-shelf, and talked to me about my natty and "handy" verses. He was delighted with a recent sonnet of mine on a newly invented bootjack.

The half after six struck from the steeple of a neighboring church. It was at that hour that John Brokenshire was due; and he never came late, for he regulated every movement of his by a powerful chronometer that told the days of the week and month, and even the changes of the moon. The children pricked up their ears. "L'Ami Brokenshire" was to them the very incarnation of Father Christmas, for he never failed to come with parcels of toys under his arms, and bags of sugar-plums in his pocket. Was he going to be late this year, just for once? No, here he came. Those were his well-known strides on the staircase, clearing four steps at a

time, like a giraffe racing uphill. One step more and he would be here.

"Le voici!" cried little Victor and his sister, jumping off Barbelard's knee with a loud crowing, and off they rushed into the passage. Another minute, and John Brokenshire, parcels, wraps, comforter, and all, was standing under the mistletoe to be hugged and kissed. We all kissed him, men and women, as the fashion is in our country; and I promise you Noémie Leblanc's salute was not the least hearty, though she did make a little sisterly blushing about it.

III.

Imagine the lankiest of men, with cheek-bones the hue of red currant jelly, a hay-colored beard flowing over his waistcoat, a grey tweed suit delved about with deep pockets fore and aft, and there you have John Brokenshire as he appeared every day in the year; add a little fog that hung about his flaxen hair, and the blueish end of his nose, and a broad smile that displayed his long yellow teeth, like a whole game at dominoes colored by long use, and you will have him as he showed himself on this particular occasion of Christmas festivity in our hospitable Parisian lodging.

Christmas was his one day of rest in the year, if rest it can be called to breakfast with an uncle in the suburbs at eight, to attend Divine service in the British Church at eleven, after that to lunch with a married sister, and to wind up with three hours' racing among toy-shops to bargain for the best sort of gifts for a legion of juvenile friends at retail price. But this was rest to John Brokenshire, comparatively speaking, for mostly he was in a hurry to catch express trains. Christmas was the one day on which he did no travelling but that which was done for his own pleasure, and the maintenance of affectionate relations with his kinsfolks and acquaintances. When he came to dine on the 25th of December with Noémie Leblanc, we might be sure that he would have the whole evening to himself, and not bolt away between the roast and sweets, as he was certain to do if invited on any other day of any other month in the year.

"Mong Dew, mes Amis, quel plaisir d'être un peu tronqué !" exclaimed this worthy man, drawing a fifteen-bladed knife from one of his score of pockets, and beginning to cut the strings of his various parcels. "Only to think ! pas de voyage until four fifteen to-morrow morning, when I'm off for Lyons ! Monsieur Barbelard, you seem to me fresh and hale ; I've brought you a pair of furred slippers to wear in prison."

"Thank you, Monsieur John," laughed the tall sub-editor. "You seem gay enough too ; your business is prosperous, I hope ?"

"Business is so-so," said John Brokenshire. "There are times in this country of yours, when money can be hauled in with a net, and others when it has to be angled for, coin by coin, with a fish-hook. It depends on politics, which are shifty things everywhere."

"Politics come of newspapers," remarked Grattelot ; "if people would read more books and fewer journals, it would be better for trade."

"Not for my trade," said Barbelard, finishing his kirsch. "Here's to the spread of journalism !"

"Oh you—you'd like to be setting people by the ears all the year round ; but they'll lock you up for longer than you like one of these days," ejaculated the fleshy Madame Grattelot.

"No, Madame, they won't lock him up for longer than he likes ; he'll retire from the business if he sees any signs of that," retorted Madame Barbelard.

They were at it again, but John Brokenshire checked them : "Hullo, you were wrangling over that question last year, and the year before," said he ; "I shall be thinking myself at Versailles, among the Deputies, if you don't mind. But I tell you what, I am hungry, and the sooner we sit down the better."

"There's that goose in the kitchen squealing to be dished, my dear Noémie," remarked Grattelot, with an enjoyable whiff.

"Ah yes ; and, Noémie, mon on fang—don't serve up the pudding in a soup-tureen, as you did a year or two ago," prayed John Brokenshire with a wink.

Noémie laughed at this reminder of a bygone failure in preparing the national English dish. She retired to lend a helping hand to the servant-maid who

had been hired for the evening from the *Rôtisseur's* over the way ; and meanwhile our commercial friend laid out all the presents he had brought. No one had been forgotten. No one—for the Grattelots and Barbelards were old cronies of Brokenshire's—and it was not in his nature to perpetrate slips of memory. The sub-editor got his furred slippers ; the printer's foreman a meersch-chaum pipe with a pound of Latakiah, bought while selling a stock of old rifles to the Turks in Asia Minor ; Madame Barbelard had a Norwich shawl that looked like Cashmere, and Madame Grattelot had a piece of Lyons silk that looked like what it was—first-rate stuff, and no cheating about the dye. Then came the turn of the children to be helped out of one of those wondrous toy boxes which our Parisian toy-shops send out to develop the instincts of luxury in the minds of French infancy. Victor was presented with a set of articulated soldiers, who made a mimic war in defending a cardboard fort ; and little Louissette was rendered happy with a silk-clad doll that could shut its eyes, and say "Mamma," like a very small child with a stomach-ache. I wish I could add the names of a number of gaudy children's books, illustrated by my sprightly friends MM. Bertall and Grévin ; but I had scarcely time to examine these treasures then, for John Brokenshire thrust something into my own hands—a Russian leather purse, and a pretty full one too. As he did so, he told me that he had been successful in disposing of a whole sheaf of my verses.

This was grateful news that made me redder.

"And I've orders for a lot more, friend Poet," said he, closing that fearful knife of his with a snap. "A publican at Nice wants you to recommend his fried fish, and a pastry-cook at Arles has a notion that you can make his cream tarts popular."

"Stick to the six-foot verses, Poet—there's nothing like them for printers," observed Grattelot, who was sucking at the amber mouth-piece of his pipe.

"And then there's a fellow at Carcassonne going to set up some cheap baths," continued Brokenshire, consulting a list. "As this is the first time the people in those parts have seen a

bath-house, they may poke fun at the innovation unless the inventor can put the laughers on his side by something smart in the way of an epigram, which he will print on his prospectuses."

"I'll do my best," said I, thinking of a rhyme for soap and water.

"But stop a bit; this isn't all," said John Brokenshire, in that smileless way he had when giving a serious order that he meant to be executed with care and despatch. "I must bespeak some of your best quality verses for a tailor. This is an extra-important case. Do you think you could say something nice and kind about breeches and waistcoats?"

"I happen to have a copy of tailoring verses ready made, and only waiting to be filled up with the purchaser's name," answered I, foraging in my pocket-book.

"Good, then. But are they of your best brew?"

"As good as I can write, I think; but I'll try better, if needful."

"All right then," said the Englishman; "but stay—we'll hear your verses by-and-by; now's the time for dinner—and here's Noémie's present."

Saying this, he laid a small square parcel by the side of Noémie's plate. She had just entered, preceding the servant wench who bore the soup-tureen; but when she would have stretched forth her hand, smiling, to look at the present, Brokenshire restrained her. "No, my dear, not now. When the plum pudding comes on, and there's a flash of blue light to cheer us."

His will was law on these occasions. If he had told us all to kneel of a row and guess conundrums, we would have done it. Noémie said nothing, but began ladling out the smoking soup with tranquil acquiescence; and we all sat down, the Englishman laying his napkin over his knees, while we three Frenchmen tucked ours under our chins, Frenchwise.

I noticed that John Brokenshire had made no remark yet about Noémie's husband, and she had done no more than question him with a silent interrogation of her blue eyes. She knew his ways, and that there was nothing to be got out of him by pressing. If he had anything to say he would divulge it all in due time. For the present he was

absorbed in his soup, and we in ours. It was the richest beef-broth flavored with leeks, and the spoons seemed to dip into it lovingly of their own accord. Only the children had no appetites, being too much excited about their presents, and grudging every moment that delayed them from going back to play with the tokens of John Brokenshire's friendship.

So this dinner of ours proceeded. Ah! my friends, how I wish I had the pen of those eminent gastronomists, MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, to describe to you what effect that succulent array of dishes had on our jovial minds. None other but the chroniclers of so many brawny feasts in the hard-eaten country round Phalsburg could do justice to the splendid figure which the roast goose cut in his dish, stuffed as he was with chestnuts and truffles, and glistening with the sheenest gravy. A ring of well-browned sausages surrounded him. His flesh was so plump that the knife sliced deep into it, and the mouthfuls which you ate with the apple-sauce seemed to melt on the tongue. Nor must it be forgotten that we had drink enough to defy indigestion. The yellow ale of England sparkled in our glasses with its white wig of froth, and our own red vin de Grave, so petulant and mirth-compelling, twinkled like molted rubies. Grattelot and Barbelard drank a bottle apiece, and then polished off a third between them. Their wives gnawed the drumsticks, which they held in their fingers, like persons who are not ashamed to show they are enjoying themselves; and buxom Madame Grattelot said that all this reminded her of Alsace. John Brokenshire stuck to his beer and made havoc among the sausages. At last we had enough of it, not that we were tired in mind, but because physical Nature said "hold!" Noémie helped to clear away the plates, and the servant wench went out to fetch the pudding.

It was then that I uncorked the champagne bottles and filled the glasses for a toast to our hostess. We always began with that, and followed it with one to John Brokenshire, in those long glasses of the old fashion that show off the bubbles better than the modern top-heavy bowls. At this moment the maid marched in with the pudding, which she held at

length, laughing and shutting her
She had set fire to it in the kit-
and the flames, leaping up in forked
s of blue, red, and yellow, licked
ig of holly on the top and made
cle. The children clapped their

and Barbelard, exhilarated by
he had drunk, shouted "*Vive
terre!*" There never was such a
evening.

Brokenshire, however, held up a
to enjoin silence.

"I open my parcel now?" asked
e, timidly, but with a woman's
ty about all things hidden.

"yet, my dear—one moment,"
ohn Brokenshire; and he looked
the table to me. "Poet, what did
y about having some verses suita-
a tailor? Mind you, it's a tailor
I wish to please and honor."

"have the verses here," said I.
p a stock of them ready, in case
ing sudden orders."

"good plan," said our commercial

ometimes inspiration doesn't come
wanted," I explained, smoothing
verses on the tablecloth. "You
e asked to rhyme to 'blackening'
your thoughts are running on
e-Cologne." What is your tailor's

ker, an Englishman; but he lives
ice. Fill up that name in your
if it will scan. If not, contrive
e it scan."

"will scan," said I, drawing out
il.

ell then, read on," begged John
shire. "This is no common
and we'll all listen."

is struck by John Brokenshire's
one of greater gravity than the
stances seemed to call for. Read-
ud is not my forte, and I would
adly passed on my verses to Noé-
ho had a sweet musical voice, well
to bring out the beauties of poetry.
e was laboring under the emotion
nen when they suspect some mys-
nd was not in the mood for any-
n the nature of a public perform-

So I did the reading myself in
st company sing-song; and here
poem I read. I need hardly tell
was French, but John Broken-
as since translated it for me into

his own tongue and given it a title. I
dedicate it with affection and respect to
the noble-hearted clothier whose wares
it celebrates.

A PAYMENT IN RHYME.

On a summer's morning early, when the grass
with dew was pearly,
I called upon a farmer who was feeding little
chicks;
He ceased not from his labor, but he said,
"Good morning, neighbor;
My brecks are worth a guinea, and they cost
me twelve and six."

And the morning sun rose higher, and there
came a forage buyer,
And he asked the stalwart farmer for the
prices of his ricks:
It was "New hay, four eleven; and the last
year's ninety seven;"
And his brecks were worth a guinea, but had
cost him twelve and six.

Then a builder, as appointed, came to speak of
fences jointed,
And an apple-loft of timber, and a cattle-shed
of bricks;
When the notes were duly posted, then again
the farmer boasted
That his brecks were worth a guinea, and had
cost him twelve and six.

When the clouds at noon grew thinner, then we
took a frugal dinner,
And the farmer's buxom daughter did a glass
of toddy mix;
And her father, waxing wordy, said his legs
were strong and sturdy,
And his brecks were worth a guinea, but had
cost him twelve and six.

To the fish-pond then we sauntered, where I
often had the vaunt heard,
"When wheat's in bloom the trench will rise,
although you bait with sticks."
And he caught some goodly dishes of the little
silver fishes;
And his brecks were worth a guinea, but had
cost him twelve and six.

When the sun had finished setting, and the
spouse our tea was getting,
He took a pair of candles and put matches to
their wicks:
And the swallows on the skylight were remark-
ing in the twilight,
That his brecks were worth a guinea, and
had cost him twelve and six.

And I lit a cigarito, for no fair one puts a veto
On the act, since my affections on myself
alone I fix;
And as home I slowly wandered, I enviously
pondered,
Would my brecks were worth a guinea, and
had cost but twelve and six.

In my sleep a vision hailed me, and at first my courage failed me ;

But he smiled, and then I knew it was no courier of Old Nick's :

" I'm the ghost of William Jaker, England's famous breeches-maker,

And my wares are worth a guinea, but shall cost you twelve and six."

I finished reading, and gazed at my plate as authors do when they have been airing their talents in the family circle, and know that the applause will exceed their dues.

" Bravo !" cried the whole table, children included ; and there was a chorus of compliments from all save Grattelot, who deplored that I had abandoned the safe path of six-foot lyrics.

" If you write such long verses as those, you might just as well be doing prose," said he sententiously.

" Hush !" exclaimed John Brokenshire. " Hand over the paper to me, Poet. You'll be glad to give it gratis (though it will be paid for, don't fear*) when you learn that William Jaker is a man who makes breeches for the President of the Republic's favorite valet."

" Ah !" ejaculated Madame Grattelot, admiringly.

" An old soldier—I knew him," chimed in Barbelard. " He was one of those who stormed the Malakoff Tower ; but he wears black breeches and a white choker now, like a notary."

" And he shaves his master every morning," said John Brokenshire.

I bowed my acknowledgments, but looked puzzled. Noémie, quicker as women are, detected some meaning in the phrase, and changed color.

" Consequently William Jaker has influence, you see," continued John Brokenshire, shaking the pudding-dish to make the flames go on leaping. " You know servants have often more power than cabinet ministers. So when I got talking to William Jaker about poor Jules Leblanc's case, I knew that if he repeated the thing to the Marshal, he would be throwing seed on good ground."

" And did he repeat it ?" asked Noémie, breathless.

" Yes, my dear, he did," said John Brokenshire. " He repeated it while he was plying his lather, and while the Marshal had a napkin round his neck so that he couldn't budge."

" *Ach lieber Himmel!*—the brave man. And did anything come of it ?" asked Madame Grattelot.

" Well, Noémie may open her parcel now," answered the Englishman.

" What's in it ?" we all asked, excited, as Noémie, with trembling fingers, unloosed the string.

" It contains your husband's pardon, my dear," said John Brokenshire.

" And now to the pudding !"

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND HELMHOLTZ.

BY PROF. J. CLERK MAXWELL.

THE contributions made by Helmholtz to mathematics, physics, physiology, psychology, and æsthetics, are well known to all cultivators of these various subjects. Most of those who have risen to eminence in any one of these sciences have done so by devoting their whole attention to that science exclusively, so that it is only rarely that the cultivators of different branches can be of service to each other by contributing to one science the skill they have acquired by the study of another.

Hence the ordinary growth of human knowledge is by accumulation round a

* It was paid for in kind—superfine and a perfect fit.

number of distinct centres. The time, however, must sooner or later arrive when two or more departments of knowledge can no longer remain independent of each other, but must be fused into a consistent whole. But though men of science may be profoundly convinced of the necessity of such a fusion, the operation itself is a most arduous one. For though the phenomena of nature are all consistent with each other, we have to deal not only with these, but with the hypotheses which have been invented to systematise them ; and it by no means follows that because one set of observers have labored with all sincerity to reduce to order one group of phenomena, the

hypotheses which they have formed will be consistent with those by which a second set of observers have explained a different set of phenomena. Each science may appear tolerably consistent within itself, but before they can be combined into one, each must be stripped of the daubing of untempered mortar by which its parts have been prematurely made to cohere.

Hence the operation of fusing two sciences into one generally involves much criticism of established methods, and the explosion of many pieces of fancied knowledge which may have been long held in scientific reputation.

Most of those physical sciences which deal with things without life have either undergone this fusion or are in a fair state of preparation for it, and the form which each finally assumes is that of a branch of dynamics.

Many cultivators of the biological sciences have been impressed with the conviction that for an adequate study of their subject a thorough knowledge of dynamical science is essential. But the manner in which some of them have cut and pared at the facts in order to bring the phenomena within the range of their dynamics, has tended to throw discredit on all attempts to apply dynamical methods to biology.

We purpose to make a few remarks on a portion of the scientific work of Helmholtz, who is himself the most illustrious example not merely of extensive acquaintance with science combined with thoroughness, but of a thoroughness which of itself demands the mastery of many sciences, and in so doing makes its mark on each.

Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand Helmholtz was born August 31, 1821, at Potsdam, where his father, Ferdinand Helmholtz, was Professor of the Gymnasium. His mother, Caroline Penn, was of an emigrated English family. His father's means would not admit of his studying science otherwise than as a medical student. He therefore became a military surgeon, and continued in that position till the end of 1848, when he was appointed Assistant of the Anatomical Museum of Berlin, and Teacher of Anatomy at the Academy of Arts. In the following year he went to Königsberg, in Prussia, as Professor of Physiology.

In 1856 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at the University of Bonn; in 1859, Professor of Physiology at the University of Heidelberg; and, in 1871, Professor of Natural Philosophy to the University of Berlin.

It was during his career as a military surgeon that he published his celebrated essay on "The Conservation of Energy."

The science of dynamics has been so long established, that it is hardly conceivable that any addition to its fundamental principles should yet remain to be made. But in the application of pure dynamics to actual bodies a great deal remains to be done. The great work for the men of science of the present age is to extend our knowledge of the motion of matter from those instances in which we can see and measure the motion to those in which our senses are unable to trace it. For this purpose we must avail ourselves of such principles of dynamics as are applicable to cases in which the precise nature of the motion cannot be directly observed, and we must also discover methods of observation by which effects which indicate the nature of the unseen motion may be measured. It is unnecessary here to refer to the labors of the different men of science who, each in his own way, have contributed by experiment, calculation, or speculation, to the establishment of the principle of the conservation of energy; but there can be no doubt that a very great impulse was communicated to this research by the publication in 1847, of Helmholtz's essay "Ueber die Erhaltung der Kraft," which we must now (and correctly, as a matter of science) translate *Conservation of Energy*, though in the translation which appeared in Taylor's "Scientific Memoirs," the word *Kraft* was translated *Force* in accordance with the ordinary literary usage of that time.

In this essay Helmholtz showed that if the forces acting between material bodies were equivalent to attractions or repulsions between the particles of these bodies, the intensity of which depends only on the distance, then the configuration and motion of any material system would be subject to a certain equation, which, when expressed in words, is the principle of the conservation of energy.

Whether this equation applies to actual material systems is a matter which experiment alone can decide, but the search for what was called the perpetual motion has been carried on for so long, and always in vain, that we may now appeal to the united experience of a large number of most ingenious men, any one of whom, if he had once discovered a violation of the principle, would have turned it to most profitable account.

Besides this, if the principle were in any degree incorrect, the ordinary processes of nature, carried on as they are incessantly and in all possible combinations, would be certain now and then to produce observable and even startling phenomena, arising from the accumulated effects of any slight divergence from the principle of conservation.

But the scientific importance of the principle of the conservation of energy does not depend merely on its accuracy as a statement of fact, nor even on the remarkable conclusions which may be deduced from it, but on the fertility of the methods founded on this principle.

Whether our work is to form a science by the colligation of known facts, or to seek for an explanation of obscure phenomena by devising a course of experiments, the principle of the conservation of energy is our unfailing guide. It gives us a scheme by which we may arrange the facts of any physical science as instances of the transformation of energy from one form to another. It also indicates that in the study of any new phenomenon our first inquiry must be, How can this phenomenon be explained as a transformation of energy? What is the original form of the energy? What is its final form? and What are the conditions of the transformation?

To appreciate the full scientific value of Helmholtz's little essay on this subject, we should have to ask those to whom we owe the greatest discoveries in thermodynamics and other branches of modern physics, how many times they have read it over, and how often during their researches they felt the weighty statements of Helmholtz acting on their minds like an irresistible driving-power.

We come next to his researches on the eye and on vision, as they are given in his book on *Physiological Optics*. Every modern oculist will admit that the oph-

thalmoscope, the original form of which was invented by Helmholtz, has substituted observation for conjecture in the diagnosis of diseases of the inner parts of the eye, and has enabled operations on the eye to be made with greater certainty.

But though the ophthalmoscope is an indispensable aid to the oculist, a knowledge of optical principles is of still greater importance. Whatever optical information he had was formerly obtained from text-books, the only practical object of which seemed to be to explain the construction of telescopes. They were full of very inelegant mathematics, and most of the results were quite inapplicable to the eye.

The importance to the physiologist and the physician of a thorough knowledge of physical principles has often been insisted on, but unless the physical principles are presented in a form which can be directly applied to the complex structures of the living body, they are of very little use to him; but Helmholtz, Donders, and Listing, by the application to the eye of Gauss's theory of the cardinal points of an instrument, have made it possible to acquire a competent knowledge of the optical effects of the eye by a few direct observations.

But perhaps the most important service conferred on science by this great work consists in the way in which the study of the eye and vision is made to illustrate the conditions of sensation and of voluntary motion. In no department of research is the combined and concentrated light of all the sciences more necessary than in the investigation of sensation. The purely subjective school of psychologists used to assert that for the analysis of sensation no apparatus was required except what every man carries within himself, for, since a sensation can exist nowhere except in our own consciousness, the only possible method for the study of sensations must be an unbiased contemplation of our own frame of mind. Others might study the conditions under which an impulse is propagated along a nerve, and might suppose that while doing so they were studying sensations, but though such a procedure leaves out of account the very essence of the phenomenon, and treats a fact of consciousness as if it were an

electric current, the methods which it has suggested have been more fertile in results than the method of self-contemplation has ever been.

But the best results are obtained when we employ all the resources of physical science so as to vary the nature and intensity of the external stimulus, and then consult consciousness as to the variation of the resulting sensation. It was by this method that Johannes Müller established the great principle that the difference in the sensations due to different senses does not depend upon the actions which excite them, but upon the various nervous arrangements which receive them. Hence the sensation due to a particular nerve may vary in intensity, but not in quality, and therefore the analysis of the infinitely various states of sensation of which we are conscious must consist in ascertaining the number and nature of those simple sensations which, by entering into consciousness each in its own degree, constitute the actual state of feeling at any instant.

If, after this analysis of sensation itself, we should find by anatomy an apparatus of nerves arranged in natural groups corresponding in number to the elements of sensation, this would be a strong confirmation of the correctness of our analysis, and if we could devise the means of stimulating or deadening each particular nerve in our own bodies, we might even make the investigation physiologically complete.

The two great works of Helmholtz on "Physiological Optics" and on the "Sensations of Tone," form a splendid example of this method of analysis applied to the two kinds of sensation which furnish the largest proportion of the raw materials for thought.

In the first of these works the color-sensation is investigated and shown to depend upon three variables or elementary sensations. Another investigation, in which exceedingly refined methods are employed, is that of the motions of the eyes. Each eye has six muscles by the combined action of which its angular position may be varied in each of its three components, namely, in altitude and azimuth as regards the optic axis, and rotation about that axis. There is no material connection between these

muscles or their nerves which would cause the motion of one to be accompanied by the motion of any other, so that the three motions of one eye are mechanically independent of the three motions of the other eye. Yet it is well known that the motions of the axis of one eye are always accompanied by corresponding motions of the other. This takes place even when we cover one eye with the fingers. We feel the cornea of the shut eye rolling under our fingers as we roll the open eye up or down, or to left or right; and indeed we are quite unable to move one eye without a corresponding motion of the other.

Now though the upward and downward motions are effected by corresponding muscles for both eyes, the motions to right and left are not so, being produced by the inner muscle of one eye along with the outer muscle of the other, and yet the combined motion is so regular, that we can move our eyes quite freely while maintaining during the whole motion the condition that the optic axes shall intersect at some point of the object whose motions we are following. Besides this, the motion of each eye about its optic axis is found to be connected in a remarkable way with the motion of the axis itself.

The mode in which Helmholtz discusses these phenomena, and illustrates the conditions of our command over the motions of our bodies, is well worth the attention of those who are conscious of no limitation of their power of moving in a given manner any organ which is capable of that kind of motion.

In his other great work on the "Sensation of Tone as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music," he illustrates the conditions under which our senses are trained in a yet clearer manner. We quote from Mr. Ellis's translation, p. 95 :—

"Now practice and experience play a far greater part in the use of our senses than we are usually inclined to assume, and since, as just remarked, our sensations derived from the senses are primarily of importance only for enabling us to form a correct conception of the world without us, our practice in the observation of these sensations usually does not extend in the slightest degree beyond what is necessary for this purpose. We are certainly only far too much disposed to believe that we must be in

mediately conscious of all that we feel and of all that enters into our sensations. This natural belief, however, is founded only on the fact that we are always immediately conscious, without taking any special trouble, of everything necessary for the practical purpose of forming a correct acquaintance with external nature, because during our whole life we have been daily and hourly using our organs of sense and collecting results of experience for this precise object."

Want of space compels us to leave out of consideration that paper on Vortex Motion, in which he establishes principles in pure hydrodynamics which had escaped the penetrative power of all the mathematicians who preceded him, including Lagrange himself; and those papers on electrodynamics where he reduces to an intelligible and systematic form the laborious and intricate investigations of several independent theorists, so as to compare them with each other and with experiment.

But we must not dwell on isolated papers, each of which might have been taken for the work of a specialist, though few, if any, specialists could have treated them in so able a manner. We prefer to regard Helmholtz as the author of

the two great books on Vision and Hearing, and now that we are no longer under the sway of that irresistible which has been bearing us along to the depths of mathematics, and of music, we may venture to look from a safe distance the whole of the intellectual giant as he sits on his lofty cliff watching the waves, great and small, as each pursues its independent course on the surface of the sea.

"I must own," he says, "that who attentively observe this spectacle, it is in me a peculiar kind of intellectual pleasure because here is laid open before the boy what, in the case of the waves of the atmospheric ocean, can be rendered intelligible only to the eye of the understanding, the help of a long series of complicated situations."—"Tonempfindungen," p. 42

Helmholtz is now in Berlin, directing the labors of able men of science in his splendid laboratory. Let us hope that from his present position he will take a comprehensive view of the ripples of our intellectual progress and give us from time to time his meaning of it all.—*Nature*.

THE BALLAD OF IMITATION.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

'C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux.'

ALFRED D. MUSSET.

If they hint, O Musician, the piece that you played
Is nought but a copy of Chopin or Spohr;
That the ballad you sing is but merely 'conveyed'
From the stock of the Arnes and the Purcells of yore;
That there's nothing, in short, in the words or the score
That is not as antique as the 'Wandering Jew';
Make answer—Beethoven could scarcely do more—
That the man who plants cabbages imitates too!

If they tell you, Sir Artist, your light and your shade
Are simply 'adapted' from other men's lore;
That—plainly to speak of a 'spade' as a 'spade'—
You've stolen your grouping from three or from four;
That, however the writer the truth may deplore,
'Twas Gainsborough painted your 'Little Boy Blue';
Smile only serenely—though cut to the core—
For the man who plants cabbages imitates too!

And you too, my Poet, be never dismayed
 If they whisper your Epic—'Sir Éperon d'Or'—
 Is nothing but Tennyson thinly arrayed
 In a tissue that's taken from Morris's store ;
 That no one, in fact, but a child could ignore
 That you 'lift' or 'accommodate' all that you do ;
 Take heart—though your Pegasus' withers be sore—
 For the man who plants cabbages imitates too !

POSTSCRIPTUM.—And you whom we all so adore,
 Dear Critics, whose verdicts are always so new !—
 One word in your ear. There were critics before . . .
 And the man who plants cabbages imitates too !

—*Belgravia Magazine.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING: A Collection of Facts and Opinions descriptive of Early Prints and Playing-Cards, the Block-Books of the Fifteenth Century, the Legend of Coster, and the Work of John Gutenberg and his Associates. By THEO. L. DE VINNE. Second Edition. New York: *Francis Hart & Co.*

There has been no lack of controversy or of controversial literature about the invention of "the divine art of printing;" but Mr. De Vinne's is the first work, at least in English, in which one could find a connected and intelligible account of its origin, of what is the essential and distinctive feature of the invention, and of the circumstances under which it arose. Nearly all previous treatises on the subject have been the work either of men of letters, who viewed it from a purely literary standpoint, or of printers who are apt to confine their attention to the purely practical aspects of the art. Mr. De Vinne has enjoyed the immense advantage of being a practical typographer, acquainted with all its details and processes, and of possessing at the same time the scholarly tastes and acquirements requisite to an enlarged and rational survey of all the questions involved; so that his work will meet the requirements of both classes of readers, being sufficiently comprehensive in its survey of literary and historical influences to gratify the tastes of students, while conveying information of the highest value and suggestiveness to the practical printer and book-maker. Another advantage over earlier writers, of which he has availed himself to the full, is the great mass of valuable materials collected by the Dutch and German authors who have written during the last twenty years. The researches of these students have fairly settled most of the disputed questions of which the subject has been so prolific, and may be said to have given our knowledge of the origin and earlier methods of

the invention as definite a shape as it is ever likely to acquire. For one thing, they have completely disposed of the pretensions of Coster, Schoeffer, and the legion of others by whom or in whose behalf claims to the invention have been made from time to time; and not the least entertaining portion of Mr. De Vinne's work are the chapters containing his keen dissection of the "Legend of Lourens Janszoon Coster."

The book opens with a practical explanation of the different methods of printing now in use (so that the reader may understand precisely what is meant by printing), and then, after a glance at the antique modes of impression in clay, proceeds to indicate the key to the invention of typography—namely, the type-mould, or instrument for casting type. The historical part is devoted chiefly to the printed work of the first half of the fifteenth century. It begins with a description of the earliest forms of printing, as shown in image-prints, playing-cards, and block-books; and it ends with the establishment of typography in Germany, and its spread over the other countries of Europe. The material and moral aids which paved the way for the invention are properly emphasized; and suitable notices are made of the invention of paper—an indispensable antecedent to the invention of printing—and of the state of literature and society during the Middle Ages. The more noteworthy of the first printed books are described with sufficient minuteness to indicate clearly the early methods of book-making; and a critical examination is made of the claims of the various alleged inventors of printing. This latter, indeed, is the principal feature of the work, three chapters being devoted to Coster, three to Gutenberg, one to Schoeffer and Fust, and one to the miscellaneous pretenders whose claims are too preposterous for serious notice.

Fully as valuable as the text are the illustra-

tions of the volume, which number one hundred and forty, and consist of photo-engraved facsimiles of early types, wood-cuts, statues, portraits, and medals, carefully selected from scarce and costly books or from original designs. The book is appropriately printed in antique type on old-style laid paper, and is itself a worthy specimen of the art of whose origin it gives so interesting an account.

THE BIBLE FOR LEARNERS. By DR. H. OORT and DR. J. HOYKAAS, with the assistance of DR. A. KUENEN. Translated from the Dutch by PHILIP H. WICKSTEED, M.A. Two Volumes. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

This work, which has attained a great success in its original language, would seem to show that the results of modern thought and modern biblical criticism have entered much more extensively into the popular theology of the Dutch than into that of any other Protestant church. Professor Robertson Smith has just been convicted of heresy by the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland for denying the verbal inspiration and the literal historical accuracy of the book of Deuteronomy; yet in the "Bible for Learners" we find three of the most eminent Dutch scholars and pastors of churches assuming, as a matter too generally conceded to require argument, that, while the Bible is a repository of moral and religious truth, the greater portion of it is not to be interpreted literally—that, in fact, its historical narratives are for the most part legends, its science myths or the crude guesses of an uncivilized and un-instructed people, and its version of facts as untrustworthy and full of bias and errors as most other ancient writings. Says Dr. Oort in his explanatory preface: "When the books of the Old Testament were set aside and preserved as a Sacred Book by the Jews, and those of the New Testament were added to them by the Christians, it was with no idea of drawing knowledge of nature or history from them, but because they recognized them as the rule of faith and conduct; and in the same way the writers themselves prepared their works and gave publicity to them, not simply or chiefly to make their readers accurately acquainted with the past, but to promulgate and recommend what seemed to them to be religious truth. Even the historical writings, both of the Old and New Testaments, were composed with a religious object, to instruct and to guide, to arouse or to encourage, to exhort or to console contemporaries or posterity."

From this point of view, of course, the Bible narratives, in so far as they are not merely the vehicles of religious truth, are to be treated like any other historical narratives—to be il-

lustrated and tested by any other accessible data, to be accepted when confirmed, and to be unhesitatingly rejected when disproved. And this is the task undertaken by the authors of the "Bible for Learners." Beginning with the account of the creation in Genesis, they address themselves to the several books of the Old Testament in their presumed chronological order, emphasizing the particular moral and religious truths which they inculcate, tracing the origin and explaining the meaning of the literary form in which those truths are cast, testing and illustrating each narrative by all available testimony, and separating what is authentic from what is mistaken or dubious. This is done with abundant knowledge and great literary skill; and the work will be found highly instructive and useful even by those who may regard its method and view-point as too frankly rationalistic. It is a Bible and commentary in one, with the explanations and illustrative matter brought into direct juxtaposition with the text.

The first volume contains, besides an introductory sketch of the history of Israel, a detailed study of the Bible history from Moses to David; the second volume contains the period of the kings and the books of the Prophets, thus completing the survey of the Old Testament. Each volume is furnished with a colored map, and the usefulness of the work is greatly increased by a copious index.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUN-BEAM." Our Home on the Ocean for Eleven Months. By MRS. BRASSEY. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

One account of the voyage round the world in the "Sunbeam," written by Sir Thomas Brassey, has already appeared in the *ECLECTIC*; Mrs. Brassey's narrative is much more detailed and complete, filling in with color the pictures of which Sir Thomas only gives the outline sketches. It must be admitted, too, that Mrs. Brassey is a much better writer than her husband. Her book is in the main a reproduction of the journal kept by her with praiseworthy industry and perseverance during the entire voyage; and if it lacks the studied graces of professional authorship, it possesses qualities which in such a work are much more important—faithfulness, accuracy, variety of information, picturesqueness of style, and that vividness which comes of recording impressions while they are fresh and uppermost in the mind. It is always a difficult matter to decide what to omit and what to include in a journal of this kind: in the desire to lose nothing, one is apt to crowd his pages with unimportant and tedious details, while if an effort is made to exclude all that is not deemed at the moment essential, it is

found that just those minutiae have been omitted which are necessary to give brilliancy and picturesqueness to the work.

Mrs. Brassey seems to have a sort of instinct for the salient, characteristic, and distinctive features of any scene, event, or incident, apparently without effort or preparation, she accomplishes the difficult feat of presenting harmoniously personal adventure and general observation. As a writer in the *Times* says: "She tells you just what you want to hear, changing the subject before you get bored; and we may add that she tells it in such a way as to convince you that there is no posing and dressing up in inspection, but that the book faithfully records the events, the incidents, the emotions, the amusements, the discomforts, the dangers of such a voyage. No more record of travel has lately appeared so fresh, and it will not merely amuse a reader of summer leisure, but will take its place among the few masterpieces in this department of literature."

The book is issued by the publishers in very attractive style, with a colored map showing the route of the "Sunbeam," and a goodly number of woodcuts chiefly after drawings by A. Y. Bingham, who was one of the crew on the yacht.

DWELLINGS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.
HUDSON HOLLY. With over One Hundred Original Designs. New York: *McGraw Bros.*

It is quite so practical in character as any book has yet appeared in the department that has already been produced in this art. It explains briefly, but in lucid and untechnical language, the principles and methods that must be followed in building, decorating, and furnishing a house; and the principles are exemplified by plans of houses ranging from a porter's lodge to a palatial mansion, and in price from twelve hundred to ten thousand dollars. The plans are architectural drawings, showing the arrangement as well as the elevation, plan, and including in each case an estimate of cost. Mr. Holly, being an architect by profession, has naturally given most attention to that portion of his book which deals with the location and building of the house. He observes truly that the architect is the most competent person to give advice concerning its decoration and the chapters devoted to the latter subjects contain more really useful and suggestive suggestions than any other book we have read with exception Mr. Eastlake's.

The book avowedly advocates, in both houses and furniture, the style known as the Queen Anne; but it is the distinctive feature of this style that it is easily adapted to the most varied local conditions and personal requirements, and while there is no lack of variety in the designs given in the present work, Mr. Holly considers them all "specially adapted to American wants and climate."



FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Municipality of Turin have bought the original MS. of Silvio Pellico's *Le mie prigioni* for the sum of 8000 francs.

A SOCIETY at Leipzig offers a prize of 700 marks for a collection of authenticated Slavonic names borne by villages or country districts in the German Empire.

A RECENT number of the *Archiv* for the study of modern languages and literature, edited by Prof. Herrig, contains an elaborate essay on the sonnets of Shakespeare, by Dr. Hermann Isaac.

HACKLÄNDER's posthumous work, "The Romance of My Life," is now ready for publication, and will be published, in two stout volumes, by Herr Krabbe, of Stuttgart. This autobiography of the popular German humorist only comes down to 1849, but it contains the most interesting and striking portion of his career, including his lengthy journeys to Italy, Russia, etc.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON is preparing a work on Her Majesty's Castle of Windsor, as a complement to that on Her Majesty's Tower of London. It will probably be ready for publication in the autumn.

SIGNOR RUGGERO BONGHI has published a volume called "Leone XIII. e l'Italia," to which he has appended the complete text of the three Pastorals of Cardinal Pecci, his Latin poems, and his first allocutions as Pope.

A GOETHE SOCIETY has been founded at Vienna, after the pattern of the English Shakespeare societies. Its object is to found a Goethe library, and to issue editions of Goethe's chief works at a price sufficiently low to place them within the reach of all classes.

THE first part of M. Abel Hovelacque's "L'Avesta Zoroastre et le Mazdéisme" has appeared. It contains the history of the discovery and of the interpretation of the Avesta, i.e., the bibliography, as far as the author has found books and essays worth quoting.

MEISSONNEUVE & Co., of Paris, are preparing an edition of the Lord's Prayer in more than 1,200 languages and dialects. The specimen

number, which is just out, contains the Prayer in Chinese according to the text of Andreas Müller, died 1694. It is dedicated to Pope Leo XIII. The Hebrew words quoted in it are nearly all wrong.

MR. H. SWEET is engaged in the preparation of a new edition of his *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, the first edition being already almost exhausted. The texts, grammar, glossary and notes will be thoroughly revised, and the results of recent investigation at home and abroad will be utilised as far as possible, so as to keep the work up to the present level of Old English philology.

MR. GEORGE SMITH left in an almost complete state the History of Sennacherib (in the same style as the well-known History of Assurbanipal), with the cuneiform texts transliterated and translated. All that was wanting was the last twenty pages, which have been supplied by the editor, Mr. Sayce. The book is being published at the expense of the late Mr. Bosanquet, and will be out shortly.

OF recent German books may be mentioned: 1. The first volume of Dr. G. Busolt's "History of the Lacedemonians and their Allies;" 2. The third volume of "Das System der Philosophie als exacte Wissenschaft," by Prof. Michelet; 3. "A Bibliography of the Literature connected with the Polar Regions of the Earth," published for the Geographical Society at Vienna.

A COPY of the great Mentz Bible, printed by Gutenberg in 1455, being the first book ever printed, was sold by auction, at Paris, on the 1st inst., for the sum of 2,000*l*. It was printed on vellum, but is not quite perfect, having one leaf and several portions restored in fac-simile by M. Pilinski. At the celebrated Perkins sale in 1873, a copy of the same work realized the enormous sum of 3,400*l*.

A COSTLY work, to be entitled "Picturesque Russia," is being prepared for publication by B. M. Wolff, of St. Petersburg. Counsellor P. Semenow, head of the Imperial Statistical Department at St. Petersburg, is editing the work, which will be composed of four volumes, each containing from four to five hundred wood engravings, and, at the lowest computation, will cost one hundred thousand roubles.

SCIENCE AND ART.

NOVEL USES OF THE TELEPHONE.—Various are the surprises which blossom out of that wonderful instrument, the telephone. In France they have applied it for marine pur-

poses. The French war-steamer *Desaix* had to tow out from Toulon the old ship *Argonaute*. A conducting wire was rolled round one of the towing cables, with an end on board each vessel. The electric current was formed by the action of the sea on the copper-sheathing of the ships. A telephone was introduced in the circuit on each, and communication established between them. During the whole time of the navigation conversation could be carried on as easily between the officers of the two vessels as if they had been seated in the same cabin. The next step was to apply the telephone to the work of the diver. One of the glasses of the helmet is replaced by a copper plate, in which is inserted a telephone, so that the man has only a slight movement of the head to make in order to receive communications or report observations. The advantages of such an arrangement are obvious. Frequently at sea the necessity arises of examining the keel or bottom of a ship. The diver descends, and is able to give an account of all he sees and does and receive instructions without having to be brought to the surface to give explanations, as has hitherto been the case. By the use of the telephone a man at the bottom of the sea can remain in constant verbal communication with those at the surface. But the most singular application of the telephone comes from New South Wales, where Mr. Severn, an enthusiastic experimenter, claims that he has made the deaf to hear with it. After describing a very simple telephone which he constructed out of a tin pot, the closed end of which he opened and tied over it a piece of parchment, passing a fine string through the centre and making a knot inside, Mr. Severn says: "Make a loop in the string some three feet long, put this loop over the forehead of the listener (the deaf man), cause him to place the palms of his hands flat and hard against the ears, let the loop pass over the hands, and now this listener will hear the smallest whisper, let him be deaf or not. This fact may appear extraordinary; it is, nevertheless, true that a deaf man may thus be made to hear the voice, music, etc."

PROFESSOR HUGHES'S MICROPHONE.—The discoveries recently made by Professor Hughes will, the *Echo* thinks, undoubtedly revolutionize the whole art of telegraphy. His microphone magnifies the weakest vibrations into sounds audible to the human ear, and there is every probability that in a short time articulate speech will be transmitted over indefinite lengths of wire. It is impossible to say now what substances will not transmit vibrations when placed in an electrical circuit—a pile of nails or a small heap of chain taking up the sounds of the human voice, and transmitting them clearly

curately to a telephone many miles distant. The best results appear to be obtained with charcoal impregnated with a metal—willarcoal, for instance, raised to a white heat and quenched in mercury. The metal is retained in a finely divided state through the pores of the charcoal, and vibrations audible to human ears are taken up by it and transmitted until they are audible from the diaphragm of the telephone, the loudness or volume depending entirely on the capabilities of the transmitter. The scratch of a pin, the touch of a string, the chords of a piano, or the tones of a trumpet are transmitted with equal clearness, by the simplest means, for a single-cell battery, a Bell telephone, line wire, and a sensitive microphone are all the apparatus required. As already intimated, it is impossible to say what may or may not be used as a transmitter; for a piece of chain, three feet of glass tube filled with shot or metallic filings, and a piece of charcoal, plain or impregnated with metal, with or without the tube, have been found sufficient for the purpose; every day new devices are improvised. It is not to be mentioned to the honor of Professor Reade that he has not taken out a patent, but only given to the civilized world a disservice, the importance of which cannot yet be estimated.

AGE OF THE WORLD.—Mr. T. Mellard of Liverpool, has contributed to a number of the *Geological Magazine* a paper of great interest on this subject. It resolves itself into a criticism of Sir William Thomson's estimate of the world's antiquity, based on the assumption that the earth was at all times in a state of uniform incandescence estimated at 7000° F. above our present surface-temperature, it was estimated that it had not more than 100 millions of years elapsed since the surface became habitable. In the present essay Mr. Reade seeks to show that on an insecure basis this tremendous structure of inference has been built. "In the first place there are insuperable difficulties in the way of determining the average thermal conductivity of the materials of which the earth is composed; and this determination is an indispensable element in the problem. The crust is largely made up of strata varying in thickness and in conductivity, and the laminae would probably favor the retention of heat. On the whole, Mr. Reade believes that the coefficient of thermal conductivity used in Thomson's estimation is too high. The result is further exaggerated by our ignorance of the rate at which the surface temperature increases downwards. Sir William has assumed as a rough mean $\frac{1}{10}$ of a Fahrenheit for every foot of descent, but this is an assumption to which the writer de-

cidedly objects. If these data are incorrect, the calculations based upon them will of course need modification. The data at our disposal are, in fact, so meagre that it is well-nigh hopeless to look at present for any trustworthy results from these calculations. Interesting and ingenious as such speculations unquestionably are, they are not to be received by the geologist without suspicion. Mr. Reade has, therefore, done well to throw himself between the geologist and the mathematician, and show the one how far in this matter he may lean upon the other.

THE MISSOURI MOUND BUILDERS.—Twenty-five members of the Kansas City Academy of Science recently made an exploration of the ancient mounds in Clay County, Missouri. Three mounds were selected and opened. Two of them contained vaults seven to eight feet square with stone walls three feet and a half high. In one instance only was an entire skeleton found regularly lying on the back at the bottom of the vault. Most of the bodies had occupied sitting postures. One skeleton measured five feet eight inches, and the bones of another indicated a height of six feet two inches. Eleven skulls were found, which indicated a type of men much superior intellectually to the present race of Indians. No pottery was found, and the only weapon discovered was a flint spear-head six inches long. Professor Mudge, of Topeka, who accompanied the exploring party, is of opinion that the mound builders belonged to a very numerous race of people which once occupied the country between the Alleghany Mountains and the Missouri river, and the Lakes and Northern Georgia and Alabama. He thinks that the Toltec race, which was afterwards discovered with the Aztecs in Old Mexico, once occupied the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, and that they reached an advanced state of civilization before they migrated to Mexico. He has found the pottery made by this extinct race of people upon the Kansas prairies, at least two hundred miles west of the Missouri River, but he has never discovered mounds or remains of mounds west of that point.

IS CONSUMPTION CONTAGIOUS?—Since the investigations of Villemin, Wilson Fox, Sander son, and others on the inoculability of tubercle, and the spread of the disease from local infective centres, physicians are much less inclined than they formerly were to underrate the importance of contagion as a factor in the causation of this disease. Dr. Walshe, in 1860, considered the influence of contagion anything but proven, but in 1871 he had considerably modified his views, for he said, "My belief in the reality of such transmissibility has of

late years strengthened. I have now met with so many examples of the kind that *coincidence* becomes itself an explanation difficult of acceptance." Cases due to a supposed contagion are generally of an inflammatory character, and very rapidly run on to destruction of the lungs and a fatal termination. We are frequently asked why, if consumption be contagious, wives and husbands who have been in close attendance on their diseased consorts do not inevitably become affected? The answer to this query is, that even when experiments have been carried out on animals, the tuberculising process occasionally fails to take place, and the direct transmission of infecting particles from the lungs of one individual to another is obviously much more liable to failure. As a matter of practice, we think that it cannot be too strongly enforced that it is a very dangerous proceeding to regularly share the bed of a phthisical patient, and to be habitually in close contact with, and attendance on, such a person.—*Lancet*.

VARIETIES.

THE PATHOS OF HUMAN LIFE.—No poet since Burns—none, perhaps, since Shakespeare—has known and felt so deeply as Mr. Browning the pathos of human life. Other poets can feel as deeply as he its mystery and its wonderfulness. Other poets can feel as deeply as he—more deeply, perhaps—the fire of personal passion; at least, they can thrill us more intensely than he with the cries of an individual soul in its supreme ecstasy of joy or pain. But none save the two we have mentioned and Mr. Tennyson in "Tears, Idle Tears," realizes as he does the unutterable pathos of the tangled web as a whole; none sees so clearly what a pathetic thing it is to live and die, and to be surrounded by myriads of others who live and die—"to be here," as Corporal Trim says, "to-day and gone to-morrow"—to come we know not whence, fluttering for a day or two "in the sunshine and the rain;" to leave it and go we know not whither; to feel that our affections, however deep, our loves, however passionate, are twined around beings whose passage is more evanescent than "the flight of the swift bird across the sky,"—nay, more fleeting (as the Talmud says) than "the shadow along the grass of the bird as it flies,"—beings dearer to us nevertheless than our hearts' blood; and dearer still for this, that when they leave us we know we shall never see them any more as they now are, and half dread that we may never see them any more at all.—*Athenæum*.

THE "USES" OF PAIN.—The question is often asked, "What is the use of pain? It is scarcely conceivable that the infliction has no

object." There are obviously two aspects of this question: in one Science has an immediate interest; with the other it has a secondary, but not unimportant, concern. The first is essentially physical. What useful purpose does pain subserve in the animal economy? The answer is thrust upon us by daily observation and experience. There are two sentinels posted, so to say, about the organism to protect it alike from the assaults of enemies without, and exacting friends within. The first of these guardians is the sense of *fatigue*. When this speaks there is need of rest for repair. If the monitor be unheeded, exhaustion may supervene; or, before that point of injury is reached, the second guardian will perhaps interpose for the vital protection—namely, *pain*. The sense of pain, however, is more directly significant of injury to structure, active or threatened, than an excessive strain on function, although in the case of the vital organs pain occurs whenever the pressure is great. Speaking generally, it may be set down as an axiom that, whatever collateral uses pain may subserve, its chief and most obvious service to humanity is as a deterrent and warning sensation to ward off danger. It is worthy of note, though sufficiently familiar to medical observers, that the absence of this subjective symptom in cases of severe injury is too often indicative of an injury beyond repair. The extinction of pain is not the highest, although it may be a generous impulse. If there were no guardian sensibility of this nature, it would be impossible to live long in the world without self-inflicting the most formidable injuries. That pain, in the second place, has an educational value, as regards the mind and temper, no one can doubt. Some forms of pain would seem to be chiefly intended for this purpose; but even in this view pain has a practical interest, because the higher development of the mind which controls the body, and of which the brain is the formative organ, is a process of physico-mental interest governed by natural laws of which Science is perfectly competent to take cognisance. The subject as a whole is one with which the physician and physiologist have much concern.—*Lancet*.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

Now do I know that Love is blind, for I
Can see no beauty on this beauteous earth,
No life, no light, no hopefulness, no mirth,
Pleasure nor purpose, when thou art not nigh.
Thy absence exiles sunshine from the sky—
Seres Spring's maturity, checks Summer's birth,
Leaves linnet's pipe as sad as plover's cry,
And makes me in abundance find but dearth.
But when thy feet flutter the dark, and thou
With orient eyes dawnest on my distress,
Suddenly sings a bird on every bough,
The heavens expand, the earth grows less and less,
The ground is buoyant as the air, I vow,
And all looks lovely in thy loveliness.—ALFRED AUSTIN.



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HENRY M. STANLEY.







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LIFE AND TIMES OF JAMES MADISON.*

THE two books before us form a valuable contribution to a period of history too little known to the majority of educated Englishmen. We in this country have, for the most part, what may be called an intermittent knowledge of American history. The romance which surrounded the early settlers, the fate of Gilbert, the adventures of Smith, and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, are almost as familiar to Englishmen as the burning of Cranmer, or the trial of Straford. Then, for most readers, the stream of American history loses itself in the earth, and re-appears at Bunker's Hill. But there is another side of the subject, fraught with the deepest interest for students of constitutional history,

which has hardly received due attention. The history of the United States is pre-eminently the history of the growth of institutions. We there see going on before our eyes those processes which, among the long-settled nations of the Old World, can only be known by their faintly-marked traces in the past. The history of the American colonies before the Declaration of Independence shows, as no other history does, the actual birth and growth of representative Government. There can be few more attractive subjects of study than the various steps by which the different colonies took up the institutions of the mother country, and adapted them to their special wants. Yet even this fails to equal in interest the later period of American constitutional history. Most English readers, we fear, feel that the history of the contest for independence ends with the final triumph of the colonists. It would be nearer the truth to regard the war as a prelude to one of the most deeply in-

* 1. *History of the Life and Times of James Madison*. By William C. Rives. Volume I. Boston, 1859.

2. *Letters and Other Writings of James Madison*, Fourth President of the United States. In four volumes. Published by Order of Congress. Philadelphia, 1867.

teresting chapters which the constitutional history of any nation can lay before us. The formation of the Federal Constitution was, beyond doubt, the greatest and most arduous political experiment, and, if we measure the difficulties surmounted, may be fairly called the most successful one, which history records. In this, too, as in all great political changes, the interest does not end with the formal conclusion of the contest. The process by which the Federal Constitution was fashioned and determined really lasted through the presidencies of Washington and Adams, and only ended with the triumph of the Democrats under Jefferson.

If we had to single out one person who might fitly serve as a central figure for a political sketch of this period, our choice would probably fall upon Madison. This is due rather to the nature, than the extent, of his abilities. The generation of statesmen among whom he moved included many great names, and posterity will probably assign to Madison a place below at least three of his contemporaries. Even if he had possessed such qualities, his career gave him no opportunity of displaying the unwearied public spirit, the dauntless and patient courage, the pure and unselfish patriotism of Washington. He had none of that eager enthusiasm for party, that ardent faith in the future of his country, and that sympathy both with the nobler and the baser passions of mankind, which made Jefferson the founder and leader of American democracy. With Hamilton he had more in common. Yet Madison could claim but a small share in that far-sighted political wisdom to which every page of American history bears witness. But, in one sense, Madison was a more representative statesman than any of these. There probably was never a time at which he did not, better than any other living man, embody the views of a majority of educated American citizens. This it is which gives so much interest to the history of his political conduct and opinions, and it is from this point of view that we propose to consider his career.

James Madison was born in Virginia in 1751. He was descended from one of the earliest settlers, Captain Isaac

Madison, the founder of a family, in which James Madison was only the foremost among several distinguished members. Of his early days there is little to tell. His education began at the school of a learned Scotch emigrant. In 1769 he was sent to the College at Princeton, beyond the limits of his native State. The principal, Dr. Witherspoon, was, like Madison's first teacher, a Scotch emigrant. A few years later he was called to a wider sphere of activity in the Revolutionary Congress, and his name is among those appended to the Declaration of Independence. We may suppose that his influence did something towards determining the future career of his pupil. Yet Madison's letters show no greater interest in the questions of the day than would be ordinarily found in an intelligent and well-educated lad. One characteristic anecdote of Madison's youth, significant of his future career, is oddly enough omitted by Mr. Rives, though it rests on no worse authority than that of John Quincy Adams. Dr. Witherspoon said of him that he 'never knew him say or do an indiscreet thing.' It is consoling to find that the case of a model young man is not always desperate. Probably, however, Mr. Rives has acted for the best interests of mankind in withholding so dangerous a precedent. With such a disposition it was well that the conditions of Madison's early life were not such as to stimulate mere intellectual precocity at the expense of his powers of action. His somewhat weak health and his retiring temper might have allowed him to settle down as a quiet student, had not his lot been cast in a time when

'The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear.'

Madison had little more than completed his college career when his country needed in some way or other the services of every patriotic citizen. In the actual events of the War of Independence Madison's part, though subordinate, was not unimportant. Even if it had been less prominent, we must remember that he and his contemporaries were trained into statesmen by the struggle for independence, and unless we take that influence into account we cannot justly appreciate their motives and

Position. Few subjects would be more deeply interesting, or offer worthier material to a historian, than to trace the process which developed the English colonists of the seventeenth century into that generation of men, great at once as political philosophers and practical statesmen, who liberated America from England and fashioned the Federal Constitution. Much, indeed, was due to the instincts and ideas which the emigrants took out with them. England early in the seventeenth century was specially well fitted to throw out offshoots, full of vigorous and healthy political life. The spirit which animated the founders of our American colonies was the spirit of the Long Parliament, not of the Commonwealth, the Restoration, or the Revolution. The romance which invests the early history of Virginia, the religious troubles which fill so large a space in the annals of New England, are apt to divert our attention from the political life of the colonies. How real and active that life was, is shown by the way in which representative institutions sprang up as it were spontaneously, and expanded with the needs of the young Commonwealth. And, if the seed sown was good, so too was the culture which it received. The colonists were happily saved from all those influences which sapped the strength and vitiated the life-blood of English politics for nearly a century after the Restoration. The contests of the various colonial legislatures with the home government, contests in which the colonists were at times factious and unreasonable, but were more often struggling against the profligate and extortionate governors with whom the mother country had saddled them, served to keep alive a vigorous spirit of independence. There were other influences at work to raise the minds and aspirations of the colonists above the somewhat petty cares of their own separate states. We may be sure that there were others beside Franklin whose thoughts had early turned to the possibility of a great united colonial dominion. Many a colonist must have felt, when Washington went down with his little band to hold the Ohio valley against France, that a struggle had begun which might give to his descendants a territory bounded only by the Pacific.

Moreover, the great wave of European thought, which had already begun to form, was not without its influence in America. Thus we find the young John Adams, the descendant of an old Puritan family, and reared up in a pious New England home, studying and criticising Montesquieu and Bolingbroke. Every line that Jefferson wrote breathed the influence of the French philosophers. At the same time the practical training in politics, which the colonists gained from their local institutions, saved them from being led astray into any speculative extravagancies. There lay the great difference between the American Rebellion and the French Revolution. To the French revolutionists liberty was a mere abstract name, wholly disconnected from their historical past, and therefore incapable of practical application. The Americans, too, had grasped the idea of liberty; but they viewed it not as an abstract idea, but a principle which underlay their past history and their present institutions. We may in short say that the revolutionary statesmen of America were in their main outlines Englishmen of the seventeenth century, with their perceptions quickened at once by philosophical teaching and by the practical, if somewhat narrowing, influence of colonial politics. Then came the struggle for Independence. Whatever we may think of the merits of the quarrel, we cannot doubt that its effects on the colonists were in the main healthy and strengthening. Circumstances saved the American Revolution from many of the worst features of such struggles. It was not, like the struggle in the Netherlands, embittered by differences of creed and race. The rudeness and elasticity of colonial life were such that the shock of an invasion was felt far less than it is in an old-established country. There were, no doubt moral shortcomings on the part of the people. There was supineness, sloth, want of public spirit. But this was caused rather by circumstances than by defects in the national character. The weakness of the American cause was due to the heterogeneous character of the different states. There was mutual distrust engendered by diversity of origin, of creed, of commercial interest. The weakness shown by the colonists was not

unlike the weakness shown by our own country in her struggle with the Danes. There was much local energy and much individual courage, but a want of cohesion and unity of action. Had the colonists been led by an Ethelred instead of a Washington, the parallel might have been more complete. But whatever weaknesses there might be among the commons, in higher quarters there were none. It would be hard to name a revolution so free from any stains of treachery, of half-heartedness, of selfish ambition among its leaders. The traitors and the intriguers, Arnold, Conway, Gates, were mere soldiers. The statesmen of the Rebellion have no part in their guilt. Not one of them ever seems to have entertained an idea of securing his own escape if the common cause should fail. All threw in their lot with their country, determined to triumph or fall together. Had any suspicion of such guilt existed, party rancor would long ago have proclaimed it to the world. There was scarcely one of the revolutionary statesmen whose reputation has wholly escaped the envenomed attacks of party warfare. Even the great leader himself, one of the few whose public spirit and almost superhuman virtue is established by the unanimous voice of history, did not escape calumny. The characters of Hamilton and Jefferson are still topics of party warfare. But whatever may have been said of their later actions, the voice of calumny has never assailed their conduct during the contest for independence. There are many things in later history which every well-wisher of America would gladly blot out; but she may at least remember with just pride that in the great crisis of her fate no stain attached to those whom she entrusted with her cause.

In the American Revolution, in the stirring events which followed it, the part which each colony played was strongly colored by its previous history and its political character. None had more definitely marked features than Madison's native state, the mother of Presidents, as Virginia was called in later days. Her social life reproduced many of the best features of the mother country. Her early emigrants had numbered among them adventurers and felons, but the backbone of those who supported the

Virginia Company, and who followed Lord Delawarr and Sir Thomas Dale as emigrants, were taken from the ranks of the English country gentry, just at the time when that class was at its best. It would be an interesting, though a somewhat mortifying study, to trace the process by which the highly educated and accomplished country gentleman of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, the class which included Hampden and Hutchinson and Elliot, gave place to the boorish squire of a century later, whom a satirist could paint as Squire Western, and a more kindly observer as Sir Roger. The social disorganisation due to the Civil War and the consequent disruption of old feudal ties, the growing political and social importance of London, and the general lowering of the moral tone of the nation, all contributed to this result. In Virginia the old public spirit of a feudal aristocracy survived. The lower classes lacked teaching, but the society which produced Jefferson and Madison and Randolph can hardly have had a low educational standard. We have, unhappily, but few authentic records of the social life of the southern colonies. But a writer of our own day, almost unequalled in his power of reproducing from slender materials the scenery and coloring of a past age, has brought vividly before us the life of a Virginian plantation. We may be sure that there were a good many young Virginians who, like George Warrington, sent to England for books and musical instruments, and hurried on board to see them unpacked. If, indeed, it be true that Jefferson and Patrick Henry were accomplished musicians, the colony had retained one phase of Elizabethan culture which the mother country had for a while almost lost. Looked at in its political bearings, the social life of Virginia kept alive a vigorous spirit of independence. The boundless natural resources of the country were, from an economical view, almost as much a curse as a blessing. The number of navigable rivers gave every planter a harbor close to his own door, and prevented the formation of any one centre of commerce. The abundance of fertile soil enabled every man to become a landowner, and made it impossible to obtain free and intelligent labor. But though

all these things made against the commercial welfare of Virginia they rather stimulated the spirit of political freedom. As Mr. Rives says: 'A large landed estate in Virginia, consisting of distinct and sometimes distant plantations, with the general supervision of the agents and laborers employed on each, and the negotiations incident to the periodical sale of their produce and purchase of their supplies in remote markets, was a mimic commonwealth, with its foreign and domestic relations and its regular administrative hierarchy. It called for the constant exercise of vigilance, activity, humanity, sound judgment and wise economy, and was thus a school both of virtue and intelligence, in which many of the patriots of that day were trained for public usefulness.' Though slavery existed, it did not yet bear that baneful fruit which afterwards sprang from it. It does not seem to have been attended with any of those moral corruptions which afterwards formed such a plague-spot in the life of the Southern States. Nor had the practice of slavery deadened the political morality of the Virginian aristocracy. Taunts have often been cast at the men who, while they claimed freedom for themselves, were blind to the wrong which they were inflicting on a whole race. A very slight knowledge of the writings and speeches of the most eminent men among them enables one to refute such sneers. Every prominent Virginian statesman of the last century seems to have looked upon slavery as an evil which economical circumstances had forced upon his country, which must, if possible, be extinguished, and which might be fraught with the greatest mischief in the future. The doctrine, which upheld slavery as the proper basis of Southern society and Southern political supremacy, was the offspring of a statesman of a later generation, Calhoun of South Carolina; and we may be sure that Washington or Jefferson would have repudiated his teaching as eagerly as any Northern abolitionist.

In 1774, at the age of twenty-three, Madison's public career began. He was in that year elected a member of one of the county committees, which were established throughout the American colonies to concert means of resistance to the

British Government. Two years later he was returned to the Virginian Congress. From the outset Virginia had taken a leading part in the dispute, and she now ventured on a step in advance of any other colony. North Carolina had already given to its representatives on the continent at Congress, power to 'concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring Independence and forming foreign alliances.' Virginia went a step further, and definitely instructed her delegates to move a declaration of Independence. As a necessary accompaniment to this measure, a committee was appointed to frame a government for the colony, or, as we must now call it, the State. Here, too, Virginia was taking the lead. South Carolina, and New Hampshire had already framed provisional governments. Virginia was the first State that distinctly applied her best wisdom to the formation of a new Constitution intended to be permanent. Madison, despite his youth, was a member of this committee; and the subject is one of some importance in connection with his career. His one pre-eminent claim to honor is as a constitution maker; and a peculiar interest attaches to the first attempt of the kind in which he took part. The Virginian Constitution of 1776, like most successful experiments of the sort, was a compromise. The general outline of the Constitution was sure to be modelled on the old one, handed down with some changes from the days of the Virginia Company. A Constitution based on the English type, and consisting of a governor and two chambers, was the mould into which all the colonial governments had almost spontaneously fallen, and to which the colonists, conservative in revolution, with two exceptions, adhered. This system, however, gave room for differences of detail. Two schemes were proposed which may fairly be supposed to represent the extreme views on each side. One proposed to retain the Upper Chamber for life, and the Governor during good behavior, while the Lower Chamber was to be elected triennially. The other, suggested by John Adams to some of his Virginian friends, proposed that the whole Legislature, including the Governor, should be re-elected annually. The scheme finally adopted coincided

in its main features with this latter, with this somewhat important difference, that the Upper Chamber was to be elected for four years. It is worthy of notice that not one of these schemes contemplated a democratic suffrage. The widest margin proposed was one which would take in householders who were also fathers of three children, and the qualification finally adopted was the possession of twenty-five acres freehold. Madison, by his own account, took no very prominent part in the task of construction. His only recorded contribution was an amendment to the Declaration of Rights, which preceded the Constitution, striking out the term 'toleration,' as inconsistent with complete religious equality, and substituting 'the full and free exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience.' We have noticed this, because Madison's hostility to anything like religious inequality was, perhaps, the only political feeling which could be fairly called a passion with him, or which ever led him into a display of enthusiasm. Though his own share in the Virginian Constitution was not a prominent one, yet we may be sure that it was a lesson not thrown away. Between the two extreme parties in Virginia—between those who wished to be free from England, but keep everything English, and democrats like Jefferson and Henry—there was a great gulf, which we may be sure could only be bridged over by a spirit of moderation and compromise, and from that process Madison must have learnt lessons which stood him in good stead in the great task of his life.

In the next year Madison lost his seat, a result which Mr. Rives tells us was due to his scrupulous refusal to employ the universally adopted engine of treating. That he had in no way forfeited public confidence, is shown by the fact that in the same year he was elected a member of the State Council, and in 1779 returned to the Continental Congress. Even by that time the early zeal which had distinguished that body had begun to grow cold. Many of its most eminent men had been called off to the services of their separate States, and Congress reflected but too faithfully that want of cohesion and mutual support which weakened the Union and hamper-

ed the action of her great leader. Madison was one of those who labored to redeem the character of Congress. He zealously backed up Washington's appeals for more strenuous efforts, and throughout the war he advocated various measures designed to strengthen the authority of the Central Government. Thus we find him supporting a proposal to give Congress certain coercive powers, which would enable it to exact the required contributions from the separate States. Monstrous though it seems to us now, that a Government could be expected to carry on a war while it had no efficient means of exacting supplies, yet the sectional jealousies of the different States, and the dread of central power, frustrated this measure. Subsequently Congress passed a resolution applying to the various States for power to levy a duty on foreign merchandise. Virginia at first acceded to this application, but afterwards, owing to the failure of other States to comply with it, Madison had the mortification of seeing his constituents reverse their decision. On another occasion Madison was in conflict with his own State, and showed by his conduct that his usual moderation could in season give place to firmness. The claim of Spain, to monopolise the navigation of the Mississippi, was a subject of negotiation between the two Powers. To ask the United States to surrender the Mississippi was, as Franklin forcibly put it, like asking a man to sell his street door. Madison took an equally decided view, and expressed it in a report laid before Congress. At the time that the question came forward, the pressure of the war was felt mainly by the Southern States, and that part of the Union was naturally eager for foreign help, and willing to make large concessions to obtain it. Accordingly Virginia, urged on by Georgia and South Carolina, instructed her representatives to oppose the claim. Madison considered the occasion important enough to justify him in disregarding the wishes of his constituents; and when the immediate prospect of war was removed, Virginia adopted his views. Before we take leave of Madison's career in the old Congress, one point ought to be noticed. It would be premature to speak of parties, yet we can trace faintly the begin-

nings of those divisions which afterwards severed the political world of America into two camps. We can trace, too, in Madison's own attitude, a foreshadowing of his later career. While he advocated, as we have seen, the grants of coercive powers to Congress, he did not go as far as Hamilton in his wish to exalt the central, at the expense of the local Governments. Hamilton would not merely have given Congress power to levy taxes for itself, but he would have also handed over to it the appointment and control of the staff employed for that purpose. Madison, on the other hand, would, as far as might be, have left the establishment and management of the machinery to the separate States. The difference may seem trifling, but it illustrates the different spirit in which the two men approached the great impending question, the limits of power of the Central Government and the State Governments, respectively. On another question, Madison displayed views and sympathies which afterwards had a most important influence on his career. During the negotiations for peace, an estrangement arose between the French Government and the American representatives, Adams, Franklin, and Jay. We name three, for though there was a fourth, Laurens, both his body and mind were, for a while, weakened by his long imprisonment in England, and he was, at the time, little more than a cipher. It would exceed the limits, alike of our space and our subject, to go into the merits of the question. Jay seems to have been of a suspicious temper; Adams had but little goodwill towards France; and Franklin, whose sympathies were strongly with the French, may have been unable single-handed to influence his two colleagues. On the other hand, there is no doubt that persons professing to be accredited agents of France had dealings with the English Minister, Lord Shelburne, of such a nature as reasonably to excite the suspicions of the Americans. The result was, that the preliminaries of peace were signed by the American envoys without their consulting the French Minister, De Vergennes. This excited the indignation of the French Government, and the question came before Congress. The immediate question of the conduct

of the envoys does not concern us; the matter is important as showing a division of feeling already existing in America, and destined afterwards to have most important results. There were already two parties in Congress, who regarded France with widely different views. By some her support was looked upon as an act of generosity, forming a sentimental bond of union between the two nations, and giving France a moral claim to the gratitude of America. Others urged that France had withheld her assistance till she clearly saw that the cause of America would furnish a convenient weapon against her old enemy. To debate what were the real motives of France would be as profitless as are all discussions concerning the motives which animate national policy. A few enthusiasts, like Lafayette, doubtless joined the cause of America out of a pure and generous sympathy with a people warring for their rights. The majority of the young officers who flocked over, to vex the soul of Washington and to command troops whom they could neither speak to nor understand, doubtless viewed America as they would have viewed India, or Ireland, or any other country where there was glory to be won and Englishmen to be fought. The aristocratic diplomatists and politicians who governed France would probably have questioned the sanity of a man who attributed their policy to any but interested motives. Nevertheless, it was a generous impulse which made many Americans resent any act that seemed to savor of ingratitude and coldness towards an ally. In the debate which arose out of the conduct of the envoys, Madison strongly condemned the views of those who looked upon France with distrust. That he should have taken this line is somewhat remarkable. Of all politicians he was the least likely to be influenced by sentiment, and his political and intellectual sympathies were not such as to enlist him in favor either of monarchical or revolutionary France. Whether the influence of Jefferson may have thus early shown itself we cannot say. Certain it is that the line which he took on this occasion marks a sentiment which for some time remained inoperative, but which at a later time had a great influence on him,

and, in fact, formed a turning-point in his career.

At the end of 1783 Madison's term of office expired, and by the newly framed rules of Congress he was ineligible for re-election. During his whole term of membership he does not seem once to have visited his home. In December he returned thither, and at once applied himself to reading law. As, however, we find him at the same time studying constitutional history, and especially such questions as were likely to affect the future of the confederacy, it seems unlikely that his legal learning was meant for practical purposes. If he entertained any such scheme, it was soon frustrated. In the next few years events began to open to the rising generation of American statesmen a career in some ways greater than any which the war itself had offered. The events of the war, and still more the domestic troubles which followed it, the rebellions in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, too clearly proved that the old confederation was but a rope of sand. The task of reconstructing it on a firmer basis was one which might well stimulate and yet appal the imagination of the wisest and most enterprising statesman. The attempt was beset with difficulties from two quarters. The pressure of the war had been scarcely enough to keep in check the jealousies and conflicting claims of the different States. When that pressure was withdrawn, they were sure to burst out with renewed force. Moreover the war itself had done much to quicken political thought, and to sow the seeds of great party divisions. A question of such overwhelming political importance as the formation of a new Constitution was sure to call those seeds into full life and activity.

Before we consider the struggle itself, we must say a few words of the principal actors. Two of Madison's contemporaries and rivals, Hamilton and Jefferson, stand out, not as yet the accredited leaders of the opposite parties, but so distinctly and pre-eminently the representatives of the great conflicting principles, which were struggling for ascendancy in the newly formed republic, as to claim our special attention. Many Americans to this day regard these two statesmen as the Ormuzd and Ahriman of American

politics, while they differ in their mode of assigning the two parts. By one party Hamilton is regarded as an inspired prophet, who foresaw all the dangers with which the United States were threatened by the sway of the masses, and who died a political martyr, struggling vainly to keep his country within the bounds of constitutional freedom, and to hold her back from the gulf of popular misrule into which Jefferson and his followers were hastening to plunge her. With others Jefferson is the champion of freedom, who fully emancipated his country from those trammels of feudal and monarchical government, which Hamilton was struggling to re-impose. One who views the question from that intermediate standing ground which Madison occupied, is happily not forced to adopt either view. We may, without injustice either to Hamilton or Jefferson, believe that the one unduly neglected, while the other unduly overrated, the dangers of democratic government.

Everything in the origin and training of these two men had prepared the way for their rivalry. Hamilton was in some degree separated both by birth and training from the other statesmen of his age. His birthplace was Jamaica, and this fact may have served in some measure to diminish the intensity of his American sympathies. His adopted State, New York, was that one in which the flame of patriotism burnt least brightly. His writings show that he had read much and meditated deeply, and his knowledge of foreign politics won from Talleyrand the compliment 'Hamilton avoit deviné l'Europe.' Such training may make, and in his case did make a great constructive statesman, but it is not calculated to make an enthusiast. English Whiggism had impressed Hamilton deeply, and we cannot doubt that Walpole was to a great extent his model. In his opinion, a commercial aristocracy, and a government with abundant means of exercising indirect influence, were essential conditions of national stability. It would be an error to suppose that these opinions involved any disloyalty to the cause of American independence. Hamilton was not the only statesman of the time who, while throwing himself passionately into

the cause of national freedom, and clearly perceiving the unfitness of England for the task of colonial government, yet wished to retain many of the aristocratic traditions, and much of the machinery of government, of the mother country. Indeed, the very acts by which Hamilton has incurred the charge of disloyalty to the American Constitution are, if carefully considered, his best defence. Had he really wished to overthrow the Constitution, he would never have striven so diligently to guard it against its own inherent dangers. Doubtless he had a speculative preference for monarchy; but to suppose that he ever contemplated the introduction of it into America, is to regard him as a mere theorist incapable of limiting his aspirations by his knowledge of what was possible. And if he had cherished such a wish, his keen political insight would have taught him that a direct attack on the republican constitution of his country would be the worst means that he could choose towards his end. A far weaker mind than Hamilton's might have easily perceived that the anarchy against which he was striving would be the readiest road to absolutism. Let the pilot forsake the helm, and the ship would inevitably go on the rocks and become the willing prey of any saviour of society. Yet if Hamilton's fame has been obscured by party calumny and his true greatness appreciated only by a few, his own character is not wholly free of the blame. His temper was naturally cold and unsympathetic. He seems, indeed, to have prided himself on this, and to have somewhat exaggerated it. He was thoroughly sincere, but it was the sincerity of high principle and strong self-respect, rather than of natural frankness. In almost every detail of temper, training, and opinions, Jefferson was the direct opposite to his great rival. His vanity and impetuosity often led him into inconsistency, and it is hard at times to clear his character from the deeper stain of wilful duplicity. Yet he had a certain openness of temper, which seems among his contemporaries to have won forgiveness for his graver faults. His writings show no trace of that solid political and historical study, on which Hamilton's opinions were based; yet his love of knowledge

was ever vigorous, and his sympathy and interest extended to almost every branch of human activity and thought. His opinions were deeply colored by the training of his native state. Commerce was his bugbear. He writes in the true spirit of a Virginian farmer and sportsman: 'While we have land to labor upon, let us never wish to see our citizens occupied at a work-bench or twirling a distaff.' Like Hamilton, Jefferson was conversant with the political philosophy of the eighteenth century. But it was from French Republicanism, not from English Whiggism, that he drew his inspiration. Hamilton's political ideal looked back to 1688; Jefferson's had yet to find its fulfilment in 1789. With such training and such principles, these two men were clearly marked out as the embodiments and champions of those two conflicting principles, which were soon destined to extend their battle-field from the Old World to the New. It seemed for a while as if Madison's natural sobriety of temper and freedom from enthusiasm were likely to be stronger than his loyalty to his brother Virginian, and as if he was destined to stand among the allies of Hamilton. To Hamilton unquestionably belongs the credit of having first clearly grasped the idea of a more stable union subordinating all the State governments to the sovereignty of the whole, as the only means of saving the nation from anarchy. By every means in his power, by public utterances and private influence, Hamilton forced this idea upon his countrymen. In this task he found an able assistant in Madison. He, like Hamilton, clearly saw that no attempt to improve the existing Federation could meet the needs of the case. With Madison rests the credit of carrying through the Virginian Assembly a resolution inviting the other States to a general conference on the subject of the commerce of the Federation. It was through Hamilton's agency that the powers of the conference were enlarged, and that it was converted into a convention for considering and, as events proved, for reconstituting, the Federal Union. In May, 1787, the Convention met at Annapolis. Its proceedings were secret, and our knowledge of them is derived from reports compiled by Madison after the hours of

debate. It is not an easy matter to estimate the share which any one member of the Convention can claim in the result. It cannot be too often repeated that the American Constitution was a compromise, modified to suit the wants of conflicting parties and individuals of widely different views, and therefore not corresponding with any preconceived ideal. But we should probably not be far wrong in saying that it more nearly reflected the views of Madison than of any other of the framers. We may infer this from comparing the actual result with his recommendations, and with the ideas expressed in his subsequent writings. In many details, indeed, the Constitution deviated from Madison's ideal. He at first proposed to give the central government a power of veto against any State law. Subsequently he abandoned this in favor of that admirably framed scheme, which erects the Supreme Court into a separate, and, as far as possible, an independent arbitrator to decide in the last resort between the conflicting claims of the State and the Union. Madison's first suggestion on this subject is worth noting, as showing that he at this time held views as to the subordination of the State governments not widely different from those of Hamilton and his followers. It has been the fashion with democratic writers to treat the annihilation of State sovereignty—'taking out the teeth of the serpents,' as an eminent Federalist, Governor Morris, called it—as an article peculiar to the Federal creed. It ought to be remembered that this doctrine was upheld by one whom the Democrats reckon among their most honored leaders. To identify at this time the doctrine of a strong central government with those aristocratic principles which Hamilton and his party undoubtedly did hold, is to anticipate the position of parties by more than twenty years. But though on this point Hamilton and Madison were still at one, the proceedings of the Convention brought out points of difference. Hamilton would have vested the executive power in a president and vice-president chosen for life, and removable only by impeachment, and would have made the upper chamber rest on a like tenure. On both these points he seems to have stood almost

alone. Without going further into detail, we can best sum up Madison's share in the Constitution by enumerating the conditions necessary to his ideal of the United States Government, conditions which were all in some degree fulfilled by the form as actually settled. He required a government resting on the direct consent of the people and exercising direct control over them. He wished to preserve the State governments for their own purposes, and he saw that it must be the aim of the Constitution to give those governments the greatest possible amount of independent action in their own sphere, combined with the least possible power of interference with the central government. Above all, he saw that any system, to be adopted, or when adopted to work successfully, must be a compromise; and he was thus enabled to meet all arguments which impugned the new Constitution as falling short of an ideal, either of State freedom or perfect centralisation.

His services on behalf of the Constitution were soon needed on an important battle-field. In none of the States was more vigorous resistance to be looked for than in Virginia. There, as in the other States, a convention was summoned to consider the question of ratification. The opposition was headed by Patrick Henry, then in the full vigor of oratorical powers unequalled by any American of that, or probably of a later, age. A passionate republican, and, like Jefferson, deeply imbued with the idea that the woods and streams of Virginia were the chosen home of liberty, he looked with horror on a system which substituted for the yoke of a king and parliament the yoke of a central government, in which Massachusetts and New York might be leading powers. The battle was fierce and long doubtful, but the resisting forces yielded point by point. From a general opposition to the new Constitution they fell back on the detailed objection that it lacked a Bill of Rights. This defect clearly could, and probably would, be remedied after ratification, and thus the question resolved itself into one of amendment before or after acceptance. Madison, as was natural, bore the brunt of the battle on the side of the Constitution. Prob-

ably, however, the consideration which had most weight and which ultimately turned the scale, was the fear that the Constitution might be accepted by nine other States, and thereby ratified, and that Virginia, by rejecting it, might be left out, in the humiliating position of an unsuccessful obstructive, who had done something to discredit the new Constitution without succeeding in saving the independence of the separate States.

Madison's labors on behalf of the Constitution were not confined to his own State. In concert with Hamilton he had been advocating it through the medium of the 'Federalist,' a series of papers addressed nominally to the people of New York, but in reality to the whole body of States. Probably the lasting reputation of its two authors, in Europe at least, rests mainly on this work. Its two authors we say, since their colleague Jay was merely associated with them on account of his special knowledge of foreign politics and diplomacy, and only contributed such ideas as bore specially on those subjects. So far as any division of labor between Hamilton and Madison can be traced, it is such as we might have anticipated. The philosophical groundwork on which the Constitution was to be built was chiefly supplied by Hamilton. It was for the most part left for Madison to point out immediate practical advantages and to combat detailed objections. Yet this must not be pressed too far. Madison's contributions, notably his first paper, No. 14, show a marked appreciation of the abstract principles of government, as well as of their application to the present occasion; while in Hamilton's writings there is nothing vague or speculative. In one respect the very fame of the 'Federalist' in one direction tends to blind us to its merits in another. We are apt to read it as a historical analysis of the Constitution. Such, indeed, it is. But we must never forget that it was primarily a controversial work, written in a time of stirring agitation, for what may be almost called a party purpose. Yet its permanent value is scarcely, if at all, impaired by the circumstances of its production. There is nothing in it of party rancor, nothing of misrepresentation, not a word of needless contro-

versy. The writers never deviate from their main purpose to attack an opponent. It would be hard to name a single production among the political writings of the last century, even from the pen of Burke, so free from all the ordinary faults of political literature. The credit of this accrues not merely to the writers, but to the audience for whom it was designed. It speaks well for the wisdom of the American citizens of that day, that at such a crisis an appeal should have been made, not to party prejudice or sectional interests, but to a clear and far-sighted patriotism, and that historical arguments should have been thought of more value than personal invectives. It would be hard, we should think, for any thoughtful and educated American at the present day to read the 'Federalist,' and to compare it with the later political literature of his country, without a feeling of shame.

Before leaving the 'Federalist,' justice to Madison requires one remark. The fact of his having been associated with Hamilton in this great task has been at times treated by admirers of the latter as though it constituted a political bond of union between the two, and as if the rupture of this bond gave some coloring of treachery to Madison's subsequent alliance with Jefferson. Nothing in the 'Federalist' itself justifies such an idea, and if we turn to Madison's own letters we shall see how unfair such a charge is. There is nothing in the 'Federalist' to show that Madison accepted the abstract theories of Hamilton. Apparently he merely looked on Hamilton as a convenient associate for a special purpose. It is somewhat remarkable, too, that in Madison's published correspondence we have not met with a single reference to Hamilton which indicates anything like a warm personal feeling. That Madison should for a particular object have identified himself with one with whom he had so little generally in common may seem strange, but it is not out of keeping with his unimpassioned practical temper and his habit of subordinating personal feeling to political necessities.

The final ratification of the new Constitution might be formally the conclusion of a peace between the two parties, but in reality it was the signal for the

outbreak of a new political struggle, less impassioned perhaps, but even more definite and sustained. Since the time of the separation from England, the new republic held within it the germs of two great parties. There were those who had separated from England on what we might call grounds of expediency, without any antipathy to the principles of the government from which they had severed themselves. They would willingly have seen the newly-created government, in its relations towards the several States, step into the place of the monarchy which they had cast off. There were others, drunk with the new wine of democratic enthusiasm, who saw in the formation of the American Republic the possible fulfilment of their ideal. Hitherto these two central ideas have remained latent. During the War of Independence the nation had been forced into temporary unity by external pressure. During the years of chaos and anarchy which followed there was no room for the development of party organisation. All thinking men must have seen that the existing state of things could not last. To organise a party at such a time would have been like forming line of battle on a quicksand. But when once the Federal Constitution was framed, a clear and well-defined battle-field lay open. The previous condition of things gave rather a peculiar turn to the formation of parties. The old Whig tradition, which would fain have seen in the new Constitution only an adaptation of English monarchy, prevailed chiefly among the northern merchants. The central government, on whose efficiency they depended to control the growing democratic impulse, had most to fear from the strength of local institutions. Thus the Conservative or, as it called itself, the Federal party, became the advocate of centralisation, while democracy was forced to depend on the State governments as its instrument, and was driven by its hostility to the merchants of New England into a somewhat strange alliance with the slaveholding planters of the South. The outbreak of open hostility was for a while suspended by the presence of Washington. His experience of the divisions, which had so hampered his efforts during the war, had imbued him

with a deep dread and dislike of parties, and his political insight was not such as to perceive the inevitable conflict of great opposing principles. But, though the struggle was delayed, signs of the coming trouble were not wanting. Madison soon became alienated from his old allies. He showed that he had not used the promise of amendments as a mere sop to lull his opponents in the Virginian Convention, by introducing ten amendments, covering the ground which would have been occupied by a Bill of Rights, and providing against various abuses of arbitrary power. His position was a difficult one, for his proposals went too far to please most Federalists, and not far enough to satisfy the bulk of the Democrats. His tact and adroitness triumphed over these difficulties, and, in the language of an able American writer, he 'engineered his plan through the House with triumphant success.'

This opened the breach between Madison and the Federal party, and circumstances soon widened it. The next ground of conflict was the financial policy of Hamilton. As Secretary of the Treasury, he introduced a scheme of national finance. Its main features were the establishment of a national debt and a national bank. He proposed to elevate the Federal Government at the expense of the separate States, by transferring to it the debts contracted by the various State governments on behalf of the Union. In all these points he was opposed by Madison. If we look at the question simply as one of finance, we can have no doubt as to its merits. Madison had never shown any peculiar aptitude for finance, or indeed any special knowledge on the subject. Few statesmen have ever studied it more profoundly than Hamilton. At the age of twenty-three he drew up an elaborate financial scheme for the Confederation, and forwarded it to Robert Morris, the Minister of Finance. So much impressed was Morris by its ability, that at a later day, when Washington turned to him in despair, and asked him what he was to do with the public debt, his answer was, 'There is but one man who can tell you, and that is Alexander Hamilton.' If then the question were merely financial, we might fairly appeal from Hamilton's

to Hamilton himself. But Madison and those around him did not and did not regard the question as merely political. Madison regarded it, and not without justice, as part of a system for concentrating all the powers of the state in the hands of the executive. He saw Hamilton's doctrine of implied powers might be employed to give a direction to the Constitution alien from the intention of its founders. He believed there was a design on the part of the Federalists, as he himself afterwards expressed it in conversation, to 'administer' the Constitution into conformity with their party views. These suspicions as to the designs of the Federalists, though we cannot set them down as groundless, were unquestionably excited. Yet the blame of that was a measure due to the Federalists themselves. Flushed with their triumph at the National Convention, and trusting to the support of Washington and to the administrative ability of Hamilton, they recklessly disregarded the plausible and justifiable suspicions of their opponents, and often used language which gave a color to the worst charges made against them.

The course of events speedily hurried on onward in his union with the Democrats. As we have seen, the treaty of the Republic to France had already been made the battle-field of an internal conflict. The French Revolution did not alter the aspect of party divisions in America, but it gave them a keenness and fixity which they did not before possess. Hitherto there had been many who were hostile to England, and who, in the aristocratic traditions of English government, but who nevertheless possessed an abstract sympathy with democracy.

Such a middle position became almost untenable. The conduct of the French Government, and the outrageous behavior of its American ministers, Talleyrand and Adet, seemed for a while to have turned the tide of public feeling. The democratic current was too strong, and sympathy with France was demanded by the Democrats as a condition of loyal citizenship. We cannot wonder at the fierceness of party feeling, then, than by its effect on a man of fully moderate and restrained temperance Madison. We feel somewhat as

if we saw an archdeacon dancing among the Shakers, when we find Madison writing of 'degenerate citizens, enemies of the French Revolution and liberty,' of 'the poison of the Anglo-Saxon party,' and denouncing anti-French views as 'heresy.' One painful result of this state of affairs was to involve Madison in a bitter personal controversy with his old ally, Hamilton. The President, acting by the advice of his Cabinet, issued a proclamation of neutrality. This proceeding was impugned by the Democrats, both on technical and moral grounds. As to the former point, the best writers on the American Constitution are agreed that the President, in interpreting and proclaiming the duties imposed by treaties on the citizens, was in no way transgressing his proper functions. As to the general ground of policy, few would deny that Washington and his advisers would have been greatly to blame had they suffered America to be engulfed in the whirlpool of a great European war. Nevertheless, when Hamilton, writing under the signature of 'Pacificus,' defended the President's action, he was answered by Madison in the letters of Helvidius. It is painful to find that the recollection of their joint labors did not withhold Madison from a bitter and contemptuous tone in dealing with his opponent. Able, too, though the letters of Helvidius are, their ability is rather that of a special pleader than of a statesman. But though we cannot agree with Madison, either on the technical issue or on more general grounds, yet we must make the same allowance here as in the case of Hamilton's financial policy. We must remember that Madison saw in the action of the President one step in a deliberate scheme to overthrow those liberties, for which so much blood and treasure had been spent. We must remember, too, that Hamilton's attitude was one peculiarly calculated to alarm an opponent. His doctrine of implied powers was, in the opinion of the Democrats, an attempt to turn the letter of the Constitution against its authors, and to undermine American liberty with that very engine which they had forged for her defence.

The retirement of Washington was the signal for the pent-up storm to break out

in full force. Had his term of office been prolonged, we can hardly doubt that he would have been driven to identify himself with that party, towards which his moderate temper and conservative instincts naturally inclined him, and that the Federalists might have opened the campaign with the weight of his name on their side. As it was, his influence was sufficient to prevent a party struggle over the appointment of his successor. Adams was well known to have leanings towards a strong central government, yet he entered upon office as the representative, not of a party, but of the nation. But a position which had well nigh overtasked the moderation and forbearance of Washington was far too arduous for his vain and irritable successor. Seldom have great natural gifts been more inopportunately marred by small yet destructive failings than in John Adams. His integrity was unquestioned, and saved him from those base compliances into which vanity, such as his, might have led a man of weaker principle. His abilities, and the respect which they won from his equals, should have made him independent of the opinion of the many, yet he craved for the popularity which he lacked the power to win. The seeds of distrust between Adams and his party had been sown as early as Washington's first election. According to the system then in force, the vice-president was not separately elected, but the candidate second on the list for president took that office. A number of the Federalists, under the advice of Hamilton, decided that there must be no risk about Washington's election, and that he must be brought in by such a majority as to prove incontestably the superiority of his claims. Accordingly, Adams was elected to the second place by barely the number of votes required. Adams resented this as a slight, and felt that Hamilton had treated him with a want of confidence and had acted in a spirit of manœuvre. Hamilton and his followers, on the other hand, believed that Adams felt himself aggrieved by not having been allowed a chance of success against Washington, an imputation which Adams warmly resented. Moreover, there were special grounds of mutual distrust between Adams and

Hamilton. The latter remembered the intrigues against Washington during the war, intrigues which all had their source in New England, and he looked on Adams as in some measure identified with them. Adams, on the other hand, had been absent on diplomatic service while Hamilton had been achieving his great position, and he might be forgiven if he, one of those who had drafted the Declaration of Independence, felt sore at being ousted from his place among his party by a youth of thirty, whom he had left serving as Washington's aide-de-camp. During Adams's vice-presidency these sources of discord remained in abeyance; but when he attained to the first office they speedily made themselves felt. There was unquestionably, on the part of more than one member of the Cabinet, a disposition to treat Adams as a mere nominal head, and Hamilton as their actual leader. A party with a real and a professed leader is in a perilous state, and when both are men of eager and unyielding ambition the case is well nigh hopeless. By the end of Adams's term of office the Federal party was in a state of anarchy. How complete that anarchy was, is shown by Hamilton's inability to restrain a section of his party from the discreditable intrigue whereby they supported that profligate and unprincipled adventurer, Aaron Burr, for the Presidency. It is a melancholy reflection, that by thus first impelling Hamilton to take up an attitude of direct hostility to Burr, they brought about that tragedy which robbed their party of its foremost man.

The term of Adams's presidency saw Madison completely detached from his old allies and enlisted under the banner of Jefferson. Though Federal writers of a later day have treated his change of position as an act of political perfidy, yet his own contemporaries do not seem to have so regarded it. They appreciated, better than we can, the change which had come over the attitude of the Federal party. Indeed, Madison might with fairness have said that the party had moved away from him, rather than he from it. Questions arising out of the interpretation of the Constitution obviously formed new ground, and, whatever we may think of the Federal policy during the administrations of Washing-

ton and Adams, we cannot fairly blame Madison for refusing to be among the followers of Hamilton.

The result of Jefferson's election left democracy triumphant, and the Federal party a wreck. Two years later, and that great man, great even by the admission of those who saw his faults most clearly, the one leader whose transcendent abilities might yet have rallied the Federal party and stemmed the advancing tide of mob tyranny, had perished by a tragic death. Hamilton had fallen, the victim of political passion too base and profligate to deserve the name of ambition, and the hopes of Federalism lay buried in his grave. With his death the possibility of renewed conflict was at an end, and the history of political parties may be said for a while to cease. Here we may fitly part from Madison. Measured by the standard of political ambition, the triumph of the Democrats was the turning-point of his success. If time would suffer, we should see him in a few years wisely ruling over his country, at the very epoch which definitely gave her a place among the great powers of the world. Still later, we should see him released from all claims of political ambition, yet turning his view with undiminished clearness to the approaching troubles of his country. There was a curious completeness in the political career of one who served in the revolutionary congress, and who lived into the days when the Union was imperilled by the independent action of South Carolina. And there could not be more significant testimony to the wisdom of one who took a part in writing the 'Federalist,' and in framing the American Constitution, than the appearance of those

dangers which clouded Madison's departing days. We may seem to have touched lightly on Madison's personal character. In doing so, we have but followed the example of Mr. Rives, an example which we could wish to see more widely followed by American biographers. In the case of Madison, there is no great temptation either to extravagant hero-worship or details of petty gossip. His private life was uneventful. He was never married, and though he seems to have been one of the most dutiful and affectionate of sons, yet his family relations show little of that play of character on which a biographer would be glad to dwell. Indeed, throughout our study of Madison, we cannot avoid a feeling that the man is less than his work. In this respect he somewhat resembles his two great contemporaries, Washington and Franklin. The three men differed widely, but one feature was common to them all. Their greatness did not rest so much on the extent or nature of their abilities as on the manner in which those abilities were employed. In this, as in so many other points, the statesmen of the American revolution remind us of their great prototypes, the English statesmen of the seventeenth century, the parliamentary opponents of the Stuarts. Madison and Franklin, like Pym and Hampden, beyond doubt possessed great powers of action, but it was not that which raised them so high above the common run of men. Their true greatness lay in their insight into public opinion, their calm self-restraint, above all, in that public spirit and temperate love of freedom which formed part of their heritage as Englishmen.—*Quarterly Review*.

'THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.'

BY THOMAS FOSTER.

IN the 'Cornhill Magazine' for February 1864, Charles Dickens, speaking of the work which had been left unfinished by the great writer who died on Christmas Eve 1863, said, 'Before me lies all that he had written of his latest story, . . . and the pain I have felt in perusing it has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest

vigor of his powers when he worked out this last labor.' In June 1870, not six years and a half after Thackeray's death, the poet Longfellow wrote thus of the work left unfinished by Dickens: 'I hope his book is finished. It is certainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful of all. It would be too sad to think the pen had fallen from

his hand, and left it incomplete.' As we all know, the pen had so fallen. The 'Mystery of Edwin Drood' was not to be unravelled by the master-hand which had interwoven its seemingly tangled skeins. How Dickens would have worked out the story we can never know. It has even been said by one who had better opportunities of knowing what Dickens had planned than any other, save perhaps one alone, that 'the evidence of matured designs never to be accomplished, intentions planned never to be executed, roads of thought marked out never to be traversed, goals shining in the distance never to be reached, was wanting here: it was all a blank.'

Yet I venture to think that Forster was mistaken in regarding the story as 'all a blank' in this respect. The tone in which the leading characters are spoken of, should leave no one familiar with Dickens' manner in the least doubtful as to the general nature of the fate which was at the end to be allotted to them. We hear the pleasant final fortunes of Crisparkle and Tartar in the ringing notes in which their earlier doings are described, as clearly as we hear the sad yet noble fate of Neville Landless in the minor key in which he is spoken of, and in which he speaks—except when roused to fury by Edwin Drood, maddened, like himself, with the wine which Jasper had drugged. But besides the indications of these tones, there are subtle indications, sufficient for the guidance of the understanding reader, not, indeed, as to the exact nature of the path along which the story was to be conducted, but as to its general direction and its final goal.

Let us consider some of these.

Of course, no manner of doubt can be entertained, by anyone who has read the story, that Jasper is guilty and Neville Landless innocent. The Mystery of Edwin Drood does not turn in any way on that point. It seems to turn in some degree, however, on the manner in which Jasper did the deed; though in reality, unless I greatly mistake, the real explanation of the mystery was to have been much more startling than a mere account of Jasper's procedure. It will be well to consider this point first, however.

If we wish to learn the nature of Jasper's scheme, we must specially note

the opening words relating to it. It is in Chapter IV. that Jasper takes the first step towards his end. It is manifest from the tone of the chapter that the visit to Sapsea is a part of Jasper's plot; but we also know that in Dickens' number-plan of the story he had written, 'Mr. Sapsea: old Tory jackass: connect Jasper with him (he will want a solemn donkey by and by).' Accordingly, the first words of Chapter IV. present to us Thomas Sapsea, Auctioneer and Jackass. The first meeting of Sapsea and Jasper shows that what the latter wants is to get acquainted through Sapsea with tomb-mason Stony Durdles and in such a way as to have opportunity and seeming reason for examining the cathedral crypt. That Jasper and Durdles were to call at the same time, is shown after Dickens' usual manner (who never leaves any point of a story unmarked) by the words, 'There are three wine glasses in a tray on the table.'

We find later a sufficient reason for Jasper's desire to get acquainted in this special way with Durdles. In Chapter XII. Jasper, the Dean, Sapsea, and Tope (the verger) are together in the cathedral churchyard. Jasper says of Durdles, 'My curiosity in the man was first really stimulated by Mr. Sapsea, . . . though of course I had met him constantly about;' on which Sapsea, 'picking up the ball thrown to him, with ineffable complacency,' says, 'Yes, yes, I happened to bring Durdles and Mr. Jasper together.' Then Jasper, playing yet further on Sapsea's conceit, explains to the Dean that he is about to make "a moonlight excursion with Durdles among the tombs, vaults, towers, and ruins;" "you remember," he adds, addressing Sapsea, "suggesting, when you brought us together, that, as a lover of the picturesque, it might be worth my while." "I remember!" replies the auctioneer, and the solemn idiot really believes that he does remember. "Profiting by your hint," pursues Jasper, "I have had some day rambles with the extraordinary old fellow, and we are to make a moonlight hole-and-corner exploration to-night." In passing note the words 'day rambles' and 'extraordinary old fellow' in this remark. The natural reply would have been, 'I have had some rambles with Durdles;' but

is anxious to let it be known, that as yet he has made no nocturnal visit to the crypt; and secondly, is only as a lover of the picturesque and odd that he has cultivated his acquaintance. It is not Dick-anner (at least, not his later manner) tell us this in so many words; the words 'day rambles' and 'extraordinary old fellow' tell it us plainly.

Only we have to be carefully watch for subtle indications of this we wish to gain an inkling of what lies the obvious plot of the story. We return to the first meeting between Jasper and Durdles. Durdles asks Sapsea for the key of the monument over Mrs. Sapsea. 'Mr. Durdles rises, takes a key from a drawer, inserts an iron safe let into the wall, takes from it another key. "When he puts a touch or a finish upon his work, no matter where, inside or outside, Durdles likes to look at his work all round, and see that his work is good to him credit," Durdles explains proudly. The key proffered him by the reaved widower being a large one, he inserts his two-foot rule into a side pocket of his flannel trousers made for him, and deliberately opens his flannel and opens the mouth of a large pocket within it before taking the key to its place in that repository. "Durdles," exclaims Jasper, looking amused, "you are undermined pockets." "And I carries weight too, Mr. Jasper. Feel those!" Durdles, feeling two other large keys. "Hand me Mr. Sapsea's likewise. Surely this is the heaviest of the three." "You'll find much of a muchness, I expect," Durdles. "They all belong to monuments. They all open Durdles'."

Durdles keeps the keys of his monuments mostly. Not that they're much used. "By the by," it comes into his mind to say, as he idly examines the keys, "I have been going to ask you a day, and have always forgotten! Now they sometimes call you Stony, don't you?" "Cloisterham calls me as Durdles, Mr. Jasper." Durdles is aware of that, of course. But he says sometimes—"Oh! if you find them young imps of boys—" Durdles gruffly interrupts. "I don't think them any more than you do. But

there was a discussion the other day among the choir whether Stony stood for Tony," clinking one key against another. ("Take care of the wards, Mr. Jasper.") "Or whether Stony stood for Stephen," clinking with a change of keys. ("You can't make a pitch-pipe of 'em, Mr. Jasper.") "Or whether the name comes from your trade. How stands the fact?" Mr. Jasper weighs the three keys in his hand, lifts his head from his idly stooping attitude over the fire, and delivers the keys to Durdles with an ingenuous and friendly face. But the stony one is a gruff one likewise, and that hazy state of his is always an uncertain state, highly conscious of its dignity, and prone to take offence. He drops his two keys back into his pocket one by one, and buttons them up; he takes his dinner-bundle from the chair back on which he hung it when he came in; he distributes the weight he carries by tying the third key up in it as though he were an ostrich, and liked to dine off cold iron; and he gets out of the room, deigning no word of answer.

Durdles' remark about his liking to look at his work inside and out when he puts a touch or finish upon it, is sufficiently significant. Nor is it difficult to perceive that Jasper takes special interest in the key of Mrs. Sapsea's monument. But there are passages in the narrative which are not at first sight so obviously suggestive. We see that Jasper has some plan underlying his seemingly idle chat, and that that plan is not in the remotest degree connected with the subject of his questions—in which he takes no sort of interest. But what is Jasper's plan? Take the words on which the least possible stress seems laid, and we recognise it at once. 'Clinking one against another'; ('Take care of the wards, Mr. Jasper'); 'clinking with a change of keys'; ('You can't make a pitch-pipe of 'em, Mr. Jasper'). Jasper is testing the tones emitted by the several keys when struck, in order that he may be able to distinguish one from the other, if he should have occasion to, *in the dark*, which, to his practised ear, would be easy, after he had once sounded them in this way.*

* Dickens, in his later works, seems to have found pleasure in imagining such practical applications of special forms of knowledge or of

Let us follow this clue as far as it will lead.

On his way home from Mr. Sapsea's house, late the same night, Jasper comes across Durdles, 'dinner-bundle and all' (it will be remembered that the key is in this bundle), 'leaning his back against the iron railing of the burial-ground enclosing it from the old cloister arches, and a hideous small boy in rags flinging stones at him, as a well-defined mark in the moonlight.' This boy, by the way, was, I think, to have played a very important part in the development of the plot. Here let it only be noted that Durdles has 'taken the boy in hand and given him an object,' by the original plan of rewarding him with a halfpenny

skill. Thus in 'Our Mutual Friend,' when Mr. Boffin was going to dig, he 'tucked up his cuffs, spat on his hands, and then went at it like an old digger as he was. Some dozen or so of expert strokes sufficed.' Venus had said a few minutes before that Boffin 'knows how to use it' (his shovel), 'remember, fifty times as well as either of us.' Venus himself in another scene makes grim use of his skill in his special art. 'I like my art,' he says, 'and I know how to exercise my art,' and so on. More seriously, Dickens makes effective use of Lizzie Hexam's skill in rowing. 'Merciful Heaven be thanked for that old time,' she prays, when saving Eugene, 'and grant, O Blessed Lord, that through Thy wonderful workings it may turn to good at last'—and again, 'Heaven be thanked for that old time, enabling me, without a wasted moment, to have got the boat afloat again, and to row back against the stream.' A similar use is made of Marguerite's familiarity with the dangers of Swiss mountain travelling, in Dickens' part of 'No Thoroughfare' (note also in passing how he employs in finished works ideas first used in his Christmas sketches). In his earliest story, Dickens had shown that he recognized the value of such points. For instance, in Sam Weller's election tale, we hear how old Weller is invited to use his special skill to change the course of the voting. "'You're a very good whip,' says the gen'l'm'n, 'and can do what you like with your horses, we know. We're all very fond of you, Mr. Weller, so in case you should have an accident when you're a-bringing these here voters down, and *should* tip 'em over into the canal without hurting of 'em, this is for yourself,' says he.' Later Mr. Weller exercises his professional skill on his own account. 'I rather think Samivel,' he says, speaking of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, 'that he found hisself a little jolted when we turned the corners.' 'Wot, I spose you happened to drive up agin a post or two?' said Sam. 'I'm afeerd,' replied Mr. Weller, in a rapture of winks, 'I'm afeerd I took vun or two on 'em, Sammy; he wos a flyin' out o' the harm-cheer all the way.'

to pelt Durdles home if the boy 'ketches 'im out arter ten;' and as Durdles himself estimates the boy's earnings at 'the threepenn'orth a week,' we infer that on every week-day Durdles does stay 'out arter ten.' This is the better worth noting in connection with the Mystery of Edwin Drood, that Durdles habitually resorts to the cathedral crypt to sleep off the fumes of liquor.

Jasper crosses over to the railing where 'the stony (and stoned) one is profoundly meditating,' and offers to accompany Durdles home, adding, 'Shall I carry your bundle?' 'Not on any account,' says Durdles, as to the bundle, explaining further that 'Durdles was making his reflections, surrounded by his works like a pop'lar author,' and he points out the monuments, naming them, Sapsea's among the number. They walk towards Durdles' home, Jasper twice calling Durdles' attention to the boy following them at some distance. Jasper manifestly objects to the boy's attendance.

Presently Jasper asks Durdles about his reputed skill 'in telling where people are buried.' To explain his method, Durdles has to put down his bundle, and as he looks round for a ledge or corner on which to place it, Jasper says, 'That bundle is in your way; let me hold it,' and so takes it. 'Just you give me my hammer out of that,' says Durdles, 'and I'll show you.' 'Clink, clink, and his hammer is handed him.' Jasper has had another opportunity of taking the sound of the key. Dickens has so artfully brought in this touch, feels, perhaps, so secure against its being noticed, that he throws in words actually describing what Jasper had really done when he clink-clinked the key.

Says Durdles, 'Now look'ee here. You pitch your note, don't you, Mr. Jasper?' 'Yes,' replies Jasper. 'So I sound for mine,' proceeds Durdles, 'I take my hammer and I tap.' And he goes on to explain how by long practice he has learned to recognise from the sound whether a monument is empty, or has a stone coffin in it, and whether a coffin so detected has remains in, or these have crumbled away—points which, we may be sure, bear strongly on the future progress of the story, though not on the particular clue which I am at present following up.

ear no more of the key until we reach the twelfth chapter, describing Jasper's midnight visit to the cathedral with the key.

It is necessary to notice, by the way, that the moon rises late on the night of this visit—for the moon is so late in the description as to be of no importance is attached to the fact. (It is yet again passingly referred to when Neville, in speaking to him about the walk he had taken with him the same night, says, 'We went out in the moonlight walk last Monday night'.)

We may be sure this continual reference to the moonlight is not without purpose. The time, also, is specially chosen in its relation to the night of the murder.

Jasper hides with Durdles before the murder when Crisparkle and Neville are watching Neville, 'as though his eye was at the trigger of a loaded rifle, and he had covered Neville, and were waiting for a fire.' He hears Crisparkle say to him, 'This is the first day of the month, and the last day of the week is as Eve.' If the moon rose late, late one or ten, on Monday evening, the time of the murder, the night of Saturday and Sunday, there would be no moon, the moon not rising until three on Sunday morning. The day at which the moon rose on the night of the murder is not actually mentioned.

One can readily infer it within an hour or so. We read that 'the lamp-lighter was dotting the quiet close with the light of his lamp, &c., the Dean withdrew to his inner room, Mrs. Tope to her tea, and Mr. Jasper to his piano,'—say about six o'clock, with no light but that of the fire, and the chanting choir-music in a low and still voice' (clear evidence that the murder is about to happen is closely connected with his murderous designs on Edwin, for he is always most murderous when most murderous-minded),

about three or four hours, in short until it is for some time dark, and the moon is to rise.

'Then he closes his eyes softly, softly changes his coat for a velvet jacket, with a goodly wicker-cased book in its largest pocket, and putting on a crown-crowned flap-brimmed hat, goes out. Why does he move so softly? No outward reason is apparent. Can there be any sympathy with the murderer crouching darkly within the door?

All very significant of the im-

portance of the expedition with which, as we shall now see, the clinking of those keys is to be associated.

They set forth on the expedition, 'surely an unaccountable sort of expedition,' as Dickens notes again and again, with such iteration, indeed, as to show that if we can interpret the meaning of this expedition we shall have gone some way towards explaining the Mystery of Edwin Drood. By the yard gate they pass a mound of quicklime, about which Jasper is quick to ask, and of which Durdles says that it is 'quick enough to eat your boots; with a little handy stirring, quick enough to eat your bones.' They presently pass 'the red windows of the Travellers' Twopenny, and emerge into the clear moonlight of the Monks' Vineyard. This crossed, they come to Minor Canon Corner; of which the greater part lies in shadow, until the moon shall rise higher in the sky.' They wait till Crisparkle and Neville, who came out here, are gone, 'passing out into the moonlight at the opposite end of the Corner.' Then they pass on, through secluded nooks where there is very little stir or movement after dark, little enough at the high tide of the day, but next to none at night. Besides that the cheerfully frequented High Street lies nearly parallel to the spot (the old cathedral rising between the two), and is the natural channel in which the Cloisterham traffic flows, a certain awful hush pervades the ancient pile, the cloisters, and the churchyard, after dark, which not many people care to encounter. 'Hence, when Mr. Jasper and Durdles pause to glance around them before descending into the crypt by a small side door, of which the latter has a key, the whole expanse of moonlight in their view is utterly deserted. One might fancy that the tide of life was stemmed by Mr. Jasper's own gatehouse. The murmur of the tide is heard beyond; but no wave passes the archway, over which his lamp burns red behind the curtains, as if the building were a lighthouse'—words to be very specially noticed.

They enter, lock themselves in, descend the rugged steps, and are down in the crypt. Here they walk up and down the long lanes of moonlight, Durdles discussing the 'old uns,' and drinking freely from Jasper's wicker bottle, from

which Jasper himself takes only one mouthful, with which he rinses his mouth and casts forth the rinsing. This is to tell us that the wine has been drugged. It passes now into Durdles' keeping.

They go up the steps leading to the cathedral, Durdles pausing here awhile to make some remarks about an experience he had had the year before. This bears so significantly on the mystery, though relating to an event not directly connected with it, that we must pause a moment to consider his narrative. 'Do you think,' asks Durdles, 'there may be ghosts of other things, though not of men and women?' Jasper (who takes such suggestions ill, be it noticed) asks with contempt, "'What things? Flower-beds and watering-pots? horses and harness?'" "No. Sounds." "What sounds?" "Cries." "What cries do you mean? chairs to mend?" "No. I mean screeches. Now, I'll tell you, Mr. Jasper. Wait a bit till I put the bottle right." Here the cork is evidently taken out again and replaced again. "There! *now* it's right! This time last year, only a few days later, I happened to be doing what was correct by the season, in the way of giving it the welcome it had a right to expect, when the town boys set on me at their worst. At length I gave 'em the slip, and turned in here. And here I fell asleep. And what woke me? The ghost of a cry. The ghost of one terrible shriek, which shriek was followed by the ghost of the howl of a dog; a long, dismal, woful howl, such as a dog gives when a person's dead. That was *my* last Christmas Eve." "What do you mean?" is the very abrupt and, one might say, fierce retort. "I mean that I made inquiries everywhere about, and that no living ears but mine heard either that cry or that howl. So, I say, they was both ghosts, though why they came to me, I've never made out." "I thought you were another kind of man," says Jasper scornfully. "So I thought myself," answers Durdles with his usual composure, "and yet I was picked out for it." Jasper had risen suddenly when he asked him what he meant, and he now says, "Come, we shall freeze here; lead the way." This story, and its curious effect upon Jasper, should be specially noted.

Jasper, as they go on, begins a close scrutiny of Durdles' appearance and demeanor, which is from this point often and pointedly referred to. He wishes to learn in what way the drugged wine operates. It is clear the experiment is to be tried again on another person. To understand Dickens' use of this conception, that, namely, of a person testing beforehand the effects of a drug, the reader should study 'No Thoroughfare,' where the drugging of George Vendale by Obenreizer belongs to the portion of the story which was written by Dickens; though when that story first appeared many attributed this portion to Wilkie Collins—remembering possibly how the latter had followed a somewhat similar course in 'The Moonstone.'

Durdles 'bears the close scrutiny of his companion in an insensible way, though it is prolonged while the latter fumbles among his pockets for a key confided to him that will open an iron gate, so as to enable them to pass to the staircase of the great tower. "That and the bottle are enough for you to carry," he says, giving it to Durdles; "hand your bundle to me; I am younger and longer-winded than you." Durdles hesitates for a moment between bundle and bottle; but gives the preference to the bottle, as being by far the better company, and consigns the dry weight to his fellow-explorer.' Then they climb up the winding staircase of the great tower. . . . 'At last, leaving their light behind a stair—for it blows fresh up here—they look down on Cloisterham, fair to see in the moonlight; its ruined habitations and sanctuaries of the dead at the tower's base; its moss-softened, red-tiled roofs and red-brick houses of the living, clustered beyond; its river winding down from the mist on the horizon, as though that were its source, and already heaving with a restless knowledge of its approach towards the sea.' Then, to emphasise this particular part of the narrative, comes in the refrain—"Once again, an unaccountable expedition this!" 'Jasper (always moving softly with no visible reason) contemplates the scene, and especially that stillest part of it which the cathedral overshadows.' As they descend Durdles becomes more and more drowsy. And at last, when they have

descended into the crypt again, 'with the intent of issuing forth as they entered,' Durdles half drops, half throws himself down by one of the heavy pillars, and, indistinctly appeals to his companion for forty winks of a second each. Consent given, Durdles is asleep at once; and in his sleep he dreams a dream.

His dream tells us all we are to learn at this stage about the use to which Jasper puts his test of the sounds emitted by the keys. 'It is not much of a dream, considering the vast domains of dreamland and their wonderful productions. It is only remarkable for being unusually restless and unusually real. He dreams that the footsteps die away into distance of time and of space, and that something touches him, and that something falls from his hand. Then something clinks and gropes about; and he dreams that he is alone for so long a time, that the lanes of light take new directions as the moon advances in her course. From succeeding unconsciousness he passes into a dream of slow uneasiness from cold; and painfully awakes to a perception of the lanes of light, really changed much as he had dreamed, and Jasper walking among them, beating his hands and feet. "Halloa!" Durdles cries out, unmeaningly alarmed. "Awake at last?" says Jasper, coming up to him. "Do you know that your forties have stretched into thousands?" "No." "They have, though." "What's the time?" "Hark! the bells are going in the tower!" They strike four quarters, and then the great bell strikes. "Two!" cries Durdles, scrambling up; "why didn't you try to wake me, Mister Jasper?" "I did. I might as well have tried to wake the dead—your own family of dead, up in the corner there." "Did you touch me?" "Touch you? Yes. Shook you." As Durdles recalls that touching something in his dream, he looks down on the pavement, and sees the key of the crypt door lying close to where he himself lay. "I dropped you, did I?" he says, picking it up, and recalling that part of his dream. As he gathers himself up again into an upright position, or into a position as nearly upright as he ever maintains, he is again conscious of being watched by his com-

panion. "Well," says Jasper, smiling, "are you quite ready? Pray don't hurry." "Let me get my bundle right, Mister Jasper, and I'm with you." *As he ties it afresh, he is once more conscious that he is very narrowly observed.*

What has happened while Durdles slept? To say that all that has happened is clear, would be to say that Dickens had failed in his obvious purpose of keeping the true secret of the Mystery of Edwin Drood undisclosed at this point and till towards the close of the story. But certain points may be noted as fairly clear. First, Durdles' dream has corresponded with Jasper's movements, just as the motion of the lanes of light in his dream has corresponded with their real motion. Next, Jasper has taken from the sleeping stonemason the key of the crypt, has sounded the keys in the bundle; has assured himself which is the key he wants (the key of the Sapsea monument), and has gone out of the crypt, the door of which, we had been expressly told, they had locked after entering. How Jasper had employed the long time passed outside the crypt (we remember how long Durdles was alone) is not so clear. He had time to take the all-important key to his own room, and the solitude of the midnight hours would have allowed him to do so unobserved. He had time to have opened the monument and to remove to it a quantity of the quicklime near the yard gate. What he is supposed actually to have done in the interval would have been told in the sequel. What suffices for my purpose here, however, is to note that the time had been employed in furthering his murderous scheme, and that the key whose tone he had taken at Sapsea's was used by him in so doing.

Jasper has got all he wants from Durdles, and is leaving him to 'make his own way home,' when 'a sharp whistle rends the silence. It is the hideous small boy—the baby-devil, as Jasper calls him. He is seen opposite, dancing in the moonlight. Jasper is roused to fury so violent that he seems an older devil himself. "He followed us to-night," says Jasper, "when we first came here!" "Yer lie, I didn't!" replies Deputy' (the boy), 'in his one form of polite contradiction. "He has been

prowling near us ever since!" "Yer lie, I haven't," returns Deputy. "I'd only jist come out for my 'elth when I see you two a coming out of the kinfreed-reel. If

'I ket—ches—Im—out—ar—ter—ten!'

(with the usual rhythm and dance, though dodging behind Durdles) "it ain't *my* fault, *is it?*" "Take him home, then," retorts Jasper, ferociously, though with a strong check upon himself, "and let my eyes be rid of the sight of you!" Deputy, with another sharp whistle, at once expressing his relief and his commencement of a milder stoning of Mr. Durdles, begins stoning that respectable gentleman home as if he were a reluctant ox. Mr. Jasper goes to his gatehouse, brooding. And thus, as everything comes to an end, the unaccountable expedition comes to an end—for the time.

In the interval between Monday, December 19, and Saturday, December 24, the betrothed pair part. Edwin does not even show Rosa the ring which Mr. Grewgious had entrusted to him. Let the jewels be, he says to himself. "Let them lie unspoken of in my breast." 'Among the mighty store of wonderful chains that are for ever forging, day and night, in the vast iron-works of time and circumstance, there was one chain forged in the moment of that small conclusion, riveted to the foundations of heaven and earth, and gifted with invincible force to hold and drag.' From the stress laid upon this point, we may safely infer, I think, that it is intended partly to mislead the reader. It would have appeared in the sequel that this ring of diamonds and rubies was, indeed, to have proved of force invincible to hold and drag; but not in the way which the reader supposes. He would connect the ring, naturally, with what is said later on about Jasper's having 'an inventory in his mind of all the jewelry his gentleman relative ever wore, namely, his watch and chain, and his shirt-pin.' He would probably connect it also with the mound of quicklime to which Jasper's attention had been called during the night expedition by Durdles. He would conclude that Jasper had determined to remove all jewelry from the clothes of his victim, that nothing might be left which the quicklime would not destroy.

But the natural inference that Jasper having on the night of the attack carried out this purpose, the ring of jewels concealed in Drood's breast remained, and was eventually found amongst the quicklime, and so led to Jasper's conviction, would I think have proved altogether erroneous. It will presently be seen why (apart from the stress laid by Dickens on this ring of jewels, always a suspicious circumstance when he is purposing to keep a mystery concealed) I entertain this opinion.

Neville, Drood, and Jasper meet in Jasper's rooms on Christmas Eve. We learn nothing about the meeting, but we infer that it passes off in a friendly way so far as the two former are concerned. At midnight (we learn afterwards) these two go down to the river together, doubtless at Jasper's suggestion, to watch the effects of the fierce storm which has begun to rage that evening over Cloisterham. We learn nothing further of Drood's doings that night. But it is made clear to us that Neville and Drood separate, the latter returning to Jasper, and being no more seen. Jasper, as on the night of the 'unaccountable expedition,' has been singularly calm and quiet. In the choir's pathetic supplication to have his heart inclined to keep this law, he quite astonishes his fellow-singers 'by his melodious power. . . . He never sang difficult music with such skill and harmony as in this day's anthem. His nervous temperament is occasionally prone to take difficult music a little too quickly; to-day his time is perfect. These results are probably attained through a grand composure of the spirits. The mere mechanism of his throat is a little tender, for he wears, both with his singing robe and with his ordinary dress, a large black scarf of strong close-woven silk, slung loosely round his neck.' But the scarf is for another purpose. 'Later, when arriving under the arched entrance of his dwelling, he pauses for an instant in the shelter and pulls off that great black scarf, hanging it in a loop upon his arm; and for that brief space his face is knitted and stern.'

All that night the red light burns steadily 'in the lighthouse on the margin of the tide of busy life.' In other words, Jasper is supposed by those who

pass along the tide to be in his room in the gatehouse, engaged in quiet study, for it is the lamp behind his curtain, which is as a lighthouse over the archway beyond which pass at night no waves of busy life. It comes on to blow a boisterous gale. 'The precincts are never particularly well lighted; but the strong blasts of wind blowing out many of the lamps, they are unusually dark to-night. The darkness is augmented and confused by flying dust from the earth, dry twigs from the trees, and great ragged fragments from the rooks' nests up in the tower. The trees themselves so toss and creak, that they seem in peril of being torn out of the earth; while ever and again a crack and a rushing fall denote that some large branch has yielded to the storm.' A night on which the fall of a man's weight from the great tower of the cathedral might well pass unnoticed. 'No such power of wind has blown for many a wintry night. Chimneys topple in the street, and people hold to posts and corners, and to one another, to keep themselves upon their feet.' . . . 'Still the red light burns steadily. Nothing is steady but the red light.' . . . 'All through the night the wind blows, and abates not. But early in the morning, when there is barely enough light in the east to dim the stars, it begins to lull. From that time, with occasional wild charges like a wounded monster dying, it drops and sinks; and at full daylight it is dead.' It is then seen that the hands of the cathedral clock are torn off; that lead from the roof has been stripped away, rolled away, and blown into the Close; and that *some stones have been displaced upon the summit of the great tower*. It is as the workmen, led by Durdles, are going aloft to ascertain the extent of the damage, that Jasper breaks in upon the crowd gathered to watch for the appearance of the workmen on the tower, with the cry, 'Where is my nephew?' Edwin Drood has disappeared in the night.

As to what really happened on that stormy night it would be vain to guess. In many ways the event which the author seems to suggest—the actual murder of Drood by Jasper, the closing up of his body within the Sapsea monument, to be followed by the destruction of all trace of him except the ring of

jewels—might have been brought about; in more ways than one, also, Jasper's plot might have failed, while yet he deemed it to have succeeded. Among details it must be as idle to guess as about the precise events which happened during the sleep of Durdles on the night of the preceding Sunday. But it does not follow that we cannot guess how the mystery, speaking generally, was to have been explained.

In the first place, it is clear that Dickens has intended to convey the impression that Edwin Drood is murdered, his body and clothes consumed, Jasper having first taken his watch and chain and shirt-pin, which cannot have been thrown into the river till the night of Christmas Day, since the watch, wound up at twenty minutes past two on Christmas Eve, had run down when found in the river. Possibly more was to have depended on this point, by the way, for Jasper would suppose that the watch had been wound up late on the 23rd. Be this as it may, the clearness with which we seem to recognise that the murder has been successfully accomplished, the words 'Poor youth! poor youth!' when Edwin is taking his last look 'at the old landmarks,' and again, 'He called her Pussy no more: never again,' and so forth, only make it more probable that what seems thus clearly suggested is not what has actually happened. Let me digress for a moment to consider a parallel case. There are many features in which 'No Thoroughfare' resembles 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' Obenreizer reminds us of Jasper; George Vendale, in his utter absence of suspicion, as also in some points of character, resembles Edwin Drood. Now, nothing can be clearer than the suggestions in the earlier part of 'No Thoroughfare' that Vendale is to be murdered, or than the apparent evidence in the third act (entirely by Dickens, be it remembered) that Vendale has been murdered. If Dickens did not write the whole of the scene in which a clot of the gloomy ragged growth of dark fungus, in color like blood, falls on Vendale's breast, just after Joey Ladle has said that 'the man that gets by accident a piece of that dark growth right in his breast will for sure and certain die by murder,' style counts for nothing; since there is not a line in the

passage which is not as like Dickens' style as it is utterly unlike Wilkie Collins'. The scene of the attack on Vendale by Obenreizer and the recovery of the body by Marguerite is known to be by Dickens. If ever a man was killed past all seeming hope, by a novelist, George Vendale was killed in Act III. of 'No Thoroughfare.' 'His heart no longer beats against mine,' says Marguerite, towards the close; and the last words of the chapter tell us that 'she sank over him on his litter, with both her loving hands upon the heart that stood still.' But he comes to life again in Act IV., as we have felt all along that he will, despite what seems the clearest evidence to the contrary—simply because George Vendale is not the sort of character whom Dickens ever kills. Nellie and Paul, Richard Carson and Neville Landless, all the characters who die in Dickens' stories, are marked for death from the beginning. George Vendale is not marked for death, and he does not die; though everything is done to suggest the idea first that he is to be killed, and afterwards that he has been killed by Obenreizer. Edwin Drood belongs to the same class of characters. There is not one note of death in aught that he does or says. As the time approaches for Jasper's attack on him, there is much in the music of the story to suggest that trouble is approaching. But he is not to die, albeit the reader is to think him dead. The music of his words was under Dickens' control in the same sense that the timbre of his natural voice was under his control. He might disguise it more or less successfully, according to the quality of his hearer's audition; he could not really change it. He does all he can to conceal by his words the ideas which nevertheless the sound of his voice suggests most clearly to those who have ears to hear.

I take it that Drood, though not killed, is desperately injured, and that he remains unconscious of most that happened, knowing only that Jasper had suddenly turned in deadly assault upon him. I think it would have appeared that Durdles and the stone-throwing boy save Drood from death. It would have been in Dickens' manner, and would also have accorded well with his own personal ideas about presentiments (note his

story of 'The Signalman'), if the ghost-sound heard by Durdles on the Christmas Eve of the preceding year, at about the hour when Drood is supposed to have been murdered, should have turned out to be a forewarning of Jasper's attack on Drood. It is only necessary to read Dickens' story of 'The Signalman,' to perceive how he made use of the idea of such forewarnings,—that is, of the seeming occurrence before an event of the sights or sounds actually accompanying the event. Durdles, 'doing what was correct by the season,' and driven by stress of stony warnings to take refuge in the crypt, hears, this time, not the ghost of a terrible shriek, but the reality; takes it, perhaps, for another ghostly warning; but later (roused by the stone-throwing Deputy) is moved to search about, and, exercising the peculiar skill which enabled him to find the crumbling remains of 'old uns' in unopened monuments, detects the presence of a body in the Sapsea monument, and rescues Drood's from thence while life still remains in it. I think the Deputy would have been associated in some way with this part of the work.

Does Grewgious know of Jasper's attack on Drood, and therefore (for in no other way could he know of it) has he had communication in some way with Drood himself?

On the evening of December 27, Mr. Grewgious calls on Jasper, just returned from the second day's search in the river, 'unkempt and disordered, be-daubed with mud that had dried upon him, and with much of his clothing torn to rags.' An object, surely, of pity to one who knew of him only as the loving uncle of the missing man. Does Grewgious pity him? He says only, 'This is strange news.' 'Strange and fearful news,' says Jasper. Mr. Grewgious speaks then so curtly and coolly that at any other time Jasper would have been exasperated (we are expressly told); but now he is too exhausted and depressed to retort angrily. Then he makes a communication to Jasper which literally floors the poor wretch. Yet even when he sees the ghastly figure, every action of which he had watched, fall, 'a heap of torn and miry clothes upon the floor,' Mr. Grewgious shows no pity. 'Not changing his action even

then, he opened and shut the palms of his hands as he warmed them, and looked down at it.' If Mr. Grewgious does not know for certain that Jasper and no other has sought Drood's life, all this is utterly untrue to nature, for Grewgious is not a hard man, though angular. If he does know this for certain, he knows it certainly from no other than Drood himself.

About half a year after the disappearance of Drood, a stranger comes to Cloisterham, a white-haired personage with black eyebrows. Being buttoned up in a tightish blue surtout, with a buff waistcoat and grey trousers, he had something of a military air, but he announced himself as an idle dog living on his means.

It is plain, to begin with, that Datchery has taken up his abode in Cloisterham to watch Jasper. Dickens is rather careful to suggest that whoever Datchery may be, he cannot be Drood. For he describes him as losing his way when going to Mrs. Tope's place (which Edwin Drood knew well, of course) from the Crozier. But we are expressly told that the Crozier was an hotel of most retiring disposition, so that even a resident in Cloisterham, which Drood had not been, might lose his way if he started from this hotel. Apart from this, we not only know that Dickens would have carefully tried to mislead the reader in so critical a matter for the interest of his story, but that he had expressed anxiety to Miss Hogarth about this very point. 'He feared,' says Forster, 'that he might have plunged too soon into the incidents leading to the catastrophe, such as the Datchery assumption in the fifth number.' (Note in passing that the book was to have been completed in twelve numbers, not in twenty-four,—and that fully half the story was written.) The Datchery assumption, be it remarked. Did Dickens unconsciously use, in speaking to Miss Hogarth, a word implying that Datchery is one of the old characters of the book under disguise? and did she and Forster, each without noting the significance of the word 'assumption,' repeat it? It was surely not the word a practised writer like Forster would naturally have used. If Datchery were Drood, or Grewgious, or any other of the known characters of the book, one

would speak of the 'Datchery assumption' as a convenient way of expressing that the character of Dick Datchery, 'an easy-going single buffer living on his means,' had been thus assumed; but otherwise the word would be quite incorrect.

Now, Forster certainly did not consider that the story was to end well in the sense I have indicated. He repeats what Dickens had told him about his intention, that being precisely what Dickens seems to suggest in the story itself, and therefore precisely what I conceive Dickens did not really intend, so far as the true 'mystery' was concerned. All the rest, no doubt, Dickens did intend. We perceive clearly enough what he wished to be correctly perceived, that 'Rosa is to marry Tartar, and Crisparkle the sister of Landless, who is himself to sacrifice his life in unmasking and seizing the murderer.' We see that a noble friendship is to spring up between Neville and Tartar, and so forth. But if 'Jasper murders Drood and is eventually convicted by means of the gold ring which had resisted the corrosive effects of the lime into which he had thrown the body,' then the mystery is transparent from the beginning. But Forster himself says that Dickens had described his idea for the story as 'a very new and curious one,' and as 'not a communicable idea (or the interest of the book would be gone), but a very strong one, though difficult to work.' 'Immediately afterwards,' Forster adds, he learned all about this incommunicable idea, which, as described by him, should not have been difficult at all to work. I venture to assert that when Dickens said his idea was not communicable, he had not the least idea of communicating it immediately afterwards.

In passing I would call special attention to the way in which, in his short story 'Hunted Down,' Dickens uses the idea of a man supposed by a murderer to have been an unsuspecting victim, 'starting suddenly into a determined man, with a settled resolution to hunt down and be the death of' the villain. The whole account of the Beckwith 'assumption' in 'Hunted Down' should be carefully studied in connection with the Mystery of Edwin Drood. The idea was obviously a favorite one with Dick-

ens, and he had not worked the vein out in 'Hunted Down.'

To return to Datchery.

In the first place, he is certainly disguised. That shock head of white hair, which made him constantly forget that he had no hat on, was of course a wig; and not only so, it was a wig worn (as Dickens in private theatricals had doubtless often himself worn a wig) over the natural hair. That was why 'the gentleman's white head was unusually large, and his shock of white hair unusually thick and ample,' the latter to prevent all trace of the real hair being seen.

In the second place, Mr. Datchery not only knows Jasper to be guilty, but has a strong personal feeling against him. Now, Datchery is certainly not Grewgious, nor any other known character in the story. Every one of the *dramatis personæ*, except Drood himself, can be shown to be for one reason or another out of the question. Who, then, can this be who must disguise himself in Cloisterham, yet knows the whole story of the murder? The care with which it is explained that he has 'as confused a knowledge of the event in question, on trying to recall it, as he well could have,' can deceive no one. Every line in the passage itself where this is stated implies that Mr. Datchery had singularly good reason for 'knowing something,' as Mrs. Tope puts it, 'of what had occurred there last winter.' He establishes himself in rooms commanding the entrance to Jasper's. He visits Jasper the same afternoon, trusting confidently, as he well may, to escape undetected. He visits, with Sapsea, still on the same afternoon, the Sapsea monument. He makes an appointment with Durdles and another with the Deputy. All an easy task enough, even for a single afternoon, if Datchery really were a stranger; but a hard enough task for Drood, who must throughout disguise voice and manner as carefully as his appearance is disguised. Now, that evening he says to himself, 'For a single buffer, of an easy temper, living idly on his means, I have had a rather busy afternoon.'

But later (in a later number, remember), we have clearer evidence still. The evening before his disappearance, Drood had a remarkable interview with the old opium-eating woman, an interview of

which no one but those two themselves could have had any knowledge. For immediately after the interview, Drood makes for Jasper's room, resolving as he walks on to say nothing of the interview 'to-night, but to mention it to Jack' (Jasper), 'as an odd coincidence, to-morrow.' Now, in the last chapter written by Dickens, the old opium-eater, in her pursuit of Jasper, encounters Datchery, sitting on guard, 'a large-headed grey-haired gentleman' (with dark eyebrows), 'under the odd circumstances of sitting open to the thoroughfare, and eyeing all who pass, as if he were toll-taker of the gateway.'

"'Halloa," he cries in a low voice, seeing her brought to a standstill.' That cry, in a low voice, means surely that he has seen her before. She asks for information about Jasper; and the burst of triumph in which she thanks him does not escape Datchery's notice. He lounges along beside her, and tells her that, instead of going as he had suggested to the cathedral next morning to see Jasper, she can go up at once to his rooms. With a cunning smile she shakes her head. 'His *purposeless* hands' rattle the loose money in the pockets of his trousers; and, almost as though the movement had had a purpose and that was it, her greedy ears are attracted by the chink. She begs for money to pay for her traveller's lodging. "'You know the traveller's lodging, I perceive, and are making directly for it," is Mr. Datchery's bland comment, still rattling his loose money. "Been here often, my good woman?" "Once in all my life." "Ay, ay."'

They reach the very spot where Edwin Drood had given her money on Christmas Eve, and the place reminds her of the gift. "'A young gentleman gave me three and sixpence as I was coughing my breath away on this very grass. I asked him for three and sixpence, and he gave it me." "Wasn't it a little cool to name your sum?" hints Mr. Datchery, still rattling. "Isn't it customary to leave the amount open? Mightn't it have had the appearance to the young gentleman—only the appearance—that he was rather dictated to?"' Can one not feel, let me ask in passing, that it is the 'young gentleman' himself who is speaking to her?

she felt in some instinctive way she had the same free-handed before her, "'Look'ee, deary," in a confidential, persuasive I wanted the money to lay it out dicine as does me good, and as I

I told the young gentleman so, gave it me, and I laid it out honest last brass farden. I want to the same sum in the same way and if you'll give it me, I'll lay it out to the last brass farden again, my soul!" "What's the medicine," I'll be honest with you before as well as after. It's opium." chery, with a sudden change of voice, gives her a sudden look. at he begins to see his way to what he wants to know about

Datchery begins very slowly to put the sum demanded of him. watching his hands, she continued forth on the great example

"It was last Christmas Eve, dark, the once that I was here when the young gentleman gave three and six." Mr. Datchery is counting, finds he has counted shakes his money together, and gain. Is he disturbed because mentioned the day on which he was tricked by Jasper? "'And the gentleman's name," she adds, 'Edwin.'" Mr. Datchery drops money, stoops to pick it up, and with the exertion as he asks: do you know the young gentleman?" "I asked him for it, told it me. I only asked him the questions, what was his Christian name and whether he'd a sweetheart?" answered Edwin, and he

had been confused when she remembered Christmas Eve, startled when he told him. Now, when she mentioned lost sweetheart, "'Mr. Datchery with the selected coins in his hand as if he were falling into a study of their value, and could not part with them.'" Was it that he was thinking of the value of her lost, and could not bear to part with the thought of her? He bestows sympathy on the old woman "'as he was abstracting his mind from his wife,"—his real thoughts being

on Rosa and the sacrifice he had still to make for her and Neville. Mark closely what now follows. "'John Jasper's lamp is kindled, and his light-house is shining, when Mr. Datchery returns alone towards it. As mariners on a dangerous voyage, approaching an iron-bound coast, may look on the beams of the warning light to the haven lying beyond it that may never be reached, so Mr. Datchery's wistful gaze is directed to this beacon, and beyond.'" Beyond, to Rosa's love, which he hopes to win for Neville, his forgiven foe, when he shall have unmasked the villainy of Jasper (the task he has set himself, the iron-bound coast he is approaching): love that Neville can never win, because it has been won already by another.

One other point remains to be mentioned, among those few striking features which seem to me to indicate how the story was to have ended as regards the mystery of Drood's disappearance. If Datchery is not Drood, the work done in the afternoon when he met the old woman should have notably advanced his purpose, for he had learned a good deal that was new. On the other hand, if he is Drood he has learned little. Let us see what he himself has to say on this point. After his supper that evening he rises, throws open the door of a corner cupboard, and refers to a few uncouth chalked strokes on its inner side. "'I like," says he, "the old tavern way of keeping scores. Illegible except to the scorer. The scorer not committed, the scored debited with what is against him. Hum! ha! A very small score this; a very poor score!"' This refers to the score already made, be it noticed. 'He sighs over the contemplation of its poverty, takes a bit of chalk from one of the cupboard shelves, and pauses with it in his hand, uncertain what addition to make to the amount. "I think a moderate stroke," he concludes, "is all I am justified in scoring up;" so, suiting the action to the word, closes the cupboard and goes to bed.'

We have reached the last page that Dickens wrote, but we have not yet quite done with Mr. Datchery's scoring. He attends morning service at the cathedral and there sees the old opium-eater. He sees her shake her fist at Jasper behind a pillar's friendly shelter. 'He looks

again to convince himself. Yes, again! As ugly and withered as one of the fantastic carvings on the under brackets of the stall seats, as malignant as the Evil One, she hugs herself in her lean arms, and then shakes both fists at the leader of the choir.' He speaks to her after the service. He asks if she knows Jasper. "'Know him! Better far than all the reverend parsons put together know him.'" Mrs. Tope's care has spread a very neat, clean breakfast ready for her lodger. Before sitting down to it he opens his corner cupboard door, takes his bit of chalk from its shelf, *adds one thick line to the score, extending from the top of the cupboard down to the bottom, and then falls-to with an appetite.*' What he had learned the day before had seemed worth little compared with what he had learned this morning. To anyone but Edwin Drood the morning's performance would have had little significance compared with the discovery made in the preceding afternoon. To Drood the afternoon's events would have brought scarcely any information, while the recognition of the old woman's wrath against Jasper, and of her knowledge of his true character, would have been full of promise. The scores made upon the cupboard door show plainly how the events of the two days were really valued, and mark Dick Datchery plainly as no other than Edwin Drood himself.

How the story was to have ended—in its general features, though not in details—is plainly enough shown. The old woman has discovered a way of doctoring Jasper's opium so that he can be

made to describe his visions of the attack on Drood—his 'journey as it was really made.' She was gradually to have learned and told Drood all that Jasper would have wished to conceal. Jasper, guiltless in reality, though not in intention, of Drood's death, was to have been brought to his end by the death of Neville Landless—much as Jonas Chuzzlewit, innocent in reality of the death of old Anthony Chuzzlewit, is brought to his end through the murder of Montague, the very crime by which he had hoped to make himself secure. Doubtless, although it may have been meant that Jasper should, in the condemned cell, review his own career, writing out (as Dickens explained his purpose to Forster) the details of his temptations and his wickedness, the death of Jasper was to have been self-inflicted, the instrument being poison.

In conclusion, I would venture to express my strong dissent from the opinion which I have heard expressed by one of the ablest living novelists, that 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' was far below what Dickens had before written. It seems to me, on the contrary, far above the average of his other writings, and, if inferior to any, inferior only to one or at the most two of his leading works. Even in its present fragmentary form, it is better worth close and careful study, and presents more truthful and delicate delineations of character and descriptions of scenery, than several finished works of his which yet have deservedly ranked as favorites.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

"WHAT do you think of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Miss Manvers?" asked Vivian Grey.

"Oh, I think her a very amusing woman, a very clever woman, a very—but—"

"But what?"

"But I can't exactly make her out."

"Nor I, nor I. She's a dark riddle, and although I am a very CEdipus, I confess I have not yet unravelled it."

Mrs. Felix Lorraine is said to have

been intended for Lady Caroline Lamb; and as it is the fashion to identify the Prime Minister with the opinions of his hero, we may accept this as Lord Beaconsfield's (or rather Mr. Disraeli's) verdict on the wife of one of his predecessors in the premiership. But if Lady Caroline was "a dark riddle" fifty years ago, its solution is not very difficult at the present day.

The direct descendant of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, had an heredi-

tary gift of ready wit, a strong, if whimsical, will, Whig prepossessions, undoubted fire of temper, and something akin, if not amounting, to fire of genius. With these qualities Caroline Ponsonby combined warmth of heart, charm of manner, and generosity of disposition, which made her for a time admired by every circle and adored by her own.

But in this "cup of blessing" was one bitter drop which poisoned the whole. For ever in extremes, Lady Caroline held no measure in her likings, knew no restraint to her caprices, so that her very virtues became more mischievous than the vices of self-controlled, prudent people.

Related as she was to all the great Whig families, no child could have entered the world with brighter prospects or more distinguished associations. Her father was third Earl of Besborough, her mother second daughter of the first Earl Spencer. Her eldest brother, Viscount Duncannon, was an excellent Irish landlord, a useful statesman, and "more than a match," says Sir Denis le Marchant, "for Mr. O'Connell." The second brother, Frederick, with indolent manners and a face and disposition of feminine sweetness, became a daring cavalry officer, followed Wellington from the Peninsula to Waterloo (where he received fifteen wounds), and was made K.C.B., Lieutenant-General, and Governor of Malta. William, the third brother, entered the navy, but, marrying a daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury, settled on his estates in Dorsetshire, went into Parliament, and was raised to the peerage as Lord De Mauley.

Caroline—the only daughter—was born in 1785. Three years afterwards her mother had a paralytic stroke, and was ordered to Italy, whither she took the little girl. Lady Besborough rapidly growing so much worse as to be supposed near death, returned to England, leaving her daughter in charge of a servant, with whom the little Lady Caroline remained six years.

This ill-assorted companionship amidst the romance of Italian scenery and people, unconsciously moulded her mind at its most impressionable period, and influenced it for life. At nine years of age, she was sent to Devonshire House, to be educated with her cousins,

and became the 'pet of the Duke, admitted to his room when his daughters were excluded, and lisping politics while he toasted his muffin and sipped his tea. Here, too, she devoured Burns' poems, which, she says, "awakened her mind." They are not food for babes, and probably stimulated an imagination already too vivid. Devonshire House was a strange, disorderly establishment, characteristic perhaps of the giddy career of its beautiful mistress.

Though the children were served on silver, they were allowed to carry their plates into the kitchen to be replenished. Lady Georgiana Cavendish's chief amusement was hunting butterflies; Lady Caroline Ponsonby excelled in "breaking in" horses and polishing Derbyshire spar. Their governess does not appear to have imparted to them much of the "useful knowledge" for which her mother, Mrs. Trimmer, was famous. "We had no idea that bread and butter was *made*," says Lady Caroline, "and no doubt that fine horses were fed on beef." They also thought the world was divided into paupers and nobles, and that the money of the latter knew no limit, an illusion which clung to her through life. In about a year Lady Spencer took charge of her grand-daughter, and was so alarmed by her waywardness and eccentricity that eminent doctors were consulted as to her state of mind. They said she had been overtaxed by her governess, and overindulged by her parents: "she was not mad, but might be made so"; and to avert the danger, the over-active brain was ordered to rest for some years. To debar so quick a child from study and discipline, and never contradict her for fear of outbursts of passion which might injure her health, was a decision of doubtful wisdom.

At thirteen, Lady Caroline, a precocious politician, sentimentalist, and poetess, drank Fox's health and confusion to the Tories in bumpers of milk, and fell in love with the idea of William Lamb, whom she had never seen, because he was "a friend of liberty." And "when I did see him," she asks, "could I change? No; I was more attached than ever. He was beautiful, far the cleverest person then about, the most daring in his opinions and inde-

pendence. He thought of me but as a child, yet he liked me much." They first met when Lady Caroline accompanied her cousins on a visit to Lady Melbourne at Brocket Hall; and William Lamb exclaimed: "Of all the Devonshire House girls, that is the one for me." The strange fellowship between the undisciplined enthusiast of thirteen and the calm, cultivated, elegant youth of twenty ripened into a passion as profound on his side as it was intense on hers, which ought to have been the blessing of both lives, but which it was her unhappy destiny to turn into a curse.

William Lamb was a younger son, a barrister who *once* had the delightful sensation (not equalled, he said in after life, by that of being made Prime Minister) of seeing his name on the back of a brief. His prospects of marriage, therefore, were rather remote. Peniston Lamb's death in 1805 making him heir to the Melbourne title and estates, he hastened to lay his brighter fortunes at Lady Caroline's feet. To his amazement she refused him, alleging that she feared her violent temper would wreck their happiness. But to his still greater amazement she added a wish to accompany him in boy's clothes and act as his secretary. Lady Caroline was then nineteen, slender and graceful in figure, with small regular features, a pale complexion, dark expressive eyes in striking contrast with short thick golden hair, a grave look which emphasised her odd sparkling talk, and a voice whose low tones had such unusual sweetness that they captivated the indifferent and "disarmed even her enemies." Byron, when at Pisa, told Medwin that she "had scarcely any personal attractions to recommend her. Her figure, though genteel, was too thin to be good, and wanted that roundness which elegance and grace would vainly supply." But Byron's preference was always for a substantial order of beauty, with more flesh and blood than intellect, and none of the "nonsense of your stone ideal." William Lamb described her "as small, slight, and perfectly formed."

She was fond of saying startling things, to which a slight lisp gave additional piquancy. William Harness was dancing with her at a great ball, when she confounded him by demanding: "Gueth

how many pairth of thilk stockingth I have on?" His wit not being equal to the divination, she raised her skirts above a pretty ankle, and, pointing to a little foot, said, "Thix." When old enough to disregard the doctors' embargo on study, Lady Caroline had learnt with avidity, though without system. She soon acquired French and Italian, music and painting, could write an ode of Sappho, or dash off a spirited caricature. She rode and wrote as fearlessly as she talked. No wonder William Lamb, once attracted by a girl so bewitching and original, found all others commonplace. He again proposed, and unhappily, he was *not* again refused—"because," she says, "I adored him." The bridegroom soon had cause to admit how reasonable were the grounds on which his first offer had been rejected. Although marriage was her absolutely free choice, the bride, according to her own account, was seized during the ceremony with one of her ungovernable fits of passion. "I stormed at the bishop," she says, "tore my valuable dress to pieces, and was carried nearly insensible to the carriage which was to convey me for ever from my home."

This storm apparently cleared the atmosphere. The honeymoon passed peacefully. The young couple rode and read together, and she used to refer to that quiet time, when "William taught me all I knew," as the happiest of her life. On their return to London, Lady Caroline at once became "the rage"; or, in Hepworth Dixon's words—the "belle of her season, toast of her set, star of her firmament." The Prince of Wales, a constant visitor at Melbourne House, stood sponsor to her first child, who was named after him. The flattery she received was enough to turn a steadier brain, but love and admiration for her husband kept her safe. They sympathised in literary tastes—till Lady Caroline fell under the evil influence of the "Satanic School," whose manufactured melancholy her husband ridiculed—and in seeking the society of literary people. Jerdan describes an evening party winding up with a game at forfeits which he, kneeling blindfold before Lady Caroline, had to cry. Being asked what he would do if an injured ghost assaulted him for wrongs done in the flesh—

"I was about to reply," he says, "when a smart cuff on the head proved that it was no ghost story. I pulled off the silken bandage, and, looking up from his laughing lady's knee, saw William Lamb, just returned from the Commons, and come to take his wife home."

Rogers, Moore, and Spencer "were all my lovers," she tells Lady Morgan, "and wrote me up to the skies. I was in the clouds." Moore, devoted to his quiet Bessy, and Rogers to his cynical bachelorhood, would have smiled at this assertion. While she was still "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," Byron—called by Hepworth Dixon "beautiful and deadly as nightshade"—returned from Italy. The manuscript of 'Childe Harold' was lent to Lady Caroline by Rogers, and she became crazy to see the poet. "He has a club-foot, and bites his nails," said Rogers. "If he is ugly as Æsop, I must know him," she answered. Lady Westmoreland offered to introduce them at a ball, but with an impulse of aversion Lady Caroline turned away, noting him in her diary as "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." She changed her opinion when, on Byron's first call at Melbourne House, he held her sleeping child on his knee for more than an hour, lest by moving he should wake him. For nearly a year his visits were incessant. He had a real regard for Lady Melbourne, whom he called "the best friend he ever had—a second mother"—yet played at being in love with her daughter-in-law. On Lady Caroline's part it was not play, but lamentable earnest. There was much gratified vanity at first on both sides. Rank and *ton* had an irresistible charm for Byron. To win the unconcealed devotion of a woman brilliant and beloved, whose wildest follies had never compromised her before, was a triumph even for the fashionable Apollo whom "the women suffocated."

But it was a triumph of which he speedily tired. "These violent delights have violent ends." Real thunder and lightning soon issued from the atmosphere of artificial gloom both revelled in. Their frantic despairs, vows, jealousies, have been ludicrously likened to the parody on the woes of Mr. and Mrs. Hal-ler :

"She, seeing him, screamed, and was carried out kicking ;

While he banged his head 'gainst the opposite door."

But the misery brought by this extravagance on her husband and herself was only too genuine. Byron, with his mock-madness and callous heart, could pass unscathed through many such entanglements ; at the root of Lady Caroline's follies lay the germ of real insanity and the misguided fervor of a loving nature. Byron, in after-years, with his customary cynicism, deliberately misstated facts in order somewhat to exonerate his own conduct. He said to Medwin :

"She possessed an infinite vivacity, and an imagination heated by novel-reading, which made her fancy herself a heroine of romance, and led her into all sorts of eccentricities. She was married, but it was a match of *convenance*, and no couple could be more fashionably indifferent to or independent of one another than she and her husband."

As regards her actual criminality with Byron, out of their own mouths we might indeed judge them guilty ; for the exaggerated self-condemnation in which both so morbidly indulged cannot be forgotten. Rogers—never suspected of too lenient judgments—though describing how Lady Caroline "absolutely besieged" Byron, offering him in her first letter "all her jewels" if he were in want of money, and whenever practicable going to and from parties in his carriage, or, if he went where she was not invited, waiting in the street for his return—declares, "in spite of all this absurdity," his firm belief in their innocence. And it has been shrewdly remarked that where so much was on the surface friends did not suspect anything beneath. Nevertheless, a hundred strange stories were current about this strange *liaison*. When Charles Kemble and his wife visited Paris they met William Lamb and Lady Caroline at a dinner given by Lord Holland. It had been settled that the Lambs were to return to England on the following day, but a rumor of Byron's probable arrival being mentioned at table, Lady Caroline created a sensation among the guests by emphatically announcing her intention of remaining in Paris. William Lamb took the matter quietly, as was his wont, but it may have had something to do with the scene which followed. Both the Lambs and

Kembles occupied rooms in the Hôtel Meurice, and as the carriages which took them home drew up at the same time, the latter saw William Lamb jump out, lift his wife's girlish figure in his arms, and carry her into the hotel, to avoid the deep gutter dividing the road from the *trottoir*. "I," growled Kemble, as he watched this piece of gallantry, "should have put your ladyship *in* the gutter." On reaching their respective sitting-rooms, which had facing windows, uncurtained and brilliantly lighted, the Kembles saw a curious domestic tableau: Mr. Lamb was seated in an arm-chair; Lady Caroline had placed herself on his knee; that position not expressing sufficient tenderness and humility, she slid to his feet. But some chance word perhaps turned the tide of her feelings, for when her husband rose, she sprang to her feet, and, rushing round the room, swept down vases, glasses, cups, and saucers—all its breakable ornaments—in a whirlwind of passion, her husband following and vainly endeavoring to soothe her. In the midst of this tragi-comedy down fell the curtain—the window-blind—and the finale was left to the spectators' imagination.

William Lamb, knowing how evanescent were his wife's fancies, and that a revulsion was inevitable, does not seem to have been much troubled by her Byron-worship.

"He cared nothing for my morals," she remarks bitterly in one of her letters; "I might flirt and go about with what men I pleased. He was privy to my affair with Lord Byron, and laughed at it. His indolence renders him insensible to everything. When I ride, play, and amuse him, he loves me. In sickness and suffering he deserts me."

Which, being interpreted, probably means that, when she was tolerably reasonable, her husband was happy in her society; but he had not always patience with her rhapsodies. Lady Melbourne, with the perspicacity of a woman of the world, remonstrated with Byron against the growing intimacy, and he replied, in the sublime strain he was fond of assuming: "You need not fear me. I do not pursue pleasure like other men; I labor under an incurable disease and a blighted heart. Believe me, she is safe with me." She was *not* safe from being raised to the

seventh heaven by adulation at one moment, or sunk to that nethermost hell endured by "a woman scorned" at the next. She was not safe from such alternations of rage, jealousy, and tenderness as shook her ill-balanced mind to its foundations.* Her ostentation of intimacy with Byron irritated him as much as it angered her own family, and led to some outrageous scenes. Francis Jackson, in the bright vivacious 'Bath Archives,' writes to his brother George on the 3rd of July 1813:

"At Lady Heathcote's ball, last week, Lady Caroline Lamb, who had been flirting with Lord Byron, upon some quarrel with him, stabbed herself with a knife at supper, so that the blood flew about her neighbors. She was taken away, and as it was supposed she was faint, a glass of water was brought, when she broke the glass, and struck herself with the pieces. A little discipline will, I suppose, bring these schoolgirl fancies into order."

Fanny Kemble's version of the origin of the quarrel is incredible. "Lady Caroline," she says, "with impertinent disregard of Byron's infirmity, asked him to waltz. He contemptuously replied, 'I cannot, and you nor any other woman ought not.'" Whereupon the impetuous woman rushed into the dressing-room, threw up the window, exclaiming with St. Preux, "*La roche est escarpée; l'eau est profonde!*" and was about to fling herself out, when a friendly grasp on her petticoats restrained her. She then asked for some water, and, biting a piece out of the glass, endeavored to stab herself with it, but was persuaded to go home to bed. Byron's own history of the affair is thus given by Medwin:

"I am easily governed by women, and she [Lady Caroline] gained an ascendancy over me that I could not easily shake off. I submitted to this thralldom long, for I hate scenes, and am of an indolent disposition, but I was forced to snap the knot rather rudely at last. Like all lovers, we had several quarrels before we came to an open rupture. . . . Even during our intimacy, I was not at all constant to this fair one, and she suspected as much. In order to detect my intrigues, she watched me, and earthed a lady into my lodgings—and came herself, terrier-like, in the disguise of a carman. My valet, who did not see through the

* Rogers says: "They frequently had quarrels; and more than once, on coming home, I have found Lady C. walking in the garden [in St. James's Place] waiting for me, to beg that I would reconcile them."

masquerade, let her in : when, to the despair of Fletcher, she put off the man, and put on the woman. Imagine the scene ! It was worthy of Faublas ! Her after conduct was unaccountable madness—a combination of spite and jealousy. It was perfectly agreed and understood that we were to meet as strangers. We were at a ball, she came up and asked me if she might waltz. I thought it perfectly indifferent whether she waltzed or not, and with whom, and told her so, in different terms, but with much coolness. After she had finished, a scene occurred, which was in the mouths of every one."

Then follow several lines of stars ; doubtless representing an account of the attempt to kill herself, which Medwin or his publisher thought it wise to omit. That Byron's statements were colored by the bitterness of "disappointed desires" as time went on, or that he was a consummate dissembler in his relations with Lady Caroline, is proved by his "farewell" letter on her leaving London for Ireland with her mother. This letter is equally irreconcilable with his sneers to Medwin and a criminal view of the intimacy :

"MY DEAREST CAROLINE,—If tears, which you saw, and know I am not apt to shed ; if the agitation in which I parted from you—agitation which, you must have perceived through the whole of this most nervous affair, did not commence till the moment of leaving you approached—if all I have said and done, and am still but too ready to say and do, have not sufficiently proved what my feelings are, and must ever be, towards you, my love, I have no other proof to offer. God knows I never knew till this moment the madness of my dearest and most beloved friend. I cannot express myself, this is no time for words—but I shall have a pride, a melancholy pleasure, in suffering what you yourself can scarcely conceive, for you do not know me. I am about to go out, with a heavy heart, for my appearing this evening will stop any absurd story which the spite of the day might give rise to. Do you think *now* that I am cold and stern and wilful ? Will ever others think so ? Will your mother ever ? That mother to whom we must indeed sacrifice much more, much more on my part than she shall ever know, or can imagine. Promise not to love you ?" Ah, Caroline, it is past promising ! But I shall attribute all concessions to the proper motive, and never cease to feel all that you have already witnessed, and more than ever can be known, but to my own heart—perhaps to yours. May God forgive, protect, and bless you ever and ever, more than ever.

"Your most attached,
"BYRON.

"P.S.—These taunts have driven you to this, my dearest Caroline, and were it not for your mother, and the kindness of your con-

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nections, is there anything in heaven or earth that would have made me so happy as to have made you mine long ago ? And not less *now* than *then*, but more than ever *at this time*. God knows I wish you happy, and when I quit you, or rather you, from a sense of duty to your husband and mother, quit me, you shall acknowledge the truth of what I again promise and vow, that no other, in word or deed, shall ever hold the place in my affections which is and shall be sacred to you till I am nothing. You know I would with pleasure give up all here or beyond the grave for you ; and in refraining from this, must my motives be misunderstood ? I care not who knows this, what use is made of it—it is to you, and to you only *yourself*. I was, and am yours, freely and entirely, to obey, to honor, love, and fly with you, *when, where, and how* yourself might and may determine."

This letter was followed by others, "the most tender and most amusing," says Lady Caroline. But Byron's vanity leading him to fix his matrimonial choice on Miss Milbanke—chiefly because she had already refused him and "half a dozen of his intimate friends"—it was undesirable that the intimacy with Lady Caroline should be renewed ; and on hearing of her approaching return to England, he wrote what she called the "cruel letter" given in 'Glenarvon,' and declared by Byron to be the only true thing in that book :

"Lady Avondale,—I am no longer your lover ; and since you oblige me to confess it by this truly unfeminine persecution, learn that I am attached to another, whose name it would of course be dishonest to mention. I shall ever remember with gratitude the many instances I have received of the predilection you have shown in my favor. I shall ever continue your friend, if your ladyship will permit me so to style myself. And as a first proof of my regard, I offer you this advice : correct your vanity, which is ridiculous ; exert your absurd caprices on others ; and leave me in peace. Your most obedient servant,

"GLENARVON."

If substantially true, such a letter was capable of turning to frenzy the latent "madness" of his "beloved friend," especially as it bore the coronet and initials of Lady Oxford, whom she considered her rival. Its receipt threw her into a brain fever, through which her mother nursed her at a little Irish inn. Amidst all her infatuation for Byron, her husband retained the first place in her admiration. At a Parisian dinner-party she asked her neighbor whom he supposed she thought the most distinguished man she ever knew, "in mind and per-

son, refinement, cultivation, sensibility, and thought." "Byron," was the natural reply. "No," she said, "my own husband, William Lamb." Lady Morgan called her friend's taste in dress "perfect," and Mr. Torrens says, "she dressed as she painted and played, picturesquely; indifferent to opinion, and never exactly in the mode." According to Madame d'Arblay, her costume in 1815, however "picturesque," was by no means "perfect":

"At Madame de la Tour du Pin's party, I just missed meeting the famous Lady C. L., who had been there to dinner, and whom I saw crossing the Place Royale [Brussels] to the Grand Hôtel, dressed, or rather *not* dressed, so as to attract universal attention, and authorise every boldness of staring among the military groups constantly parading La Place, for she had one shoulder, half her back, and all her throat and neck displayed as if at the call of some statuary for modelling a heathen goddess. A slight scarf hung over the other shoulder, and the rest of her attire was of accordant lightness. As her ladyship was not then considered as one apart from being known as an eccentric authoress, this demeanor excited something beyond surprise, and provoked censure upon the whole English nation."

It was from this period that her eccentricities in every direction became more marked and irritating. She had a mischievous page who used to throw detonating balls into the fire, for which Lord Melbourne scolded Lady Caroline, and Lady Caroline scolded the page. One day when she was playing at ball with him, he threw a squib into the fire; she threw the ball at his head—it drew blood, and he cried out, "Oh, my lady, you have killed me!" She rushed into the hall screaming, "Oh, God! I have murdered the page!" The report spread like wildfire; people in the street took up the cry, and the "horrible tragedy" at Melbourne House was in everybody's mouth. The family would no longer tolerate such escapades.

Who could tell what scandal she might not bring upon them next? A separation was inevitable. To this William Lamb reluctantly agreed. While the deeds were being drawn, Lady Caroline occupied herself with writing 'Glenarvon,' in which she figured as the heroine Calantha, and Byron as the hero. She says that she wrote the book in a month. When about to dispose of the manuscript, she, with her uncontrollable love

of mystification and romance, elegantly dressed her companion, Miss Walsh, and placed her at a harp to personate "Lady Caroline," while she herself in boy's clothes sat writing at a distant table as "the author." Next time the "man of business" called, he was informed that the boy-novelist, "William Osmand," was dead, but that Lady Caroline was still resolved the book should be published. This masquerade served no purpose, as the identification of the author and chief characters—rather encouraged than sought to be disguised—constituted its sole claim to a fleeting notoriety. It is stagey and spasmodic, with an involved plot, in which Italians, begums, nuns, gipsies, white boys, sybils, and guilty countesses, whose angel faces are distorted by demon passions, twist and twirl in a bewildering manner. Here and there are gleams of eloquence and feeling run wild, and bits of shrewd self-knowledge.

"Calantha's motives appeared the very best, but the actions resulting from them were absurd and exaggerated. Thoughts swift as lightning hurried through her brain—projects seducing, but visionary, crowded upon her view. Without a curb she followed the impulse of her feelings, and those feelings varied with every varying interest and impression."

The one respectable character in the book is "Lord Avondale" (William Lamb), who,

"with an utter contempt for all hypocrisy in word and act, with a frankness and simplicity of character sometimes observed in men of extraordinary abilities, but never attendant on the ordinary or the corrupted mind, appeared to the world as he really felt, and never thought nor studied whether such opinion were agreeable to his own vanity or the taste of his companions, for whom, however, he was at all times ready to sacrifice his time, his money, and all on earth but his honor and integrity."

He and Calantha fell desperately in love with each other, and, after some misunderstandings,

"Lord Avondale sought and won that strange uncertain being for whom he was about to sacrifice so much. He considered not the lengthened journey of life, the varied scenes through which they were to pass; where all the qualities in which she was deficient would be so often and so absolutely required—discretion, prudence, firm and steady principle, obedience, humility."

In spite of sundry wild flights on Lady Avondale's part, the young couple have some prospect of happiness, till Glenar-

"the spirit of evil," appears on the

ever did the hand of the sculptor, in the power of his art, produce a form and face finely wrought—so full of soul, so ever-giving in expression."

had been heralded by rumors of and captivity which prepared the noble world to receive him with arms. But

edied courtesy in his manner, a proud ty, mingled with a certain cold reserve, and repressed the enthusiasm his youth misfortunes had excited."

exerts all his powers to dazzle and the Calantha, so successfully that they vice on the verge of elopement, but thought of her husband and children her back, and the lovers part, after ing to be wickedly true to each in a scene absurdly reminiscent e "Veiled Prophet." Calantha's is still bleeding from the wounds nflicted when she receives, in an- to several tender inquiries, the el letter" we have already quoted. t as 'Glenarvon' appeared, the r with some of the Ponsonby family d at Melbourne House to attest the ures of the two principals to the of separation. They were received illiam Lamb, who left the room to Lady Caroline. After some impa- waiting, her brother went in search semi-attached couple—and found dy sitting on her husband's knee g him with bread and butter! Of e the lawyer put his deeds in his t, and walked away. Lady Caro- tributed the change of situation to t at reading 'Glenarvon.' But m Lamb must have been a pecu- constituted husband if that book ot rather exasperate than soothe Possibly, however, he found in its erence an excuse for treating her as those of a scarcely responsible

en Madame de Staël coolly asked at Coppet if the description of lf was accurate, he replied: "The it cannot be like; I did not sit ough." To Murray, Moore, and one for whose opinion he cared, e repeated the same contemptuous wal. Lady Caroline, hearing at et some of the bitter things he said, a funeral pyre of his letters, put his

miniature on the top, and had a number of young girls dressed in white to dance round, singing a dirge written for the occasion, beginning "Burn, burn"; but they were only *copies*, and, says Irving, "what made the ridiculousness complete was that there was no one present to be taken in by it but herself, and she was in the secret." The sort of impression she expected 'Glenarvon' to make on Byron, it is hard to guess. She had a copy splendidly bound for him, with his coronet and initials on the cover, and a key to the characters in her handwriting on the fly-leaf. Of course it was never sent. Byron, when asked the meaning of the line in Beppo, "Some play the devil and then write a novel," replied that it alluded to a book which had some fame from being considered a history of his "life and adventures, character, and exploits." "Shelley," he continued, "told me he was offered by a bookseller in Bond Street no small sum to compile the notes of that book into a novel, but he declined"; adding hypocritically, "*If I know the authoress*, I have seen letters of hers much better written than any part of that novel."

After Byron had left England, Lady Caroline called once on her cousin, Lady Byron, who received her with "I know all, Lady Caroline. He has told me all, and you could have saved me from all my misery." What bearing this enigmatical remark had on the causes of Byron's separation, Lord Broughton's Memoirs—to be published twenty-two years hence—may determine. In 1817, Lady Caroline had a fall from her horse, followed by a nervous fever:

"When I believe I died," she wrote. "For assuredly a new Lady Caroline has arisen from this death. I seem to have buried my sins, grief, melancholy . . . and never mean to answer any questions further back than the fifteenth of this month; that being the date of the new Lady Caroline's birth. I hate the old one. She had her good qualities; but she had grown into a sort of female Timon—bitter, and always going over old past scenes."

The new Lady Caroline, however proved to be uncommonly like the old. George Lamb contested Westminster in 1819, and she canvassed for him busily. Amongst others, she sought the acquaintance of Godwin, but did not succeed in obtaining his vote. His courteous answer to her appeal led to a cor-

respondence given in Mr. Kegan Paul's excellent biography of Godwin. It was Lady Caroline's unfailing habit to pour her woes into any ready ear, and it would have been well if she had never made a more objectionable confidant than the author of 'Political Justice,' who could hardly have been prepared for the full tide of sentiment and confession about to descend on him. Her topics were diverse as her mind was unstable, a prominent one being her "dear, yet misguided and misleading Byron." She asks Godwin what he thinks of 'The Doge of Venice,' saying in the same breath that Cobbett writes "better to her fancy than almost any one." She compares herself to the wreck of "a little merry boat," and, lamenting the friends she has lost by her own fault, adds—"Now I have one faithful, kind friend in William Lamb, two others in my father and brother . . . but all else is gone." In a later letter, she asks, "Pray tell me what you have done about my journal?"—a chronicle of her wishes, thoughts, good resolves, and frequent shortcomings during many years, interspersed with recollections of friends and foes—submitted to Godwin for revision, possibly with some idea of publication. After her death it was destroyed, no doubt wisely, though, as with Byron's Memoirs, one regrets the sacrifice. In recognition of the pains Godwin took with her manuscript, Lady Caroline sent him a diamond ring given her by Byron and a bottle of otto of roses which had belonged to Ali Pacha!—surely the oddest offerings ever made by a spoilt favorite of fashion to a stoic philosopher in difficulties. Her only surviving child was a source of deep anxiety. He was amiable and handsome, but his mind had not developed in proportion to his body, and she consulted Godwin—an expert in the science of education—who visited Brompton to see the boy, but could suggest no method of stimulating his dormant intellect. He survived his mother eight years, but his only gleam of spontaneous intelligence came a few hours before death.

In another letter Lady Caroline introduced "Mr. Bulwer Lytton, a very young man and an enthusiast." Bulwer's first volume of poems contains one "To Caroline," who was his *con-*

fidante in his love-affair with Rosina Wheeler, and is said to have "made" that marriage—which was almost as disastrous as her own. Mrs. S. C. Hall, describing one of the "blue" parties of "little Miss Spence," says that—

"Lady Caroline was present, enveloped in the folds of an ermine cloak, which she called a cat-skin; that she talked a great deal about a periodical she wished to get up, to be called the *Tabby's Magazine*, and that with her was an exceedingly haughty, brilliant, and beautiful girl, Rosina Wheeler, who sat rather impatiently at the feet of her eccentric Gamaliel."

Her "eccentricities" took a hundred shapes, which would have been vulgar, but for the saving grace of a natural refinement—such as her going to Astley's, to teach the youth who figured as champion at George the Fourth's coronation how to ride, being herself fearless as an Arab. At Brompton, she is said to have ridden barebacked horses about the park at frantic speed. As a girl, she had the ideas of a duchess; as a married woman, she deserved the title, "her lavishship," bestowed by her father-in-law, the old viscount. But she had fits of penitence for the profusion which helped to embarrass her husband. "Would I could be useful!" she says to Lady Morgan. "I did write a book upon stables and domestic economy, on a new and beautiful plan, but unless some one saw it and thought it good, I would not venture to publish it." But she published a second novel in 1822, 'Graham Hamilton,' suggested to her by Ugo Foscolo, as a corrective to 'Glenarvon,' for, he said, "women cannot afford to shock." Her family vainly besought her to wipe her pens and cork up her ink-bottle.

"I ask you," she indignantly wrote, "if one descended in a right line from Spenser, not to speak of the Duke of Marlborough, with all the Cavendish and Popsonby blood to boot, which was always rebellious, should feel a little strongly upon any occasion, and burst forth, and yet be told to hold one's tongue, and not write—what is to happen?"

'Ada Reis,' Lady Caroline's third, sometimes called her best, novel, happened, at all events; and a very "high fantastic" flowery performance it is, though exhibiting some power and only too much imagination. The "Good Spirit" she afterwards declared was intended for Bulwer; adding, "I fear he is not so good now." In July 1824, she

and her husband, riding in the neighborhood of Brocket, met a long funeral procession. On being told that it was that of Byron, she became insensible, and a long illness supervening left her brain more unsettled, and her temper more ungovernable than ever. She was alternately irritable without cause, or affectionate without measure; even her husband's patience found a limit. One day she became so petulant and affronting while dining at Melbourne House, says Mr. Torrens, that William Lamb left the table and drove off to Brocket. He had not long reached his room when a noise in the corridor disturbed him; opening the door, he saw his wife lying across the threshold, convulsed with grief. She had ridden after him through the night, in a stormy reaction of feeling; unfortunately next morning she was ready to quarrel again, as violently and as causelessly. These vagaries, partly due to a fatal habit, then not infrequent among fashionable women, of drinking laudanum sometimes mixed with brandy, reached such a pitch that in 1825 a separation was again mooted. No one could tell what her next freak might be. At all times she constituted herself Byron's passionate champion. Her brother remonstrated with her in vain. "How strange it is I love Lord Byron so much in my old age, despite of all he is said to have said," she wrote to Godwin; "and I love Hobhouse because he so warmly takes his part." Every one, well-known or unknown, who "took Byron's part" became a favorite. Nathan, the composer, with no claim on the score of education or discretion to a lady's favor, was patronised, chiefly because he set to music Byron's "Hebrew Melodies," and used to sing them to her when she was low-spirited or ill. She became godmother to one of his children, and wrote sundry sentimental songs for him. She also sent him a specimen of her verse in a style so astonishing as to be worth quoting:

"Yes, I adore thee, William Lamb;
But hate to hear thee say, 'God damn!'
Frenchmen say English cry, 'Damn, damn!'
But why swear'st thou?—thou art a *Lamb*."

Nathan, in his 'Reminiscences,' gives a poem, "The Brocket Festival," describing how Lady Caroline used to celebrate the anniversary of her wedding,

and written by a "rising poet," introduced to her while arrangements for her separation were pending. He was summoned to her presence late one evening, one page conducting him to a dimly lighted room, where a lady was apparently sleeping on an ottoman in the centre, while another page in a distant corner sang, "Farewell, my trim-built wherry," to a violin accompaniment. As the poet took the chair placed for him beside the ottoman, the lady started up, seized his hand, and recited eight stanzas from his then recently published "Lament for Childe Harold." Almost without a pause, Lady Caroline poured her own sad story into his sympathetic ears, hinting that pressure was being used to induce her to sign the articles of separation. She was sent to Coventry by the family; her meals were served in her own rooms, and her letters opened. But the life she led compelled the surveillance* she found so irksome. One day her visitors would find her in bed, the room darkened, and a huge fire burning (even in the dog-days), while her unfortunate musical page, his voice hoarse and his fingers blistered, soothed her for hours with "slow music." The next she would be up, dressed in fur cap, riding habit and trousers (in those days a startling innovation), and flying across the Park on her black mare. Once she invited her young poet to "turtle and music," the page who carried her note being mounted on a pony, with a copper kettle slung before him to hold the dainty he was on his way to fetch from the London Tavern. The soup proved excellent, but the hostess, overwhelmed with melancholy, could not eat, and summoned the musicians.

"Judge of my astonishment," says the narrator, "when I beheld those itinerants whom I had that very evening heard singing in St. Martin's Lane, and with whom Lady Caroline appeared on quite a friendly footing, inquiring solicitously after their wives, mothers, &c. They executed some pieces tolerably, but then unfortunately treated us to 'There's nae luck about the house,' which seemed to vibrate on her heartstrings. She burst into tears, ordered them a sovereign, and bade them depart."

At Brocket Hall the contents of her room were emblematic of her mind.

* In the same strain she wrote to Lady Morgan—"They have broken my heart, not my spirit; and if I will but sign a paper, all my rich relations will protect me, and I shall no doubt go with an Almacks' ticket to heaven."

Valuable things half buried in a heap of rubbish were robbed of their beauty by incongruous surroundings. The chintz curtains of the bed and windows were full of holes; two antique cabinets, each surmounted by an elegant crucifix, with a piece of embroidery and point lace (said to have been part of a petticoat belonging to Mary Stuart) spread beneath as an altar-cloth, stood at one end of the apartment. One set of shelves contained presentation volumes from nearly all her literary contemporaries; another set was covered with medals, models, medicine bottles, and pieces of plumcake. On the walls hung portraits of her husband and son, a water-color sketch representing Death snatching her lost children from her arms, and two miniatures of Byron painted by herself. On a centre-table might be seen a prayer-book, some of Dibdin's music, a flask of cognac, a basin of cold gruel, eggs, a bottle of lavender-water, and a piece of pickled salmon. It is not surprising that such a heterogeneous collection in a lady's apartment should create suspicion of her sanity. While at Brompton, Lady Caroline was sometimes placed under the care of two female keepers, superintended by a medical man, whose watch she smashed in a fit of rage. She delighted to play Lady Bountiful, to assemble the tenants and laborers, feast them on beef and beer, kiss and romp with their rosy children, and join in their songs and dances. The old viscount, who also lived at Brompton, and did not approve of so much noisy revelry, once, when a fête was threatened, ordered the housekeeper to lock up the pantry, and the steward to fasten the ale-cellar. These injunctions obeyed, the latter official departed on business, and after an hour's absence was amazed to see his mistress dancing in the park amidst a joyous throng of smock-frocks and cotton-gowns; barrels of ale and baskets of bread and beef standing on the turf—Lady Caroline having ordered the locked doors to be broken open. After signing the deed of separation, she determined to go abroad, and to give her humble friends a farewell fête on the anniversary of her wedding. Dressed with all the elegance of happier days, she received her guests. A troop of girls in May-day finery, headed by a fiddler and a boy playing a tabor and

triangle, were followed by the Welwyn band and troops of rustics. After a dance under Lady Caroline's windows, the girls went through a performance she had invented, called the "Prussian exercise," which ended with their all falling sideways on the grass like a pack of cards. The visitors then adjourned to a plentiful meal, with copious libations of good ale, after which dancing and other amusements were kept up till midnight, the spacious ball-room being profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens. Lady Caroline, bent on leaving, paid as well as received parting visits. With the blacksmith's wife she promised to dine, and arrived at the cottage in a carriage and four, carrying a bottle of wine with her. The repast has been thus celebrated by her "rising poet":

"Still condescending, Caroline, her presence
deigns to lend,
Nor will refuse the boon to dine, and grace
her humble friend.
But to a strange mishap it led, though meant
the guest to cram,
For who could think a *baked sheep's head*
could please a dainty Lamb?"

The dainty Lamb ate a slice, however, and left a sovereign under her plate when she departed.

It was her own choice to leave Brompton, as she wrote energetically, "If am sent to live by myself, dread the violence of my despair. Better far go away; every tree, every flower, will awaken bitter recollections." By desire of her husband, who was careful that no scandal should attach to the change in their domestic arrangements, Lady Caroline went first to Melbourne House, and mixed freely in society. She appeared at the opera in Lady Cowper's box, where she was kindly noticed by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. And, writing to ask for a visit from Lady Morgan, she says: "William wishes me to see every one. I shall therefore shake hands with the whole *Court Guide* before I go." She had three novels in hand, without an idea as to how any one of them was to be concluded, and could not go abroad with such a weight on her mind. Accordingly, she sent for the rising poet, who had occasionally acted as her secretary, and confided the manuscripts to him for completion—undertaking to pay a certain sum when they were ready for the

press. In a few days he finished one, and took it to Melbourne House, where he learned that his erratic patroness had started on a three years' continental tour. In the state of his finances, three years seemed an eternity. So he wrote to Mr. Colbourn, who agreed to take the novels off his hands for a trifling sum. But no sooner had Mr. Colbourn obtained possession of them than he announced that he had already advanced Lady Caroline more than a hundred pounds on their security, and her promise to finish them!

Lady Caroline was never intentionally ungenerous, but she had the vaguest ideas about money and could not realise that it would be more inconvenient to any one to wait three years than three days for it. To complicate matters, she actually returned within three months, and one of her first thoughts was to require Mr. Fleming's report on her novels. He called on her at Lady Gresley's in Conduit Street. She was dressed for the Park, her horse and groom waiting at the door. The interview was stormy, and the poet left the house in high wrath. No sooner had the door closed than Lady Caroline's kindness of heart returned. The indignant poet had only reached Bond Street when he heard her well-known voice, as she pursued him at full speed, "and I am sure," he adds, "that no fewer than a hundred persons witnessed our reconciliation."

Henceforth Lady Caroline spent most of her time at Brocket, with her father-in-law and her son. They formed a melancholy group—the old viscount, who had survived all interests and occupations; the handsome, amiable, grown-up child, who had never been capable of any; and the once-worshipped, dazzling woman, who had possessed every earthly blessing, and had wilfully thrown all away. The monotony of their life was frequently brightened by the sunshine of William Lamb's cordial manners, genial temper, and handsome presence—"the beau-ideal of an Epicurean philosopher blended with an English statesman." Lady Caroline corresponded with him regularly and affectionately, and also wrote frequently to Lady Morgan letters full of self-upbraiding, lightened by flashes of the old audacious humor: as where, after declaring "I was and am religious," she says:

"I fear nobody except the devil, who certainly has all along been very particular in his attentions to me, and has sent me as many baits as he did Job."

But through all this mixture of remorse and mournful jesting, she was constant in grateful admiration for her husband:

"I have wandered from right and been punished; I have suffered what you can hardly believe. . . . I am on my deathbed. Say, I might have died by a diamond, I now die by a brickbat. But remember, the only noble fellow I ever met with is William Lamb. He is to me what Shore was to Jane Shore."

During her last illness, Lady Caroline was removed to Melbourne House for better advice, and tenderly nursed by both families. Her husband (Chief Secretary for Ireland, was then in Dublin; and her one desire was to live long enough to see him again. This was gratified, and on his arrival she was, according to her favorite brother, William, "able to converse with him and enjoy his society." Perfectly resigned, "calm, patient, and affectionate," she died of dropsy, on January 26, 1828, in her forty-second year. William Lamb contributed a biographical sketch of Lady Caroline to the *Literary Gazette* for February 16, 1828, in the course of which he said:

"There are many yet living who drew from the opening years of this gifted and warm-hearted being hopes which her maturity was not fated to realise. To these it will be some consolation to reflect that her end at least was what the best of us might envy, and the harshest of us approve. . . . Her character it is difficult to analyse, because, owing to the extreme susceptibility of her imagination, and the unhesitating and rapid manner in which she followed its impulses, her conduct was one perpetual kaleidoscope of change. . . . To the poor she was invariably charitable—she was more: in spite of her ordinary thoughtlessness of self, for them she had consideration as well as generosity, and delicacy no less than relief. For her friends she had a ready and active love: for her enemies no hatred: never perhaps was there a human being who had less malevolence: as all her errors hurt only herself, so against herself only were levelled her accusations and reproach. . . . Her manners, though somewhat eccentric, and apparently, not really, affected, had a fascination which it is difficult for any who never encountered their effect to conceive."

Her conversation was playful and animated, pregnant with humor and vivacity, and remarkable for the commonsense of the opinions it expressed. "She who disdained all worldly advice was

the most sagacious of worldly advisers." In her grave all her faults and follies were buried, and only the interest and love she had inspired survived. To the last of his own long and distinguished life, her husband seldom spoke of her

without tears ; and her words in ' Glenarvon ' were prophetic : though he might meet with many more talented or more beautiful—" none could ever be so dear to Avondale's heart as was Calantha."—*Temple Bar.*

FREEMASONRY : ITS HISTORY AND AIMS.

BY EDWARD F. WILLOUGHBY.

THE installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of English Freemasons has awakened a fresh interest in this ancient society, which, embracing in its bond of brotherhood kings and tradesmen, nobles and artisans, soldiers, scholars, and divines of every civilised people, is still viewed with the most varied feelings of curiosity and suspicion, ridicule, or mystery, by those who have not been initiated into its secrets.

Though it has always flourished most in the congenial atmosphere of civil and religious liberty enjoyed under Protestant governments, yet at no time has any branch of the Christian Church been excluded from participation in its privileges, and of late it has opened its portals to Jews and other believers in the purer forms of Monotheism. Though numbering amongst its members many of the best and wisest of men, it has been persecuted by some European governments with relentless cruelty, and is still denounced by the Romish hierarchy as an impious association, the members of which are *ipso facto* excommunicate. In other countries it is often looked on as a great Benefit Society, the high pretensions and pompous accessories of which are calculated to provoke a smile of amusement, if not of contempt.

Great, however, as are the benefits of Freemasonry, it is far more than a benefit society. It may be defined, in its own words, as a "beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols." It lives and instructs in emblems and symbols, in which the leading idea is that the Freemasons are a body of real masons, engaged in the erection of a spiritual temple, affording to each that encouragement and aid, material or moral, of which he may stand in need ; bound to practise collectively and individually every public and private vir-

tue ; to contemplate all mankind as brethren, but especially those united by the same sacred tie, whatever their nation, or their place in the social scale ; to practise "charity" in its broadest and deepest meaning ; to do all this silently, secretly, without publicity or ostentation—this, and nothing less, is the purpose, the labor of the craft. This is incumbent on every Mason, whatever his abilities or his opportunities, but it involves also a devout and intelligent study of the sciences, as the works of the Great Architect of the universe.

The materials on which the operative mason has to work, and each implement he employs in his art, are to the modern mason, as they were to his forefathers, the builders of the glorious cathedrals of the middle ages, pregnant with symbolic meaning. Our common humanity, the equality of all men, whatever their accidents of birth and education, in the sight of God and of the law, is illustrated by the level ; uprightness of conduct is seen in the plummet ; the compass teaches the mason to circumscribe his desires by reason and prudence, and to confine his indulgence within the limits of strict moderation ; the twenty-four-inch rule represents the twenty-four hours of the day, which are to be duly appropriated to labor and refreshment, to rest and to prayer ; the gavel, the trowel, the square, and the ladder have each their lessons to the mind of the thoughtful Mason, which are inculcated and expounded in the work of the lodge. The legend of the craft, the charges and ceremonies, everything, in short, which is said or done in their assemblies, is designed to make the Mason a better citizen, a better subject, a better man—to teach him his duty to God, his neighbor, and his brother in the craft.

That many thoughtless, and not a few

unworthy men have gained admission into the society; and that the symbolism just alluded to is to many little more than a form of words, it would be folly to deny; but this does not detract from the purity of the principles, or the grandeur of the aims which it sets before its members; it amounts to no more than a confession that Masonry is not exempt from the imperfections incident to every human system.

Unfortunately, though the old Masons of England have bequeathed to us a rich legacy of Masonic lore and moral teachings in illustration of the emblems of the craft, they have, so far from throwing any light on the past history of Masonry, greatly increased the difficulties which naturally surround such an inquiry; while the vagaries of the erratic sects which arose in the degenerate period of the craft have made confusion worse confounded.

Our ritual and symbols being full of allusions to the Biblical period of Jewish history, and bearing perhaps some remote resemblance to the mysteries of the ancients, enthusiasts have imagined that our history could be traced back into the cloudy mists of antiquity. Instead of inquiring when and how these ceremonies were incorporated into our system, they have taken it for granted that they were directly derived from the earliest sources, and that Masonry flourished full-blown under the patronage of King Solomon. Each fancied resemblance or agreement with some symbol or reputed custom of the mysteries of the Eleusinians and Essenes, or with the rites of the ancient Indians and Egyptians, has been taken for a safe guide and clue to a more or less close connection between these and Freemasonry, and imagination has provided what history has failed to transmit of the doctrines, practices, and secrets of these heterogeneous sects.

It might seem needless to insist on the absurdity of such wild speculations, were it not that the authentic or legendary history of Solomon's temple is interwoven with every part of our system, and that we are thereby apparently placed in the painful dilemma of being compelled either to claim an antiquity for which there is not the slightest warrant, or to renounce the cherished associations of our beautiful ritual and symbolical system.

There is, however, a third alternative. We said that we were, as Masons, engaged in the erection of a spiritual temple, and, if we once fairly apprehend this idea, we shall see that nothing could have been found more fit, or could more strongly testify to the wisdom and piety of our forefathers in the craft, than the choice of this sacred allegory, which stamps the whole system with a religious character, and directs our thoughts to the volume of the sacred law which lies open in front of the Master's chair. The theory which connects the Eleusinian mysteries of Greece with Freemasonry has always found adherents; we shall, however, dismiss it with the observation that such resemblances, if they exist at all, exist rather in modern than in ancient Masonry. The ancient mysteries were essentially religious and pagan, the idea of a "craft" being totally absent, indeed foreign to the whole system. In Freemasonry, on the contrary, the essential idea, which underlies and is assumed in every part, is that of a company of operative masons, working under the direction of masters and architects. On this the religious and philosophical element is an accretion; the craft has been elevated and spiritualized, but it remains a craft. If then we are to seek an origin among the institutions of antiquity, it must be among the operative, and not among the religious associations of those days.

Such quasi-masonic societies we find in the *Collegia Fabrorum*, which flourished both at home and in the provinces under the Roman Empire. These, which must not be confounded with the centuries of *fabri* of the kingly period, were voluntary associations of skilled mechanics. The permission of the government being required for their formation, and registration of their members enforced, they held a recognised legal status. We learn from Pliny (Ep. x. 35 [42]), that they enjoyed privileges, probably of secrecy, which were capable of abuse; and that, like the Masonic guilds of the Middle Ages, they undertook in their corporate capacity the erection of public buildings. It is maintained by Krause and others, that they partook of a religious character, and possessed a symbolic ritual; by some, on the other hand, they are believed to have been

rather of the nature of trades unions. They had their officers, magistri, decuriones, censors, treasurers, secretaries and keepers of the archives, three orders of members, and a corporate seal. The members were bound by oath to mutual assistance, and when in distress received relief from the funds of the collegium. Lay members, or amateurs, were often admitted as "Patrons;" but Pliny, in the letter cited above, undertakes that none but *bond fide fabri* shall be enrolled in the collegium at Nicomedia, the establishment of which he recommends.

On the tombs of Roman Masons are found not only the compasses, square, plummet, and trowel, but occasionally a pair of shoes, on which lie the half-opened compasses, an emblem strongly suggestive of some symbolical allusion (Dallaway's *Discourses on Architecture*, p. 401).

It is, however, to the Architectural and Masonic guilds of Germany that we must look for the true origin of our order. The Roman's duties and obligations were limited to his own collegium; he had no passwords or signs by which he could gain admission to a lodge on his travels; the idea of a universal brotherhood, nay, the very name of brother, had its rise in the unselfish spirit of Christianity, obscured though that religion was amid the lawlessness and rapacity of the times. Then men of the same trades and professions formed themselves into guilds or fraternities for mutual protection, and for the better maintenance and transmission of the knowledge and art of which they, in the absence of books, were the living and only repositories.

In the year 1000 the whole of Christendom was possessed with the idea that the end of the world and the day of judgment were at hand; and when the dreaded year had passed, and the panic had subsided, a great impulse to the building of churches arose throughout central and western Europe. The buildings which were the result of this impulse gave employment to large numbers of artificers for periods of many years. Working at first under the direction of the bishops and abbots, they ere long acquired considerable independence. The "lay brethren," as they had previously been styled, separating themselves from their clerical superiors, as well as from

the common laborers, assembled in *Bauhütten*, or wooden buildings near the site of the churches, where they improved themselves in the principles of their art, blending with mathematical and artistic studies a mystic philosophy of sacred symbolism and Biblical allusions.

They were divided into three classes, viz., Apprentices (*Lehrlingen*), young men deemed worthy of admission into the fraternity; Fellow-craftsmen (*Gesellen*), who had so far advanced as to be able to work alone on the details of the art, and were bound to impart their knowledge to the apprentices; and Masters, comparatively few in number, who were competent to undertake the design or direction of entire works, in the capacity of architects, surveyors, or master-builders. The entered apprentice was entrusted with a secret sign and password (*Gruss*), and bound on oath to divulge to none but the initiated either the knowledge he should acquire or the rites and practices of his lodge. This method of mutual recognition was a necessity when indentures and diplomas were unknown, but taken in conjunction with the mystic philosophy inculcated and the secret ritual practised within the lodges, it acquired in time a solemnity and a sacredness which could attach to no mere certificates of membership or of proficiency. Further credentials were provided in a set of questions and answers forming a sort of catechism, orally communicated, and guarded by the same sanction, by which the "brethren," as they now called one another, could give proof of their identity wherever they might travel in search of employment, and which are in all essential points preserved in the "Lectures" of the three degrees of modern Freemasonry.

Bauhütten were permanently established in most of the chief cities of the empire, and the reputation which their masters acquired for genius and skill led to the engagement of German architects in other countries, wherever cathedrals or churches were being erected on a scale of more than ordinary grandeur.

At first the several lodges worked independently of one another; but in the fifteenth century the necessity of further union began to be felt, and on April 25th, 1459, a gathering of the Master Masons of Central and Southern Ger-

many was held at Ratisbon, when the regulations of the different lodges were revised and consolidated. In 1492 a second and more general assembly was held, at which the whole of the Masons of Germany were represented, and united into a single brotherhood, of which the chief of the lodge of Strassburg, which had long been recognised as a last court of appeal, even by the lodges of Austria and Switzerland, was declared perpetual Grand Master. The statutes then drawn up received in 1498 the confirmation of the Emperor Maximilian I., whose example was followed by several of his successors.

After the Reformation a period of transition began; the building of churches declined, and in the following century the German princes naturally looked with suspicion on a vast and well-organised association of men bound together by the closest ties, and owing allegiance to an authority which by the loss of Alsace had passed under French dominion.

In 1707 all communication with the mother lodge of Strassburg was prohibited, and attempts were made to establish a grand lodge on German soil; but these failing, through the mutual jealousies of the petty states of the empire, the most persistent efforts were made for the entire suppression of the order. But, although proscribed, it could not be exterminated; the lodges still met in secret, admitted new members, and maintained their existence and continuity, until the new Freemasonry, which had meanwhile arisen in England on the ruins of the old, held out to its German brethren the right-hand of fellowship, and in once more raising them to liberty and honor, did but repay the debt which our country owed to its continental sister.

German Masons, as we have said, carried their art and knowledge into England at an early period, but their lot in this country was not a happy one. The ecclesiastics, whom modern Freemasons with pardonable vanity claim as patrons or as masters of the craft, appropriated to themselves all the credit of the buildings erected under their auspices, and treated the members of the craft with harshness and suspicion.

The fraternity was viewed in the light

of a trades union, and several statutes were enacted in which Masons were coupled with laborers, &c. Statute of 1360-1, after prescribing that wages shall be paid daily and in no other way, adds that "all alliances and covines of masons and carpenters, and congregations, chapters, ordinances, and oaths betwixt them made, or hereafter to be made, shall be from henceforth void and wholly annulled." This was re-enforced by 3 Hen. VI. (1425), and by 15 Hen. VI. (1436-7)—"The masters, wardens, and people of the guilds, fraternities, and other companies incorporate, dwelling in divers parts of this realm," are warned not to "make among themselves unlawful and unreasonable ordinances for their singular profit and the common damage of the people."

The statute of 3 Hen. VI. seems, however, not to have been always enforced, for in 1429 a lodge was held at Canterbury under the patronage of the Archbishop himself, as we learn from a MS. of William Morlat, the Prior,* in which occur the names of the master, wardens, and other members of the lodge; and the fabric rolls of York Minster† show an unbroken line of Master Masons from 1347.

The constitutions, rites, and secrets of the English Masons were borrowed from their German instructors, with such variations as might be expected from their different circumstances. Struggling under opposition, they demanded of their candidates a greater strength of character, and an even stricter morality; the period of apprenticeship was increased from five to seven years, but the necessity for foreign travel was dispensed with. In their societies great attention was paid to moral and mental cultivation, and the lodges met secretly at sunrise.

At this early period few written documents existed in connection with the society. The most important of the older authentic documents of English Masonry is a parchment MS. in 12mo, discovered by Mr. Halliwell, in the British Museum, the date of which has been

* *Liberatio generalis Dom. Gul. Morlat Prioris ecclesiæ Christi Cantuar. erga festum natalis Dom. 1429.*

† Browne's *History of York Cathedral*, published 1838-47, and by Surtees Society, 1859.

fixed by Dr. Klosz on internal evidence as not earlier than 1427, nor later than 1444-5. It contains the legend of the craft, the old constitutions, a number of later laws and resolutions, with other matter of the nature of moral instruction.

The Constitutions of the York Masons, certainly authentic, are still more ancient, bearing the dates of 1370 and 1409 respectively. The Cooke-Baker MS. must have been written between 1482 and 1500. All others are either of later date, or doubtful copies of documents no longer extant.

The so-called Constitutions of Athelstane, said to have been written in 926, and a dialogue attributed to the pen of Henry VI., have been justly condemned by Dr. Klosz as forgeries.

The name of Freemason has been supposed to denote a worker in freestone; but, plausible as this derivation may appear to some, it will not explain the early assumption of the name by the Masons of Germany (*Freimaurer*), in whose language such stone is known as *Quaderstein*. It was, doubtless, both here and abroad intended to indicate their independence of the clergy under whose control and direction they had formerly acted: to mark them as companies of skilled artificers working under their own masters, and lending their services at their own terms to their clerical employers.

Palpable and amusing evidence of this early acquired independence is afforded by many ludicrous and irreverent devices introduced into the carving of sundry German churches. At Strassburg, for instance, in one of the transepts opposite the pulpit, an ass is reading mass at the altar, while a bear carrying a cross, a wolf with a taper, a hog, a goat, and a bitch are forming a procession; in the cathedral at Brandenburg a fox in priestly vestments is preaching to a congregation of geese; at Dobberan, in Mecklenburg, in a beautifully-carved altarpiece, two priests are grinding dogmas out of a mill; at Berne, in a representation of the "Last Judgment," the Pope is among the damned; while, in the church of St. Sebaldus at Nuremberg, and elsewhere, are to be seen gross and profane satires on the corruption and immorality of the religious orders of both sexes.

In England the name of *Freemason* first occurs, according to Wyatt Papworth, in a statute of 25 Ed. III. (1350). In the constitution of the Court of Common Council of the City of London in 1376, we find among the several trade-guilds the Masons sending four members, and the Freemasons two, thus proving their mutual independence at that early period; in a statute of 19 Ric. II. (1396), we have the "*lathomos vocatos fremaceons*" distinguished from the "*lathomos vocatos ligiers*," i.e. stone layers; and in the fabric rolls of Exeter Cathedral the word "*simentarius*" (*cementarius*) occurs before, and "*freemason*" after that date, all these instances being prior to the adoption of the name by the mother lodge of Strassburg, the members of which were, until 1440, styled the brethren of St. John.

During the stormy period of the civil wars, and of the Reformation, we meet with nothing to arrest our attention; but in the reign of Elizabeth, the English nobility began to travel on the Continent, and introduced into this country a taste for Italian art, men of rank and wealth vying with one another in their encouragement of architecture and Freemasonry. Foremost among these was Sir Thomas Sackville, who devoted his whole life to the promotion of the fine arts, and was, until his death in 1567, a munificent patron of the fraternity.

Early in the reign of King James, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, returned from his antiquarian researches in Italy, where he had been accompanied by a young artist, Inigo Jones. Palladio was dead, but his style was dominant in Italy. Jones devoted himself to the study of this school, and on his return to England, having been through the interest of Pembroke appointed surveyor-general of the royal buildings, he introduced into this country the so-called Augustan style. Italian architects came over, and were distributed among the various lodges, which were now constituted somewhat on the model of the Italian seminaries of art.

From 1607 to 1618, Inigo Jones was patron of the Freemasons, the fraternity flourished under his direction; noble, learned and wealthy men were admitted as a sort of associates or honorary members, or as they were called by way of

action, "Accepted Masons." Quartermasters' meetings and festivals were held, and lodges of instruction founded.

During the wars of the Parliament the Commonwealth, Freemasonry, might have been expected from its connection with art and with the church, suffered greatly; but it experienced something of a revival in 1663, when Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, was elected Grand Master; Sir Christopher Wren, and Joseph Webb, Grand Masters. In the reign of Queen Anne, however, it gradually declined, until, to prevent its total extinction, it was recorded "that the privileges of Masonry should no longer be restricted to operative Masons, but extended to men of every profession, provided they were formerly approved and initiated into the craft."

Here, then," to quote the words of Dr. Stow, the great historian of the craft, "we reach the end of ancient Masonry. The operative Masons, who for a long time past had been declining in number, now acknowledged by resolution, that it was out of their power, as operative masons, to continue the existence of their fraternity any longer. They had fulfilled their mission by carefully preserving their ancient laws, traditions, and ceremonies, and committing them as a heritage to the Grand Lodge of England.

The long contemplated separation of the operative Masons from the operative guilds was now fully carried into effect, and the institution took rapid strides towards a complete and permanent transformation. From the materials slowly gathered, and regularly prepared far back in the twilight of the Middle Ages, carefully preserved and handed down to posterity by the building associations of Germany and England, arose a new and beautiful erection. Modern Freemasonry was now to be taught as a qualifying art, and the fraternity of operative Masons was now exalted to a brotherhood of civil builders, who, in place of perishable materials, are engaged in the erection of one eternal invisible temple of human hearts and souls."

The leaders in this new movement were the Rev. Dr. Theophilus Desaguliers, son of a French Protestant refugee, celebrated as a mathematician and natural philosopher, George Payne, a learned lawyer, and the Rev. Dr. Anderson, an English clergyman.

After some preliminary negotiation, four ancient lodges in London met together, constituting themselves a grand lodge *pro tem.*, and on St. John's-day,

1717, elected Anthony Sayer, Grand Master. Among other resolutions carried at this meeting was one that, "with the exception of these four lodges, which had met from time immemorial, every lodge to be afterwards convened, should meet only in virtue of a warrant granted by the Grand Master on petition, legally authorizing the members to act as a lodge."

Formerly a sufficient number of Masons, wherever and whenever they might meet, had power to open a lodge, and to initiate new members, a practice, which, however adapted to times of oppression, would in these days be evidently open to great abuse.

Bros. Payne and Desaguliers successively occupied the chair till 1721, when the Duke of Montagu was elected Grand Master. In his time Dr. Anderson was commissioned to revise and digest the old constitutions and charges, and his work having been approved by all the lodges, was published by authority in 1723.

From this time Freemasonry has continued to flourish in England, and has spread thence to every quarter of the globe, but its domestic history affords little calling for notice in this place, except the division of the country in 1727 into provinces under provincial grand lodges; the recognition in 1772 of the Royal Arch degree, which had been introduced into this country from France about 1743 (and which, forming no part of the ancient system, is happily the only form of degenerate Masonry which has received the sanction of the Grand Lodge of England); the special exemption of Freemasonry from the provisions of the Act of 1799, directed against secret and seditious societies; and the amalgamation effected in 1813 between the Grand Lodge of London, and the Lodge of York, which had for some time asserted an independent jurisdiction in the north.

In Scotland the new Freemasonry is, as in England, of native growth, but the early history of the craft is lost in obscurity. James II. in 1441 (or as some think James I. in 1430), appointed William Sinclair of Roslin, Earl of Caithness and Orkney, Patron of the Masons of Scotland, an office which was confirmed to his heirs by royal patent, and

held by them till 1736, when William St. Clair, having no son, placed his resignation in the hands of the assembled lodges, and was thereupon unanimously chosen Grand Master, an office which has since that day been elective.

That Freemasonry never possessed much influence or power in Scotland until its reconstitution on the modern basis in 1736, is evident from the facts that the supreme authority was for three hundred years vested in one family by royal patent, that the Wardens until the 17th century had also been nominated by the king, that it is not until that time that we find any mention of "accepted," *i.e.* non-operative Masons, that even the Masters of many lodges were unable to read or write, and that the office of Grand Master was not instituted before 1736. St. Clair in his deed of resignation, styling himself "Patron, Protector, and Judge," while one of the assembled lodges, which conferred on him the title of Grand Master, was still composed of journeymen masons.

The Scottish Grand Lodge recognises only the three ancient degrees, and holds its annual festival on St. Andrew's instead of St. John's day.

Ireland received its Masonry from England in 1730, but has fallen into the error of acknowledging no less than fifteen degrees.

The order was transplanted from England into France in the same year, but the French people soon showed how incapable they were of appreciating the gift. Masons were initiated indiscriminately, warrants were sold to tavern-keepers, creating them Masters of their lodges for life, others were forged or ante-dated, as were documents of every description; lodges of adoption were formed for women, and one experiment was made of a mixed lodge, with a result too serious even for French sense of propriety.

In 1740 the Chevalier Ramsay, a supporter of the Young Pretender, appeared as the Apostle of high degrees. The vanity of Frenchmen was flattered, and the coffers of Charles Edward were filled by the sale of degrees, orders and high-sounding titles, which flowed in an uninterrupted stream from Ramsay's fertile brain. But even Ramsay was surpassed by the "divine Cagliostro," as the

French called him. This man, whose real name was Joseph Balsamo, was without exception the most impudent impostor that ever breathed. He initiated into high degrees of Masonry, professed to make gold, to perform miraculous cures, and to restore youth to the most broken-down debauchee. Exposed in Russia, he became the idol of Parisian society, until, flying from the French police, he fell into the hands of the inquisition at Rome, and there came to a miserable end.

The history of Freemasonry in France presents a spectacle almost without a parallel of absurd vanity, childish credulity, shameless imposture, and clumsy forgery. Pompous and absurd orders, Scotch and Egyptian, Emperors of the East and West, Knights Templars and Philosophers, engaged in internecine strife. Many of these have shared the fate of the Kilkenny cats, two rival Grand Lodges alone remain, the orthodox Grand Orient, and the Conseil Suprême of the so-called Scottish rite. Peace has been obtained, but only by giving legal sanction to every absurdity of spurious Masonry.

Germany received back Freemasonry in its modern form from England in 1737, and though for a short time French influence, and that expiring flare of magic, alchemy and theosophy, which preceded the rise of true science and philosophy, threatened to mar its fair form, yet the danger was averted by the efforts of the more judicious brethren. A society which could number among its most zealous and sincere members such men as Lessing, Goethe, Herder, Wieland, and Fichte might be tossed but could not founder in the storm; and it must be confessed that Freemasonry is now more select, has greater inherent strength, and is more of a reality in Germany than in any other country.

The English Masons have, indeed, preserved the form pure, but for our own part we do not view with much satisfaction what we must call its excessive growth. There is not much earnest life, not much insight into the philosophy of Masonry; yet it is but fair to give our English brethren credit for the fullest practice of "charity and brotherly love," though they be deficient in the "search after truth."

ican Masonry may be briefly described as French Masonry without its pugnacity. They certainly can do more Grand Lodges, more officers, and more degrees of masonic rank than the whole of the old world combined.

Masonry is proscribed by law in France, and except in Italy, where it is the hoot of the French Orient, in the European countries it is not sufficiently numerous or influential to call for separate notice.

It enables us to form a just notion of the relation in which we stand, as compared with the old Steinmetzen, as to the associations of antiquity, we cannot do better than attend to Krause's statement of the several kinds of historical connection which may subsist between institutions of different periods.

When we find in any nation or age, social institutions resembling in aim and organization those of Freemasonry, we are by no means inclined to see any closer connection between them than such as human nature everywhere, in all ages, has in common, unless we are fully convinced by most trustworthy evidence that a really historical connection exists. When such historical connections are very numerous in kind, for it is one thing when an institution flourishes through being constantly renewed by the addition of new members, and quite another when its field of action and constitution undergo at the same time repeated changes ; when we learn from history that from an already existing institution a perfectly new one has arisen ; and again, still different is the case when a newly-formed society takes for itself the views, field of action, and social position of one long since extinct."

In the Pagan mysteries and Eastern mystics Freemasonry has nothing in common but the mere fact of its having a secret and symbolic system ; if we follow the *Legia fabrorum* the connection, if not of the third degree, though it is more than doubtful whether the foundation of the earliest masonic lodges had ever been the building societies of Impérial ; but, though perfect continuity can only be asserted with the records of 1717-27, the fraternity has for a century and a half been so far from losing its spirit and its constitution, that its final transformation appears rather as the completion of long contemporary reforms, than as the establishment of a new order of things, and the associations of the present day may

justly claim, with a sort of ancestral pride, the Steinmetzen and operative guilds of the middle ages as their direct forerunners and forefathers in the mystical art.

The constitutions of the German Steinmetzen agree in every essential with those of modern Freemasonry. They were divided into the same degrees of apprentice, fellow craft, and master-mason ; the government of the lodge, though simpler, was similar to ours, the moral qualifications for admission, the rite of initiation, and the secrets entrusted to the entered apprentice were the same, or nearly the same, as among modern Freemasons ; so were the conduct of the lodge, the opening and closing ceremonies, and the subsequent banquet. The uninitiated were strictly excluded, and strange brethren submitted to close examination. The same fraternal equality among the members, the same obligation mutually to relieve one another when in distress, the same allegorical teaching derived from the symbolical meaning attached to the several instruments employed by the working mason, in short the whole of their rites and regulations were almost identical with what is now known as " pure and ancient Masonry."

Many authentic documents of the German Steinmetzen had long been known, but it was only in the year 1865 that Dr. Findel discovered in the British Museum, among the Sloane MSS., one belonging to the English Operative Masons, which fully confirms the genuineness of those which had passed from the old architectural guilds to the original Grand Lodge of England at the commencement of the last century.

Such, then, has been the origin and progress of this remarkable institution which, from the little gathering at the Apple-Tree Tavern in Charles Street, Covent Garden, in February, 1717, has extended to every quarter of the globe. It is obviously impossible for a private individual to state with any approach to accuracy the numerical strength of the craft. We shall, however, not be far from the truth if we estimate the number of lodges in the world at between eight and nine thousand, holding under about seventy-five grand lodges, and comprising about 450,000 members.

Over sixteen hundred lodges in England and the Colonies are in connection with the English Grand Lodge, and considerably over 5,000 with the forty odd Grand Lodges in the United States. In Germany the lodges do not number much over four hundred, but they are individually far stronger than elsewhere, frequently mustering some hundreds of members.

It cannot be too strongly insisted on that Freemasonry is not a benefit society, as is often supposed. A benefit society is an insurance office, into which a man pays certain premiums, and from which he in return receives, in the event of sundry contingencies, as illness, accident, &c., certain pecuniary assistance. This he claims as a right—a *quid pro quo*. All masonic relief, on the contrary is voluntary, is dependent on the merits of the case, is fixed in amounts by no hard and fast lines, is given silently and unostentatiously, is, in short, "charity" in the truest import of the word.

The Grand Lodge has the disposal of a Fund of Benevolence, derived from fees and contributions received from the several lodges, amounting to between 6,000*l.* and 7,000*l.* per annum, though considerably more is occasionally subscribed. About 3,000*l.* is given away, in sums ranging usually between 5*l.* and 30*l.*, to about 200 petitioners, and another 2,000*l.* or more, in grants of 50*l.* to 200*l.*, to special cases, the names of these latter brethren only appearing in the printed reports.

The greatest discretion is exercised in these awards; not only is the private character and the previous history of the petitioner subjected to strict investigation, but the time during which he has been a subscribing member of the craft, the earnestness and devotion which he has shown in the work of the lodge, and the amount of his contributions to charitable purposes when in more prosperous circumstances, are all taken into account. The time and the form of the relief are so adjudged that it may not be lost on the recipient, but that he may be thereby enabled to recover his independence, and to make a fresh start in life.

That the order should ever degenerate into a benefit society, or should offer a means of escape from the consequences of indolence or improvidence, is repug-

nant to the feelings of every loyal Mason.

In the year 1842 the Grand Lodge voted a sum for granting annuities to aged and distressed Masons, and seven years later the scheme was extended by the establishment of a like fund for widows, and the purchase of the Asylum at Croydon, where at present 130 masons and 100 widows are provided with rooms and pecuniary allowances.

The institution for Boys was founded in 1798, when six boys, orphans of Masons, were clothed and put to school; this number was in 1810 increased to 50, and in 1813, soon after the union of the rival Grand Lodges, to 70, by amalgamation with a similar charity which had been founded in 1808 by Sir Francis Columbine Daniel, Knt., M.D., and by his noble exertions had already provided for nearly 1,000 children. In 1857 the Grand Lodge purchased the estate at Wood Green, and erected the first building for the reception of the boys who had hitherto been placed out at various schools. In 1865 the erection of a new and larger structure necessitated a loan of 10,000*l.*, the whole of which has been since paid off. At present 176 boys are entirely maintained until the age of sixteen, receiving according to their position either a classical or a sound modern and commercial education, and on leaving school are placed in offices or trades suited to their circumstances and abilities.

The Institution for Girls was first conceived by the Chevalier Bartolomeo Ruspini, surgeon dentist to King George III., in 1788, and thanks to the zealous co-operation of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, who enlisted the sympathy of many of the Royal Family, and of the nobility, it was opened in the following year for fifteen girls. In 1793 a school-house was erected near the Obelisk in St. George's Fields, Southwark, but the lease expiring in 1851 a new and commodious building was erected on three acres of freehold ground in an open and healthy situation adjoining Wandsworth Common. The girls remain here until they are sixteen years of age, when they return to their friends, or are placed in situations as governesses, or in houses of business. They receive an excellent practical education, taking

their turn in all the domestic duties of the house, and being made expert needlewomen, but that the higher branches of instruction are not neglected, is shown by the number who pass with honors or obtain prizes at the Cambridge Local Examinations every year. The number of girls at present maintained in the school is 148.

The ordinary annual expenditure of these three institutions exceeds 21,000*l.*, yet though but 2,000*l.* is derived from dividends, large balances remain over every year.

Both schools are open, not only to orphans, but to the children of Masons reduced by misfortune. Every care is bestowed on the material, moral, and religious welfare of the children, who are found in after life almost invariably to reflect credit on the Institution where they have been brought up. Many private lodges emulate one another in the appropriation of great part of their incomes to charitable uses ; but even this, if it could be known, would give a very imperfect idea of the assistance and encouragement afforded by Masons to

their less fortunate brethren. Votes and interest in elections of all kinds, nominations to schools, offices and appointments, patronage, custom, and acts of kindness and friendship have no ascertainable money value, but moral support is no less real than pecuniary help because it cannot be expressed in the form of a balance-sheet, and secrecy is the very essence of Masonic charity, as it is of everything belonging to the craft.

Such then is Freemasonry, and to quote the words of a German brother—
 "Such a universal association is essentially necessary. All others, depending upon similarity of rank or calling, upon political opinions or religious creeds, suffer more or less from exclusiveness. This union of unions, which joins all good men into one family, in which the principle of equality, together with that of brotherly love, that is, love of the human race, is the predominant one, and the end and aim of all its moral influence upon others—*this is Freemasonry.*"—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

TO A CHILD.

BY E. T. G.

THOU hast the colors of the Spring,
 The gold of kingcups triumphing,
 The blue of wood-bells wild ;
 But winter-thoughts thy spirit fill,
 And thou art wandering from us still,
 Too young to be our child.

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed,
 Thou dear and much-desired guest,
 That home is near at last ;
 Long lost in high mysterious lands,
 Close by our door thy spirit stands,
 Its journey well-nigh past.

Oh sweet bewildered soul, I watch
 The fountains of thine eyes, to catch
 New fancies bubbling there,
 To feel our common light, and lose
 The flush of strange ethereal hues
 Too dim for us to share !

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make
 This creature human for my sake,
 Since I am naught but clay :
 An angel is too fine a thing
 To sit beside my chair and sing,
 And cheer my passing day.

I smile, who could not smile, unless
 The air of rapt unconsciousness
 Passed, with the fading hours ;
 I joy in every childish sign
 That proves the stranger less divine
 And much more meekly ours.

I smile, as one by night who sees,
 Through mist of newly-budded trees,
 The clear Orion set,
 And knows that soon the dawn will fly
 In fire across the riven sky,
 And gild the woodlands wet.

—*The Athenaeum.*

LOWER LIFE IN THE TROPICS.

IN the old times, before Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace, when we used to know nothing about evolution or selection, or the meaning of their colors to animals and plants themselves, apart from their privilege of pleasing the human eye, we read stories of the Equatorial lands with rather a provoked sense of the beauty that was wasted there. We called it "wasted" in our thoughts, because to so very few it should ever be given to look up into the golden and scarlet network-roofing of the primeval tropical forest, and around on an endless expanse of flower-bearing stems, with Charles Kingsley's "At last!" in the long-drawn breath of their intense satisfaction. Now the fairy-tales of science are popular reading. Mr. Wallace tells us how the plants recommend themselves by their tempting colors to the birds which are to scatter their seeds in distant places, instructs us in the domestic habits of butterflies, and the humors of orchids; describes the humming-birds, in phrases that have the swiftness of flight in them; and shows us the life that is in the equatorial forests,—so various, so vivid, and so purposeful, that we see it in our fancy without any vague discontent, and with a grander notion of its beauty, gained from the fuller revelation of its wonder.

With Mr. Wallace for our guide, for instance, we may go ashore in fancy, from an imaginary 'Sunbeam,' during an unfettered voyage in which,—

"We know the merry world is round,
 And we might sail for evermore,"

and find ourselves in the hill forests of Borneo, all draped with the most beautiful of orchids, the unique *Vanda Lowii*, whose flower-stems, sent out from small clusters of leaves, hang down eight feet in length, covered with large, symmetrical, crimson stars. Throughout the mountains of the equatorial zone we should find everywhere the wonderful flowers of which the crimson starred streamer—festival decorations of the forest—is king, growing on the stems, the forks, or the branches of trees, abounding on fallen trunks, spreading over rocks, hanging down the face of precipices, or modestly mixing with humble grasses. And we should see the profuse, low-growing, orange star flowers on the stem of the *Polyalthia*, which cannot fail to attract the attention of the wandering butterflies and bees, out of whose sight they would be, if they grew in the usual way, on the tops of these small trees, overshadowed by the dense-canopy above them. We should not, indeed, find the belief that in abundance and variety of floral color the tropics are

pre-eminent, which in old times we held, justified by the facts. "Twelve years of observation among the vegetation of the Eastern and Western tropics has convinced me," says Mr. Wallace, "that in proportion to the whole number of species of plants, those having gaily-colored flowers are actually more abundant in the temperate zones. The Alpine meadows and rock-slopes, the open plains of the Cape of Good Hope or of Australia, and the flower-prairies of North America, offer an amount and variety of floral color which can certainly not be surpassed, even if it can be equalled, between the tropics." But not only the vastness of the primeval forest, within the equatorial zone, would overwhelm us, but the force of development and vigor of growth, and amazing variety of forms and species which everywhere meet and grow side by side. If the traveller, having overcome his first sense of lost bewilderment amid profusion, notices a particular species, and wishes to find more like it, he may often turn his eyes in vain in every direction; trees of varied forms, dimensions, and colors are around him, but rarely is any one of them repeated in that equable zone, where there is no struggle against climate, and no one type of vegetation monopolises territory to the exclusion of the rest. We should probably look in vain, amid the vast luxuriance of palm and bamboo, with all their incalculable aid to human needs in the lands they grow in, for the larger forms of animal life, for the mammals and the reptiles are widely scattered, and shy of man; and in the Brazilian forests, and those of the Malay Archipelago especially, birds do not sing, but make pensive and mysterious sounds. Monkeys, indeed, are pre-eminently tropical and constantly on view, except in Australia, Madagascar, and New Guinea; and whether they are chattering in Asia, or roaring like lions or bulls in America, they are the liveliest and the noisiest creatures within the equatorial zone. Bats, too, are specialties of the tropics, and South America boasts a group, the "vampyre," which Mr. Wallace considers "sure to attract attention." It seems likely, especially if an individual of the group gets a chance of exercising his mysterious manœuvres on the observant traveller.

The exact manner of the vampyre's attack is not known; the sufferer never feels the wound, being fanned into a deeper slumber by the motion of the wings, and "rendered insensible to the gentle abrasion of the skin, either by teeth or tongue." The tropical bats are of immense variety. One of the strangest of the living pictures presented there must be a migration of the great fruit-bats, or flying foxes. We know the shrinking, blinking creatures, something like small umbrellas with broken wires, and inextricably mixed up with fox-head handles, of which we get peeps under a flap in a cage at the Zoological Gardens; but they are small specimens, and convey to us no notion of the huge, swooping things, often five feet in width across the expanded wings, which pass by in immense flocks, taking hours to do it in, and devastate the fruit plantations of the natives, who will not even eat them in revenge. They seem indeed to enjoy complete impunity, like the beautiful glow-worm, who is supposed to shine because he is not edible, and hangs out his luminous speck of warning to the insectivorous birds. We might, perchance, see such monster snakes as that one, twenty-six feet long, which Mr. St. John measured in Borneo, and we should probably be told, while sleeping in a native house, that there is a large snake in the roof, on a rat-hunting expedition, and that one need not be disturbed in case one should hear it. The slender whip-snake will glide among the bushes, and may be touched before he is seen; and the green viper, deadly and watchful, will lie coiled motionless upon foliage of his own hue, unsuspected, within a few inches of one's face, if one is a collector, which it is much safer not to be. Then there are the lizards,—no less than 1,300 different kinds, and almost all to be found in the tropics, thriving on the rich vegetation and the duly proportioned sunshine and moisture, and colored to harmonise with their habits and surroundings. "When I see the first lizard holding on by his feet to the side of a white wall, I feel that I am getting into the sunshine," once said a lover of the sun to the present writer; and Mr. Wallace dwells on the charm of these creatures to comers from the cold. They run along walls and palings, sun them-

selves on logs of wood, creep up to the eaves of cottages, scamper out of one's way in every garden, road, or sandy path, walk up smooth walls with the greatest ease, or crawl up trees, "keeping at the further side of the trunk, and watching the passer-by with the caution of a squirrel." The house lizards are grey, the rock lizards are stone-color; the forest lizards are mottled with green, like lichen-grown bark; the ground lizards are of beautiful green colors, like the tree-frogs. Not the least interesting of the forest pictures must be the latter curious reptiles, sitting quietly during the day, so as to be almost invisible, owing to their color, and their moist, shining skins, so closely resembling vegetable surfaces; and the other varieties, beautifully spotted, like large beetles, or striped with bright, staring colors. In their case, nature's wonderful law comes in to protect them; they may flaunt their red bodies and blue legs,—they are uneatable.

Among the living pictures that the tropics have to show, surely none can be more beautiful than the butterflies. Who has ever looked even at dead specimens from Malacca and from Rio de Janeiro, all stiff and dull, pinned on cardboard with their prim companions, without wondering at their beauty, without a visionary glimpse of the sun-pierced forest paths, and the fruit-bearing lands in which the splendid creatures disport themselves in life? America is richer in butterflies than the Eastern hemisphere, but everywhere those of the tropics surpass those of the temperate zone in numbers and quality. "The first sight of the great blue *Morphos*," says Mr. Wallace, "flapping slowly along in the forest-roads near Para, of the large, white-and-black, semi-transparent *Ideas*, floating airily about in the woods near Malacca, and of the golden-green *Ornithopteras*, sailing on bird-like wing over the flowering shrubs which adorn the beach of the Ke and Aru islands, can never be forgotten by any one with a feeling of admiration for the new and beautiful in nature." The habits of the tropical butterflies are as various as their colors and forms are exquisite, and a true lover of them need never be deprived of objects of contemplation, for though the majority are "diurnal"—

that is, of the early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise persuasion—some Eastern *morphidæ* and an entire American family (*Brassolidæ*) are "crepuscular," like the "Buffalo gals" of our youth. The description of some of them, as early in the morning they expand their wings to the sun, and dart so swiftly that the eye cannot follow them, reminds one of Shelley's "embodied joy, whose race has just begun." A considerable number frequent river-sides and the margins of pools, assembling together in flocks of hundreds of individuals; but these are all males,—the females remain in the forest, where in the afternoons (presumably after their no-business hours) their partners join them. Among these exquisite creatures there are also uneatable species, who, when the crowd of floating and fluttering beauties disappear, to conceal themselves amid foliage or on sticks which harmonise with their hues, hang in their unconcealed gaudiness at the end of slender twigs or on exposed leaves.

We should be disappointed at first with the tropical birds, but after many days in the forest we should find out the beautiful creatures that live in its dense foliage and gloomy thickets, the parrots, the pigeons, the perching birds, in all the wonderful variety of those orders, especially in that portion of the Malay Archipelago that is east of Borneo, and in the Pacific Islands, where monkeys—arboreal animals given to the eating of eggs—are not. Only in America should we find the humming-bird, that living marvel of color, exclusively tropical, though it has migrant species which visit Lake Winnipeg and the Columbia River making journeys of full 3,000 miles each spring and autumn; darting into fuchsia-flowers in the midst of a snow-storm at Terra del Fuego, and whirring about Pichincha at 14,000 feet above the sea. It was of a minute humming-bird, found only in the extinct crater of Chiriqua, in Veragua, that Mr. Gould said, "It seems to have caught the last spark from the volcano before it was extinguished," so flaming is the crimson of its tiny gorget. These flitting gems, these beautiful bauble-birds are extraordinarily brave and combative; we have complete tournament-pictures of them from Mr. Wallace and Mr.

Gosse, and of their numbers Mr. Belt says that in the part of Nicaragua where he was living they equalled in number all the rest of the birds together, if they did not greatly exceed them. How much one would like to see the nest, "no larger inside than the half of a walnut-shell, of a cup-shape, beautifully decorated with pieces of lichen, and lined with the finest and most silky fibres;" how gently, lest one should tarnish the two little white eggs by breathing on them, one would steal away from it. What pictures are conjured up by the Mexican and Peruvian names of these wonderful creatures, which mean "rays of the sun" and "tresses of the day-star."

The scientific aspect of these living pictures has an extraordinary charm, as Mr. Wallace sets it forth. "The functional and biological classification of the colors of living organisms" sounds very imposing, but one finds the protective, warning, sexual, typical, and attractive colors all severally explained, so simply

and convincingly that one rather thinks the lucidity must be somehow imputable to one's-self,—and then the theory adds a tenfold interest to the scenes which have been summoned up before one's fancy. One feels deeply grateful to the profoundly scientific naturalist who teaches one so much, but does not forbid one to feel,—who classifies wonders indeed, but acknowledges them thus:—"When, for the first time, the traveller wanders in these primeval forests, he can scarcely fail to experience sensations of awe, akin to those excited by the trackless ocean or the Alpine snowfields. There are a vastness, a solemnity, a gloom, a sense of solitude and of human insignificance, which for a time overwhelm him, and it is only when the novelty of these feelings has passed away that he is able to turn his attention to the separate constituents that combine to produce those emotions, and examine the varied and beautiful forms of life which, in inexhaustible profusion, are spread around him."—*The Spectator*.

JOHNSON WITHOUT BOSWELL.

BY WILLIAM CYPLES.

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson* is the best praised book in our literature. To have secured this position, stands of itself for a wonderful, overwhelming kind of merit which it would be silly to depreciate. Saving for this, some hints of explanation might perhaps be given. The work offers the one only instance in which criticism could gratify its own natural wish to be smartly discriminative by using both ridicule and eulogy. Everybody has been able to call the writer a simpleton while praising what he wrote. In such a case, obviously, admiration could have no bounds. If the book had miraculously been better than it is, it could not have won more success. It may safely be said that the irresistible biography has been eulogized enough, for it is not all gain. A full record of Dr. Johnson himself, giving materials for a psychological study of him, has its own value, and the value is not small, but his writings are, also, entities with claims, influences, results of their own. Boswell's book cannot

be said to have befriended these. Exactly contrary things have happened in the cases of Shakespeare and Johnson. With the latter, owing to Boswell's detailed personal pictures, the man has obscured, has, so to speak, swallowed up his works. Everybody now thinks of Johnson, not of his writings. The general result is very curious. In Dr. Johnson's works, looking at them in the bulk, there is no oddity, nothing unsound. The impression they would give of the writer, if no particulars were otherwise known of him, would be very far indeed from answering to our Boswellianized notions of Johnson. It may be pointed to as one of the most striking examples of how a man may differ with and without a pen in his hand. But the biography is much lighter reading than the moral disquisitions, and the public reads it instead of them, persuading itself that in amusing itself with Boswell it is studying Johnson. Owing to this there remains, for generation after generation, chalked up-

on the popular imagination, a burly figure that faithfully enough renders Johnson's diseased body, but which gives only in a partial ill-qualified way his nimble, clear, polite, uneccentric intellect, when acting at its best in literature. At any rate, it is certain that between Johnson's own personal grotesqueness, his odd social eccentricities, and its being made nearly impossible for anybody now ever to think of him except in conjunction with a simpleton, his effect upon us is considerably trivialized. We turn to him as much for fun as for wisdom.

In what follows, an attempt is made to look at Johnson's works on their own grounds.

If the question be put, who in our language has said and written the greatest number of right things on moral subjects, there can, we suppose, be no hesitation in saying it was Dr. Johnson. Men can be named who have uttered deeper truths; there are many who offer more beautiful reflections; and he never set himself to say tender things; to increase our positive knowledge by additions to Science was not his task. But for bringing out on all questions of morals the appropriate, the irrefragably true conclusion within the accepted limits of our common beliefs, Johnson is the best man we have to show. No Englishman is likely to sin against the supremacy of Bacon and Shakespeare by supposing that they did not know everything in the way of utterable wisdom. We may put it that Johnson said nothing that they could not have said even better, or at least more brightly, if they had found the occasion. Bacon's Essays are things apart—they are deliverances of the oracle to whom all knowledge was accessible. But neither Bacon nor Shakespeare was as explicit as Johnson. The Chancellor packs his meaning till the plain words take on an air of enigma from their very excess of significance: it is a condensed speech,—a dialect borrowed from the gods. The unerring counsels of Shakespeare have to be disentangled from the poetic parables of his own proper work, which he does not stop. Dr. Johnson writes in very prosaic verbiage; he only stiffens and amplifies it into a style. Take *The Rambler*, *The Idler*, and the papers in

The Adventurer. If we except the one highest department of counsel, that where wisdom becomes gay, and by example shows us how to be happy,—of which it was Johnson's fatal defect to know nothing,—he has for nearly all the occasions of life the right principle set forth in full. It is not given as a proverb, but is reasoned out. Addison, in *The Spectator*, shines, charms; he is soft, is tender, in ways far out of Johnson's reach; but some of his brightness is got by omitting grave topics handled by Johnson, and by superficially treating others common to them both. Addison is loved by everybody; still, at the height of our delighted admiration of him, we may find heart to say that he was not so sadly wise as Johnson.

Before going to the works in detail, preliminary topic pushes itself forward. Dr. Johnson's style is itself an incident in our literature. He is one of the few in whose case not only what he said, but how he said it, has become of interest. There is a common notion, that the peculiarity of the Johnsonian style is easily understood,—that it lay simply in putting big words for little ones and using very long sentences. Did not Garrick say, that, if Johnson wrote fable in which little fishes were the speakers, he would make them talk like whales? Are there not examples of this given in Macaulay? Some truth there of course is in this, but it also is true that for every sentence containing the big words we could find a paragraph of Johnson's writing in which they are not; and that, while he has sentences as short as anybody,—very many shorter than most writers,—the length of not a few of the long ones is a mere matter of punctuation. Lord Macaulay no more invented the printer's full-stop than Napoleon first found out field artillery, but each used the respective weapon in a number and with an effect which nobody had dared to do before them. By putting a period for a colon, sometimes commas for semicolons, the cumbrousness of many of the Johnsonian passages would change into light, easy reading. We venture to affirm that Johnson could finish a sentence in as few words as anybody. By a sentence, we here mean a distinct, completed thought, involving reasoning; words showing the logical

beginning, carried on, and Take this example from *Idler* : "An hour may be tedious, but be long." If any one will try to act of reasoning completed in a verbal space, they will find it

Or is an instance wanted the sentence is of two branches, might being re-presented, enforced with an amplification? *The* ; No. 185, has this : "To do is in every man's power ; we ever want an opportunity of omitties." These words do not sin ss any more than in number. It e easy to show that Johnson was use phraseology which was small ple in its parts, just as he could nd end in a small course. A . examples might be given in he very peculiarity of the words slimness, their shortness : leadle writers in to-day's newspapers nvy their plainness. A quota-be sufficiently striking ought to ength, and unfortunately that space. In *Rambler*, 103, speakhe natural desire for knowledge, a sentence written as if the full-not then been heard of. It is bevo and three inches in depth, if ure the page ; if we run on one o another, it is about forty inches But part of it may be given :—

limb a mountain for a prospect of the : run to the strand in a storm, that we emplate the agitation of the water ; from city to city, though we profess rchitecture nor fortification ; we cross y to view nature in nakedness, or nce in ruins ; we are equally allured y of every kind, by a desert or a pal-aract or a cavern, by everything rude rthing polished, everything great and g little ; we do not see a thicket but e temptation to enter it, nor remark flying before us but with an inclina-rsue it."

were put before a practised s a task, he would be able to re-dozen of these words by some a shorter ; but we greatly doubt , if it were not a set task, he ise words having a smaller total bles, or which filled less space. e of the cases where the words who would wish them either or fewer? *The Rambler*, No. ; this sudden, resounding burst ets : "a tumultuary magnificence

of boundless traffic." Whether or not it be a little out of place where it occurs, it is a procession of adverbs and adjectives which does credit to the English language. If it cannot be spoken without opening the lips a little wider than usual, that will not do Britons any harm. When Dr. Johnson elsewhere speaks of the "lusciousness of eulogy" (*Rambler* 104), or of "magnificent obscurity" (*Rambler* 77), he is not using cumbrous phrases ; he is but making our language put on its purple, and appear for a moment in its own proper pomp.

Our own view is that the specialty of Johnson's style is generally very much more a matter of logic than of mere language, with the added explanation in the bad passages of a certain defect in emotion, of which something further shall be said directly,—the big verbiage, when it comes, not being used for its own sake, but as a haphazard substitute for something which he knew was missing. He himself stated that he had not tried to bring in more than four or five new words. In reading of set purpose all that he has written, we were surprised to find so few words not in use by writers now. All that stay notably by us are these : "orbity," for loss or lack of children ; "adscitious," for accidental ; "reposite," for to lay by ; "labefaction," for softening ; "defæcation," for cleansing. These words certainly were not needed. The only charm that can be seen in them is that of pedantry ; they are blots upon the page wherever they occur. It can only be urged that he who used them had made a dictionary, while none of his critics has done so. It was for years a necessary mental habit with Johnson to have several sets of words, the outlandish as well as the common, present together in his mind, where other people have only one set—the common, the native. Let it be remembered that he is the only case of a man who wrote a dictionary writing anything else that the public would read. Until some other lexicographers write moral essays, we can hardly say that we know what effect the one labor has upon the other. If the above words stuck to Johnson as burs, they were not many, taking into account the numbers of queer, half-antiquated, stilted, commonly-undreamt-of syllabic

groupings he had come into contact with in making his dictionary.

But we said that the peculiarity of the Johnsonian style lies more in the construction of the sentence than in the mere verbiage of it,—that the framing of the sentence was mainly due to the action of the logical faculty in him.

Dr. Johnson could think a thought into finer separate parts than anybody. An idea which occurs to ordinary people in a block was in his mind a thing of joints and members. Two or three examples will show this. In *Rambler*, No. 14, when writing of the difference between theory and practice, he says: "A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear." Opening again at the seventeenth paper of the same work, we find a list of divisions nearly as numerous and exact: "The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of suppliants, appear vain and empty things when the last hour approaches." Turning at random to "Rasselas," on the chance page we read: "He projected the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness." Johnson has the same wealth of fine differentiation in abusing. In his "Lives of the Poets," by way of emphasizing the generosity shown to Savage by the player Wilks, he says—most unfairly—that acting "makes men, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal."* A man who is able to keep a thought before him while he thinks it into such a multiplicity of particulars must, by the same act, sustain his verbal expression of it beyond the common. It should be noted that the divisions are not mere strings of words; the distinctions are real ones in the subject. We will give but one more example, and in it the reader will be struck with the exact propriety of the diversified epithets. In his "General Observations on Shakespeare's Plays," he thus comments on "Coriolanus:"—

* Whether or not he was hitting covertly at Garrick does not matter, so far as the merely verbal question is concerned.

"The old man's merriment in *Menænius*, the lofty lady's dignity in *Voluntia*, the bridal modesty in *Virgilia*, the patrician haughtiness in *Coriolanus*, the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in *Brutus* and *Sicinius*, make very pleasing and interesting variety.' His power of distinguishing is inexhaustible, for it is infinitesimal.

It was this which made Johnson so formidable a controversialist. He could draw a conclusion within the limits of any other man's: no possible mode of restricting an opponent's statement escaped him. By virtue of the same power he could not himself be put in fetters. If anybody was successfully dealing with an affirmation of his, he had but to press some verbal spring in it, and it opened revealing another inside. In nearly every notable instance of controversial victory by Dr. Johnson it will be found that he triumphs by narrowing the area of the argumentation. Throughout, regarded as mere logical play of the intellect within the dimensions of a point, Johnson's thinking was perfect. Sustained ratiocination, in the way of a chain of reasoning, he never attempts. By his skill in the other mode he makes that appear to be unnecessary. The explanation of his having some enormous prejudices obviously lies in the fact that he would not sustain his thinking in a chain; he would not let his mind act freely on those subjects. So far as he would and did think, there was not a spot of shade in his intellect where either a superstition or a fallacy could hide. By this native strength of wit issuing in good sense he casually anticipated several of our most boasted modern legal reforms. He argued against capital punishment excepting for murder; he condemned the giving general forms of security; he was for restricting imprisonment for debt. These, however, are not the points we were wanting to bring out. Cases might be multiplied showing that Johnson had the ability to begin to think upon a proposition earlier than other men, and of ceasing to think on it later, within the area he permitted to himself. It, therefore, is not very wonderful that he should often want a wider sweep of sentence in which to say all that occurred to him upon a point. *The Rambler*, *The Idler*, and the con-

ns to *The Adventurer*, are all that, give Johnson an inch of he could develop it into an area chain—of ratiocination beside an ordinary writer's dealing with l be a patch. This is not saying is the deepest thinking ever—it is only asserting it to be the ultiform, the most comprehensive in its narrowed limits.

fully to give the secret of the an mannerism, alike in its merit in its faults, a great falling-off in rary emotion in his case has to ted out. At times, his words, use of every notable writer, take ctivity of their own. Whenever ppens with any one, it is either or the better or much for the

The best passages in our chief rters, no less than in our poets, ere the phraseology has become r in this fashion; the verbiage wiser than the thoughts, more than the feelings; and the man ls into this trance of language, is the most amazed at the glory : beauty of the utterance. But, , the words, in prose at any rate, ly be trusted a single inch in ad- of the thinking; the thoughts perpetually overtake and guide the while they take fire from it.

ohnson was at fault. His words begin this automatic stir, and do an unquestionable air of noble- ut the literary emotion ran out at once, leaving only a mechan- vement to go on. The phrases ting into bigness did but mimic piness they should have had; his easily, consistently, perfectly, he wealth of verbiage he had l in dictionary truckling. But cate sense of fitness was lacking, fine adjustments of propriety had to act. Instead of these you ie resonant pomp going starkly l, increasing, unabashed by laugh- wing every moment more out of until it ends preposterously, in a ionomental shame of language, ime cannot decay. In this way, tance, he comes to speak of 'vats as being the potentialities ving rich beyond the dreams of or, in his happiest, most par- : miscarriage by this fault, affirms

that the death of Garrick eclipsed the gaiety of nations. A few instances of this grotesqueness have been seized on, and have been still further exaggerated. After all, they have not very much real value, for they hide rather than illustrate the one broad defect of Johnson's work. This is an over-activity of the intellect always going on. Everything is reasoned about, and only reasoned about. The feelings are never allowed to mass themselves sufficiently to tell; he forever dissects them away by perpetual small variations of the topic. In the very worst examples, even the reasoning itself becomes formal, going on working when there is not a iota of sentiment left. It does so with the most amazing needlessness, as though ratiocination was a new discovery, requiring that every possible inference and conclusion should be explicitly given as novelties. This issues in sentences which might have been constructed on the monotonous plan of the "buts" in Solomon's proverbs. Here is one: "Whoever is apt to hope good from others is diligent to please them; but he that believes his own powers are strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself." There are numbers of such sentences. It resembles reasoning by the syllogism fully drawn out, to which the present shortened patience of mankind is not equal. Very frequently Johnson puts the whole of the matter into words, including those parts we habitually take for granted, and suppress in the statement. When this is found out it is resented. Not only is it felt to be a waste of time, it is an obvious arraignment of our mental faculties. Men, when told that twice seven make fourteen, do not like its being added that this is so because three and four are seven. They think they have a right to be credited with knowing as much as that. Indeed, a deeper instinct than that of vanity is at work in the objection. The human mind can only stretch its attention between certain limits. It is but by a progressive dropping out from our statements of what everybody comes mechanically to know, assuming it as commonplace, that we can make progress in our ordinary affirmations, pushing them on another step by drawing in the prior links. Johnson

failed greatly here. In one word, *he had no right perception of the commonplace*. He is continually telling us what was already in our thoughts sufficiently, and which has the merit of never needing again to be said in this world.

But let us look at the works a little closer. The first thing that strikes any one is, how fragmentary they are. No man, in our literature, with such powers of thought has confined himself to such a piecemeal way of working. His dictionary is, in a technical sense, a whole, but it is only one as the alphabet is an entity: the big volumes are made up of so many hundreds of pages filled with repetitions of the same thing—the defining and illustrating a word. “*Rasselas*” is the shortest novel ever written, of either the first or the second rank, and it ends without being concluded. The tragedy of “*Irene*” shows the same impatience of prolonged effort, for, although nobody ever wished it longer, that is not because it is lengthy now. “*Hamlet*” must contain nearly half as much again in quantity. “*The Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*” is a small thin volume. If we put these aside, all the rest of Johnson’s writings are mere fritters of production. Two or three of the memoirs in his “*Lives of the Poets*” would make decent-sized pamphlets (*i.e.*, Pope, Dryden, and Savage); while three of his political papers—“*Marmor-Norfolciense*,” “*The False Alarm*,” and “*Taxation no Tyranny*”—are quite big enough to justify their name of tracts. But the compositions forming *The Rambler*, *The Idler*, and his writings in *The Adventurer*, might all be printed on fly-sheets. In an ill sense, it suited his physical sluggishness, his constitutional laziness, as it also did in a better mode the multiform activity of his intellect when it was acting, that Addison and Steele had just made the Essay a popular form of writing. But if that desultory literary fashion was then in his favor, it is wholly against both him and us now. The modern development of the Novel has effectually spoiled us for such single mouthfuls of plain fiction as essayists can give. It is as a moralist that Johnson survives. The character-sketches, the apologues, and other devices with which he eked out his proper work, become every year

more and more a kind of neglected mental *débris*, among which we have to search for what we want. No one can help a feeling of vexatious regret as he turns over the pages. In no other English writer of the first class have we half as much of what must be called waste work as we have in Johnson.

It is a kind of waste which might well form the best of some authors, even of some literatures, but in him it still is waste. The question was how can works on the plan of *The Spectator*, *The Rambler*, and *The Idler*, get the needed diversification of their contents? There is obviously the resource of an imaginary club. It broke down in the hands of Addison, but not before he had made it impossible for anybody else to try it. Johnson was too prudent to do so. There remained the palpable artifice of pretended letters from correspondents, and, besides this, one or two minor arts which the literary fashions then current admitted of. Among these, perhaps, the most valuable was that of the Dream. No writer for two generations past has been permitted avowedly to go to sleep over his writings: it is a privilege which modern readers insist on keeping for themselves. But Johnson was at liberty to write, “While pondering this, I fell asleep, and lo! I beheld,” &c. It was also then allowed to point a moral by imagining any impossible scenes, provided that they were placed in the East, or at a very great distance anywhere else. Such geographical license no longer exists. A certain air of childishness has overtaken all these trivial arts, antiquating them, with the result of not a little restricting the literary apparatus. Johnson both dreamt in print and made imaginary journeys; his great resource, however, was fictitious correspondence. He who so scorned Garrick for being a player himself tried every kind of personation with the pen. He writes to himself pretending to be a man of fashion about town—a city tradesman—a country squire—a gamester—a virtuoso—a legacy-hunter—a shop apprentice—a debtor in jail. He puts himself forward as a young man, a man of middle age, an old man. He is a husband writing all kinds of things of his wife, a wife complaining in every possible way of her husband. The drollest

thing of all in these assumptions is Johnson's liking for pretending to be a woman. Nothing so nearly pleases this giant as to put on petticoats, though he is much too Falstaffian to be able to hide his beard. There is scarcely any type of feminine character which Johnson does not attempt. He is a young girl impatient of home restraints; a vulgar rich woman creeping into fashionable life; an heiress sought by crowds of lovers; a squire's wife whose soul is merged in making preserves and wines; a young lady of quality; an old maid; a young widow, wanting to be married again; a servant girl; a woman of the town. We need not dwell on the question of whether these assumptions were successful in any dramatic sense. The public by its utter neglect of them shows that it is sufficiently aware that they were not. Addison's men and women are still real beings moving about in the world. You continually hear of them and read of them as you do of Shakespeare's people. Not one of Johnson's survives. They never did live. He put on a mask and tried to disguise his voice a little. The names he gave the characters were labels for himself.

This depreciation, however, must not go a step further. We allow that the characters wanted life, but they had everything else. If Johnson had not the true spirit of humor which can create, he was possessed of a cleverness that did everything but substitute it. Nobody can detect any lack of information. Richardson had not so much of the stock furniture of this kind needed by a writer of fiction; Fielding scarcely had more. The appropriate details of every situation, be it of town life or life in the country, are fully and consistently given. Again and again, the reader is so busily entertained by particulars that he forgets the want of true versatility in the feigned characters. In this secondary way, many of the sketches are really diverting. If the space for it offered, it would be possible to quote a series of passages so good, that few persons could perceive what was lacking in them. Nothing does ail them but that nameless fault which only the collective public can find out; the successive generations neglect to go on reading, and by this simple means, posterity comes to retain only

the indescribable best of each kind. For instance, we might defy any one to point out in what respects the sketch of the Virtuoso given in the eighty-second *Rambler* could be made smarter than it is. This collector of curiosities allows his tenants to pay their rent in butterflies, but then, in that way, he obtains three earth-worms not known to naturalists. The sale of the Harleian Collection finally ruins him; he mortgages his lands to buy thirty medals which he could never meet with before. Or, take the account in *Rambler* No. 57, of Lady Bustle, with her conserves, home-made wines, and the jealously-guarded receipt of the famous orange pie. The story of the pie would not have disgraced Goldsmith. If something still lighter is wanted, there is the letter in *Rambler* No. 34, in which a young lover relates his coach-excursion with Anthea, an heiress. The description of her humors, her affected frights, her pretended discontents, and her real satisfaction, leaves out no particular which Addison could have put in, only he would have put them in with a general difference. The portrait of Tom Tempest in *Idler* No. 11, who still stood up for the House of Stuart, is antiquated now, but one can see that it was very good then. In *Rambler* No. 46, "Euphelia," describing the dull monotony of her visit to some country relations, gives a picture of the silly exclusiveness and stupid passions of rural society in those days, which hardly could be better done. Will Marvel's account of his wonderful journey, in *Idler* No. 49, is a piece of very lively exaggeration. We might prolong the list. In all the cases the excellence would be seen to lie in the perfect fulness of detail. Johnson's intellect forbids any overlooking. His logical faculty positively stands him in the stead of imagination; he is able to reason out all that necessarily belongs to the situation or the character with which he is dealing. But no man can use the understanding in place of the imagination without the risk of its betraying him into great failure through excess. It does not know what details to omit, one particular is worth just as much to it as another. In this way Johnson repeatedly does not know when to stop. Some of his jokes are as cumbrous as he was himself.

Among these huge failures may be set down the paper on "Garrets," *Rambler* No. 117; that on "Magnets for Discovering Virtue," *Rambler* No. 199; the one about "Advertisements," *Idler* No. 40; and that on "The Miseries of having been in Trade," in *Rambler* No. 123. There are others, but of what use is it to specify them, when even the best of what we have been speaking of has, in reference to present readers, not to mention later posterity, to be certainly regarded as waste? All this attempted humor was really hackney writing. Whenever Johnson was afraid of his readers tiring of the lay sermons which were his right work, he put in a character-sketch, or a fiction of some kind, meaning it to be mirthful. It was natural and easy for him to do it—the doing it was part of his acquired craft. Johnson, it must be borne in mind, started as a hack, and in fact he never laid down the character. To compose an epitaph, or to write "Lives," to supply other authors with "prefaces" and "introductions," was journey-work belonging to his business. Down to the last it remained just as much so, as in the earlier days it was to provide *The Gentleman's Magazine* with Parliamentary debates. There has been no other such literary journeyman. In nine cases out of ten, allowing for the manner which would cling to him too much, the workmanship was excellent. But it was hackney, and in the end the world is not satisfied with that, in either literature or art. There is no mystery in it. Somebody, either before or after, stirred by the genuine impulse, does the same thing better.

Fortunately for Johnson, wit is always genuine, and the world does not ask for what wages it was produced. If his being a humorist may be questioned, there is no doubt of his being a wit. A writer who in his first special effort took Juvenal as his model, and achieved such a poem as "London," must have had satire for his original literary impulse. In a moment we will speak of his poetry in a separate paragraph, but he appears in his prose works as the satirist throughout. You never go far without coming upon a stroke of it. It is not satire of the very first rank, we admit; there is not enough of bitterness in it. We need not say that it makes only a very distant

approach to Juvenal; it is far below Pope in the keenness of its sting. His satire, in fact, is rather the perfection of verbal style, than of real ill-feeling; the words fit so well that they grow hard and shine,—at the angles they are so sharp that they cut. If a man writes exactly upon trifles, he must develop wit; and the very fact of the topic being trivial makes the wit take on the appearance of satire. Johnson's ridicule of card-playing in society, the forming collections of curiosities, feminine worship of soldiers' finery, and the then popular custom of attending auction-sales, gets its success in this way. But some parts of his minor political papers,—we do not mean the "tracts,"—deserve higher praise. The wit is sustained somewhat beyond what the mere polish of style could give; in commenting on the war it becomes once or twice really savage. It must be confessed that the doings of our troops about the year 1758 were not brilliant. Any one who had attained a full command of his pen would be pretty sure to write his best in dealing with them, for he would be under the full stress of patriotic indignation. To find fault with an army gives full scope for satire; it is the largest and finest topic a wit can have. Johnson proved this. There has not been much put into English type that reads so grimly as the latter half of *Idler* No. 8. His sketch of a method by which our army might, in course of time, be brought to look an enemy in the face, whether French or American, is not very unlike what Swift would have given us. The passage is too lengthy for us to quote. In his political tracts, written more or less to order, he moves in fetters; the wit there is nearly all a matter of mere finish of phrase, and sometimes the secret that it is so is shamelessly apparent. The attack made on "Junius" in the paper on the Falkland Islands is of this labored, unsuccessful kind. One or two of its best points will, perhaps, bear citing, as "Junius" never ceases to interest. Johnson says:—

"When he had once provided for his safety by impenetrable secrecy, he had nothing to combat but truth and justice, enemies whom he knows to be feeble in the dark. . . . Finding sedition ascendant, he has been able to advance it; finding the nation combustible, he has been able to inflame it. . . . Those who

not whither he would lead them resolve
 ow him, and those who cannot find his
 ag hope he means rebellion."

uld not be difficult to fill pages with
 e specimens of what may be styled
 successful satire. In his preface
 akespeare, speaking of the stage as
 1 by others, he says,—“The theatre
 opled by such characters as are
 seen, conversing in language which
 ever heard, upon topics which will
 arise in the commerce of man-
 ” His Life of the poet Hughes

his remark,—“Hughes added to
 Dialogues of Fontenelle, which he
 ated, two of his own, and, though
 only an honest but a pious man, he
 ated the work to the Earl of Whar-

In dealing with Savage in the
 , he says,—“The poet contented
 elf with the applause of men of
 nent, and was disposed to exclude
 the character of men of judgment
 o did not applaud him.” In the
 of Thomson, he observes of Lon-
 that “it is a place where merit will
 riends so soon as it is reputable to
 nd it.” Of the poet Dyer, he
 that “he seemed to think that not
 rite prose is certainly to write
 y.” This list of good things could
 nghtened considerably.

re we may conveniently speak of
 own poetry. The satire, it needs
 o be said, is good. Indeed, that is
 aying enough of it. “The Vanity
 uman Wishes” contains more pas-
 which would be recognized by the
 ral reader, than any poetical piece
 e same length in our language, if
 ake the single exception of Pope’s
 say on Man.” It has fewer than
 hundred lines, but these supply
 ast ten stock quotations. This is a
 ellous success. Alike in it and in
 ndon,” there are lines and coup-
 now and then longer passages, as
 as anything below the very best
 of Dryden and Pope. In parts of
 Prologue spoken by Garrick at the
 ing of his theatre, the same excel-
 e of rhetorical finish comes to his

But what is to be said of the rest
 e so-called poetry? Wherever it is
 satire, it is impossible not to call it
 : failure. The tragedy of “Irene”
 ot be read now without more laugh-
 than some modern comedies give.

The style in which the passions are
 sought to be conveyed is positively that
 which is appropriate to burlesque. Read
 the scene where Cali Bassa relates to
 Demetrius the seizure of Aspasia in
 Sophia’s temple. Demetrius, the hero-
 ine’s lover, gives vent to his feelings
 in the melodramatic line,

“In Sophia’s temple!—what alarm!—Pro-
 ceed.”

That single word, “proceed,” settles
 all Johnson’s claims as a dramatist.
 Can any one imagine Shakespeare mak-
 ing one of his characters interrupt the
 story of the seizure of his lady-love with
 the exclamation, “What alarm!—Pro-
 ceed!” Directly afterwards Demetrius
 has another passionate outburst. The
 whole passage had better be given:—

“Dem. Celestial goodness,

It must, it must be she!—her name?

“Cali. Aspasia!

“Dem. What hopes, what terrors rush upon
 my soul!

Oh, lead me quickly to the scene of
 fate;

Break through the politician’s tedious
 forms,

Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save
 her.”

That Johnson, who yet remains for his
 countrymen the standard critic of Shake-
 speare, should not have known, in his
 own case, that this making the hero say
 to the audience that he felt in such-and-
 such a way, instead of letting them find
 it out, was dramatically ridiculous, is
 amazing. Assuredly, if “Irene” had
 been a play he was criticising, not writ-
 ing, he would have seen it instantly.
 The rest of his compositions in verse,—
 if we omit the Latin pieces, whose only
 value is the evidencing a certain com-
 mand over the language,—are not very
 numerous, but they are all too many.
 With the ordinary fixed conceptions of
 Dr. Johnson, there is something very
 laughter-moving in finding him writing
 poems “To Stella.” He has odes to
 “Evening” and to all the “Seasons.”
 There are “Lines” written at the re-
 quest of a gentleman when a lady had
 given him a sprig of myrtle. He ad-
 dresses a composition to “Miss —,”
 On her giving the author a gold and silk
 network purse of her own weaving.”
 Another piece is addressed to this lady
 “On her playing upon the harpsichord
 in a room hung with flower-pieces of her

own painting." He translates from Horace and Anacreon, and scholars agree that he does it as badly as most other people.

There is but one remark to be made upon it all. He could write satire in verse, for in satirizing a man has to reason, and having such stores of language of the rather lofty kind, Johnson could reason in poetry just as well as in prose,—that is to say, absolutely, perfectly; but the moment he slackens the working of the logical faculty, seeking to stimulate feeling raised to the musical pitch, he is lost. He has not the gift of song at all. In mimicking it, the only chance he had of concealing the fact from himself was to take the first technically complete suggestion that offered, and believe it inspiration. Very often it was doggerel. The compositions meant to rhyme, of course, do it; they are poetical numbers to that extent; but when he drops that resource, and tries blank verse, the failure is such as no other writer of his rank has left behind him. It might be said that the nearest approach he ever made to poetry was a piece of prose. His little-fiction, "The Fountains: a Fairy Tale," is excellent reading. But you are finally compelled to say that about five-sixths of Johnson's poetry must be classed with his humorous prose; for all final uses, it is waste.

With a sense of relief, one turns to his proper work, the ethical disquisitions. It is easy to characterize Johnson in this higher aspect. To begin with: There is nothing whatever of the mystic in him. He does not try to solve any problem. We remember but a single case where he attempts any dealing with the puzzles of this life. In one of the *Idler* papers, the existence of evil being spoken of, he affirms that nearly all moral good can be traced to the occasions physical evil gives for it. This explanation is not Johnson's own, but he accepts it as sufficient, and with the great historic enigma he meddles no more. He is, in his beliefs, an average Englishman, not looking out for any new doctrine. He holds that what is needful to be known, religiously, morally, politically, is already known: it is for him nearly all contained within the Church of England's standards. As a

metaphysician he cannot be said to have any rank whatever. He does not even betray curiosity as to the fundamental questions; and, difficult as it is to think that the feeling was wholly stifled, there is the evidence of his private devotional formularies and records, not originally meant for publication, and covering the greater part of his life. In these, we do not find a stir of thought betokening any misgiving as to the efficiency and sufficiency of the ordinary notions. It was, however, the same with him in politics. From first to last he was a plain, old-fashioned Tory, without a single variation in his thinking towards Liberalism. To understand it all, the habit of his mind must be persistently taken into account. For him to have argued out his general principles would necessarily have involved him in sustained ratiocination, which we have said he would not undertake, and it would have left him, for recurring periods at least, with gaps in his thinking, each one of which would have been a torment to him. Johnson could not do for an instant without what would pass for full, complete thinking on any and every subject. He consequently accepted the old fixed doctrines just as he found them, boundlessly illustrating them from the quick momentary activities of his own mind. This instinctive resolve to escape from all the discontent of a want of conclusive, finished thinking, must have been the reason for his scoffing at physical science. (See *Rambler* No: 24, and *Idler* No. 17.) The failure to apprehend its coming wonders must always remain a stigma on Johnson. But such sciences as botany and meteorology were then so new that his mind could not illustrate them. He did himself dabble in chemistry, but then it had a history. In every case he must have full materials for thinking readiest, easiest, most completely within the limits of a small space, and he turned where they lay. The only mode of enlargement then was paradox. This he snatched at; not only, we believe, for momentary triumphs, but for his own satisfaction. His saying that Dr. J. Campbell, a person then notorious, was a good man because he raised his hat when he passed a church though he never went in, and his praising Charles II. as a king of good principles, admit of some explana-

tion beyond the supposition of wilfulness. It was the only way left in which he could simulate a free action of his intellect within the doctrinal restrictions which he would not transgress. He tries after this enlargement perpetually. It is this effort which may be seen working at the bottom, in such varying instances as his asserting that female unchastity could not be too harshly treated; his arguing that a lawyer had no duty to have an opinion as to the injustice of his client's cause until the Court had pronounced; his condoling with Dr. Dodd the night before he was hanged, on the ground that his crime (forgery) had not corrupted any man's principles. For the same reasons, this oligarch in politics was a democrat in literature, always ready to believe that widespread reputation in authorship has occult justifications for itself. Though his inquiries into ghost stories were not conclusive, he thinks such tales should not be wholly decried, since they have been believed by so many generations of men. Large, full materials for thinking briskly, but easily, stand to him in the stead of radical proofs. He would not venture after those into any wild, uncertain places. No man ever could make mental bricks quicker or better, but he must have his straw found for him, and plenty of it. Without a store in hand to begin with he would not work. This is not to be praised; it means some cowardice or weakness; for, at that rate, we should never have had any truth at all. However, it was thus that Johnson did not, in all his writings and talkings, give the world a single novelty of doctrine; his utmost approach to originality lies in the striking out of paradoxes in phraseology, necessitating greater activity of mind in applying an old principle. His merit, as we sought to show at the outset, is wholly of another kind than originality. It is that of an absolutely explicit statement of ordinary beliefs—a full illustrative exposition of the trite thoughts which the common mind of the community into which he was born has for its hereditary furniture. It was a very necessary, a very valuable work, and he did it with splendid excellence. Possibly, some of those who are for ever crying out for the continued discovery of new truth, are not fully aware of how

much truth Johnson—merely by bringing it together in shining heaps—showed that we have lying to hand already discovered, but unused.

The best course will be to try to connect the moral principles scattered throughout Johnson's writings. If any one could grasp them, and habitually apply the rules in conduct, he would not be far short of finding in them an intellectual scheme of right living.

As the starting point for the synopsis, we may take his statement (*Rambler*, No. 49) that it is vain to try to preserve life in a state of neutrality and indifference. If, he says, we could hope by excluding joy to shut out grief, the plan would be worth considering, but as misery will find its way at many inlets, we may surely endeavor to raise life above the middle point of apathy at one time, for it will necessarily sink below it at another. But this robust encouragement to risk something for enjoyment must be taken along with his views on self-denial (*Idler*, No. 53). To every man there is, he urges, a point in the indulgence of pleasure which is fatal; having passed it he will not return to temperance. "To deny early and inflexibly is the only art of checking the importunity of desire, and of preserving quiet and innocence." As the fundamental virtue, he elects Prudence. He always recognizes the antipathetic aspects of life to youthandage (*Rambler*, No. 69), and he is fully aware of the impossibility of combining different sets of enjoyments,—if we will have some, we must give up others. The diversities of human character (*Rambler*, No. 70), with the folly of expecting uniformity of taste, are continually urged by him. He has an abiding sense of how our time is pettily appropriated by custom, and by our physical wants, these latter levelling all ranks. The paltriness of many of our pleasures is fully seen by him, though he teaches no disgust, frankly accepting enjoyments however small. His general view of life is specially social. Not only does he fully appraise friendship (*Rambler*, No. 99), but he has what may be called a scientific conception of the art of mutually pleasing,—he praises politeness to its full height, and rightly values social accomplishments as a means of conventional intercourse. Scarcely any

moralist awards so much importance to mere peevishness, and what you may term egotism, as ills of life. He never loses sight of how much any man's success in gaining the admiration of others must be limited by diversity in tastes, by distractions of attention, by the demands of their own affairs. He acknowledges an element of romance in life, noting how human beings when thrown into contact interest one another in ways they are not aware of, much less design. For the cure of disappointment and sorrow, apart from the higher resources of religion, he relies mainly on active employment, not on forced mirth, nor on indulged melancholy. Finally, he ever regards man as the creature of hope, the sport of passion, a lover of himself, always more or less the fool of the future. It is easy to detect recurrences among the minor thoughts,—as that man is of importance to himself, that we must seem pleased if we would give pleasure, &c.

This is only a skeleton statement, necessarily omitting all the amazing completeness of detailed thinking, all the noble finish of style. If we cited the proofs in full, we should give passage after passage of the most perfect rational exposition in our own or in any literature. Johnson's chief subjects need no more mere exposition from now to the end of the world; all the facts are taken up by him, all the inferences are given. High as some of the topics are, he is always sufficient for them. There is no common human duty, either of performance or of avoidance, for which he cannot assign the full grounds. The authority of his teaching is drawn from the intellect, not enforced by any enthusiasm of the feelings, and, in a certain high sense, that means a defect personally; but it follows from this that the rhetoric is never excessive, and is not liable to stale. Who can suppose a time when Johnson's absolutely logical presentation of these matters will be wholly out of fashion? He left it to religion to supply the actuating motives, always assuming that to be present, added to what he urged. Grant this, and regard his self-imposed task as that of explaining virtue by lay reasoning, expounding it as a matter of common-sense, provable to the understanding from the facts,

and he did the work as no other writer has done it. His scheme, we allow, does not include any hints for the loft department of the culture of the emotions by means of Art, now growing increasingly indispensable to the daintiest souls; but looking to the ordinary wants of mankind, the apparatus of moral principles he offers is all but sufficient. Scattered about in these Essays lie the fragmentary materials for a new "Who's Duty of Man;" and it was such a work that Johnson ought to have given to the world, for it to have had the full fruit of his mind, if we let our expectations rise to the height of his powers at their best. Instead of that whole we have these splendid pieces.

In saying that Johnson's writings are void of any enthusiasm of the feelings, a single qualification must be made. He gives play to one passion; he has, at times, an enthusiasm of sadness. There is nowhere to be met with a more relentless review of the inevitableness, the commonness, the diversity of human miseries, than he gives in the 120th paper of *The Adventurer*. Here is his general conclusion:—

"The world in its best state is nothing more than a larger assembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embellish life, and to hide their real condition from one another."

In other essays, he deals with some human woes separately, going into the particulars. *Rambler* No. 69 has a passage on the prospect of age, which is as sad as words can be:—

"The other miseries which waylay our passage through the world, wisdom may escape, and fortitude may conquer. . . . But a time must come when our policy and bravery shall be equally useless; when we shall sink into helplessness and sadness, without any power of receiving solace from the pleasures that have formerly delighted us, or any prospect of emerging into a second possession of the blessings we have lost."

Here we have melancholy rising into the ideal. These darker ones are the only set of facts which overcome the fine balance of Johnson's understanding. It is plain that, in the above utterance, he leaves out of view the way in which time lessens our wants, and, also, overlooks some compensations which it gives. One thing, however, must be borne in

is impossible for any one now to read these passages without thinking of the various episodes in Johnson's own life. Besides Boswell's details, we have Johnson's "Prayers and Meditations," which affect most readers in an extraordinary way. They are but pen-pictures of what everybody expects; we all pray and resolve, and hope and resolve again; but he brings it all down, while the rest of us rise. They are in no way to be compared among literary productions, but they save them. If, however, read without this extra, this interfering element of the writer, it is not unlikely that they would admirably regard Johnson's Essays simply as instances of heroic persistence in putting out illusion and accepting the whole of the facts. At least, to read the details of Johnson's failure to rise in act as he was in writing, is the very Boswellianism which the plan of this paper not to aid. In fact, almost his exculpation, was the end body.

There has yet to be added of him in the literary aspect. He still is the generally recognized critic in our age;—true, it has not many. Early ventured to say that in so far as men are at all qualified to qualify their idolatry of the pen, the bulk of them still rests on opinions of the Plays from

He made some enormous mistakes in selecting, as the most striking in English poetry, the scene from Congreve's "Mourning" which showed a stolidness which is the most amazing marvel among the errors of criticism. His refusal to do so in several other cases is equally true. But even in these instances the strength of his intellect in affording reasons for his detailed conclusions is not only interesting,—it is noble; for if the applications of his principles are out of place more or less in cases in hand, they may at least be borne in mind as real elements of a critical canon. We need not enforce this by such differing examples as his notices of Gray and Swift, to whom he undervalues. Nearly the critical verdict of his from the general public has turned with him; his judgment of Milton.

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Something of this is owing to lack of distinguishing between parts of the criticism. Johnson was embittered against Milton as a politician, and he had no liking for him as a man, but his appreciation of him as a poet could hardly rise higher than it does at the highest points. He scoffs at most of the minor poems, notably at the sonnets: possibly, the wonder is, after all, that in a case where his personal bias was so strongly acting, he erred no further. Indeed, considering the great constitutional defects of emotion Johnson's own poetry shows, it is little short of a literary miracle that his range of critical appreciation betrays him so little. It is certain that he must have praised more distinct kinds in poetry than those which gave him pleasure. The explanation, we believe, is that he was sometimes able, intellectually, to discern the mental marks of successful composition even where he failed to respond emotionally. In matters of mere constructive skill, as, also, in reference to the technical proprieties of embellishment, his judgment was solidly accurate. The sympathetic shortcomings are so hidden, are in a fashion so substituted, in the ways we have mentioned, that, excepting in a few instances, the public has never become fully aware of them. Johnson cannot be called a great critic in the high, original sense; if he has perfected the rules of literary judgment within a certain compass, he has not really widened the popular taste, by any encouragement of novel kinds of merit, adding to the power of the public enjoyment of literature: still, in spite of this, what he has done he has done so well, that he is the only critic we have who is read from one generation to another. A great part of his work in this department, as in every other of it, is now labor lost. He was willing, at the publishers' dictation, to let their trade catalogues stand for the roll of fame, and to write about Hammond, or Somerville, or West, just as readily as about Pope, or Dryden, or Butler, or Young, or Thomson. Johnson positively had no sensitiveness as to his topics; anybody might set him a task; he justified to himself the execution of it by the fineness of the workmanship.

And now, lastly, the question remains,

after all that we have said of his finish of style, what is Johnson's rank as a literary artist? what sense of form had he? Well, it cannot be put high. His power of excelling, wonderful as it was, did not go much further than the sentence,—certainly not beyond the paragraph. Even within those limits, if the criticism is to be absolute, there is a certain hardness, an absence of easy flow, a want of vital elasticity; the sentences are mechanisms of joints and hinges; clearly-cut, exactly-balanced, but still mechanical. They stand out in perfect distinctness, they shine, sometimes they glitter, but on none of them is there the varying, shifting bloom of phrase which is the last glory of verbiage. It is, however, when we regard the works as separate wholes that we see how much he failed. He has left no model, nor anything approaching to it. Essays, of course, do not pretend to merit of plan beyond the most rudimentary stage. His successful poems were imitations; his tragedy was very clumsy,—in the last act there are thirteen scenes; his novel makes little use of the first fine conception of the hidden Happy Valley, and so soon as the characters are in the world outside, the plot degenerates into the simplicity of a mere ramble from place to place. On the high score of form, then, his works can make no claim. On the other hand, he must have the full merit of being one of the earliest of those who are called the moderns in our list of writers. He may be said to have given the finishing blow to pastoral in poetry, and to mythological ornamentation in any style of composition. Only in one respect does Johnson appear to present readers as antiquated,—in the great use he makes of Personification, which is a literary artifice that has fallen wholly into desuetude. There is now an air of childishness about such sentences as these,—“Criticism was the eldest daughter of Labor and Truth; she was at her birth committed to the care of Justice, and brought up by her in the Palace of Wisdom” (*Rambler*, No. 3).

“Labor was the son of Necessity, the Nursling of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess” (*Rambler*, No. 33). In another paper, Rest, Labor, Lassitude,

Luxury, and Satiety, are personified; so elsewhere are Truth, Falsehood, *u*riosity, &c.

It is a fair question, whether this artifice stands on the same footing as pastoral poetry and mythological decoration. We scarcely think it does. There is a large body of our experience not expressed in the current literature for the very reason that in this utter disuse of personification there is no longer any means of bringing it in a sustained way before the mind. For the mental and moral qualities, representing so much of what we know and feel, we have names; but a name is not embodiment enough to enable us to contemplate them effectually. Indeed, what we may term the natural history of the virtues and the vices can only be given in parable. We now are pretending to do without it, and we succeed after a fashion; that is, we omit effective meditation on these subjects. Let any one who wishes to know how much we lose by this utter exclusion of personification read Johnson's “Vision of the Hermit of Teneriffe.” The fable of the “Mountain of Existence,” with its personifications of Education, Appetite, Habits, Reason, Pride, Content, Indolence, Melancholy, Despair, and Religion, will make—unless we are wholly mistaken—the process of human experience intelligible to him in a way which is impossible by the use of abstract terms only. A time may come when language will have condensed itself and have developed its associations sufficiently for mere names to serve, but, at present, we are far from it. Personification seems a real need of exposition, one which cannot be permanently unrecognized. It has the objection of staling badly from over-use. Now and then, it must ask a period of neglect to gain freshness. Whenever it is readopted, it will give a palpable enlargement of the vehicle of literary expression. Johnson's great use of it has these grounds of justification.

But, in order fully to perceive Johnson's extraordinary merits, you must take the perfect wisdom of what he says in his splendid fragments with the all but perfect way in which he said it, for his style was ample for these brief flights of composition. In his writings, we again say, there is no oddity of manner,

no unsoundness of view, nothing approaching to grotesqueness ; he is nearly the politest of our writers ; everything with him is polished, even stiffened a little into elegant hardness. His one exaggeration was that of a careful nobleness. It is quite true that there was the huge Boswellian difference between Johnson as an author and as a man, but we have so many eccentric men and so few nearly perfect writers, that it may be doubted whether it would not have been as well to have had the unlesened effect of Johnson as an author. For it is from this sublime, inevitable hypocrisy of Literature that the world gets its lay working ideal perpetually renewed. As yet, a human creature can only sometimes be quite good in the still act of writing. By a happy error, those who do not write mix up the man and the au-

thor, where the difference is not forced on them as in this case, and, thinking there are beings so much better than the common, they try, fitfully, to live after the style of books. If the illusion should be destroyed, and it ever came to be universally known that literature is intentional only, that the writers of these high judgments, exact reflections, beautiful flights of sentiment, are in act simply as other men, how is the great bulk to be stung into trying after progress ?

Johnson was a wonderful possibility of this illusion. With the pen in his hand, he was a nearly perfect man. But, thanks to Boswell's fidelity, the accidents of a diseased body have been allowed to obscure more than a little the literary effect of his splendid mind. —*Contemporary Review*.

WHAT THE SUN IS MADE OF.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.

SLOWLY, but very surely, by means of quiet sap, but little of which meets the eye, are we effecting an entrance into the treasure-houses wherein are kept the secrets of the Sun. How different are they from those of Troy and Mycenæ ! How changed the stand-point of human thought and interest when we pass from one to the other ; the glorious past with a still glorious future faces a future almost without a past. Religion, Art, and a Humanity which furnish us with the spectacle of the apotheosis of a tribe on the one hand, views of an infinitely extended Nature which dwarf the whole solar system on the other.

It is because the secrets of the sun include the cipher in which the light messages from external Nature in all its vastness are written that those interested in the 'new learning,' as the Chemistry of Space may certainly be considered, are so anxious to get at and possess them.

I purpose to show in the following pages that even if centuries must elapse before the ingenuity of man will succeed in doing for celestial hieroglyphics what it has already done for Egyptian ones, in one direction at least an alphabet is already being formulated.

The attempts which are now being made to 'cull the secret,' not 'from the latest moon,' but from the brilliant orb of day in the various new fields of thought and work recently opened up, may be conveniently divided into three perfectly distinct branches. We have, first, that extremely important inquiry which has as its result the complete determination of the position of everything which happens on the sun. This, of course, includes a complete cataloguing of the spots on the sun which have been observed time out of mind, and also of those solar prominences the means of observing which have not been so long within our reach. It is of the highest importance that these data should be accumulated, more especially because it has been found that both in the case of spots and prominences there are distinct cycles which, in the future, may not only be very much fuller of meaning to us than they seem to be at present, but may even satisfy the representatives of the *cui bono* school who, I suppose, see in Priam's treasure but so many ounces of gold.

This brings me to refer to the second branch of the work ; and it is this :— These various cycles of the spots and

prominences have long occupied the attention both of meteorologists and magneticians; and one of the most interesting fields of modern inquiry, a field in which very considerable activity has been displayed in the last few years, is one which seeks to connect these various indications of changes in the sun with changes in our own atmosphere.

The sun, of course, is the only variable that we have. Taking the old view of the elements, we have fire represented by our sun, variable if our sun is variable; earth, air and water, in this planet of ours, we must recognise as constants. From this point of view, therefore, it is not at all to be wondered at that both magneticians and meteorologists should have already traced home to solar changes a great many of the changes with which we are more familiar. This second line of activity depends obviously upon the work done in the first, which records the number (the increasing or decreasing number) of the spots and prominences, and the variations in the positions which these phenomena occupy on the surface of the sun. As a result of this work, then, we shall have a complete cataloguing of everything on the sun, and a complete comparison of everything which changes on the sun with every meteorological phenomenon which is changeable in our planet. Some of these comparisons I have already had an opportunity of discussing in these pages in conjunction with my friend Dr. Hunter.

When we come to the third branch of the work, the newest parallel in the quiet sap to which I have already referred, things are not in such a good condition. The miners are too few; and one of the objects of any one who is interested in this kind of knowledge at the present moment must be to see if he cannot induce other workers to come into the field.

The attempt to investigate the chemistry of the sun, independently even of the physical problems which are, and indeed must be, connected with such an inquiry, is an attempt almost to do the impossible unless a very considerable amount of time and a very considerable number of men be engaged upon the work. If we can get as many investigators to take up questions dealing with

the chemistry of the sun as we find already in other branches of knowledge more closely connected with the old curriculum of studies, we may be certain that the future advance of our knowledge of the sun will be associated with a future advance of very many of those very problems which at the present moment seem absolutely disconnected, and indeed distract attention, from it.

I have, in the present paper, to limit myself to this chemical branch of the inquiry; and I shall begin by referring to the characteristics of the more recent work with which I shall have to deal.

Here, as in other regions of physical and chemical inquiry, advance depends largely upon the improved methods which all divisions of science are now placing at the disposal of all others. Our knowledge of the chemical nature of the sun is now being as much advanced by photography, for instance, as that descriptive work of which I wrote in the first instance, which deals with the chronicling and location of the various phenomena, has, in its turn, been advanced by the aid of photography. The increased power in this direction recently realised by Dr. Janssen is one which was absolutely undreamt of only a few years ago. It is now possible to record every change which goes on on the sun down to a region so small that one hardly likes to challenge belief by mentioning it. Changes under one second of angular magnitude in the centre of the sun's disk can now be faithfully recorded and watched from hour to hour; in other words, changes in cloud regions ten miles square in a body 92,000,000 miles away can now be chronicled.

One of the advantages which has come from the introduction of new apparatus has been the possibility of making maps of the solar lines and of the metallic lines which have to be compared with them on a very large scale. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Rutherford, the distinguished American astronomer, who is making the most magnificent diffraction-gratings which the world has ever seen, and who is spreading them broadcast among workers in science, we have now easy means of obtaining with inexpensive apparatus a spectrum of the sun, and of mapping it on such a scale that the fine line of light which is allowed to

come through the slit is drawn out into a band or spectrum half a furlong long. A complete spectrum on this scale, when complete (as I hope it some day will be, though certainly not in our time), from the ultra-violet, already mapped by Mascart and Cornu, to the ultra-red, which has quite recently for the first time been brought under our ken by Captain Abney, will be 315 feet long. This is a considerable scale to apply to the investigation of these problems; but recent work has shown that, gigantic as the scale is, it is really not beyond what is required for honest, patient work.

So much for one of the new tools. There are others of recent application which are of very considerable importance.

Suppose, for example, instead of inquiring into the coincidence of the lines of the various metals with the dark lines in the sun's spectrum with a view of seeing whether any particular metal exist in the sun, we wish to determine the coincidence of the lines due to various gases. The method hitherto employed has been to enclose the gases in Geissler tubes, to reduce their pressure, and in that way to fine down the lines. The importance of this apparently small matter can be very well demonstrated by an easy experiment, the point of which is that, if we vary the density of any vapor, we vary sometimes to a very considerable extent the thickness and intensity of the lines observed in the spectrum of that vapor.

In an article which has recently appeared in *Nature*,* I have shown how a Bunsen burner which produces a very hot flame can be constructed with two pieces of glass tubing. If a piece of sodium be held in this in an old spoon, and the flame be looked at with a small spectroscopic, the variation in the thickness of the line of sodium will be readily seen. Every change in the quantity of the vapor in the flame varies to a very considerable extent the thickness of the line.

When we make the sodium-vapor as dense as possible, then the line is very thick. When we make it much less dense, the line becomes thinner. If the spectrum had been a gas spectrum, the exact equivalent of that experiment

would have been this, that the gaseous spectrum at atmospheric pressure would have given us some of the lines as thick as the sodium-line was at its thickest; while on the pressure being reduced, the lines would thin.

In practice there are very great objections to the using of Geissler tubes. One very valid objection is that the gas becomes much less luminous as its pressure is reduced. The new method which here comes in and helps us is excellent in this way, it enables much of the work connected with gaseous spectra to be done at atmospheric pressure, and we get the line down as we choose, *not by reducing the pressure, but by reducing the quantity of any particular gas in a mixture.*

If we take, for instance, a spark in air and observe its spectrum, we find the lines of the constituents of atmospheric air considerably thick; but if we wish to reduce the lines, say of oxygen, down to a considerable fineness so that we can photograph them, these should be fine, in order to enable us to determine their absolute position. To accomplish this, the spark is taken in a glass vessel with two adits and one exit tube. If we wish to observe the oxygen lines fine, the vessel is flooded with nitrogen so that there is only, say, 1 per cent. of oxygen present, and pass the current between the enclosed electrodes. If we wish to observe nitrogen lines fine, it is flooded with oxygen, so that there is only, say, 1 per cent. of nitrogen present.

In this way, by merely making an admixture in which the gas to be observed is quantitatively reduced, so that the lines which we wish to investigate are just visible in their thinnest state, we have a perfect means of doing it without any apparatus depending on the use of low pressures. A very great simplicity of work is thus introduced.

A few years ago, taking the work of Kirchhoff, Bunsen, Ångström, and Thalen into consideration, and connecting it, so far as one could connect it, with those ideas in which recent eclipses have been so fruitful, our chemical view of the sun's atmosphere was one something like this:—We had, let us say, first of all an enormous shell of some gas, probably lighter than hydrogen, about which we know absolutely nothing, because at

* 'Physical Science for Artists.'

present none of it has been found here. Inside this we had another shell of hydrogen ; inside this we had another shell of calcium, another of magnesium, another of sodium, and then a complex shell which has been called the reversing layer, in which we got all the metals of the iron group plus such other metals as cadmium, titanium, barium, and so on. The solar atmosphere, then, from top to bottom, consisted, it was imagined, of a series of shells, the shells being due not to the outside substance existing only outside, but to the outside substance extending to the bottom of the sun's atmosphere, and encountering in it, at a certain height, another shell which again found another shell inside it, and so on ; so that the composition of the solar atmosphere as one went down into it, got more and more complex ; nothing was left behind, but a great many things were added.

The recent work, so far as I am acquainted with it, has not in any way upset that notion ; but what it has done has been to add a considerable number of new elements to this reversing layer. Instead of the solar atmosphere consisting of about a dozen elements, it may, I think, pretty definitely be considered as consisting of about thirty.

To be more exact we had :

Highest' . .	Hydrogen.
Medium . .	Magnesium, calcium, sodium.
Lowest . .	Iron, nickel, manganese, chromium, cobalt, barium, copper, zinc, titanium, and aluminium.

There is now evidence that the lower group, which, as I have already said, forms what is termed the reversing layer, really consists of iron, nickel, manganese, chromium, cobalt, barium, copper, zinc, titanium, aluminium, *strontium*, *lead*, *cadmium*, *potassium*, *cerium*, *uranium*, *vanadium*, *palladium*, *molybdenum*, *indium*, *lithium*, *rubidium*, *caesium*, *bismuth*, *tin*, *lanthanum*, *glucinum*, and either *yttrium* or *erbium*.

Those metals given in italics represent the more recent additions to the list of solar elements.

At present, therefore, out of the fifty-one metals with which we are acquainted

here, more than thirty are known to exist in the sun with more or less certitude.

Now it is a very remarkable thing that although the metalloids, that is, bodies such as carbon, sulphur, iodine, bromine, and the like, had been very diligently searched for, no evidence that they existed *mixed with the metals* in these zones—these shells—to which I have referred has been forthcoming.

Some years ago evidence was brought forward of the possible existence of the metalloids as a group outside the metals ; and the evidence for this suggestion was of the following nature :—Independently of any questions connected with solar physics, all students of science now, I think, agree that the vapors of the various elementary bodies exist in different molecular states ; if these different molecular states are studied, by means of the spectroscope, perfectly different spectroscopic phenomena present themselves. If we use a large induction coil for instance, we can drive every chemical substance with which we are acquainted, including carbon and silicon, into a molecular grouping which gives us what is called a line spectrum, the spectrum with which we are made familiar when we use metals or salts of metals in the electric arc.

If, however, other conditions are fulfilled, if these bodies are not so roughly handled—if, in other words, we employ a lower degree of heat, or if we use electricity so that we get quantity instead of tension, then these line-spectra die away altogether, and we have a spectrum, so called, of channelled-spaces or flutings, built up of fine lines, the distances between which are perfectly regular.

Now while we got the thirty-three metals to give us line-spectra, the only evidence (very doubtful evidence) of the existence of the metalloids in the sun at all depended on the fact that, in the case of iodine and chlorine, some of the channelled-space indications given in their spectra at a very low temperature were thought to be traced among the Fraunhofer lines in the spectrum of the sun.

It is four years ago since evidence was gathered of a more conclusive kind in the case of carbon. The bright flutings due to carbon-vapor in the ultra-violet have their exact equivalents among the

ines. This is the best evidence of evidence, so far as I seems to indicate that we me of the metalloids pres-nosphere of the sun by the of their spectra with the ines. Further, carbon, at e can now say with great exists under such conditions ular structure is very much t than that of the metals in layer, and therefore it ex-withdrawn from the exces-he lower region occupied by layer, which is competent, from other considerations, carbon and silicon into the ge of dissociation, supposed silicon to be there.

of reasoning which enables t that such a temperature such and such a region of iosphere, depends, in the uestions raised by the dif-reen the spectra of certain sun and in our laboratories. nce, one wishes to observe ce between, let us say, iron ron is placed in the electric ectrum of the light of its otographed: above this he same plate the spectrum also photographed; and, y as a rule, but this is not in the case of such metals intensity of the iron-lines : from the iron vapor in es is equivalented by the e so-called iron-lines which e observe in the spectrum

e great argument, in fact, ice of iron in the sun. re leave the iron group of d others in which this co-s great similarity of inten-end of the spectrum to the derably changed. We get f calcium very thick lines ; with very thin lines in the get thin lines of calcium ; with very thick lines in fact, the two thickest lines ready been mapped in the ie sun are lines due to cal-photograph the spectrum ith a very weak arc in an the lines most obvious in

the spectrum of the sun would scarcely be visible at all on the photographic plate. If, however, we pass from the tension of the arc to the tension which is obtainable with the use of a very large coil, then we can exactly equivalent the spectrum which we get artificially with the spectrum with which the sun presents us naturally; and the more we increase the tension—the larger the coil, and the larger the jar we employ up to a certain point—the more can we make our terrestrial calcium vibrate in harmony, so to speak, with the calcium which exists in the atmosphere of the sun.

This gives us some very precious knowledge. We know that to get things into harmony, as I said before, we must employ a large induction-coil; and we know, again, that if we do employ a large induction-coil, all the beautiful flutings in the *carbon-spectrum* disappear utterly; that kind of carbon is no longer present in the reaction; instead of them we have a kind of carbon which is only competent to give us bright lines; and we know that those bright lines do not exist reversed in the spectrum of the sun, though the channelled-spaces do. Hence we assume the carbon to lie in a cooler and therefore higher region.

In what I have written up to this point (and I have just touched slightly on the physical side of the work, because I believe that in the future it will be most rich in teachings of the kind I have indicated), I have dealt solely with the Fraunhofer—that is the dark—lines in the solar spectrum. Now it is knowledge ten years old, that if we observe the solar spectrum with that considerable dispersion which is now imperative if we are to do much good with it, there are bright lines in the ordinary solar spectrum side by side with the dark ones.

In a paper communicated to the Royal Society in 1868, attention was drawn to these bright regions in the ordinary spectrum, and the position of certain bright lines was stated. These bright lines have since been rediscovered both by Hennessy and Cornu. I will here call especial attention to one line, because the requisite amount of dispersion is now so generally available that any one, whenever the sun shines, may turn

to *b*, the triple dark line in the green part of the spectrum, and see that bright line for himself. It will be found just as much outside the fourth line of *b* as the third is on the other side of it. This bright line, lying in the most visible part of the spectrum, is exactly similar to many others, some of them in the yellow and some of them in the red. A careful list of these lines was made by myself some years ago; and, I am sorry to say, the list was unfortunately left in a Metropolitan Railway carriage by one of my assistants; at all events, enough was said in this and other countries about these bright lines in the years 1869 and 1870 to have given rise, at all events, to the hope that any one interested in solar physics would be perfectly familiar with them. Among other matters which called attention to the fact of their existence was a correspondence which took place in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Academy of Sciences in Paris between Father Secchi and another observer in connection with solar spots.

I have insisted upon the fact that a large dispersion is requisite to see these bright lines, because with a small dispersion bright regions of the sun are very apparent. These, however, are due to the absence of fine lines; and, indeed, if one observes the solar spectrum with considerable dispersion through a cloud which prevents the fine lines being seen, then there is a very considerable diminution in the intensity of some parts of the spectrum, and a considerable relative increase in others, where these very fine lines are present and absent respectively. When, however, considerable dispersion is employed and photography is brought into play, if precautions be taken to give sufficient exposure, these bright regions, as opposed to the bright lines, entirely disappear.

During the course of last year Dr. Draper, of New York, published the first results of a research which he has undertaken, going over very much the same ground with regard to the metalloids as had been gone over in this country with regard to the metals. Dr. Draper, who has long been known as an earnest student of science, approached this subject with a wealth of instrumental means almost beyond precedent; and his well-known skill and assiduity enabled him to

accumulate facts of the very greatest importance in the course of the two or three years during which his work was carried on. I am most anxious to make these preliminary remarks, and to state my very highest respect for Dr. Draper, because in going over his work I find that some of his results are, in my opinion, open to doubt. Dr. Draper, in the first instance, apparently unaware of what has hitherto been published with regard to them, announces the discovery of the bright lines already referred to, and, more than this, he bases a new theory of the solar constitution upon them. It is by no means as a stickler for priority that I regard this as a very great pity; but because I think that if the very considerable literature touching these bright lines—the papers by Young, Cornu, Hennessy, Secchi, and others—had been before Dr. Draper when his memoir was written, the necessity for the establishment of a new theory of the solar spectrum, which doubtless cost him very considerable thought, would probably have been less obvious. As a matter of fact, one of the first lines recorded in the spectrum of the chromosphere in 1868 raised the whole question, because there was no dark Fraunhofer line corresponding with it in the ordinary spectrum of the sun.

Before I proceed further it will be best to give some extracts from Dr. Draper's memoir. He writes:

Oxygen discloses itself by bright lines or bands in the solar spectrum and does not give dark absorption lines like the metals. We must therefore change our theory of the solar spectrum, and no longer regard it merely as a continuous spectrum with certain rays absorbed by a layer of ignited metallic vapors, but as having also bright lines and bands superposed on the background of continuous spectrum. Such a conception not only opens the way to the discovery of others of the non-metals, sulphur, phosphorus, selenium, chlorine, bromine, iodine, fluorine, carbon, &c., but also may account for some of the so-called dark lines, by regarding them as intervals between bright lines. It must be distinctly understood that in speaking of the solar spectrum here, I do not mean the spectrum of any limited area upon the disc or margin of the sun, but the spectrum of light from the whole disc. I have not used an image of the sun upon the slit of the spectroscope, but have employed the beam reflected from the flat mirror of the heliostat without any condenser.

The photograph of the solar spectrum which accompanies Dr. Draper's paper

is a spectrum of the sun combined with that of air and also some lines of iron and aluminium. The photograph itself is absolutely free from retouching. It is, as Draper points out, difficult to bring from a single photograph the best of these various substances.

There are so many variables among the conditions which conspire for the production of a spectrum that many photographs must be taken to get the best combinations. The pressure of the gas, the strength of the original light, the number of Leyden jars, the separation of the terminals, the number of sparks per minute, and the duration of the exposure in each spark, are examples of variables.

In the particular photograph in evidence, Dr. Draper is of the opinion that

close observation is needed to demonstrate even the most casual observer that the bright lines are found in the sun as bright as the iron-lines have dark representa-

He gives a list of many such coinci-

In order to be certain that a line belongs to oxygen, Dr. Draper has compared it under various pressures, the spectrum of air, oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, carburetted hydrogen, hydrogen, and cyanogen. Where these were in Plücker's tubes a double exposure of photographs has been needed, one taken with and the other without the Leyden jars.

To account for this wonderful discovery coming so late, it is urged that—

The bright lines of oxygen in the spectrum of the solar disc have not been hitherto perceived probably from the fact that in eye-observation bright lines on a less bright background do not make the impression on the eye that dark lines do. When attention is directed to their presence they are readily seen, even without the aid of a reference spectrum. The photograph, however, brings them into a greater prominence.

Draper then passes from facts to

purely theoretical considerations derived from terrestrial chemistry and the nebular hypothesis, the presence of oxygen in the sun's atmosphere have been strongly suspected, for the element is currently stated to form eight per cent of the water of the globe, one-third of the weight of the earth, and one-fifth of the weight of the air, and would therefore probably be a large constituent of every member of the solar system.

On the other hand, the discovery of oxygen, and probably other non-metals in the sun, gives increased strength to the nebular hypothesis, because to many persons the absence of this important group has presented a considerable difficulty.

At first sight it seems rather difficult to believe that an ignited gas in the solar envelope should not be indicated by dark lines in the solar spectrum, and should appear not to act under the law, 'A gas when ignited absorbs rays of the same refrangibility as those it emits.' But in fact the substances hitherto investigated in the sun are really metallic vapors, hydrogen probably coming under that rule. The non-metals obviously may behave differently. It is easy to speculate on the causes of such behavior, and it may be suggested that the reason of the non-appearance of a dark line may be that the intensity of the light from a great thickness of ignited oxygen overpowers the effect of the photosphere just as if a person were to look at a candle flame through a yard thickness of ignited sodium vapor, he would only see bright sodium lines, and no dark absorption lines. Of course, such an explanation would necessitate the hypothesis that ignited gases such as oxygen give forth a relatively large proportion of the solar light. In the outburst of T Coronæ Huggins showed that hydrogen could give bright lines on a background of spectrum analogous to that of the sun.

However all that may be, I have no doubt of the existence of substances other than oxygen in the sun which are only indicated by bright lines. Attention may be called to the bright bands near G, from wave-lengths 4307 to 4337, which are only partly accounted for by oxygen. Further investigation in the direction I have thus far pursued will lead to the discovery of other elements in the sun, but it is not proper to conceal the principle on which such researches are to be conducted for the sake of personal advantage. It is also probable that this research may furnish the key to the enigma of the D₂ or Helium line, and the 1474 K or Corona line. The case of the D₂ line strengthens the argument in favor of the apparent exemption of certain substances from the common law of the relation of emission and absorption, for while there can be no doubt of the existence of an ignited gas in the chromosphere giving this line, there is no corresponding dark line in the spectrum of the solar disc.

If these observations of Dr. Draper are endorsed, it is impossible to overrate their importance, and those studies which teach us what the sun is made of will be considerably advanced. But this is not all. Not only will our present views of the distribution of the various elemental substances in the sun's atmosphere be entirely bouleversed, but, as may have been gathered from the last quotations, a good deal of physical theory will have to go overboard also.

The existence of oxygen in the sun

has hitherto been negated, because there was no correspondence between its bright lines and the dark ones on the solar spectrum. Dr. Draper not only turns the tables upon us, but suggests that there is one law of absorption for metals, another for metalloids. In the case of most of the molecular stages of the metalloids this certainly is not true, for the absorption phenomena of iodine, chlorine, sulphur, &c., are among the most beautiful in the whole range of spectrum analysis.

It is unfortunate, too, that Dr. Draper has never read, or has forgotten, what has been long written on the most probable position of the metalloids in the solar economy—that is, above (outside) the metals, exactly where, as I have already shown, carbon in all probability has been found.

But my objections do not rest on pure theory. I have gone over the ground as completely as I have been able, and as a result, I wish to point out with regard to this work of Dr. Draper's, that the photograph in which these comparisons with the oxygen-lines have been made is not one which is competent to settle such an extremely important question.* Secondly, I do not find the coincidences between bright solar lines and oxygen-lines in that part of the spectrum with which I am most familiar, for the reason that there are no bright lines in this por-

tion of the spectrum, either visible to the eye or in a perfect photograph. Mr. Rutherford's magnificently perfect spectrum, going nearly the whole length from O to E, embraces the region included in the photograph of Dr. Draper's. I have carefully gone over a large part of this region line for line, and in no case have I found any true bright line in the sun whatever coincident with any line of oxygen whatever. I do not profess to have gone over the ground in the ultra-violet; but it will appear to me very surprising indeed if, when we go further, and include the H and K lines, Dr. Draper will find any coincidences with bright lines of the sun even there; because when perfect instrumental conditions are brought into play, no bright line whatever exists in that part of the solar spectrum, so far, at all events, as my observations extend. The bright line recorded by Cornu exists outside K.

There is an experiment which any one who possesses a spectroscope with three or four prisms can make for himself. Throw the sunlight on to the slit so that the solar spectrum may be visible. Observe the green part. Take the spark in air in an apparatus of the kind to which I have already referred, flood the air with nitrogen, and in the field of view which includes *b*, and therefore one of the most marked bright lines in the solar spectrum itself, you will find in the same region of the spectrum three or four undoubted lines of oxygen. I have made that experiment, which is quite a simple one, and I find no coincidences in this part of the spectrum between the oxygen lines and the undoubted bright line.

I do not say that Dr. Draper's alleged discovery is no discovery at all; I say, and I think it is my duty to say it, as I have been occupied in very allied work for some considerable time, that I do not hold it to be established. Dr. Draper must produce a better photograph and must prove his point for the visible spectrum before his discovery can be accepted.

I have no doubt that Dr. Draper, in spite of the difficulties he will have to encounter, will carefully attempt this; and I am certain that he will be the first to hail what I have here written with the

* The spectrum between the more marked lines suggests ribbed structure; hence it is important to know whether the photograph was taken by means of one of the silver-on-glass gratings made by Mr. Rutherford. I find that in these, in consequence of the grating being ruled on the back surface of the glass and the double transmission of the light through the plate, there is a considerable formation of Talbot bands, and the solar spectrum is in some regions entirely hidden and absolutely transformed. Lines are made to disappear; lines are apparently produced, so that if one compares a part of the spectrum taken with one of these silver-on-glass gratings with an ordinary refraction-spectrum, the greatest precaution is requisite. Indeed, I think that I am not going beyond the mark when I say that the positions of all lines below the third or fourth order of intensity must be received with very great caution indeed when these gratings are employed. So much is this recognised by Mr. Rutherford himself, that he is now generously distributing gratings containing the same number of lines to the inch (17,300, or something like that) engraved on speculum-metal, in order that these defects may be obviated.

rest satisfaction ; because his demand is sure, is the desire of every man of science, that the truth prevail.

In any case Dr. Draper has begun on a branch of the chemical inquiry of solar matters which, up to the present time, has been sadly neglected.

The true composition of the sun will be ascertained till the metalloids have been brought to the test as they have been. The reason I have credited Dr. Draper's view at such a time is that this is the first serious and genuine attempt of the kind. There is no doubt that the question I have put it my duty to raise will be soon settled ; and, whatever the result, our

knowledge of what the sun is made of is certain to gain by the process.

To sum up, then, in a few words. So far as our uncontested knowledge goes the sun is chiefly made of metal, and on this account is strangely different from the crust of our earth in which the metals are in a large minority.

Surely it is very wonderful that we should have ever been able to acquire this little item of knowledge, and I feel that the subsequent work which sooner or later will be undertaken to explain this anomaly will land us in a very dream-land of science. It will be found that we poor nineteenth century toilers and moilers were but engaged upon the white chamber and not upon the Treasury at all !—*The Nineteenth Century*.

NEVER MORE.

BY C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

O SWEETNESS that can never more return !

Thou art passed out of life,—and whither flown ?
The hard-pruned bough may heal, and sprout anew,
And some light hearts may all too quickly learn
To spare the brave, and live without the true.

But as some painter that yet seeks in vain

The long-wooded color for his hungry eye,
And dreams it woven on some foreign loom,
To wake and find it missing 'neath his sky,
So have we lost a glory to the tomb.

Spring shall come round, and all her sounds be dear,

And sweet her lips with all ambrosial dew,
The wooing sun shall set earth's heart astir,
And she rejoice, and we have rapture too,
But one hushed chord shall no more answer her.

Out of life's sunny woof one thread is drawn,

Death's face hath bleached for us her fairest dye ;
One flower that bloomed is fallen,—later flower
Will never shine as sweet against our sky,
Fill this blank place, that fragrant scent restore.

Ah, painter ! take thy brush, for life is short,

And use the colors left thee—they are fair—
But carry still the hunger at thine heart
For that which is not there.
Henceforth, upon thy palette and my life
One unfilled place lies bare.

—*The Spectator*.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON SCENERY.

I AM never in a humbler, or, therefore, let us hope, in a healthier frame of mind, than when standing before a great landscape—a Claude, a Turner, or a David Cox. In a purely vulgar and Philistine sense, I rather “like pictures.” My taste, it is true, is groveling. I am afraid that I enjoy Hogarth a good deal more than Botticelli; and that I am apt to be extremely puzzled by the more subtle and mystical forms of art, evanescent graces and recondite harmonies. I like to have a plain, intelligible, downright mortal in familiar forms, as tangible as a proposition in Adam Smith. I would, therefore, no more attempt to criticise pictures than a deaf man should talk about music. Still I sometimes examine my own feelings as a man of science may derive true knowledge even from the humblest objects; and I have occasionally asked myself why should I suffer from this special insensibility to landscape? I flatter myself that I love a stretch of blue sea or misty hillside as well as my neighbors, and yet when I see them on the canvas of the greatest artists, I remain obstinately unmoved. I can see that the portrait is like the original; but it does not rouse within me the faintest shadow of the pleasure which the original gives.

In truth, the explanation is not far to seek. An artist can so incarnate his emotions in a picture of human interest that they become intelligible even to the stupid. It is not easy so to project them into a lifeless object, as to pierce the thick hide of inartistic natures. A picture of the Virgin and Child may incline even a rough peasant to fall on his knees, because the artist's spirit of veneration is easily transmitted through a symbol which for many centuries has been associated with a special religious sentiment. The spectator knows at once how he ought to feel, and the particular work harmonises, with the appropriate emotion. And so, when a sculptor reveals a new ideal of perfect grace, or a portrait-painter gives the essence of a character, or a painter of incident shows the dramatic play of passion, there is no difficulty in understanding at least his general drift. I know the meaning of every face and figure in

Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, as well as I know the meaning of every sentence in *Tom Jones*, and Reynolds' portrait of Johnson seems to tell me as much about the lexicographer as a chapter of Boswell. There remain indeed many curious puzzles as to the precise means by which the purpose is effected; it is not easy to understand how the hairbreadth difference in the curve of a lip, or a minute variation in the shading of an eye, should modify our views of the characters behind; but at least we can see why, in such cases, the painter and the spectator should come into relation with each other. They talk the same language; they have a common understanding as to the interpretation of mind from outward form; the spectator may catch the contagion of awe, reverence, love of beauty, or vivid interest in human passion, because those emotions can be woven into the very tissue of the artist's canvas.

But how can this be done in the case of landscape? Nature, in fact, is above all things indifferent. It is a vast mirror which reflects every possible mood; and, not only so, but a mirror, every part of which may reflect every mood. It assimilates itself with strange facility with all our feelings. It looks on with superlative calmness at every incident of human life, at our joys and sorrows, at festivals or carnage, the tumultuous excitement of crowds, and the lonely sufferings of hermits. The strange impassibility has an ambiguous effect. Sometimes we fix a private interpretation upon the writing of nature. The observer is moved by a sense of outward sympathy because the scenery brings back the memory of former sentiment. That is a frequent moral with Wordsworth, as in the exquisite lines—

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears,
Which in those days I heard.

And so, in the companion poem, old Matthew is moved by the recollection of his lost child by the sight of a cloud—

Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this, which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

the strange mixture of change and
ity; the everlasting flux of all
s, everlastingly bringing back the
forms. The cloud does not remain
for one instant; it is the very
ol of change; and yet the old cloud
s to revive when the life, which had
ed so full and incapable of extinc-
has vanished like the most evanes-
wreath of mist. What perishes

; and what lives, perishes. For
lsworth, this is comforting, because
ms like a pledge for the eternity of
ld tender emotion. It can be re-
l to life when apparently lost for

To Byron things show their re-
side. Nature is impossible and
fore misanthropic. The Waterloo
springing up in the autumn suggests
carnage has no meaning for nature,
pt as providing a certain quantity of
ire.. The anguish of thousands of
in beings makes no more difference
than the destruction of millions of
ts. A similar reflection is expressed
far more poetic force (for Byron's
nthropy is a little faded), by Mr.
le. Speaking of the horrors of a
: in the French Revolution, he ex-
is:—"O evening sun of July, how,
is hour, thy beams fall slant on reap-
mid peaceful woody fields; on old
en spinning in cottages; on ships
ut in the silent main; on balls at
drangerie at Versailles, where high-
ed dames of the palace are even now
ing with double-jacketed Hussar
rs—and also on this roaring hell-
i of a Hôtel de Ville." What, in-
, can the sun care for the perishing
e petty bipeds crawling on its infin-
nal satellite?

However expressed, the sentiment is
obvious not to have been embodied
e verses of every poetic writer who
an eye for Nature. Nature, it
d seem, has no meaning, or has
meaning. Since it turns the same
upon all our petty joys and suffer-
it is cruel and unsympathetic. It
ike under all our varying moods,
therefore, says the more happily
tituted man, it is always ready with
othing anodyne for overstrained
s. The permanent in nature, the
ens, the sun, the mountains which
h generation after generation with
geless eyes, are easily associated

with the most prevailing mood, whatever
it may be; and therefore turn one side
to the optimist and the reverse to the
pessimist. And still more we may asso-
ciate our own private sentiments, vary-
ing indefinitely and capriciously, with
any special phase of external nature.
The deeper meaning, if it has one, is
blurred or quite obliterated by some
petty sentiment of our own. Emily
Brontë seems to have loved the York-
shire moors because to her they repre-
sented liberty and escape from uncon-
genial surroundings of her daily life.
Smike, we may fancy, if he had grown
up to manhood, would have loathed
Yorkshire as the predestined site of
Dotheboys Hall. Whole districts be-
came flavored by an amalgam of associa-
tions formed in the regions of the mind
which lie below the current of our con-
scious life. I can partly account for my
unpleasant impression of one of the no-
blest pieces of scenery in the world be-
cause it has got mixed up in memory
with a cross-fire of tobacco-juice squirted
from human mouths to the immediate
neighborhood of my boots. I am un-
able to say distinctly why the Strand
should have a touch of romance for me
and Oxford Street be the incarnation of
dreary commonplace, because the feeling
was formed in days before conscious re-
flection had begun. Of all views that I
have seen on land and ocean none is
more impressive than a London sunset as
I have seen it from Hyde Park, when a
huge mass of lurid cloud is piled into
more than Alpine magnificence over
the west, when the murmurous city is
shrouded eastwards by its sullen drapery
of fog, and the Serpentine, ruffled by a
steady breeze, looks wilder and more
mysterious than a Highland loch. I
have wondered why any one should seek
elsewhere for the most impressive as-
pects of nature. But then I am con-
scious that my feeling is chiefly woven out
of a hundred threads of half-conscious
association which it is impossible to
trace or unravel. When scenery is so
much at the mercy of each man's fancy,
it seems that it can have no single
meaning for all. One man loves the sea
and hates the mountains, and another
reverses the taste. It is not that the sea
or the mountains are intrinsically su-
perior; but that one man is giddy in

high places and another squeamish on rough water.

The language of nature, then, shall we say with association philosophers? is written in arbitrary characters to which each man can affix his own interpretation. Any vein of sentiment can be accidentally attached to any natural object. No inanimate object is beautiful or ugly in itself. Taste changes like the fashions. We love or affect to love wild scenery now as much as our ancestors hated it. The change is just as arbitrary as the abandonment of wigs, or the substitution of the chimney-pot for the cocked hat. All such tastes are matters of pure accident; the man who prides himself on feeling differently from others is a fool; and the man who affects to give reasons for his tastes is a charlatan.

This teaching undoubtedly shocks our feelings. We believe most resolutely that there is such a thing as intrinsic beauty in scenery. We do well to be angry with a man who is dead to the glories of the Alps; who, like the old baronet, prefers the smell of a flambeau at a play-house to the breath of a May morning in the country, and considers Charing Cross to be a nobler prospect than the Highlands. It is irritating to be contradicted on matters of taste. Even Shakespeare, the most tolerant of men, could not be content to pity the unfortunate being who had no music in his soul (probably because the poor man's hearing was defective), but proceeded to declare that such a one was fit for treason and all manner of wickedness. People are more vehement in such matters than in disputes about theology or politics, because reasoning is out of the question, and they are forced to supply its place by dogmatism. I admit that I should have a difficulty in allowing that any one is fairly to be called my fellow-creature who should speak disrespectfully of Mont Blanc. Still I do not see how we can escape from the conclusion that we ought to avoid bigotry even here, and deal tenderly with those who may have been misled by prejudices imbibed in infancy, or who happen to be moved by aspects of nature to which we are comparatively dead. They may be annoying, but they are not necessarily wicked people. We may cherish our own private prejudices, but we find it

provokingly hard to justify them. Why is a man wrong who dislikes what we admire, and sees in a landscape just what the artist did not mean to express?

It would be agreeable to justify at least some little flavor of bigotry; if not to suppress all tastes but one, yet to show that there are certain limits which cannot be rightfully transgressed except under cover of some absolute physical defect. Half the pleasure of conversation upon any subject is destroyed when one is not allowed to regard a difference of opinion as indicative of some degree of stupidity, and more or less suggestive of moral obliquity. And, in fact, I think that it is possible to show that even in taste as to scenery there is a certain right and wrong in spite of the inevitable latitude of private judgment.

The obvious difficulty is the want of any assignable standard. When we are speaking of works of art, we see at once that there is a definite meaning in ideal beauty. A fine Greek statue, for example, may be regarded as the solution of a definite problem. Given human flesh and bones, how are they to be so arranged as to produce the maximum of strength and agility? A figure is perfectly graceful when it is so formed that it can walk, or run, or fight, or perform any athletic exercise better than any of its fellows. A movement is graceful when some given end is accomplished with the utmost ease and precision. The excess or defect of power is equally painful to witness; and perfection is reached when the man, regarded as a machine, is so contrived as to apply just the right amount of power in the right place, when a given exertion produces the greatest effect, or a given effect is produced with the greatest ease. The ideal form includes, in short, the perception of perfect adaptation of means to an end. The end being given, we judge instinctively of the completeness of the attainment.

When, however, we speak of scenery it is impossible to suggest any such standard. As soon as we regard Nature as a contrivance for securing our comforts, we pass from the æsthetic to the purely utilitarian point of view. Consider the moon simply as a lighting apparatus, and the stars as intended to fix the longitude and latitude, and they lose

air special charm of the infinite mysterious. Natural objects are really adapted to us, but we to

They are symbols of the great natural forces to which we must accommodate ourselves, and which therefore serve innumerable purposes altogether beyond our power of imagination. intense perception of this is precisely the very essence of what we call the veil of nature. It is the strange and in delight which affects a reverent when impressed by its own insignificance in this vast and mysterious universe.

The architecture of nature belongs to the romantic instead of the classical school. Instead of rounded symmetry and completeness, its glory is in suggestion of innumerable meanings vast to be adequately grasped, and shadowy to be distinctly realised.

There is, it is true, a kind of equivocal sentiment which is sometimes concolled with love of nature. The agriculturist and the gardener take a very rich and healthy pleasure in looking at fields and gorgeous flower-beds.

We measure the beauty of a landscape by the degree in which it has been roughly tamed and adapted to human wants. But between this view and that of the artist there is not so much contrast as a complete divergence. One loves both a statue and a mountain ; the two sentiments appeal to different parts of our character. Now we properly to consider a field or a mountain simply as a work of art. The material is less altered than in some manufactured products ; a garden differs less from a waste than a watch from the bare metal from which it is formed ; in each case the excellence is proportional to the completeness with which a definite end has been accomplished. It is a mistake to attempt to blend the two elements. Gardens which try to look like nature are generally very bad nature ; every bad art. Sham waterfalls are as sham rivers, and even more degraded ; the artificial rocks which it was sed to place upon the Thirlmere alkments would be the very acme of taste ; no man can put himself in competition with the Supreme Architect of nature without appearing to be almost ridiculous. What is artificial should be

very artificial. For my part, I like a

garden inclosed by rectangular walls, with straight gravel walks on a geometrical plan, with trees—not exactly clipped into the conventional peacock—but arranged so as to form distinctly artificial masses. Indeed, the most beautiful of gardens are generally good old kitchen-gardens, which not only admit that they are disposed for an end, but admit that it is a utilitarian end. There is no nonsense about them ; and beauty comes without being sought. Fine old apple-trees, lichen-covered, and with boughs bent by the weight of fruit, a thick undergrowth of stubborn currant and gooseberry-bushes, the ground carpeted with strawberry-beds, walls covered with carefully-trained fruit-trees, showing luscious peaches and nectarines enough to satisfy the appetite of Dr. Johnson, and suggestive of standing to gnaw their sunny sides with your hands in your pockets—that is the kind of garden which is to me really beautiful. Every bit of ground has been turned to account ; in every direction there is a long vista of objects delightful alike to sight, taste, and smell ; the lazy humming of bees provokes to drowsy and luxuriant repose ; there may be just room for an old well, with a lazy frog or two simmering in the water, a mossy dial, and a green worm-eaten seat, where you need only just stretch out your hand to enjoy the finest, because most infantile, pleasures of the palate. No lawns or pastures or elaborate intricacy of paths can rival such a garden in beauty ; and if anybody should deny that it is a poetical taste, he may read Marvell's poem, and learn to appreciate the true gardener's sentiment.

But by the love of nature we generally mean the entirely different sentiment which is provoked in the highest degree by such supreme excellence as the view of the Alps from the Lombard plain, by the Falls of Niagara, or a coast beaten by the full force of the Atlantic. And in this, the very first element, the groundwork of the whole emotion is the suggestion, in one way or another, of the infinite. The object, whatever it may be, need not be of stupendous size ; but, for some reason or other, it should carry us beyond ourselves, and make us think of spaces which the wearied imagination cannot follow without flagging, and of

the forces which make us feel mere insignificant insects, crawling upon the rind of the monstrous earth.

It is for the want of this element that most English scenery is (I must confess) wearisome to me. An American who lands here for the first time generally admires the country because it reminds him of a garden. That is just why I dislike it. It is so pretty, small, and hide-bound—so thoroughly subdued by the labors of many generations, that one can scarcely conceive the very existence of cosmical forces. Man seems to have created the world. It is a mere passive instrument in his hands, as well arranged as a scientific museum. Look at one of those characteristic English landscapes which throw some people into ecstasies. The little hummocks that do duty for hills limit your horizon to some half mile in radius. As if to demonstrate the futility of the struggles of nature, they are cut up by hedges into little parallelograms, which scorn even to adapt themselves to the natural form of the ground. The British country-house in its ancestral domain is surely the very symbol of dull propriety. It is redolent of utter respectability, of dressing for dinner, and talking of the game-laws, and appearing in the family-pew, and slaughtering partridges for want of rational amusement. A park is to a really noble landscape what the half-tame deer or pheasant is to the Alpine chamois or the condors of the Andes. If ever I hang myself, it will be to one of the ancestral trees, from the benevolent purpose of giving a little vague interest to relieve the dulness of the scenery. That there is a wealth of picturesque bits in such country, I will ingly admit. They are admirably adapted for pretty little pictures, in which conventional rustics are making eyes at each other across a stile. But the picturesque is to me the deadliest enemy of the beautiful. It means a preference of oddity and eccentricity for its own sake; a taste for queer freaks of architecture and scenery, simply because useless; not as transcending mere utilitarian purposes, but as falling short of them; and therefore an enjoyment of decay, or the merely pretty, which is incompatible with any serious or exalted sentiment. A masculine taste despises it as decidedly as a utilitarian ignores it. A love of the

rococo may be pardonable in a drawing-room, but becomes offensive in the open air.

But, as these sentiments are little likely to be popular, I will add that there are parts of English scenery which I admit to be really beautiful. English mists give soft and melancholy effects, and cover up mean details with broad shadows and tender lights, which are grievously missed in the staring sunshine of less favored lands. And there are districts which are impressive in almost any light. I love, for example—though I fear that my taste is still eccentric—the scenery of the fens, and for a reason forcibly suggested by Mr. Tennyson. There

From the frequent bridge,

Like emblems of infinity,

The trenched waters run from sky to sky.

The long straight lines of the "lodes," or great main drains, give at once the effect of boundless space. There are few more striking views of a kind than are to be seen on some of the reaches of the lazy Cam, where the eye wanders indolently along the straight lines of pollard willows to the dim margin, and describes far away the gray walls of Ely Cathedral, rising in hoary grandeur against the dim sky. Doubtless, the country was more impressive in old days, when the long flights of wild fowl were still to be seen cutting the air above the plashy swamps, and served to carry the imagination away to their remote haunts in unvisited wildernesses. But even at this day the far-reaching monotony of plain and sky has a singular plaintive music of its own. Perhaps the influence is most perceptible on a winter's evening, when the rivers and dykes are frost-bound, when you are borne rapidly homewards across the ice before a steadily blowing north-easter, when all the western sky is a vast flush of roseate haze, casting faint reflections upon the pure white snow, and between you and the sunset is an oscillating string of fenmen rushing forwards at full speed, and flinging back to you the long ringing murmur of their skates. You seem to be jumping forwards into a dim visionary world of twilight, full of tender colors and melancholy sounds, and stretching away beyond all boundary of space. Or, again, no scenery can be more impressive than

our wilder coasts. There is strange beauty even in the desolation where the tide leaves bare the vast gleaming sand. But, of the noblest views are given by the cliffs that front the Atlantic. For example, in imagination upon a regular tower of rock which projects at the angle of the great bastion of Red Point. Let it be one of the commonplace days which are to be had in abundance at any time of year. Stand at a height of some hundreds of feet above the sharp ledges, foam even in quiet weather. Three-fourths of the whole circle of the horizon is occupied by sea. From your ad- vantage outpost you look east and south over vast ranges of cliff, where head-lands exceed headland in interminable succession, sinking into vagueness in the distance. A few sea-birds are flying and screaming in mid air, and a passing raven just croaks out an appropriate sentiment as he floats far away, the sail of a solitary boat suggests the dangers of the table coast. And, then, looking seawards, you see vast shining levels slowly melting into broad shadows, the shadows succeeded by more dis- tinct shadows of light, until at last they are carried to the remote band of the horizon which you cannot say whether is sky or ocean. Inevitably you fall into the mood of the old discoverers, when the world was not yet mapped and measured, must have had dreams on such promontories of our lands placed far away beyond the sea. The "Land's End" is one of the few popular names that has survived of the poetic. It marks the point by the name of some petty bay by some commonplace feature in the immediate landscape, but by refer- ring to the vastest of terrestrial pheno- mena. It has an imperial or cosmopol- itan sound, and recalls epochs in the history and landmarks in the evolution of the planet. If we no longer dream of Eldorado or the land of John, the perpetual booming of the sea may suggest more widely ranging thoughts. As we see the huge wave, as it comes to the assault some hundreds of miles, gather itself together, but as if lighted from within with

the brilliant blue of the pure ocean, and then bound up the rocky escarpment to fall back upon its successor, we are conscious witnesses of the eternal strife last- ing from the dim geological ages which shaped continents and determines the course of our petty history.

One other English district has pecu- liar charms for me, and illustrates the way in which sublimity of effect can be obtained by very humble means. White, of Selborne, if I remember rightly, speaks of the "stupendous mountain range" of the South Downs. The Downs, however, scarcely make their appearance even in those ingenious dia- grams which geographers place in the frontispiece of an atlas to contrast the relative heights of Mount Everest and Skiddaw or St. Paul's. And yet there are few regions—scarcely even amongst those Alpine ramparts, which overlook hundreds of leagues of plain and hill—which give a more distinct impression of sublimity. It is owing, in part, to the inimitable delicacy of the long sweeping curves of the chalk formation. Loftier mountains have generally a serrated out- line, and the chaotic ups and downs of commonplace English scenery are too uncertain to suggest any continuous de- sign. But the huge backs of the chalk downs are defined by parabolic curves, as delicately drawn as the rounded mus- cles in a shapely limb. The successive ranges blend harmoniously with each other, with just enough contrast to bring out the continuity, so that the sight con- vey a kind of physical pleasure in dwell- ing upon them, as the touch is gratified when one's hand passes over a gently modulated surface. There is no abrupt- ness, no sudden break to arrest the eye, till one comes to the chalk cliff, where the momentary discord is resolved by the harmonious background of sea blue. Then, again, the broad open fields do not break the country up into the like- ness of a chess-board; and the villages nestling in the little hollows, with their square church towers and woods shorn level by the sea breeze, do not interrupt the swinging curves of the hills, but, by their habit (as a botanist would say), strengthen the general sense as of a land welcoming with its whole heart the first incursion of the fresh ocean breezes. The faint gray-green of the springing

turf, relieved at times by dashes of golden gorse, give a color in harmony with the delicacy of form. No forms could be better devised to give the sense of vast continuous space. Even a pretty undulation may thus suggest infinity more forcibly than a mountain; just as a few gentle strokes at regular intervals set a chord vibrating, when much heavier blows, struck at random, produce only a momentary shock. The magnificent skies of the region, the broad masses of cloud that sweep in from the sea or pile themselves in vast masses upon the horizon, give actual movement and life to the scenery. The downs, one must suppose, are themselves motionless; but, under the blaze of the broad lights and shadows, they blend, separate, advance and retreat, rise and fall as restlessly as the sea waves, with which they have so close a sympathy. The downs, indeed, have a kind of terrestrial ocean on earth; the land informed by the ocean spirit, seems to give a more forcible utterance to its voices. The stupendous monotony of the sea makes it undeniably dull, because the pretty fraction visible at any moment suggests little beyond itself; whilst the downs have the special merit attributed by critics to Turner, of being able to suggest enormous distances and atmospheric depths within a few square inches of the canvas.

This may introduce a further canon. Scenery is fine in virtue of its remote suggestions. In these, as in all cases, the power of fine scenery is proportioned to its capacity for suggesting something beyond itself. It is (to speak mathematically) like a term in an infinite series, which therefore implies an indefinite vista of similar phenomena stretching unto the remotest depths of space. In a recent book, very charming, in spite of its crabbed title, *Physiography*, an eminent teacher invites us to place ourselves in imagination upon London Bridge, and shows how the sight of the moving river suggests questions beyond question, which alternately take us back to the furthest limits of scientific knowledge. The imagination proceeds in the same fashion. The smallest brooklet has a peculiar charm, which we feel without caring to analyse. It is the universal and inevitable symbol of the mystery of human life; it is, as it were, the

visible character in which nature puts the everlasting question, Whence and whither? But even if this reflection does not rise to the surface of consciousness, rivers represent the soul or vital principle of scenery. That a term may suggest a series, if a part make us think of the whole, it must be in some sense intelligible. It must give the clue for further wanderings. In a commonplace country there is no suggestion of plan. The hills seem to have been heaped at random, like the mole-heaps in a level field; there is no apparent structure or organic arrangement. There is no reason, we think, why these little ups and downs may not go on for ever, or leave off behind the near horizon. To make a fine scene, we require some principle of unity. The Alps seem to have suggested to early travellers the mere ruins of a world; they were a vast cheerless chaos of gigantic rocks, heaped together at random, and testifying vaguely to some stupendous convulsion. A scene thus viewed could really suggest nothing but horror, that kind of painful feeling with which the mind recognises the hopeless jars and discords of incarnate disorder. Greater familiarity enables one to recover from the shock. The mountains become beautiful as they gradually form themselves into groups, as we begin to see how they rank themselves in varied ranges along the courses of the rivers, bend in gigantic curves round the frontiers of provinces and kingdoms, collect the springs which are to feed the rivers of a continent, and, though not arranged in mechanical and geometrical symmetry, yet form a kind of whole, definitely related to the whole European system. There is a pleasure in simply lying on one's back in some commanding shelf on the side of a valley, and indolently tracing with one's eye the slopes of the hills and the courses of the brooks, until one discovers the spontaneous harmony by which every meadow and mountain side sends down its contingent of water to form the chief torrent of the valley. From being a mere disorderly mob, the mountains become an organised army with some mysterious community of purpose. This is one reason, perhaps, why there is always a special charm about the summit of a pass. A kind of meaning is suddenly

d in the midst of wild confusion. ng, for example, the top of the Géant, the masses of ice and at have been towering in mean- disorder above your head sud- all into line. Symmetry springs confusion. The rocks show them- as tall towers, arranged along the c parapet which divides two con- regions. You are between the orthern lands and the tender val- the south. The monstrous laby- comes, in a manner, intelligible ; ie barrier between different cli- civilisations, and histories. Blanc and its myrmidons have ooking down upon you in grim and desolation, like so many ous sphinxes ; as you top the they seem to give up some part of ecret, and to say what it is that re guarding, and why they have oomed to couch for ever in their ious isolation.

sentiment betrays itself in our cy to personify any impressive object. The mountains are im- e, because they lend themselves : fancy. An obscure paganism rks in our modes of conception, is impossible not to attribute some ality to each of the great peaks in of its apparent character. The lome of Mont Blanc suggests a c, and, as it were, a metropolitan acy, as clearly as the dome of St. . You cannot look at the Mat- without a quick succession of ancies ; the sharp, sudden curve outline suggests at one moment earing horse," the embodiment of ss energy, of exuberant spirits ; another point of view it insists unpoetically) upon putting on the ance of a cock crowing defiance less audacious mountains ; when dercloud gathers in its lee, above astly precipices of the great acci- t seems to be scowling with dia- fury ; when gleaming in the light of a summer dawn it seems lunged in tender musing, and reg- g, like Tithonus, its isolation from rld below. And yet, through all s of mood, it seems, like other ains, to have a specific tempera- of its own. It is not merely by of their names that the Jungfrau

suggests purity and the Schreckhorn bru- tality ; the Wetterhorn raises its crest with a certain air of aristocratic distinc- tion ; and the sharp cone of the Finster- aarhorn breathes a sentiment such as no one but a poet like Shelley could attempt to catch in words. To my mind even lower hills have each a character. I seem to have a personal acquaintance with Scawfell, and to sympathise with his contempt for the tamer Skiddaw ; whilst the hills of the English lakes are incomparably more sympathetic to me than their brethren in Wales.

Perhaps this last prejudice is due to certain associations with Eistedfodds, and the like, not so agreeable as they ought to be to the uncultured Saxon. But all such imaginings are too fleeting and individual to express the more per- manent elements of mountain beauty. They involve what Mr. Ruskin calls the pathetic fallacy, and represent at best a mere play of fancy akin to the higher imagination. To force any specific character upon a mountain is to deprive the scenery of that vague multiplicity of suggestion which is its peculiar charm. We must not lower the dignity of na- ture by attributing to it an individual character, nor supposing that any na- tural object exists only to influence our petty pastimes. The great wall of China is doubtless an impressive object in its way, but its significance is ex- hausted when we perceive it to be the product of a struggle between pre-exist- ing races. It is like the shell which a soft-bodied animal throws out for the protection of its body. But the great wall of the Alps or the Himalayas has created, instead of following, the distinc- tion between the neighboring races. They form the mould into which the nations have been run ; they are part of the everlasting framework whose exist- ence outruns our own by indefinite ages, and which have determined the history of the lower organisms, as well as our own, and which may, possibly—who knows ?—determine the fate of higher races yet to come.

This view, indeed, is pushed too far by our modern lovers of nature. They make a Juggernaut of the mountain spirit. The more savage and inhospita- ble the better. He should be repre- sented, according to them, with a stony

scowl, surrounded by the bones of victims, and without an ear for human prayer. Describers of mountains seem to take for granted that sublimity must be in proportion to the unreconcilable hostility to mankind of the object of their worship. Such a misanthropic sentiment may be natural in an inhabitant of the Chartreuse, but in ordinary human beings it seems to correspond to a passing phase of affected pessimism. Nature can only be interesting as in some way affecting human interests, and only agreeable as affecting them for good. Natural differ from artificial products, not because simply antagonistic to man, but as being dominant and supreme, instead of completely subjugated. The grandest scenery is not that from which man is altogether absent, nor that which he has tamed and broken, but that in which his victories have been won by submission. Art shows matter thoroughly adapted to human purposes, and nature man adapted to itself. The untamable and unapproachable should be represented sufficiently to prove the supremacy of the underlying forces, but not to exhibit them as purely hostile to our purposes. A mountain is the grandest when the mere barren wilderness of peaks rises above a region enamelled by the patient skill and industry of many generations; where special forms of social life have been developed in conformity with the inexorable conditions; where villages nestle in safe nooks, protected from avalanches and landslips; and slopes have been patiently terraced, till cultivation has crept into every available corner; and wild torrents have been led in aqueducts to fertilise barren ground; where the architecture is adapted so nicely to the needs of the place that buildings harmonise with the scenery as lichens harmonise the colors of a rock; where the little paths, worn by the feet of many generations, have wound themselves into the most favorable lines more skilfully than if laid down by the most accomplished engineers. Nothing gives such interest to a wild gorge as the zigzags of one of the great Alpine roads, running its way cautiously and steadily, taking advantage of every projecting buttress or hidden gorge, or belt of hanging forest, and, foot by foot, winding upwards like

a serpent. Artificial works jar upon the sentiment when they seem to imply that difficulties have been scorned, when, so to speak, the mountain has been carved against the grain; but when they show triumphs won by skilful turning to account of the apparently insuperable obstacles, they give light and meaning to the scenery. Who would not admit that the gorge of the Via Mala, or of the Devil's Bridge in the St. Gothard, or the cliffs of the Ghemmi, are incomparably more impressive by reason of the engineer's skill? A sudden fit of the spleen, or, on the other hand, the exuberance of youthful spirits or the delight in sheer adventure may induce us for a time to prefer the purely savage country; but those districts are most permanently delightful which point most forcibly the Baconian moral of man's conquest of nature by obedience to natural laws. There should, if one may venture to lay down a canon in such matters, be a sufficient reserve of inhospitable wilderness to emphasize the supremacy of nature, to give the impression of a boundless reserve of untamable vigor, but not so vast a stretch of solitude as to suggest a region absolutely cut off from human approach. The mountain should be crowned with the sternest diadem of rock and ice, but its feet should be covered with the mantle of rich cultivation. Hunters and travellers may love the illimitable wastes, for they are a thoughtless race; but ordinary human nature need not be reminded too forcibly of its insignificance.

The characteristic utterances of nature are the ancient commonplaces that we are very small creatures; that infinite worlds stretch beyond our perception, and yet that we can perceive enough to bewilder our intelligence; that our greatest works are but petty scratches on the surface of a world, stupendous to us, and yet but an atom in a vaster system; that we are always in presence of forces which could crush us into dust, but which spare us for a brief space on condition of constant obedience to their laws. These are the commonplaces which have been expressed by thousands of moralists and religious teachers, but which come with perpetual freshness when uttered by the great voices of sea and sky and moun-

hey may, as I said at starting, be of one temperament as they are to others. They may, like all things, be turned to account by pessimist or optimist. But to all thoughtful people must at least be solemnizing. Nature seems to itself more easily to be dictated the *Penseroso* than embodied in the *Allegro*. Nature is often calming, or rather it is the effect of sedatives, but it is scarcely favourable to high spirits. Petty cares and anxieties vanish in the presence of the sublime and infinite, but any exuberance of emotion verges upon profanity.

Man is physically stimulated by the sun and the genial sunshine, and therefore poets for welcoming the sun as the symbol of everlasting vitality. There is even in the spring an element of melancholy to the eye as one has kept watch o'er man's morbid decay. The new life has to push its way through old decay. Shelley's lark is a joyfulness not, as he observes, to be shared by those who can only look on before and after." And as, on the one hand, one would prefer intelligence to the alloy of sadness which it brings, one confesses that there is something to be learned from the perpetual exultation of a lark's spirits. What is to be made of such a fuss about? One is led to say, "Do you suppose this is the first occasion on which a lark ever came out? Are you not to be in a very short time you will be the cares of a young family on your part that at this very moment a young man (as Sam Weller observed) may have been born to you, or that you may be about to appear very soon in Leadend?" The world is surely not so incessant screams of laughter, and is giving such a cachinnation when it comes to one part of its orbit in

the most impressive sounds of nature always in them a deep strain of sadness. Wordsworth understood this. The cry of the hills better than any the cry of the cuckoo or the bleating of the lamb is invested for him with a mysterious melancholy. The essence of the sentiment of lake scenery is compressed into the verses of the lake under Helvel-

Here sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere.

Burns loved to walk under the lea of a wood when a gale was blowing, and to listen to the melancholy murmur of the leaves. And, indeed, the most impressive natural sounds are associated with the same vein of feeling. The moan of the wind and dash of the rain at night, suggestive of tempests blowing far out at sea and across desolate moorlands ; the "scream of the maddened beach dragged down by the wave ;" the murmur of multitudinous torrents in a mountain valley, rising and falling with every gust of wind, are the most familiar instances ; and those whose love of nature is the warmest will generally enjoy them in proportion to their sadness. Coleridge chose to deny, in spite of the general testimony of the poets, that there was anything intrinsically melancholy in the song of the nightingale. If, however, he was right, it only follows that a nightingale becomes impressive simply because the accident of his singing by night adds a factitious melancholy, and therefore gives a specific charm to his note. To me, I confess, there is something still more impressive in the unmusical scream of a sea bird off a rocky coast. When nature speaks audibly it is almost always in plaintive notes, and the thoughtless exultation of singing-birds in spring is but a solitary exception, and they remind me generally of animated musical boxes. There is a kind of impertinence in their ostentatious proclamation of domestic felicity.

This is, perhaps, a barbarous sentiment, and a final qualification must be added. As some have valued natural scenes in proportion to their misanthropic savagery, others can see in them nothing but an embodiment of sentimental gloom. But this is even a grosser misinterpretation of nature's sadness. The undertone is always plaintive, but the dominant harmony rather suggests stern and inspiring energy. Nothing can be more alien to fresh sea breezes and mountain torrents than the muddy melancholy of jaded appetite. We may, if we please, see nature in a darkened mirror as one monotonous smudge, without form or sweet contrast. It may be repre-

sented as a shadowy garden of Proserpine, in which hope sickens and love decays. But, in fact, nature, though oppressed, is never maudlin. The fitful sigh of the wind and ceaseless murmur of the torrent are impressive because they live. The are unmistakable signs of life. The apparent repose is not absolute and final, or it would be death. The forces that have framed the world are still in action, as freshly as ever, carving mountain ranges and shaping continents, and producing fresh forms of multitudinous life. They are as the creaking and rattling of the "roaring loom of Time" at its task of the perpetual weaving of the "living raiment of the Godhead." Who can listen unawed to the grinding of the infinite machinery of the material universe? and yet who would not feel that in such a presence mere whining is futile and contemptible? The universe has something else

to do than to trouble itself about our valetudinarian ailments. The morbid and effeminate will be crushed to powder in the struggle, and used up, it is to be hoped, as material for higher natures. If the roar of never-ending struggle is sobering, or even saddening, it is as a trumpet-call to whatever is manly and strenuous in our natures. The philosophy of Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty* has been disputed, but its poetical truth is irresistible:—

Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footway treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are
fresh and strong.

The everlasting freshness of the universe, the perpetual triumph of life over decay, is the final meaning of the great spectacle of nature, and the most forcible stimulus to doing our part in the struggle.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ENTHUSIASMS.

SHE was seated alone, her arms on the table, her head bent down. There was no red rose now in the white morning dress, for she had given it to him when he left. The frail November sunshine streamed into the room and put a shimmer of gold on the soft brown of her hair.

It was a bold step she had taken, without counsel of any one. Her dream was now to give up everything that she had hitherto cared about, and to go away into private life to play the part of Lady Bountiful. And if doubts about the strength of her own resolution occasionally crossed her mind, could she not appeal for aid and courage to him who would always be by her side? When she became a Macleod she would have to accept the motto of the Macleods. That motto is *Hold Fast*.

She heard her sister come into the house, and she raised her head. Presently Carry opened the door; and it was clear she was in high spirits.

"Oh, Mopsy," said she—and this

was a pet name she gave her sister only when the latter was in great favor—"did you ever see such a morning in November? Don't you think papa might take us to Kew Gardens?"

"I want to speak to you, Carry—come here," she said gravely; and the younger sister went and stood by the table. "You know you and I are thrown very much on each other; and we ought to have no secrets from each other; and we ought to be always quite sure of each other's sympathy. Now, Carry, you must be patient, you must be kind; if I don't get sympathy from you, from whom should I get it?"

Carry withdrew a step; and her manner instantly changed. Gertrude White was a very clever actress; but she had never been able to impose on her younger sister. This imploring look was all very fine; this appeal for sympathy was pathetic enough; but both only awakened Carry's suspicions. In their ordinary talk sisters rarely use such formal words as "sympathy."

"What do you mean?" said she sharply.

"There—already!" exclaimed the

apparently in deep disappointment. "Just when I most need your ss and sympathy you show your—most unfeeling—"

wish you would tell me what it is ut," Carry said impatiently.

elder sister lowered her eyes, and gers began to work with a paper-hat was lying there. Perhaps this ly a bit of stage-business; or per-he was apprehensive about the of her announcement.

rry," she said in a low voice, "I romised to marry Sir Keith Mac-

y uttered a slight cry of horror rprise; but this, too, was only a stage-effect, for she had fully aned the disclosure.

ell, Gertrude White!" said she, ntly when she had recovered her

"Well—I—I—I—never!"

language was not as imposing as tures; but then nobody had writ-e part for her; whereas her very le acting was nature's own gift.

ow, Carry, be reasonable—don't ry—what is the use of being vexed hat is past recalling? Any other ould be very glad at such a time

these were the hurried and broken ces with which the culprit sought re off the coming wrath. But, ough, Miss Carry refrained from

tations or any other stormy ex-n of her anger and scorn. She ly assumed a cold and critical

suppose," said she, "before you l Sir Keith Macleod to ask you to e his wife, you explained to him cumstances."

don't understand you."

ou told him, of course, that you e'er-do-well brother in Australia, ight at any moment appear and e the whole family?"

old him nothing of the kind. I opportunity of going into family

And if I had—what has Tom do with Sir Keith Macleod? I rgotten his very existence—no after eight years of absolute si-

Carry, having fired this shot, was r other ammunition.

u told him you have had several arts before?"

"No, I did not," said Miss Gertrude White warmly, "because it isn't true."

"What?—Mr. Howson?"

"The orchestra-leader in a provincial theatre!"

"Oh yes, but you did not speak so contemptuously of him then. Why, you made him believe he was another Mendelssohn; and what is more, Gertrude White, you made him believe that you and he were engaged."

"You are talking nonsense," said the other, frowning, and with her head turned aside.

"And Mr. Brook—you no doubt told him that Mr. Brook called on papa, and asked him to go down to Doctors' Commons and see for himself what money he would have—"

"And what then? How can I prevent any idiotic boy, who chooses to turn me into a heroine, from making a fool of himself?"

"Oh, Gertrude White," said Carry solemnly. "Will you sit there and tell me you gave him no encouragement?"

"This is mere folly," the elder sister said petulantly, as she rose, and proceeded to put straight a few of the things about the room. "I had hoped better

things of you, Carry. I tell you of an important step I have taken in my life; and you bring out a lot of tattle and nonsense. However, I can act for my-

self. It is true, I had imagined something different. When I marry, of course, we shall be separated. I had looked forward to the pleasure of showing you my new home—"

"Where is it to be?"

"Wherever my husband wishes it to be," she answered proudly; but there was a conscious flush of color in her face as she uttered—for the first time—that word.

"In the Highlands, I suppose, for he is not rich enough to have two houses," said Carry, which showed that she had been pondering over this matter before.

"And he has already got his mother and his old maid sister, or whatever she is, in the house—you will make a pretty family."

This was a cruel thrust. When Macleod had spoken of the far home overlooking the northern seas, what could be more beautiful than his picture of the noble and silver-haired dame and of the

gentle and loving cousin who was the friend and counsellor of the poor people around? And when he had suggested that some day or other Mr. White might bring his daughter to these remote regions to see all the wonders and the splendors of them, he told her how the beautiful mother would take her to this place and to that place, and how that Janet Macleod would pet and befriend her, and perhaps teach her a few words of the Gaelic that she might have a kindly phrase for the passer-by. But this picture of Carry's—: a house full of wrangling women!

If she had had her will just then, she would instantly have recalled Macleod, and placed his courage and careless confidence between her and this cruel criticism. She had never, in truth, thought of these things. His pertinacity would not allow her. He had kept insisting that the only point for her to consider was whether she had sufficient love for him to enable her to answer his great love for her with the one word "Yes." Thereafter, according to his showing, everything else was a mere trifle. Obstacles, troubles, delays?—he would hear of nothing of the sort. And although, while he was present, she had been inspired by something of this confident feeling, now when she was attacked in his absence she felt herself defenceless.

"You may be as disagreeable as you like, Carry," said she almost wearily. "I cannot help it. I never could understand your dislike to Sir Keith Macleod—"

"Cannot you understand," said the younger sister with some show of indignation, "that if you are to marry at all I should like to see you marry an Englishman, instead of a great Highland savage, who thinks about nothing but beasts' skins? And why should you marry at all, Gertrude White? I suppose he will make you leave the theatre; and instead of being a famous woman, whom everybody admires and talks about, you will be plain Mrs. Nobody, hidden away in some place, and no one will ever hear of you again! Do you know what you are doing? Did you ever hear of any woman making such a fool of herself before?"

So far from being annoyed by this

strong language, the elder sister seemed quite pleased.

"Do you know, Carry, I like to hear you talk like that," she said with a smile. "You almost persuade me that I am not asking him for too great a sacrifice, after all——"

"A sacrifice! On his part!" exclaimed the younger sister, and then she added with decision: "But it shan't be, Gertrude White! I will go to papa!"

"Pardon me," said the elder sister, who was nearer the door, "you need not trouble yourself; I am going now."

She went into the small room which was called her father's study, but which was in reality a sort of museum. She closed the door behind her.

"I have just had the pleasure of an interview with Carry, papa," she said with a certain bitterness of tone, "and she has tried hard to make me as miserable as I can be. If I am to have another dose of it from you, papa, I may as well have it at once. I have promised to marry Sir Keith Macleod."

She sank down in an easy-chair. There was a look on her face which plainly said, "Now do your worst; I cannot be more wretched than I am."

"You have promised to marry Sir Keith Macleod?" he repeated slowly, and fixing his eyes on her face.

He did not break into any rage, and accuse Macleod of treachery or her of filial disobedience. He knew that she was familiar with that kind of thing. What he had to deal with was the immediate future, not the past.

"Yes," she answered.

"Well," he said with the same deliberation of tone, "I suppose you have not come to me for advice, since you have acted so far for yourself. If I were to give you advice, however, it would be to break your promise as soon as you decently can, both for his sake and for your own."

"I thought you would say so," she said with a sort of desperate mirth. "I came to have all my wretchedness heaped on me at once. It is a very pleasing sensation. I wonder if I could express it on the stage—that would be making use of my new experiences—as you have taught me——"

But here she burst into tears; and

then got up and walked impatiently about the room; and finally dried her eyes, with shame and mortification visible on her face.

"What have *you* to say to me, papa? I am a fool to mind what a school-girl says."

"I don't know that I have anything to say," he observed calmly. "You know your own feelings best."

And then he regarded her attentively.

"I suppose when you marry you will give up the stage?"

"I suppose so," she said in a low voice.

"I should doubt," he said with quite a dispassionate air, "your being able to play one part for a lifetime. You might get tired—and that would be awkward for your husband and yourself. I don't say anything about your giving up all your prospects, although I had great pride in you and a still greater hope. That is for your own consideration. If you think you will be happier—if you are sure you will have no regret—if, as I say, you think you can play the one part for a lifetime—well and good."

"And you are right," she said bitterly, "to speak of me as an actress, and not as a human being. I must be playing a part to the end, I suppose? Perhaps so. Well, I hope I will please my smaller audience as well as I seem to have pleased the bigger one."

Then she altered her tone.

"I told you, papa, the other day of my having seen that child run over and brought back to the woman who was standing on the pavement."

"Yes," said he; but wondering why this incident should be referred to at such a moment.

"I did not tell you the truth—at least, the whole truth. When I walked away, what was I thinking of? I caught myself trying to recall the way in which the woman threw her arms up when she saw the dead body of her child, and I was wondering whether I could repeat it. And then I began to wonder whether I was a devil—or a woman."

"Bah!" said he. "That is a craze you have at present. You have had fifty others before. What I am afraid of is that, at the instigation of some such temporary fad, you will take a step that you will find irrevocable. The weak point

about you is that you can make yourself believe anything. Just think over it, Gerty. If you leave the stage, you will destroy many a hope I had formed; but that doesn't matter. Whatever is most for your happiness—that is the only point."

"And so you have given me your congratulations, papa," she said, rising. "I have been so thoroughly trained to be an actress that, when I marry, I shall only go from one stage to another."

"That was only a figure of speech," said he.

"At all events," she said, "I shall not be vexed by petty jealousies of other actresses, and I shall cease to be worried and humiliated by what they say about me in the provincial newspapers."

"As for the newspapers," he retorted, "you have little to complain of. They have treated *you* very well. And even if they annoyed you by a phrase here or there, surely the remedy is simple. You need not read them. You don't require any recommendation to the public now. As for your jealousy of other actresses—that was always an unreasonable vexation on your part—"

"Yes, and that only made it the more humiliating to myself," said she quickly.

"But think of this," said he. "You are married. You have been long away from the scene of your former triumphs. Some day you go to the theatre; and you find as the favorite of the public a woman who, you can see, cannot come near to what you used to do. And I suppose you won't be jealous of her, and anxious to defeat her on the old ground?"

She winced a little; but she said—

"I can do with that as you suggested about the newspapers: I need not go to the theatre."

"Very well, Gerty. I hope all will be for the best. But do not be in a hurry; take time and consider."

She saw clearly enough that this calm acquiescence was all the congratulation or advice she was likely to get; and she went to the door.

"Papa," said she with a little hesitation, "Sir Keith Macleod is coming up to-morrow morning—to go to church with us."

"Yes?" said he indifferently.

"He may speak to you before we go."

"Very well. Of course, I have nothing to say in the matter. You are mistress of your own actions."

She went to her own room, and locked herself in, feeling very lonely, and disheartened, and miserable. There was more to alarm her in her father's faintly expressed doubts than in all Carry's vehement opposition and taunts. Why had Macleod left her alone?—if only she could see him laugh, her courage would be reassured.

Then she bethought her that this was not a fit mood for one who had promised to be the wife of a Macleod. She went to the mirror and regarded herself; and almost unconsciously an expression of pride and resolve appeared about the lines of her mouth. And she would show to herself that she had still a woman's feelings by going out and doing some actual work of charity: she would prove to herself that the constant stimulation of noble emotions had not deadened them in her own nature. She put on her hat and shawl, and went downstairs, and went out into the free air and the sunlight—without a word to either Carry or her father. She was trying to imagine herself as having already left the stage and all its fictitious allurements. She was now Lady Bountiful: having looked after the simple cares of her household she was now ready to cast her eyes abroad and relieve in so far as she might the distress around her. The first object of charity she encountered was an old crossing-sweeper. She addressed him in a matter-of-fact way which was intended to conceal her fluttering self-consciousness. She inquired whether he had a wife; whether he had any children; whether they were not rather poor. And having been answered in the affirmative on all these points, she surprised the old man by giving him five shillings and telling him to go home and get a good warm dinner for his family. She passed on, and did not observe that, as soon as her back was turned, the old wretch made straight for the nearest public-house.

But her heart was happy and her courage rose. It was not for nothing, then, that she had entertained the bold resolve of casting aside for ever the one great ambition of her life—with all its intoxicating successes, and hopes, and struggles

—for the homely and simple duties of an ordinary woman's existence. It was not in vain that she had read and dreamed of the far romantic land, and had ventured to think of herself as the proud wife of Macleod of Dare. Those fierce deeds of valor and vengeance that had terrified and thrilled her would now become part of her own inheritance; why, she could tell her friends, when they came to see her, of all the old legends and fairy stories that belonged to her own home. And the part of Lady Bountiful—surely, if she must play some part, that was the one she would most dearly like to play. And the years would go by; and she would grow silver-haired, too; and when she lay on her deathbed she would take her husband's hand and say, "Have I lived the life you wished me to live?" Her cheerfulness grew apace; and the walking, and the sunshine, and the fresh air brought a fine light and color to her eyes and cheeks. There was a song singing through her head; and it was all about the brave Glenogie who rode up the king's ha'.

But as she turned the corner of a street her eye rested on a huge colored placard—rested but for a moment, for she would not look on the great gaudy thing. Just at this time a noble lord had shown his interest in the British drama by spending an enormous amount of money in producing, at a theatre of his own building, a spectacular burlesque, the gorgeousness of which surpassed anything that had ever been done in that way. And the lady who appeared to be playing (in silence, mostly) the chief part in this hash of glaring color and roaring music and clashing armor had gained a great celebrity by reason of her handsome figure, and the splendor of her costume, and the magnificence of the real diamonds that she wore. All London was talking of her; and the vast theatre—even in November—was nightly crammed to overflowing. As Gertrude White walked back to her home her heart was filled with bitterness. She had caught sight of the ostentatious placard; and she knew that the photograph of the actress who was figuring there was in every stationer's shop in the Strand. And that which galled her was not that the theatre should be so taken and so used,

t the stage heroine of the hour be a woman who could act no an any baboon in the Zoological s.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN SUSSEX.

as for him, there was no moderation in the vehemence of his joy. surprise and bewilderment of it, led around him underwent transition: London in November was glon into an earthly paradise. The people in the streets seemed to have faces; Bury Street, St. James's is usually a somewhat misty ghfare—was more beautiful than se-garden of an eastern king. this Saturday afternoon the blue d indeed continue to shine over at city; and the air seemed sweet ar enough, as it generally does to a whose every heart-beat is only : throb of conscious gladness.

his first intoxication of wonder, de, and gratitude, he had forgot-about these ingenious theories in former days, he had construct-prove to himself that Gertrude should give up her present way of Was it true, then, that he had resie white slave? Was it once and r that Nature, encountering the demon of Art, had closed and d with the insidious thing, had t by the throat, and choked it, and t aside from the fair roadway of He had forgotten about these theow. All that he was conscious : this eager joy, with now and a wild wonder that he should inave acquired so priceless a posses- Was it possible that she would withdraw herself from the eyes of world and give herself to him—that some day, in the beautiful oughing future, the glory of her e would light up the dull halls of Dare?

course he poured all his pent-up nces into the ear of the astonish-or, and again and again expressed titude to his companion for having him the opportunity of securing anscent happiness. The Ma- somewhat frightened. He did ow in what measure he might be d as an accomplice by the silver-

haired lady of Castle Dare. And in any case he was alarmed by the vehemence of the young man.

"My dear Macleod," said he with an oracular air, "you never have any hold on yourself. You fling the reins on the horse's neck, and gallop down-hill: a very slight check would send you whirling to the bottom. Now, you should take the advice of a man of the world, who is older than you, and who—if I may say so—has kept his eyes open. I don't want to discourage you; but you should take it for granted that accidents may happen. I would feel the reins a little bit, if I were you. Once you've got her into the church—and see her with a white veil over her head—then you may be as perfervid as you like—"

And so the simple-minded Major prattled on; Macleod paying but little heed. There had been nothing about Major Stewart's courtship and marriage to shake the world: why, he said to himself, when the lady was pleased to lend a favoring ear, was there any reason for making such a fuss?

"Your happiness will all depend on one thing," said he to Macleod, with a complacent wisdom in the round and jovial face. "Take my word for it. I hear of people studying the character—the compatibilities and what not—of other people; but I never knew of a young man thinking of such things when he was in love. He plunges in, and finds out afterwards. Now, it all comes to this—is she likely, or not likely, to prove a sigher?"

"A what?" said Macleod, apparently awaking from a trance.

"A sigher. A woman who goes about the house all day sighing—whether over your sins or her own, she won't tell you."

"Indeed I cannot say," Macleod said, laughing. "I should hope not. I think she has excellent spirits."

"Ah!" said the Major thoughtfully; and he himself sighed; perhaps he was thinking of a certain house far away in Mull, to which he had shortly to return.

Macleod did not know how to show his gratitude towards this good-natured friend. He would have given him half-a-dozen banquets a day; and Major Stewart liked a London dinner. But what he did offer as a great reward was this:

that Major Stewart should go up the next morning to a particular church, and take up a particular position in that church, and then—then he would get a glimpse of the most wonderful creature the world had seen. Oddly enough, the Major did not eagerly accept this munificent offer. To another proposal—that he should go up to Mr. White's on the first day after their return from Sussex, and meet the young lady at luncheon—he seemed better inclined.

"But why shouldn't we go to the theatre to-night?" said he in his simple way.

Macleod looked embarrassed.

"Frankly, then, Stewart," said he, "I don't want you to make her acquaintance as an actress."

"Oh, very well," said he, not greatly disappointed. "Perhaps it is better. You see, I may be questioned at Castle Dare. Have you considered that matter?"

"Oh no!" Macleod said lightly and cheerfully; "I have had time to consider nothing as yet. I can scarcely believe it to be all real. It takes a deal of hard thinking to convince myself that I am not dreaming."

But the true fashion in which Macleod showed his gratitude to his friend was in concealing his great reluctance on going down with him into Sussex. It was like rending his heart-strings for him to leave London for a single hour at this time. What beautiful confidences, and tender timid looks, and sweet small words he was leaving behind him, in order to go and shoot a lot of miserable pheasants! He was rather gloomy when he met the Major at Victoria Station. They got into the train; and away through the darkness of the November afternoon they rattled to Three Bridges; but all the eager sportsman had gone out of him, and he had next to nothing to say in answer to the Major's excited questions. Occasionally he would rouse himself from this reverie, and he would talk in a perfunctory sort of fashion about the immediate business of the moment. He confessed that he had a certain theoretical repugnance to a *battue*, if it were at all like what people in the newspapers declared it to be. On the other hand, he could not well understand—judging by his experiences in the High-

lands—how the shooting of driven birds could be so marvellously easy; and he was not quite sure that the writers he had referred to had had many opportunities of practising, or even observing, so very expensive an amusement. Major Stewart, for his part, freely admitted that he had no scruples whatever. Shooting birds, he roundly declared, was shooting birds, whether you shot two or two score. And he demurely hinted that, if he had his choice, he would rather shoot the two score.

"Mind you, Stewart," Macleod said, "if we are posted anywhere near each other, mind you shoot at any bird that comes my way. I should like you to make a big bag that you may talk about in Mull; and I don't really care about it."

And this was the man whom Miss Carry had described as being nothing but a slayer of wild animals and a preserver of beasts' skins! Perhaps in that imaginary duel between Nature and Art the enemy was not so thoroughly beaten and thrown aside after all.

So they got to Three Bridges; and there they found the carriage awaiting them; and presently they were whirling away along the dark roads, with the lamps shining alternately on a line of hedge, or on a long stretch of ivied brick-wall. And at last they passed a lodge-gate; and drove through a great and silent park; and finally, rattling over the gravel, drew up in front of some grey steps and a blaze of light coming from the wide-open doors. Under Lord Beauregard's guidance, they went into the drawing-room, and found a number of people idly chatting there, or reading by the subdued light of the various lamps on the small tables. There was a good deal of talk about the weather. Macleod, vaguely conscious that these people were only strangers, and that the one heart that was thinking of him was now far away, paid but little heed; if he had been told that the barometer predicted fifteen thunder-storms for the morrow, he would have been neither startled nor dismayed.

But he managed to say to his host, aside—

"Beauregard, look here. I suppose in this sort of shooting you have some little understanding with your head-

keeper about the posts—who is to be a bit favored, you know? Well, I wish you would ask him to look after my friend Stewart. He can leave me out altogether, if he likes."

"My dear fellow, there will be scarcely any difference; but I will look after your friend myself. I suppose you have no guns with you?"

"I have borrowed Ogilvie's. Stewart has none."

"I will get one for him."

By-and-by they went up-stairs to their respective rooms, and Macleod was left alone—that is to say, he was scarcely aware of the presence of the man who was opening his portmanteau and putting out his things. He lay back in the low easy-chair, and stared absently into the blazing fire. This was a beautiful but a lonely house. There were many strangers in it. But if she had been one of the people below—if he could at this moment look forward to meeting her at dinner—if there was a chance of his sitting beside her and listening to the low and sweet voice—with what an eager joy he would have waited for the sound of the bell! As it was, his heart was in London. He had no sort of interest in this big house; or in the strangers whom he had met; or in the proceedings of the morrow, about which all the men were talking. It was a lonely house.

He was aroused by a tapping at the door.

"Come in," he said—and Major Stewart entered, blooming and rosyate over his display of white linen.

"Good gracious!" said he, "aren't you dressed yet? It wants but ten minutes to dinner-time. What have you been doing?"

Macleod jumped up with some shamefacedness, and began to array himself quickly.

"Macleod," said the Major, subsiding into the big arm-chair very carefully, so as not to crease his shining shirt-front, "I must give you another piece of advice. It is serious. I have heard again and again that when a man thinks only of one thing—when he keeps brooding over it day and night—he is bound to become mad. They call it monomania. You are becoming a monomaniac."

"Yes, I think I am," Macleod said,

laughing; "but it is a very pleasant sort of monomania, and I am not anxious to become sane. But you really must not be hard on me, Stewart. You know this is rather an important thing that has happened to me; and it wants a good deal of thinking over."

"Bah!" the Major cried, "why take it so much *au grand sérieux*? A girl likes you; says she'll marry you; probably, if she continues in the same mind, she will. Consider yourself a lucky dog; and don't break your heart if an accident occurs. Hope for the best; that you and she mayn't quarrel; and that she mayn't prove a sigher. Now what do you think of this house? I consider it an uncommon good dodge to put each person's name outside his bedroom-door; there can't be any confounded mistakes—and women squealing—if you come up late at night. Why, Macleod, you don't mean that this affair has destroyed all your interest in the shooting? Man, I have been down to the gun-room with your friend Beauregard; have seen the head-keeper; got a gun that suits me first-rate—a trifle long in the stock perhaps, but no matter. You won't tip any more than the head-keeper, eh? And the fellow who carries your cartridge-bag? I do think it uncommonly civil of a man, not only to ask you to go shooting, but to find you in guns and cartridges as well; don't you?"

The Major chatted on with great cheerfulness. He clearly considered that he had got into excellent quarters. At dinner he told some of his most famous Indian stories to Lady Beauregard, near whom he was sitting; and at night, in the improvised smoking-room, he was great on deer-stalking. It was not necessary for Macleod, or anybody else, to talk. The Major was in full flow, though he stoutly refused to touch the spirits on the table. He wanted a clear head and a steady hand for the morning.

Alas! alas! The next morning presented a woful spectacle. Grey skies—heavy and rapidly drifting clouds—pouring rain—runnels of clear water by the side of every gravel-path—a rook or two battling with the squally south-wester high over the wide and desolate park—the wild duck at the margin of the ruf-

fled lake flapping their wings as if the wet was too much even for them—nearer at hand the firs and evergreens all dripping. After breakfast the male guests wandered disconsolately into the cold billiard-room, and began knocking the balls about. All the loquacious cheerfulness of the Major had fled. He looked out on the wet park and the sombre woods; and sighed.

But about twelve o'clock there was a great hurry and confusion throughout the house; for all of a sudden the skies in the west cleared; there was a glimmer of blue; and then gleams of a pale wan light began to stream over the landscape. There was a rush to the gun-room, and an eager putting-on of shooting-boots and leggings; there was a rapid tying-up of small packages of sandwiches; presently the waggonette was at the door. And then away they went over the hard gravel, and out into the wet roads; with the sunlight now beginning to light up the beautiful woods about Crawley. The horses seemed to know there was no time to lose. A new spirit took possession of the party. The Major's face glowed as red as the hip that here and there among the almost leafless hedges shone in the sunlight on the ragged brier-stem.

And yet it was about one o'clock before the work of the day began, for the beaters had to be summoned from various parts, and the small boys with the white flags—the "stops"—had to be posted so as to check runners. And then the six guns went down over a ploughed field—half clay and half chalk, and ankle deep—to the margin of a rapidly running and coffee-colored stream, which three of them had to cross by means of a very shaky plank. Lord Beauregard, Major Stewart, and Macleod remained on this side, keeping a look-out for a straggler, but chiefly concerned with the gradually opening and brightening sky. Then far away they heard a slight tapping on the trees; and almost at the same moment another sound caused the hearts of the two novices to jump. It was a quick *cuck-cuck*, accompanied by a rapid and silken winnowing of the air. Then an object, which seemed like a cannon-ball with a long tail attached, came whizzing along. Major Stewart fired—a bad miss. Then

he wheeled round, took good aim, and down came a mass of feathers, whirling until it fell motionless on the ground.

"Well hit!" Macleod cried; but at the same moment he became conscious that he had better mind his own business, for there was another whirring sound, and then he saw this rapidly enlarging object coming straight at him. He fired, and shot the bird dead; but so rapid was its flight that he had to duck his head as the slain bird drove past his face and tumbled on to the ground behind him.

"This is rather like firing at bomb-shells," he called out to Lord Beauregard.

It was certainly a new experience for Macleod to figure as a novice in any matter connected with shooting; but both the Major and he speedily showed that they were not unfamiliar with the use of a gun. Whether the birds came at them like bomb-shells, or sprung like a sky-rocket through the leafless branches, they met with the same polite attention; though occasionally one would double back on the beaters and get clear away, sailing far into the silver-clear sky. Lord Beauregard scarcely shot at all, unless he was fairly challenged by a bird flying right past him; he seemed quite content to see his friends having plenty of work; while, in the interest of the beaters, he kept calling out in a high monotone, "Shoot high! shoot high!" Then there was some motion among the brushwood; here and there a man or boy appeared; and finally the under-keeper with his retriever came across the stream to pick up the dead birds. That bit was done with: *vorwärts!*

"Well, Stewart," Macleod said, "what do you think of it? I don't see anything murderous or unsportsmanlike in this kind of shooting. Of course shooting with dogs is much prettier; and you don't get any exercise standing in a wet field; but the man who says that shooting those birds requires no skill at all—well, I should like to see him try."

"Macleod," said the Major gravely, as they plodded along, "you may think that I despise this kind of thing; but I don't. I give you my solemn word of honor that I don't. I will even go the length of saying that if Providence had

blessed me with £25,000 a year I should be quite content to own a bit of country like this. I played the part of the wild mountaineer last night, you know ; that was all very well——"

Here there was a loud call from Lord Beauregard, who was overtaking them—"Hare! hare! Mark hare!" The Major jumped round, put up his gun, and banged away—shooting far ahead in his eagerness. Macleod looked on ; and did not even raise his gun.

"That comes of talking," the Major said gloomily. "And you—why didn't you shoot? I never saw you miss a hare in my life!"

"I was not thinking of it," Macleod said indifferently.

It was very soon apparent that he was thinking of something other than the shooting of pheasants or hares ; for as they went from one wood to another during this beautiful brief November day he generally carried his gun over his shoulder—even when the whirring, bright-plumaged birds were starting from time to time from the hedge-rows—and devoted most of his attention to warning his friend when and where to shoot. However, an incident occurred which entirely changed the aspect of affairs. At one beat he was left quite alone—posted in an open space of low brushwood close by the corner of a wood. He rested the butt of his gun on his foot ; he was thinking, not of any pheasant or hare, but of the beautiful picture Gertrude White would make if she were coming down one of these open glades, between the green stems of the trees, with the sunlight around her and the fair sky overhead. Idly he watched the slowly-drifting clouds ; they were going away northward—by-and-by they would sail over London. The rifts of blue widened in the clear silver ; surely the sunlight would now be shining over Regent's Park? Occasionally a pheasant came clattering along ; he only regarded the shining colors of its head and neck brilliant in the sunlight. A hare trotted by him ; he let it go. But while he was standing thus, and vaguely listening to the rattle of guns on the other side, he was suddenly startled by a quick cry of pain ; and he thought he heard some one call "Macleod! Macleod!" Instantly he put his gun against a bush ;

and ran. He found a hedge at the end of the wood ; he drove through it, and got into the open field. There was the unlucky Major, with blood running down his face, a handkerchief in his hand, and two men beside him—one of them offering him some brandy from a flask. However, after the first fright was over it was seen that Major Stewart was but slightly hurt. The youngest member of the party had fired at a bird coming out of the wood ; had missed it ; had tried to wheel round to send the second barrel after it ; but his feet, having sunk into the wet clay, had caught there, and in his stumbling fall, somehow or other the second barrel went off, one pellet just catching the Major under the eye. The surface wound caused a good shedding of blood, but that was all ; and when the Major had got his face washed, he shouldered his gun again, and with indomitable pluck said he would see the thing out. It was nothing but a scratch, he declared. It might have been dangerous ; but what was the good of considering what might have been? To the young man who had been the cause of the accident, and who was quite unable to express his profound sorrow and shame, he was generously considerate, saying that he had fined him in the sum of one penny when he took a postage-stamp to cover the wound.

"Lord Beauregard," said he, cheerfully, "I want you to show me a thorough-going hot corner. You know I am an ignoramus at this kind of thing."

"Well," said his host, "there is a good bit along here—if you would rather go on."

"Go on?" said he. "Of course!"

And it was a "hot corner." They came to it at the end of a long double hedge-row connected with the wood they had just beaten ; and as there was no "stop" at the corner of the wood, the pheasants, in large numbers, had run into the channel between the double line of hedge. Here they were followed by the keepers and beaters, who kept gently driving them along. Occasionally one got up, and was instantly knocked over by one of the guns ; but it was evident that the "hot corner" would be at the end of this hedge-row, where there was stationed a smock-frocked rustic who, down on his knees, was gently tapping with a bit of stick. The number of birds

getting up increased, so that the six guns had pretty sharp work to reckon with them; and not a few of the wildly whirling objects got clean away into the next wood—Lord Beauregard all the time calling out from the other side of the hedge, "Shoot high! shoot high!" But at the end of the hedge-row an extraordinary scene occurred. One after the other—then in twos and threes—the birds sprung high over the bushes; the rattle of musketry—all the guns being together now—was deafening; the air was filled with gunpowder-smoke; and every second or two another bird came tumbling down on to the young corn. Macleod, with a sort of derisive laugh, put his gun over his shoulder.

"This is downright stupidity," he said to Major Stewart, who was blazing away as hard as ever he could cram cartridges into the hot barrels of his gun. "You can't tell whether you are hitting the bird or not. There! Three men fired at that bird—and the other two were not touched."

The fusillade lasted for about eight or ten minutes; and then it was discovered that though certainly two or three hundred pheasants had got up at this corner, only twenty-two and a half brace were killed—to five guns.

"Well," said the Major, taking off his cap and wiping his forehead, "that was a bit of a scrimmage."

"Perhaps," said Macleod, who had been watching with some amusement his friend's fierce zeal, "but it was not shooting. I defy you to say how many birds you shot. Or I will do this with you—I will bet you a sovereign that, if you ask each man to tell you how many birds he has shot during the day, and add them all up, the total will be twice the number of birds the keepers will take home. But I am glad you seem to enjoy it, Stewart."

"To tell you the truth, Macleod," said the other, "I think I have had enough of it. I don't want to make a fuss; but I fancy I don't quite see clearly with this eye—it may be some slight inflammation—but I think I will go back to the house, and see if there's any surgeon in the neighborhood."

"There you are right; and I will go back with you," Macleod said promptly.

When their host heard of this, he was for breaking up the party; but Major

Stewart warmly remonstrated; and so one of the men was sent with the two friends to show them the way back to the house. When the surgeon came he examined the wound and pronounced it to be slight enough in itself, but possibly dangerous when so near so sensitive an organ as the eye. He advised the Major, if any symptoms of inflammation declared themselves, to go at once to a skilful oculist in London, and not to leave for the north until he was quite assured.

"That sounds rather well, Macleod," said he ruefully.

"Oh, if you must remain in London—though I hope not—I will stay with you," Macleod said. It was a great sacrifice—his remaining in London, instead of going at once back to Castle Dare; but what will not one do for one's friend?

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN INTERVIEW.

ON the eventful morning on which Major Stewart was to be presented to the chosen bride of Macleod of Dare, the simple-hearted soldier—notwithstanding that he had a shade over one eye—made himself exceedingly smart. He would show the young lady that Macleod's friends in the north were not barbarians. The Major sent back his boots to be brushed a second time. A more smoothly fitting pair of gloves Bond Street never saw.

"But you have not the air," said he to Macleod, "of a young fellow going to see his sweetheart. What is the matter, man?"

Macleod hesitated for a moment.

"Well, I am anxious she should impress you favorably," said he frankly, "and it is an awkward position for her—and she will be embarrassed, no doubt—and I have some pity for her, and almost wish some other way had been taken."

"Oh, nonsense," the Major said, cheerfully, "you need not be nervous on her account. Why, man, the silliest girl in the world could impose on an old fool like me. Once upon a time, perhaps, I may have considered myself a connoisseur—well, you know, Macleod, I once had a waist like the rest of you; but now, bless you, if a tolerably pretty girl only says a civil word or two to me I begin to regard her as if I were her guardian angel—in *loco parentis*, and that kind of thing—and

I would sooner hang myself than scan her dress or say a word about her figure. Do you think she will be afraid of a critic with one eye? Have courage, man. I dare bet a sovereign she is quite capable of taking care of herself. It's her business."

Macleod flushed quickly; and the one eye of the Major caught that sudden confession of shame or resentment.

"What I meant was," he said instantly, "that nature had taught the simplest of virgins a certain trick of fence—oh, yes, don't you be afraid. Embarrassment! If there is any one embarrassed, it will not be me, and it will not be she. Why, she'll begin to wonder whether you are really one of the Macleods if you show yourself nervous, apprehensive, frightened like this."

"And, indeed, Stewart," said he, rising as if to shake off some weight of gloomy feeling, "I scarcely know what is the matter with me. I ought to be the happiest man in the world; and sometimes this very happiness seems so great that it is like to suffocate me—I cannot breathe fast enough; and then again I get into such unreasoning fears and troubles—well, let us get out into the fresh air."

The Major carefully smoothed his hat once more, and took up his cane. He followed Macleod down-stairs—like Sancho Panza waiting on Don Quixote, as he himself expressed it; and then the two friends slowly sauntered away northward, on this fairly clear and pleasant December morning.

"Your nerves are not in a healthy state, that's the fact, Macleod," said the Major, as they walked along. "The climate of London is too exciting for you; a good, long, dull winter in Mull will restore your tone. But in the meantime don't cut my throat, or your own, or anybody else's."

"Am I likely to do that?" Macleod said, laughing.

"There was young Bouverie," the Major continued, not heeding the question—"what a handsome young fellow he was when he joined us at Gawulpoor—and he hadn't been in the place a week but he must needs go regular head over heels about our colonel's sister-in-law. An uncommon pretty woman she was too

—an Irish girl, and fond of riding; and dash me if that fellow didn't fairly try to break his neck again and again just that she should admire his pluck. He was as mad as a hatter about her. Well, one day two or three of us had been riding for two or three hours on a blazing hot morning, and we came to one of the irrigation reservoirs—big wells, you know—and what does he do but offer to bet twenty pounds he would dive into the well and swim about for five minutes, till we hoisted him out at the end of the rope. I forgot who took the bet—for none of us thought he would do it: but I believe he would have done anything so that the story of his pluck would be carried to the girl, don't you know. Well, off went his clothes, and in he jumped into the ice-cold water. Nothing would stop him. But at the end of the five minutes when we hoisted up the rope, there was no Bouverie there. It appeared that on clinging on to the rope he had twisted it somehow, and suddenly found himself about to have his neck broken, so he had to shake himself free and plunge into the water again. When at last we got him out, he had had a longer bath than he had bargained for; but there was apparently nothing the matter with him—and he had won the bet, and there would be a talk about him. However, two days afterwards, when he was at dinner, he suddenly felt as though he had got a blow on the back of his head—so he told us afterwards—and fell back insensible. That was the beginning of it. It took him five or six years to shake off the effects of that dip——"

"And did she marry him after all?" Macleod said eagerly.

"Oh, dear, no. I think he had been invalided home not more than two or three months when she married Connolly, of the 71st Madras Infantry. Then she ran away from him with some civilian fellow; and Connolly blew his brains out. "That," said the Major honestly, "is always a puzzle to me. How a fellow can be such an ass as to blow his brains out when his wife runs away from him beats my comprehension altogether. Now what I would do would be this: I would thank goodness I was rid of such a piece of baggage; I would get all the good fellows I know, and give them a rattling fine

dinner ; and I would drink a bumper to her health and another to her never coming back."

"And I would send you our Donald, and he would play *Cha till mi tuilich* for you," Macleod said.

"But as for blowing my brains out ! Well," the Major added, with a philosophic air, "when a man is mad he cares neither for his own life nor for anybody else's. Look at those cases you continually see in the papers : a young man is in love with a young woman ; they quarrel, or she prefers some one else ; what does he do but lay hold of her some evening and cut her throat—to show his great love for her—and then he coolly gives himself up to the police and says he is quite content to be hanged."

"Stewart," said Macleod, laughing, "I don't like this talk about hanging. You said a minute or two ago that I was mad."

"More or less," observed the Major, with absolute gravity,—“as the lawyer said when he mentioned the Fifteen-acres Park at Dublin."

"Well, let us get into a hansom," Macleod said. "When I am hanged you will ask them to write over my tombstone that I never kept anybody waiting for either luncheon or dinner."

The trim maid-servant who opened the door greeted Macleod with a pleasant smile ; she was a sharp wench, and had discovered that lovers have lavish hands. She showed the two visitors into the drawing-room ; Macleod silent and listening intently, the one-eyed Major observing everything, and perhaps curious to know whether the house of an actress differed from that of anybody else. He very speedily came to the conclusion that, in his small experience, he had never seen any house of its size so tastefully decorated and accurately managed as this simple home.

"But what's this !" he cried, going to the mantelpiece and taking down a drawing that was somewhat ostentatiously placed there. "Well ! if this is English hospitality ! By Jove ! an insult to me, and my father, and my father's clan—that blood alone will wipe out ! *The astonishment of Sandy MacAlister Mhor on beholding a glimpse of sunlight : look !*"

He showed this rude drawing to Macleod—a sketch of a wild Highlander, with

his hair on end, his eyes starting out of his head, and his hands uplifted in bewilderment. This work of art was the production of Miss Carry, who, on hearing the knock at the door, had whipped into the room, placed her bit of savage satire over the mantelpiece, and whipped out again. But her deadly malice so far failed of its purpose that, instead of inflicting any annoyance, it most effectually broke the embarrassment of Miss Gertrude's entrance and introduction to the Major.

"Carry has no great love for the Highlands," she said, laughing and slightly blushing at the same time, "but she need not have prepared so cruel a welcome for you. Won't you sit down, Major Stewart ? Papa will be here directly."

"I think it is uncommonly clever," the Major said, fixing his one eye on the paper as if he would give Miss White distinctly to understand that he had not come to stare at her. "Perhaps she will like us better when she knows more about us."

"Do you think," said Miss White demurely, "that it is possible for any one born in the south to learn to like the bagpipes ?"

"No," said Macleod quickly, and it was not usual for him to break in in this eager way about a usual matter of talk, "that is all a question of association. If you had been brought up to associate the sound of the pipes with every memorable thing—with the sadness of a funeral, and the welcome of friends come to see you, and the pride of going away to war, then you would understand why the *Cogadh na Sith*, or the *Faillte Phrionsa*, or that one that is called *I had a Kiss of the King's Hand*—why these bring the tears to a Highlander's eyes. The pibrochs preserve our legends for us," he went on to say, in rather an excited fashion—for he was obviously nervous, and perhaps a trifle paler than usual. "They remind us of what our families have done in all parts of the world ; and there is not one you do not associate with some friend or relative who is gone away ; or with some great merrymaking ; or with the death of one who was dear to you. You never saw that—the boat taking the coffin across the loch, and the friends of the dead sitting with bent heads, and the piper at the bow playing the slow Lament to the time of

—if you had seen that you would at the *Cumhadh Mhic an Tois*—a Highlander. And if you have come to see you, what is it first of his coming? When you can sing for the waves, you can hear. And if you were going into a hat would put madness into your to hear the march that you know thers and uncles and cousins last en they marched on with a cheer eath as it happened to come to You might as well wonder at the lers loving the heather. That is y handsome flower.”

White was sitting quite calm and . A covert glance or two had d the Major that she was en-stress of the situation. If there one nervous, embarrassed, ex-ough this interview, it was not trude White.

other morning,” she said com—and she pulled down her dain-cuffs another sixteenth of an I was going along Buckingham load, and I met a detachment tachment right, Major Stewart? Highland regiment. At least I it was part of a Highland , because they had eight pipers at their head; and I noticed cab-horses were far more fright-an they would have been at : noise coming from an ordinary was wondering whether they ink it the roar of some strange you know how a camel frightens

But I envied the officer who g in front of the soldiers. He y handsome man; and I thought id he must feel to be at the head fine, stalwart fellows. In fact, a moment that I should like to imand of a regiment myself.”

h,” said the Major gallantly, d exchange into that regiment if serve as a drummer-boy.”

rassed by this broad compli-Not a bit of it. She laughed and then rose to introduce the ors to her father, who had just he room.

not to be expected that Mr. nowing the errand of his guests, ve them an inordinately effusive

But he was gravely polite. ad himself on being a man of

common sense; and he knew it was no use fighting against the inevitable. If his daughter would leave the stage, she would; and there was some small compensation in the fact that by her doing so she would become Lady Macleod. He would have less money to spend on trinkets two hundred years old; but he would gain something—a very little, no doubt—from the reflected lustre of their social position.

“We were talking about officers, papa,” she said brightly, “and I was about to confess that I have always had a great liking for soldiers. I know if I had been a man I should have been a soldier. But do you know, Sir Keith, you were once very rude to me about your friend Lieutenant Ogilvie?”

Macleod started.

“I hope not,” said he, gravely.

“Oh yes, you were. Don’t you remember the Caledonian Ball? I only remarked that Lietenant Ogilvie, who seemed to me a bonnie boy, did not look as if he were a very formidable warrior; and you answered with some dark saying—what was it?—that nobody could tell what sword was in a scabbard until it was drawn?”

“Oh,” said he, laughing somewhat nervously, “you forget: I was talking to the Duchess of Devonshire.”

“And I am sure her grace was much obliged to you for frightening her so,” Miss White said, with a dainty smile.

Major Stewart was greatly pleased by the appearance and charming manner of this young lady. If Macleod, who was confessedly a handsome young fellow, had searched all over England, he could not have chosen a fitter mate. But he was also distinctly of opinion—judging by his one eye only—that nobody needed to be alarmed about this young lady’s exceeding sensitiveness and embarrassment before strangers. He thought she would on all occasions be fairly capable of holding her own. And he was quite convinced too that the beautiful, clear eyes, under the long lashes, pretty accurately divined what was going forward. But what did this impression of the honest soldier’s amount to? Only, in other words, that Miss Gertrude White, though a pretty woman, was not a fool.

Luncheon was announced, and they went into the other room, accompanied

by Miss Carry, who had suffered herself to be introduced to Major Stewart with a certain proud sedateness. And now the Major played the part of the accepted lover's friend to perfection. He sate next Miss White herself; and no matter what the talk was about, he managed to bring it round to something that redounded to Macleod's advantage. Macleod could do this, and Macleod could do that; it was all Macleod, and Macleod, and Macleod.

"And if you should ever come to our part of the world, Miss White," said the Major—not letting his glance meet hers—"you will be able to understand something of the old loyalty and affection and devotion the people in the Highlands showed to their chiefs; for I don't believe there is a man, woman, or child about the place who would not rather have a hand cut off than that Macleod should have a thorn scratch him. And it is all the more singular, you know, that they are not Macleods. Mull is the country of the Macleans; and the Macleans and the Macleods had their fights in former times. There is a cave they will show you round the point from *Ru na Gaul* lighthouse that is called *Uamh-na-Ceann*—that is, the Cavern of the Skulls—where the Macleods murdered fifty of the Macleans, though Alastair Crotach, the hump-backed son of Macleod, was himself killed."

"I beg your pardon, Major Stewart," said Miss Carry, with a grand stateliness in her tone, "but will you allow me to ask if this is true? It is a passage I saw quoted in a book the other day, and I copied it out. It says something about the character of the people you are talking about."

She handed him the bit of paper; and he read these words:—"Trew it is, that thir Ilandish men ar of nature verie proud, suspicious, avaricious, full of decept and evill inventioun each aganis his nychtbour, be what way soever he may circumvin him. Besydis all this, they ar sa cre-wall in taking of revenge that rather have they regard to person, eage, tyme, or caus; sa ar they generallie all sa far addictit to thair awin tyrannicall opinions that, in all respects, they exceed in creweltie the maist barbarous people that ever hes bene sen the begynning of the warld."

"Upon my word," said the honest

Major, "it is a most formidable indictment. You had better ask Sir Keith about it."

He handed the paper across the table; Macleod read it and burst out laughing.

"It is too true, Carry," said he. "We are a dreadful lot of people up there among the hills. Nothing but murder and rapine from morning till night."

"I was telling him this morning he would probably be hanged," observed the Major, gravely.

"For what?" Miss White asked.

"Oh," said the Major carelessly, "I did not specify the offence. Cattle-lifting, probably."

Miss Carry's fierce onslaught was thus laughed away, and they proceeded to other matters; the Major meanwhile not failing to remark that this luncheon differed considerably from the bread and cheese and glass of whisky of a shooting-day in Mull. Then they returned to the drawing-room, and had tea there, and some further talk. The Major had by this time quite abandoned his critical and observant attitude. He had succumbed to the enchantress. He was ready to declare that Gertrude White was the most fascinating woman he had ever met, while, as a matter of fact, she had been rather timidly making suggestions and asking his opinion all the time. And when they rose to leave she said—

"I am very sorry, Major Stewart, that this unfortunate accident should have altered your plans; but since you must remain in London, I hope we shall see you often before you go."

"You are very kind," said he.

"We cannot ask you to dine with us," she said, quite simply and frankly, "because of my engagements in the evening; but we are always at home at lunch-time, and Sir Keith knows the way."

"Thank you very much," said the Major, as he warmly pressed her hand.

The two friends passed out into the street.

"My dear fellow," said the Major, "you have been lucky—don't imagine I am humbugging you—a really handsome lass, and a thorough woman of the world, too—trained and fitted at every point—none of your farm-yard beauties. But I say, Macleod, I say,"

he continued solemnly, "won't she find it a trifle dull at Castle Dare?—the change, you know."

"It is not necessary that she should live at Dare," Macleod said.

"Oh, of course, you know your own plans best."

"I have none. All that is in the air as yet. And so you do not think I have made a mistake."

"I wish I was five-and-twenty, and could make a mistake like that," said the Major, with a sigh.

Meanwhile Miss Carry had confronted her sister.

"So you have been inspected, Gerty. Do you think you passed muster?"

"Go away, and don't be impertinent, you silly girl," said the other, good-naturedly.

Carry pulled a folded piece of paper from her pocket, and, advancing, placed it on the table.

"There," said she, "put it in your purse, and don't tell me you have not been warned, Gertrude White."

The elder sister did as she was bid; but indeed she was not thinking at that moment of the cruel and revengeful character of the Western Highlanders, which Miss Carry's quotation set forth in such plain terms. She was thinking that she had never before seen Glenogie look so soldier-like and handsome.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT A RAILWAY STATION.

THE few days of grace obtained by the accident that happened to Major Stewart fled too quickly away; and the time came for saying farewell. With a dismal apprehension Macleod looked forward to this moment. He had seen her on the stage bid a pathetic good-bye to her lover; and there it was beautiful enough—with her shy coquetties, and her winning ways, and the timid, reluctant confession of her love. But there was nothing at all beautiful about this ordeal through which he must pass. It was harsh and horrible. He trembled even as he thought of it.

The last day of his stay in London arrived; he rose with a sense of some awful doom hanging over him that he could in no wise shake off. It was a strange day, too—the world of London vaguely

shining through a pale fog, the sun a globe of red fire. There was hoar-frost on the window ledges; at last the winter seemed about to begin.

And then, as ill-luck would have it, Miss White had some important business at the theatre to attend to, so that she could not see him till the afternoon; and he had to pass the empty morning somehow.

"You look like a man going to be hanged," said the Major, about noon; "come, shall we stroll down to the river now? We can have a chat with your friend before lunch, and a look over his boat."

Colonel Ross, being by chance at Erith, had heard of Macleod's being in town, and had immediately come up in his little steam yacht, the *Iris*, which now lay at anchor close to Westminster Bridge, on the Lambeth side. He had proposed, merely for the oddity of the thing, that Macleod and his friend the Major should lunch on board, and young Ogilvie had promised to run up from Aldershot.

"Macleod," said the gallant soldier, as the two friends walked leisurely down towards the Thames, "if you let this monomania get such a hold of you, do you know how it will end? You will begin to show signs of having a conscience."

"What do you mean?" said he absently.

"Your nervous system will break down, and you will begin to have a conscience. That is a sure sign, in either a man or a nation. Man, don't I see it all around us now in this way of looking at India and the colonies? We had no conscience—we were in robust health as a nation—when we thrashed the French out of Canada; and seized India; and stole land just wherever we could put our fingers on it all over the globe; but now it is quite different—we are only educating these countries up to self-government—it is all in the interest of morality that we protect them—as soon as they wish to go we will give them our blessing—in short, we have got a conscience, because the national health is feeble and nervous. You look out, or you will get into the same condition. You will begin to ask whether it is right to shoot pretty little birds in order to

eat them ; you will become a vegetarian ; and you will take to goloshes."

"Good gracious !" said Macleod, waking up, "what is all this about ?"

"Rob Roy," observed the Major, oracularly, "was a healthy man. I will make you a bet he was not much troubled by chilblains."

"Stewart," Macleod cried, "do you want to drive me mad ? What on earth are you talking about ?"

"Anything," the Major confessed frankly, "to rouse you out of your monomania, because I don't want to have my throat cut by a lunatic some night up at Castle Dare."

"Castle Dare," repeated Macleod gloomily. "I think I shall scarcely know the place again ; and we have been away about a fortnight !"

No sooner had they got down to the landing-steps on the Lambeth side of the river than they were descried from the deck of the beautiful little steamer, and a boat was sent ashore for them. Colonel Ross was standing by the tiny gangway to receive them ; they got on board, and passed into the glass-surrounded saloon. There certainly was something odd in the notion of being anchored in the middle of the great city ; absolutely cut off from it and enclosed in a miniature floating world ; the very sound of it hushed and remote. And, indeed, on this strange morning the big town looked more dreamlike than usual, as they regarded it from the windows of this saloon :—the buildings opal-like in the pale fog ; a dusky glitter on the high towers of the Houses of Parliament ; and some touches of rose-red on the ripples of the yellow water around them.

Right over there was the very spot to which he had idly wandered in the clear dawn, to have a look at the peacefully flowing stream. How long ago ? It seemed to him, looking back, somehow the morning of life—shining clear and beautiful, before any sombre anxieties, and joys scarcely less painful, had come to cloud the fair sky. He thought of himself at that time with a sort of wonder. He saw himself standing there, glad to watch the pale and growing glory of the dawn, careless as to what the day might bring forth ; and he knew that it was another and an irrecoverable Macleod he was mentally regarding.

Well, when his friend Ogilvie arrived, he endeavored to assume some greater spirit and cheerfulness, and they had a pleasant enough luncheon-party in the gently-moving saloon. Thereafter Colonel Ross was for getting up steam and taking them for a run somewhere ; but at this point Macleod begged to be excused for running away ; and so having consigned Major Stewart to the care of his host for the moment, and having bade good-bye to Ogilvie, he went ashore. He made his way up to the cottage in South Bank. He entered the drawing-room and sat down, alone.

When she came in, she said, with a quick anxiety—

"You are not ill ?"

"No, no," he said, rising—and his face was haggard somewhat, "but—but it is not pleasant to come to say good-bye—"

"You must not take it so seriously as that," she said, with a friendly smile.

"My going away is like going into a grave," he said slowly ; "it is dark."

And then he took her two hands in his, and regarded her with such an intensity of look that she almost drew back, afraid.

"Sometimes," he said, watching her eyes, "I think I shall never see you again."

"Oh, Keith," said she, drawing her hands away and speaking half playfully, "you really frighten me. And even if you were never to see me again, wouldn't it be a very good thing for you ? You would have got rid of a bad bargain."

"It would not be a very good thing for me," he said, still regarding her.

"Oh, well, don't speak of it," said she, lightly ; "let us speak of all that is to be done in the long time that must pass before we meet—"

"But why 'must' ?" he said eagerly. "Why 'must' ? If you knew how I look forward to the blackness of this winter away up there—so far away from you that I shall forget the sound of your voice—oh ! you cannot know what it is to me !"

He had sat down again ; his eyes, with a sort of pained and hunted look in them, bent on the floor.

"But there is a 'must,' you know," she said cheerfully, "and we should be sensible folk and recognise it. You know

: to have a probationary period, as
—like a nun, you know, just to
he is fit to——”

: Miss White paused, with a lit-
barrassment; but presently she
l the difficulty, and said with a
augh—

: take the veil, in fact. You must
: time to become accustomed to a
heap of things: if we were to do
g suddenly now, we might blun-
o some great mistake, perhaps
vable. I must train myself by de-
or another kind of life altogether;
am going to surprise you, Keith
indeed. If papa takes me to the
ads next year, you won't recog-
e at all. I am going to read up
ut the Highlands, and learn the
, and the names of fishes and
and I will walk in the rain and
hink nothing about it; and per-
may learn a little Gaelic: indeed,
when you see me in the High-
you will find me a thorough
nd-woman.”

u will never become a Highland-
,” he said, with a grave kindness.
needful? I would rather see you
are than playing a part.”

eyes expressed some quick won-
r he had almost quoted her fa-
vours to her.

u would rather see me as I am?”
l demurely. “But what am I? I
now myself.”

u are a beautiful and gentle-heart-
lishwoman,” he said, with honest
tion—“a daughter of the south.
ould you wish to be anything
When you come to us, I will show
rue Highland-woman—that is, my
Janet.”

ow you have spoiled all my ambi-
she said somewhat petulantly. “I
ended spending all the winter in
g myself to forget the habits and
s of an actress; and I was going
ate myself for another kind of
id now I find that when I go to
hlands you will compare me with
usin Janet!”

at is impossible,” said he absent-
he was thinking of the time when
nmer seas would be blue again,
e winds soft, and the sky clear;
en he saw the white boat of the
: going merrily out to the great

steamer to bring the beautiful stranger
from the south to Castle Dare!

“Ah, well, I am not going to quarrel
with you on this our last day together,”
she said, and she gently placed her soft
white hand on the clenched fist that rest-
ed on the table. “I see you are in great
trouble—I wish I could lessen it. And
yet how could I wish that you should
think of me less, even during the long
winter evenings, when it will be so much
more lonely for you than for me? But
you must leave me my hobby all the
same; and you must think of me always
as preparing myself and looking for-
ward; for at least, you know you will
expect me to be able to sing a Highland
ballad to your friends!”

“Yes, yes,” he said hastily, “if it is
all true—if it is all possible—what you
speak of. Sometimes I think it is mad-
ness of me to fling away my only chance;
to have everything I care for in the world
near me, and to go away and perhaps
never return; sometimes I know in my
heart that I shall never see you again—
never after this day.”

“Ah, now,” said she brightly—for
she feared this black demon getting
possession of him again, “I will kill that
superstition right off. You *shall* see me
after to-day; for, as sure as my name
is Gertrude White, I will go up to the
railway-station to-morrow morning, and
see you off. There!”

“You will?” he said, with a flush of
joy on his face.

“But I don't want any one else to see
me,” she said, looking down.

“Oh, I will manage that,” he said
eagerly. “I will get Major Stewart into
the carriage ten minutes before the train
starts.”

“Colonel Ross?”

“He goes back to Erith to-night.”

“And I will bring to the station,”
said she, with some shy color in her
face, “a little present—if you should
speak of me to your mother you might
give her this from me—it belonged to
my mother.”

Could anything have been more deli-
cately devised than this tender and timid
message?

“You have a woman's heart,” he
said.

And then in the same low voice, she
began to explain that she would like him

to go to the theatre that evening ; and that perhaps he would go alone ; and would he do her the favor to be in a particular box ? She took a piece of paper from her purse, and shyly handed it to him. How could he refuse ?—though he flushed slightly. It was a favor she asked. " I will know where you are," she said.

And so he was not to bid good-bye to her on this occasion after all. But he bade good-bye to Mr. White, and to Miss Carry, who was quite civil to him now that he was going away ; and then he went out into the cold and grey December afternoon. They were lighting the lamps. But gaslight throws no cheerfulness on a grave.

He went to the theatre later on ; and the talisman she had given him took him into a box almost level with the stage, and so near to it that the glare of the footlights bewildered his eyes until he retired into the corner. And once more he saw the puppets come and go ; with the one live woman among them, whose every tone of voice made his heart leap. And then this drawing-room scene, in which she comes in alone, and talking to herself ? She sits down to the piano, carelessly. Some one enters, unperceived, and stands silent there, to listen to the singing. And this air that she sings, waywardly, like a light-hearted school-girl :—

" Hi-ri-libhin o,	Brae MacIntyre,
Hi-ri-libhin o,	Costly thy wooing !
	Thou' st slain the maid.
Hug-o-rin-o,	'Tis thy undoing !
" Hi-ri-libhin o,	Friends of my love,
Hi-ri-libhin o,	Do not upbraid him ;
	He was leal.
Hug-o-rin-o,	Chance betrayed him."

Macleod's breathing came quick and hard. She had not sung this ballad of the brave MacIntyre when formerly he had seen the piece. Did she merely wish him to know—by this arch rendering of the gloomy song—that she was pursuing her Highland studies ? And then the last verse she sang in the Gaelic ! He was so near that he could hear this adjuration to the unhappy lover to seek his boat and fly, steering wide of Jura, and avoiding Mull :—

" Hi-ri-libhin o,	Buin Bàta,
Hi-ri-libhin o,	Fàg an dùthaich,
	Seachain Mule,
Hug-o-rin-o :	Sna taodh Jura !"

Was she laughing, then, at her pronunciation of the Gaelic when she carelessly rose from the piano—and, in doing so, directed one glance towards him which made him quail ? The foolish piece went on. She was more bright, vivacious, coquettish than ever : how could she have such spirits in view of the long separation that lay on his heart like lead ? Then, at the end of the piece, there was a tapping at the door, and an envelope was handed in to him. It only contained a card, with the message " Good night !" scrawled in pencil. It was the last time he ever was in any theatre.

Then that next morning,—cold, and raw, and damp, with a blustering north-west wind that seemed to bring an angry summons from the far seas. At the station, his hand was trembling like the hand of a drunken man ; his eyes wild and troubled ; his face haggard. And as the moment arrived for the train to start, he became more and more excited.

" Come and take your place, Macleod," the Major said. " There is no use worrying about leaving. We have eaten our cake. The frolic is at an end. All we can do is to sing, ' Then fare you well, my Mary Blane,' and put up with whatever is ahead. If I could only have a drop of real, genuine Talisker to steady my nerves——"

But here the Major, who had been incidentally leaning out of the window, caught sight of a figure ; and instantly he withdrew his head. Macleod disappeared.

That great, gaunt room—with the hollow footfalls of strangers, and the cries outside. His face was quite white when he took her hand.

" I am very late," she said, with a smile. He could not speak at all. He fixed his eyes on hers with a strange intensity, as if he would read her very soul ; and what could one find there but a great gentleness and sincerity, and the frank confidence of one who had nothing to conceal ?

" Gertrude," said he at last, " whatever happens to us two, you will never forget that I loved you."

" I think I may be sure of that," she said, looking down.

They rang a bell outside.

ye, then."

He grasped the hand he held ; he gazed into those clear and yes—with an almost piteous-look : then he kissed her, and y. But she was bold enough

Her eyes were moist. Her eating fast. If Glenogie had then challenged her, and said, *"n, sweetheart ; will you fly And the proud mother will And the gentle cousin will at- And Castle Dare will welcome ride !—*what would she have moment was over. She only in go gently away from the d she saw the piteous eyes ers ; and while he was in ived her handkerchief. When

the train had disappeared, she turned away with a sigh.

"Poor fellow," she was thinking, "he is very much in earnest—far more in earnest than even poor Howson. It would break my heart if I were to bring him any trouble."

By the time she had got to the end of the platform, her thoughts had taken a more cheerful turn.

"Dear me," she was saying to herself, "I quite forgot to ask him whether my Gaelic was good."

When she had got into the street outside, the day was brightening.

"I wonder," she was asking herself, "whether Carry would come and look at that exhibition of water-colors ; and what would the cab fare be ?"—*Good Words.*

POSTING AND POST-OFFICES IN CHINA.

a vast population as that of considering the active interchange is everywhere being carried city and city, not only to support, but to provide the luxurious a people, it is wonderful means of locomotion tent to put up with year after generation after generation. "Posting," with which this eaded—conveying as it does ls associations with the good en travellers coached merrily rtably behind splendid and ted teams at the rate of twelve our—can scarcely be said to le to any system of locomotion n China. The utmost that r can boast of in the way of icles is the "ma-chay," or l cart, the appearance, comed of which may be imagined er can picture to himself one Bath sedans with the bottom ff, and then mounted upon a clumsy frame, rolling upon nsy wheels, and drawn by a out mule or pony, over roads he application of the name " would be a euphemism. pages, owing to the condition nger and thirst of driver and lents, &c., into consideration, : which such a machine would

cover the ground might be handsomely estimated at from five to six miles the hour. These vehicles are mostly used in North China, and the gentlemen as well as the ladies who have the honor of representing European States at Peking and thereabouts might, if questioned, be able to give some very interesting, not to say melancholy, reminiscences of their experiences of travel after this sort. To Chinese, however, this sedan-cart, or cart-sedan, whichever it may be termed, is quite a stylish turn-out, mandarins of the highest grade indulging in their use, and they may constantly be seen curtained and lined with the finest cloth or silk, and cushioned with the softest and costliest of furs. Their one great lack is springs, and, curiously enough, the invention of John Chinaman, practical as it is in most cases, has not compassed the idea of saving his skin and bones to this extent, whether as regards the body or the shafts of the conveyance.

Another wheeled vehicle, equally characteristic but atrocious with the cart-sedan, is the wheeled barrow, or "chotsze." Not anything like the machine with a terminal wheel and box-like capacity which we are accustomed to associate with the name ; but a much more ingenious conveyance, in which the passengers sit nearly back to back, with their faces outwards, and legs pendant, luggage,

&c. cleverly packed alongside of them. Could an Irish car be reduced to miniature size, its two wheels removed, and a huge centre wheel substituted, running under and between the two seats, and could a Chinaman be placed between the shafts, face towards the car, and driving it backwards, the metamorphosis would come nearer representing the Chinese wheelbarrow than anything we can describe. These barrows carry both passengers and goods, and are constructed of two sizes—the smaller driven by one man, and having a carrying capacity of four passengers, or three to four hundred weight; and the larger, requiring a tracker in front, in the shape of a man or donkey, and equal to the conveyance of double that quantity. Often in long journeys, the passengers for a consideration get the driver to fit over their heads a hood of oiled paper, stretched upon bamboo framework, to keep out the rain and dust; and at times the driver eases his load by planting a stanchion on either side, and making sail, when the wind proves conducive, thus giving practical exemplification of the truth of the lines—

— On the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light.

A striking peculiarity of this class of conveyance is the excruciating shriek which they invariably give vent to when on the move, owing to the fact that both axle and box of the wheel are made of wood. Chinese passengers appreciate this music, but it was found so torturing in the foreign settlement of Shanghai that the municipal council was compelled to pass a statute forbidding the noise, on pain of forfeiture of the barrow; and it was always amusing to observe how careful John Chinaman was to stop his barrow on entering municipal limits, tilt it on end, and grease up previously to entering upon foreign policed territory. Wheelbarrows, like their congeners the carts, are confined to certain tracts of the country only, and constitute, as a rule, the vehicle of the midland provinces. In Shanghai itself they have been obliged to give way to a great extent to the "Ginrickshaw," or man-cart, a Japanese introduction of recent date, which is a light two-wheeled spring gig, drawn with ease at a rapid trot by one

man, and capable of holding two passengers. The facility of jumping in and out of this conveyance, and the speed at which it may be bowled along the excellent roads of Shanghai, combine to recommend its use to the shrewd Chinaman, slow although he be as a rule to take up with new-fangled and foreign notions. The fares paid to the wheelbarrow drivers are wonderfully low. Their remuneration depends much upon the level and condition of road traversed, as well as upon the load carried; but a fair idea of its reasonable character may be gathered from the fact that one passenger can be conveyed from one end of the Shanghai settlements to the other, a distance of about two miles, for the ridiculous sum of 25 cash, equal to about a penny of our money. In some of the districts in which the wheelbarrow is the favorite vehicle, public convenience and facility of traffic have been so far consulted by the road-makers, that grooved stone slabs have been carefully laid along the centres of principal tracks, so as to form a sort of tramway—proving that, in spite of governmental antipathy to rail and tramways as proposed by foreigners, the principle has been practically applied by themselves, in the case of wheelbarrow traffic, years, if not cycles, ago.

But, although Chinamen do not seem to consider speed much of an object in travel, comfort is by no means a consideration which they always dispense with. This they secure to the utmost extent of their fancy in boats, which are after all the principal means of conveyance throughout the country. The many broad and lengthy rivers which intersect most parts of China, the magnificent lakes scattered here and there, and the complicated network of canals which connect these rivers and lakes in every direction, afford vast facilities for boat-travel, which are availed of to the utmost by an enterprising and ever-moving population. The different styles of craft which ply upon Chinese waters are simply beyond enumeration, and a curious and voluminous book might be written illustrative of the subject, if only some one could be found able and willing to devote his time and research to the preparation of such a work. In boats, as in everything else, Chinese art has taken

reotyped shape ; and, although the al varieties, as above remarked, are merous as to defy estimate, yet one ular pattern is so blindly followed e construction of each variety, that of the same class resemble each to a nicety ; and a boat-builder d as soon think of departing from isages of his ancestors as regards or dress as put a boat together with eg, plank, or rope not traditionally ct.

e mere mention of a Chinese craft ggestive to the European of a fabric otesque, clumsy, and unmanageable be practically useless, and æstheti- a mistake. The notion is founded hat most travellers have seen of ea-going junk, which nevertheless, sy as it may look, possesses a won- l carrying capacity, and, as regards r and speed, may well compare with ; such as our waters could boast of y or a hundred years ago. But in ner waters of China this clumsiness great extent disappears, and shapes lines may be frequently observed, ic enough to gratify the lover of picturesque, if not to satisfy the ly professional eye. When grouped her Chinese craft are always seen to ntage ; and the picture becomes liarily effective when a setting sun with its rays the graceful curves ow and stern, and mellows all the tints reflected from sail, mast, and

t our business is at present with ore class of Chinese craft, those for travelling purposes. Let the r imagine himself upon the Grand l, the great highway between Tien- und Hangchow, and which, in spite nerations of neglect and the repeat- evolutions that have ravaged its ly populated banks, is still a noble m. Up and down, going and come ill see a ceaseless stream of craft hues, shapes, and sizes ; some sail- some rowing, some sculling, some g, some towing, and all being l on energetically towards their al destinations. Here is a local pas- r-boat, plying probably between one and another, crowded with human s who squat or lie upon its un- ed deck, heedless of the loss of and regardless of weather or risk

from accident, whilst the vessel heels over to a passing puff of wind. Next may be seen a handy highly-varnished boat propelled by a powerful scull, and making good way through the water even against the wind. Every part is closely and ingeniously covered over, and not a man is visible save the solitary worker at the scull. But if a peep be taken into the glass window, set in a quaintly-carved frame in the boat's side, there may be seen the passenger comfortably seated at a table in a cosy cabin, his book, pipe, and tea by his side, and his little store of luggage neatly disposed on a settle in the corner. Opposite him is his bed-place, on which is daintily spread his quilt of many colors, supplemented by a foreign blanket or two piled up ready for use. A luxurious fellow is the said passenger, and he lives well moreover ; for is not his favorite body-servant in the next compartment busy preparing a dish of pork stew and rice for his master's dinner ? He does not hope to reach his destination, 100 miles away, for two days at least ; but what of that when he has so many comforts about him *en route* ? But hark ! the clamor of a gong loudly and rapidly beaten is heard ; it proclaims the approach of a high mandarin's travelling-barge. A huge complicated craft, as broad nearly as it is long, but gay with streamers and gaudy colors, sails past, followed by a convoy of several other boats many degrees smaller. The great square sail is slung, not from a mast but a triangle, and seems to be made up of patches of inscribed cotton in various tints—red, black, and blue. Ask a by-stander why this is, and he will tell you that it is customary for mandarins when travelling on the water to present the boatmen on leaving with their titular banners or scrolls ; and the boatmen pride themselves on flaunting as high titles as they can procure by way of patchwork on their sails. The craft itself is so capacious as to contain a number of roomy compartments which are nicely furnished and devoted to the accommodation of the mandarin, his family, and servants, all of whom can find comfortable lodgment under its roof. Outside is carefully slung under cover the official sedan-chair, which is needed at every halting station to enable the great man to return the calls of ceremony

made upon him. On either side of the boat are displayed the scarlet boards which usually stand at the main gate of the official residence to announce the titles and honors of the occupant within, as well as to warn all intruders to be awestruck and silent in the majestic presence. Every now and then "bang" goes the gong, and everyone stares in respectful wonderment as the dignitary passes by. Mandarins travel in this way for many hundred miles, and occupy at times weeks and months on the journey. In the case of a very high official, such as a viceroy or imperial commissioner, it is the etiquette for all local officials *en route* to wait on the traveller and speed him on his way, finding him in boats, provisions, messengers, &c., at their personal cost. Consequently, it is no sinecure to be appointed to a prefecture or magistracy through which any main route passes, and only by squeezing the lower officials and people in their turn can such men manage to enrich themselves. But, whilst lost in contemplation of this grand barge in which a viceroy travels to his destination, we have almost missed a fleet little craft which shoots past the huge fabric like an arrow. See how curiously it is propelled—only one man sits in the stern, and yet a paddle is worked vigorously on one side, a long oar on the other; an umbrella shelters the man's head, and he is busy eating his midday meal, taking whiffs from a long pipe between the mouthfuls. It is a "foot-boat," and is the despatch-boat of the Grand Canal districts, able to accomplish—including stoppages—120 to 150 miles in the twenty-four hours. But one man does the whole work, and he rows with his feet whilst he paddles with his hands, and notwithstanding this preoccupation of his members, he manages to attend to all his other wants simultaneously. The boat is canoe-shaped, and the sole occupant (for it only holds one) lies down at full length in the centre, with a weather-proof mat roof covering him, enclosed for all the world like a chrysalis in its cocoon. When the passenger is not asleep, or needs fresh air, the roof slides fore and aft, and he can sit up; but any attempt to stand might lose him his equilibrium.

Another common mode of conveyance is the sedan-chair, but it is only resorted

to when water communication is wanting or a hilly country has to be traversed. In the case of officials the vehicle is comfortable enough, for it is large and roomy, is provided with glass windows, deep screen in front, and sunshades before and behind, and is borne on slings which divide the weight amongst four bearers. The two-bearer chair, however, is odious enough, and only a Chinaman can tolerate its inconveniences and discomfort. There is a mountain-chair used in many parts, which consists of a seat slung between two poles, with a fixed backboard to lean against behind, and a plank hanging in front for the feet, and which is far preferable to the two-bearer chair. Foreigners like it so much that they have utilised it in Hongkong in an improved shape, and for mounting hills, or even a journey on the level where great speed is no object, nothing can be more handy and comfortable. It is worthy of mention that a first-class sedan-chair is always furnished with a mirror so hung in front over the door as to be easily used by the occupant, a mariner's compass set into the cross-bar on which the sitter rests his elbows, a small vase on one side for flowers, and a receptacle in the other for expectoration when necessary. A mandarin or Chinese gentleman would be quite unhappy if, on getting into his chair, all or any of these accessories were found to be wanting. In the north of China a mule-litter is often used in the shape of a sedan-chair mounted on poles which are yoked on to a mule before and behind. This conveyance may be a tolerable one when the road is smooth and the animals practised as regards gait and conduct; but on a hill track, and with unruly or ill-driven beasts to boot, the torture—not to say risk—of such a vehicle must render it a most objectionable means of conveyance.

The Post-office is a very ancient institution in China. Marco Polo, in his graphic and marvellously veracious account of the kingdom of the Great Kaan, spoke in terms of rapturous wonderment of the high state of efficiency in which the system of *yamb*—or postal stations—was kept up in his day. According to him government buildings of a pretentious style of architecture, and well furnished within, were placed at every twenty-five miles upon all the main

ures throughout the empire, 400 horses maintained at each the special purpose of conpatches to and fro. Between houses, moreover, little forts ed at intervals of three miles, welt men-runners who supplee horse-service, and, it is preferred the ramifications of the It is curious to read of the lvancement thus attained by a uncivilized) nation in the dis of an important department of politic fully six centuries ago, ntemplate at the same time the imitative condition of backward-high postal arrangements were o remain in our own country or three centuries later on. recorded employment of post-England was by Edward IV., engaged in war with Scotland, osts to be established at in twenty miles, with relays by couriers were enabled to travel e of seventy miles a day. This ent, however, was dropped cessation of hostilities, and it until Henry VIII. came to the at the permanent government organized, which has since dey more or less rapid stages inborate and marvellous institu-which the country now may so proud. Whilst England has a studiously progressive in her of the matter, China, with lity which has always carried a certain degree of perfection things and there left her, has failed to make any advance, actually gone back, and is at ient behind what she was 600 o as regards postal facilities. e look in vain nowadays for the e stations, sumptuously furnish-excellently horsed, which so ex-astonishment of the mediæval

Relics, however, of the once red system remain in the shape iers who convey despatches ite of from 180 to 200 miles the mandarins of the several being held responsible to horse y them on. These men are em-ely in the duty of carrying gov-communications, the corre- of the public being left to

shift wholly for itself so far as the gov-ernment is concerned. And herein is suggested another curious comparison between the histories of the English and the Chinese postal systems. The expensive and complete machinery described by Marco Polo does not seem to have provided for the conveyance of letters for the general public 600 years ago, any more than the feeble relic of the institution does at this moment ; whereas in England one of the first steps towards the maturity of the scheme of postal agency was that of utilising the correspondence of the public towards recouping the State for the expenses incurred in support of the establishment. So far back as the reign of Charles I. an enterprising postmaster proposed to the King the plan of carrying private letters at a small charge, which resulted in the farming of the posts to private individuals ; and this being found handsomely remunerative, the State eventually took the matter into its own hands in the year 1685. This amalgamation of public and private interests for the benefit of both never seems to have occurred to the astute Chinese ; and, as has been remarked, the government still monopolises the time and labor of its couriers, and bears the whole cost of maintaining them. The public are nevertheless not left unprovided for, and they possess a system of letter-carrying by private agencies which certainly performs the work with greater speed, safety, and efficiency than was ever secured in our own country up to 1784, when a mail-coach for the first time started with a postboy as part of its freight. Each city has a certain number of licensed companies who make a business of receiving and sending letters and small parcels of charges depending upon weight and distance, but always most moderate ; and the companies of the several cities being in partnership or in confidential relations one with the other, a network of communication of a most efficient character, considering its materials, is kept up from one end of China to the other. So much reliance is placed by the public upon the safety and certainty of these conveyance companies, that large sums of money in paper, and smaller amounts in cash, are fearlessly consigned to their charge, and instances

are rare of the trust being betrayed. Speed, of course, is less of a consideration than safety, owing to the defective means of communication at present existing ; but the carriers employed by the companies travel at the fastest rate possible under the circumstances, and cover much more ground in the time than was the habit with English postboys previous to the mail-coach days, who never exceeded, even on horseback, their three-and-a-half miles per hour. Robberies of the bags must at times occur, but the public are at any rate safe from the risk to their letters which our ancestors so frequently incurred through the loitering and drunkenness peculiar to the English postboy tribe. The practice of using carrier-pigeons for express intelligence is common throughout China, and is largely resorted to by merchants and traders for business purposes. They are usually provided with one or more whistles often of elaborate make and finish, to protect them from the ravages of hawks, &c., *en route*.

The day cannot be distant when the Chinese must open their eyes to the necessity of an improvement even upon the system with which they are at present so well satisfied. It affords at any rate a basis upon which development to any extent may easily be introduced under the supervision of any foreigners whom the Chinese government may enlist into their service with a view to improvement ; for without adventitious aid and example it is useless for China to attempt any measure in the way of progress, however she may dispense with such support afterwards. Let her take example in this respect from Japan, a

country furnished very much like herself in respect to postal arrangements when lately opened to foreign relations, and yet which—after only six years' adoption of the foreign system of postal agency—is able to publish a report by its Postmaster-General showing the following wonderful and creditable statistics of correspondence, which we copy from the *Pall Mall Gazette* : " During the fiscal year ended the 30th day of the sixth month of the tenth year of Meiji (June 30, 1877) there went through the post-office 22,053,430 ordinary letters, 606,354 registered letters, 6,764,272 postal cards, 7,372,536 (Japanese) newspapers—an increase of 2,323,141 from the year before—322,642 books, patterns, &c., and 856,637 free communications. Of the letters 105,188 contained money. The department of undelivered correspondence had to puzzle over 43,942 incorrectly or illegibly directed letters, of which 6,124 were given up as a bad job and sent to the Dead Letter Office. During the year 489 letters and packages were lost by theft or highway robbery, of which 424 were subsequently recovered and delivered intact, and 102 letters were destroyed by fire or shipwreck. The family of a carrier who lost his life in defending his mail-bag against robbers has been pensioned, and rewards have been given to eleven persons for aiding to save the mails in cases of robbery, inundation, and shipwreck. Seven new money-order offices were established during the year, and 72 new post-office savings-banks, making the total number of the former 317, and of the latter 161."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

A SKETCH OF A BRANCH OF PHYSIOGRAPHY.

From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

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NO. III.

I CONCLUDED my first paper by summarising certain attributes of the earth which enable us to compare it with other celestial bodies, and which guide us in our search after those hidden influences

upon which so many of our terrestrial phenomena depend. In my second paper I enlarged upon some of these points, and then passed on to give a sketch of that new branch of knowledge which enables us to add comparisons of chemical structure to those which depend merely upon

size, form, density, and telescopic appearance. I attempted to show that the study of the minutest bodies in the cosmos was rich in teachings, almost all of which could be directly applied to the purpose we have in view ; that the rich knowledge we can now cull from every star that shines in the vault of heaven comes not, however, from the stars as a whole, but reaches us quivering from the minutest atoms of the various chemical elements of which we now know, and know in this way, its atmosphere is built up.

The telescope is too old an instrument to have the principles on which its use depends set out in these pages ; with the spectroscope it is different—its horizon is expanding from day to day, the laws of the phenomena which it reveals are day by day becoming more obvious to us, and hence it is that I have considered it essential to lay down the principles upon which the use of the spectroscope is now understood to depend.

We are now in a position, then, to take another step forward.

I have next to refer to the revelations of the telescope and the spectroscope in the celestial spaces ; and I hope that, although I shall try to deal with the subject so simply as to make myself understood by those unfamiliar with it, those who possess fuller knowledge will be able to gather what a much firmer grip, so to speak, we have of the facts outside our earth, now that we can add the results obtained by the spectroscope.

But before I begin to catalogue the revelations of either the telescope or the spectroscope, I will try to make things simpler yet, by discussing, as briefly as I can, what we on the Earth see with the eye alone.

The first question is, what celestial bodies do we see ? And the next is, how can we group them ? because, in order to get on in science at all, we have to begin by grouping like things together.

Well, then, I will first call attention to two bodies which are familiar to all of us, namely, the sun and the moon ; and I will consider the moon as a full moon. When we have the sun and the full moon as we ordinarily see them, that is, when they are not undergoing "dire eclipse," we have two large round

bodies, and they appear to be both about the same size ; so that they stand out to the eye from all the other bodies in the heavens because they look larger ; and their size is always about the same. Their brightness, too, does not change very much. Of course it is apt to change with the freaks of our atmosphere, but, so far as the bodies themselves are concerned, their brightness does not vary very much. We have, then, the sun, and the moon when full, grouped together to start with, on account of their similar shape and size.

The stars form another large group. The great difference to the eye between the sun and moon on one hand, and the stars on the other, is that, whereas the sun and moon appear to us as big things, the stars appear to us as very little things. They are always small, as compared with the sun, and, as a rule, do not vary in brightness. And, more than this, those who are in the habit of looking at the heavens, from year to year, find that, as the various months come round, the same stars are seen shining above us.

Here again another distinction must be drawn. Some of the bodies in the heavens which look very like stars, have this difference instantly made manifest to those who look around them with a little more power of observation than others : *some of the apparent stars change their places, and as they change their places they change the quantity of light which they send to us.*

These stars, because they change their place, may very fairly be called Wanderers, as the Greeks call them (*πλανήτης*).

We have then, so far, the sun and the moon separated both from the stars that move and the stars that do not, and we have the stars again separated into two groups, namely, the stars which do not change their relative positions and those which do.

Then, again, those of us who may have seen in the course of our lives a large comet, will at once appreciate the very great difference in kind between a comet and a star, or planet, and the larger heavenly bodies (sun or moon). Among the naked-eye objects in the heavens there is nothing so striking as a comet, and their uncanny appearance has, as

we know, rendered them the terror of mankind in earlier times.

But even comets have not exhausted our list, there are other objects dimly visible—objects which we can see with the naked eye, but not very clearly. These are neither stars nor comets, but are, as it were, masses of cloud, or fire dust, in the very depths of the heavens. These, from their shape, are obviously not stars; and, again, from their fixity, they are obviously not comets.

Last of the things which are visible to us without the aid of any instrument whatever, I may mention those celestial messengers which come to us from time to time, which we can touch and which we can handle—I mean meteorites, which appear to us as falling stars or aërolites; bright, beautiful objects, like rockets, which, fortunately for science, come down from the heavens, where they are visible as “falling stars,” to the solid crust of the earth, where they cool and where we may subsequently examine them.

Let us then take this as the list of bodies our unaided eye enables us to watch in the vault of heaven.

We have next to see if we can get out another grouping of these various bodies by asking a very simple question.

Do all these things shine by their own light, or do they not?

I should like to dwell a little on this question. Why should we ask it? If we appeal for a moment to our own experience we shall at once acknowledge that here a much more fundamental distinction is drawn than might in the first instance appear. It is night; I am in a room—a dark room; I see nothing. Why? Not because there are no bodies to reflect light, but because there is no light to be reflected; for since it is dark no body can be giving out light.

If I wish for a light I light a match, and then I light a candle, or a piece of paper, or a lamp. All these bodies will give out light of their own; and the room, which before was dark, is now illuminated, because all the things in it, which were dark and, as it were, dead before because no light was falling upon them, now reflect the light from the light source which I have produced by the

kindling of the match in the first instance.

One difference, and the most important difference which we have to consider in this case, is that the bodies which we have supposed to give out light—the match, the candle, and so on—have been burning or glowing, due to chemical action, while the dark bodies have been in a state of chemical rest. I might have illuminated the room by other means; an electric lamp, for instance, would have lit it up at night almost as brilliantly as the sun can do in the summer noon-tide. In this case the light source would be glowing as before, but this time, owing to molecular and not to chemical action, at least, in the ordinary sense. I insert this proviso, because the future may show that, although molecular action need not be chemical, chemical action must be molecular.

We have here examples of bodies all in a state of molecular motion; some of them, the light sources agitated enough to affect our eye, *to give us light of their own*, as we say; others vibrating more slowly, which we should not see but for other light falling upon them.

This being premised, then, how are we, in order to investigate the question under consideration, to pass from the room about which we have been thinking to the depth of space? Can we experimentally determine what will happen on the supposition that one celestial body is lighted up by another?

Let us take an electric lamp to represent a body shining by its own light, and a round globe to represent a celestial body lighted up by it. It is a fair thing to take a round globe because the sun, the moon, and the planets we know to be round, or nearly so. The accompanying woodcuts show how I once performed this experiment before a large audience, with a result which was beyond my expectation.* An electric lamp was mounted on a stand which permitted easy rotation; in front of the lens and in the parallel beam was placed a little globe some four inches in diameter, which I had whitened with whiting and water, taking care to lay the whiting on so that the surface might be pret-

* The woodcuts are omitted.—Ed.

gh in places. In this way, on the notion that there was a heavenly giving light falling on another al heavenly body which otherwise be dark, the condition under that light would be visible could erimentally investigated. Let us suppose the experiment to be per- in the middle of a large room, erver being free to place himself part of it ; he will find that while it pours out of the lamp with per- anstancy, the illuminated globe will appear round from one point ; will -luminous, and, in fact, eclipse it of the lamp from another ; and ll other points will appear of a it shape altogether from the globe which he knows to be there. ; instead of supposing the lamp : globe to be at rest, now let the r remain in one part of the hall, t him get an assistant to cause er part of the stand carrying the ad globe to be turned round. All pearances with which the moon idered him or her familiar from afancy will now be reproduced in striking way ; the most delicate t will be seen with its exquisitely contour, and this will pass grad- to a half-moon with its rounded nearly smooth, while the other ry of the illuminated half will be and full of shadows, with bril- oints of light standing out over rk half, an appearance due, I ardy say, to the roughened sur-

s so struck with the reality of ppearances myself, that I photo- l the globe illuminated under the iditions to which I have referred. ie we see the nozzle of the lamp : delicate crescent of light on the obe, all the rest of it being in ab- darkness. In the other, which its the half moon, the roughness so-called "terminator" is well and those who have seen the half ith even a small telescope will perceive how faithfully the con- which regulate the illumination surface have been reproduced in eriment.

se, then, that if we suppose that e in space bodies which give light, lies which receive light, and that

those bodies are round, the bodies will receive the light on the parts of them which are turned towards the source of light, which common sense would have told us, and that what parts of the illuminated body we shall see will depend upon our position with reference to the illuminating and illuminated bodies.

This method of experimentation is so well adapted for giving us concrete notions, that it is important in other ways ; one of these I shall refer to, though it is not in the direct line of the present part of my subject. We have not at present considered the position of the axis of the illuminated body ; we have not, in fact, considered it as having any axis at all. Let us mount it on an axis so that it is free to rotate, and incline the axis a little out of the vertical. We can now go a step further, and instead of considering the illuminated surface as viewed from without, we can study how the change of illumination will affect the people who inhabit a globe lighted up in this way. By means of wafers we may represent communities living on different parts of it. Let us consider the case of a colony near one of the poles inclined towards the lamp. If we rotate the globe while the beam from the lamp falls upon it, we find that this colony is really never out of the light ; however the globe turns, they are always in the illuminated half. If we incline the axis of the globe the other way, that is, with the opposite pole towards the lamp, we shall see equally that a colony living near the other pole of the supposed planet would not be able to get out of the light either, while the colony first considered would not be able to get into it.

If we plant another wafer-colony near the equator of the planet, whatever be the inclination of the globe—except taking a very extreme case—we shall find that during each rotation the colony will be partly in and partly out of the light.

Finally, planting another wafer half-way between the equator and either pole, it will be easy and interesting to observe the conditions essential for producing those phenomena which are represented by the long summer days and the short winter ones in those regions of our own earth which we ourselves inhabit.

By means of such an experiment as this, then, knowledge of the most concrete kind can be obtained regarding the conditions under which—first, an observer, away from a round globe, can see that round globe and how it looks, if we assume that it is dark, and that there is another body lighting it up; and, secondly, how the people inhabiting that globe will find themselves exposed to the light; how they will observe the light source for a certain time, and then lose it; and how these times will change according to their position on the planet.

With the axis inclined, our wafer colonies at the pole of our little globe bring home to us the six months day and six months night, which together form the year in the inhospitable polar regions of our own earth; and my experience goes to show that this experiment will make the matter clear, while other less direct ones leave the mind a blank. Indeed, if space permitted it would be easy to indicate how a slight variation of this experiment will explain the seasonal changes on our planet, and on all others; and this is a matter of no slight importance, for there is no use in disguising the fact that on this subject the general ignorance is almost astounding.

We are now in a position to recognise that if any of the bodies in the sky, round like our earth and the sun, do not shine by their own light, but shine and are visible to us because they reflect to us, like so many looking-glasses, light which they get from another body, that those bodies ought to put on appearances very much like those to which I have drawn attention. Further, if a body shines by its own light there is no reason why it should change its apparent shape at all; because, having light to give out from all its points, from whatever region of space we observe it we shall get light from all the points belonging to it.

This premised, we are in a position to discuss the revelations of the telescope, and I shall include just as much of the knowledge we have acquired by means of the spectroscope as will enable us to show that we have now two lines of evidence, instead of one as formerly.

We will begin with the sun. If we examine a photograph of the sun, a picture of the sun absolutely untouched by

any human hand, we at once see that the sun must shine by its own light, because there are parts here and there which apparently do not give us any light at all. These are what are called the spots on the sun. If we watch the sun carefully from day to day we find that these spots change, but that, however the spots may change, we always get a beautiful full globe gradually dimming towards the edge. The sun, in fact, from this point of view is absolutely changeless, using the word change in the way in which we apply it to the moon. There are times which enable us to learn very much more about the sun than this, and what we learn is, that the sun which we see is really only a very small part of the true sun, and that outside this sun which we see always round, always a full globe because it gives out its own light, there are really millions and millions of cubic miles of luminous gas.

I next pass from the shape of the sun—not to the moon, as some of you may think. However, we shall find that when we discuss the question as to whether bodies give out light of their own, or whether they simply give out light from other bodies at second-hand, we must leave our old grouping altogether. I have now to call attention to the spectrum of the sun. The black lines, the so-called Fraunhofer lines, are black because that particular kind of light which otherwise would give us a bright portion of the spectrum has been stopped in the atmosphere of the sun; and we can find out without any very great difficulty, although still with great need of patience, what particular chemical elements are stopping the light. In this way we find out two things: first the chemical elements in the atmosphere of the sun; and next, whether the light which comes from the sun is the same as the light which comes to us from the other stars of the heavens. That is the first point; another one is this: *Is the light which is sent to us by the bodies which obviously are reflecting light to us, and not giving it to us of their own accord, really light which originally came to them from the sun?*

If we study the spectra of some of the stars we at once see a very great difference in the kind of light which we get

sun and the other stars. The point I want to make is this: if it is different, then it is perfectly different from each star which gives us a spectrum is really shining by its own light, and is not reflecting light. When we pass from the sun to the spectrum of the brightest stars in our heavens except—the beautiful Sirius, we find that it has a spectrum very different in fact, that while the solar spectrum contains a great number of lines, the spectrum of Sirius contains very few. Besides, from Sirius and stars like it, we get another class, we get a spectrum which is not like the spectrum of the sun, and therefore we say that all those stars have their own light, and are therefore with different lights, and that each star, like our sun, has its own.

Now, when we deal with the sun and stars then we are dealing with inherent light. On the other hand, when we deal with the nebulae, we are dealing with light which is not inherent.

Now we pass to another class of bodies to which I have already referred.

I mean the *nebula*. Some people say why we at this stage discuss the nebulae? Let me again remind you of a question, What bodies shine by their own light? has entirely altered our point of view of the heavenly

nebulae. Take as an instance the nebula in the constellation Cassiopeia, the brightest one visible in the northern hemisphere. Though cloudy in appearance, part of it looks like a fish's tail, and there is no other nebula in the sky exactly like it. We can divide the nebulae into groups, but the chief characteristic is a tremendous individuality in appearance. In the nebulae we can find a moment that we have nothing like the sun, and nothing like the moon, and also see that we have nothing like the stars.

On the same side with the nebulae we must place another class of heavenly bodies which we have to group with the stars and the nebulae, when we ask the question, What bodies shine by their own light? I refer to the comets. They form a very special class of bodies. One part of the comet is the head, another the tail. In this, not because I am going to spend much space in describing the

various phenomena of comets, but because I wish to indicate the fact that the comets are just as different from bodies like the sun and moon as are the nebulae. In the head visible changes are perpetually going on, while the following part of the body, called the tail, also shifts its place in the sky and often changes its shape.

Now, do those bodies shine by their own light? As I proved, I hope in a satisfactory way, that the light which we got from Sirius was not light reflected by Sirius, not light that was originally got from the sun, because the two lights are quite different, so also the spectroscopic makes it quite clear that not only are the nebulae and the comets quite different from the sun and stars, and do not get their light from them, but that they are even different amongst themselves, and each as it were gives out a light not only of its own generally but specially. By this is meant that nebulae and the heads of comets, which are the most important part of these bodies, have spectra special to them as groups, while there are minute differences in the spectra. Further, we here deal with bright lines in the spectra, instead of dark ones, as in the case of the sun and stars.

Both those classes of bodies must consist of gas to a certain extent, because their spectra are spectra of bright lines. So far as we know, the nebulae give us certain indications of hydrogen gas, and the comets, as a rule—I say as a rule, because there are different comets, and some of the comets appear to have different spectra—indications that we are in the presence of a compound of carbon and hydrogen, and perhaps other compound vapors. It does not follow necessarily that the nebulae are masses of hydrogen gas. If they merely consist of an innumerable multitude of stones banging together in a hydrogen atmosphere, then we should get the spectrum of hydrogen as if there were no stones at all, but simply a very rare hydrogen gas giving us the appearance in the sky which we call a nebula. However this may be, we know this, that whereas we are dealing somehow or other with hydrogen in the nebulae, we are certainly not dealing with hydrogen in the same form in the comets.

There is another important point. In the spectra of the sun and stars we have a large number of dark lines, which means that the substances of which we have learned the existence in the various stars, exist as cool vapors in their atmospheres. Since, in the case of the nebulae and the comets, we are not dealing with dark lines at all, but with bright lines, we are dealing with bodies which have not an atmosphere with a central hotter nucleus, as the sun has. This is a very important distinction to draw. It shows that those bodies which shine by their own light need not all necessarily be in the same physical condition.

That is as much as I need say in this connection about the bodies in the heavens which shine by their own light.

So far as we know, the bodies other than the sun, the fixed stars, the comets, and the nebulae, are bodies which, instead of shining by their own light, and instead of having, so to speak, a seal and signature of their own, can and do shine only by reflected light; and I shall have to show that this reflected light comes from a common source, and most of you already know what that common source is.

I have been anxious to demonstrate and refer to the various phases presented by one round body illuminated by another, because the moment we begin to search among the heavenly bodies for those which do not shine by their own light, we find that all the planets or wandering stars, to which I have already referred, are of this class. None of these stars which appear to move irregularly across the face of the sky from year to year are seen, when thoroughly examined with the telescope, to have any light of their own; two of these, indeed—Mercury and Venus—put on all the appearances presented by our own moon.

Mercury is a planet which is only seen occasionally, and just after sunset; but in the telescope it is observed to go through changes indicating that it borrows its light from the sun. It also changes its size, as if it were now nearer to us, now farther away.

We next come to Venus, another wandering star. As in the former case, we get exactly the same sort of appearances as we get in the case of the moon. But

here begins to come out a very important difference. You will recollect that the moon, as I told you, is almost always the same size, although we do not always see the whole of it. I have just said that Mercury changes in size somewhat; but here you have this fact, that in the case of Venus, the change in the apparent diameter of the planet is very considerable; and further, when we see the least of Venus, so far as the total figure of it goes, it is very much bigger than when we apparently see the whole of it—when we see it as a round disc. The more delicate the crescent, the bigger appears to be the body of which it represents the illuminated portion. Now, how is that? That is a thing which you will understand, I hope, by-and-by.

In Mars we do not get all the lunar appearances, but only some of them. We get enough, however, to show us that it shines by borrowed light, that it is not shining by its own light any more than Venus and Mercury, and the moon. In the case of this planet we only see a very little part of the edge cut off, but, as I said before, that is quite enough for our purpose.

We come next to Jupiter. We get at the fact of its not shining by its own light in a different way. It so happens, for a reason which I will state by-and-by, that we cannot see the cutting off of light at the edge as in the case of Mars, but still we can find out that it does not shine by its own light.

When we employ a telescope we find that this is a body which has four moons. *Now we see the shadows of these moons thrown on the planet.* It is perfectly clear, therefore, that if that part of the planet is dark on which the shadow falls, it is because the part on which the shadow does not fall has not light of its own, but is really getting its light from something else.

This state of things is made clearer still if possible in Saturn, which has a marvellous ring-system in addition to its moons. What I have to call your attention to is this, that when we see Saturn with its wonderful rings with the telescope, the shadow of the planet itself is sometimes thrown on the ring, and the shadow of the ring, as well as those of some of its moons, is thrown on to the

et, so that neither planet nor ring shine by its own light.

Now what is the meaning of all this? It means that we have certain bodies in the heavens which shine by their own light, and certain bodies in the heavens which do not shine by their own light; the variability of the brightness and position which they occupy in the heavens somehow or other connected with those bodies which do not shine by their light.

Our first question then is this: What is the relation of the earth to all those stars? having reference, not to the earth's place in nature, but to the earth's position in space. What are our neighbors? Here I own that I must state my opinion instead of demonstrating them.

The progress of our knowledge in this question has been in this wise:—As time has grown older the earth on which we dwell has dwindled down. It began to be the centre of the universe; it has dwindled as a small mass of matter, revolving round what probably is a small star, the sun. But although the progress of science has been thus in a way to degrade the earth, I am sure you will agree with me that man's intellect has been a distinct gainer by the process; it is not too much to say that as the earth's place in nature has dwindled down, so has man's mental horizon been widened. That is very well shown by the fundamental considerations which I now bring before you in the first instance.

In the year 1610, or thereabouts, that is to say, about two centuries and a half ago, thanks to the labors of the great minds in Holland and in Italy, but chiefly the genius of the immortal Galileo, the telescope was invented, and we got an addition to our mental wealth. The skies were peopled by means of the telescope, and the earth, which up to that time had been supposed the centre of everything, was put in its right place; stars were observed shining millions of miles away—bodies up to that time had bathed the earth with light without any response to the human eye; and what was the result? Philosophers were enabled to divide all the shining orbs of heaven into great divisions—those bodies, name-

ly, which shone like the sun with a light of their own, and those which shone by borrowed light. *The bodies which were found to shine by borrowed light and not by any light of their own were bodies which eventually were classed together and termed the solar system*—a family of planets which go round the sun, each in its proper path, each in its proper time; which are lighted up by the sun; which are warmed by the sun, and to the inhabitants of which the sun is the fountain of every kind of energy. We have from this classification the first great grouping of celestial bodies into those which shine by their own light, which, with the exception of the sun, are outside the solar system; and into those which shine by reflected light, which classification includes all the bodies of the solar system except the sun. We have, as representing the bodies of the solar system, first of all in the centre the Sun, which shines by its own light; and next, in the order of distance from it, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, a group of small planets called the Asteroids; then after them, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune: Neptune being the last member of the solar family, so far as our knowledge at present goes.

The moon, which goes round us as we go round the sun, is nearest to us of all the dark bodies. The moon, in fact, is our nearest neighbor—the moon is a satellite of the earth. The reason that the moon is always apparently, or nearly apparently, the same size is, because the moon is always, or nearly always, the same distance from us. The sun is farther away from us than the moon is; but still, like the moon, the sun keeps generally about the same distance from us, and therefore the sun always appears to us to be about the same size.

So far as we have gone, then, we have found the Earth's place in Nature from one point of view to be this: *It is a cool body travelling round a hot one.* That hot body we call the Sun, and the whole planetary family, from Mercury to Neptune, resemble the earth in this respect, that instead of being hot, like the sun, they are cool bodies, which receive the sun's light and shed it forth again.—*Good Words.*

"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT."*

BY KEITH JOHNSTON.

At this time last year Mr. Stanley was still running the gauntlet of the unknown rapids and savage tribes of the great river Congo, and scarcely five months have elapsed since he set foot again in England, yet here, in testimony to his extraordinary working powers, we have before us, in two broad-backed volumes, the narrative of his latest three years of African travel; three years in which he has added more to our knowledge of the continent than has been accomplished by the united efforts of many explorers in any similar period since Burton and Livingstone began the advance on the great Lake Region.

Most of us are familiar, through Mr. Stanley's letters, with the general outline of his march across Africa, and with the three great problems of its geography which he set out to solve—the question of the doubted unity of the Victoria Nyanza, the problem of the outlet of Tanganika, and that of the destination of the great river Lualaba discovered by Livingstone in the heart of the continent. How these problems have been triumphantly solved, in spite of obstacles which would have turned any other than such an iron will from the task, is related in the volumes before us. Leaving the Zanzibar coast in November, 1874, Mr. Stanley began his march to the interior, his large following of 356 souls spreading over half a mile of the now well-known highway westward to the lake region. As far as the borders of Unyamwezi his route lay near the line which has already been described by Burton, Speke, and Cameron, as well as by Mr. Stanley himself in a former work. This part of his journey has been sketched rapidly in the present narrative, which begins in detail where the old route was left and a new path was struck out northward from it directly towards the Victoria Nyanza. Soon after

entering the unknown region occurred the first of those fierce conflicts with native tribes which become so frequent in the latter part of the story; and before the shores of the great lake had been seen, a review of the expedition showed that its numbers had been reduced by war, desertion, and disease, by more than a third. The new route, however, brought to light the Shimeeyu river, the most southerly tributary of the Victoria Lake, and thus one of the farthest head-streams of the Nile. Next follows the circumnavigation of the Nyanza, a feat which we may better appreciate if we remember that the width of the vast lake each way exceeds that of our North Sea between the coasts of Lincoln and Holland. Speke and Grant had only seen its western and northern shores at separate points, and before Mr. Stanley's voyage round it, reports of traders from the east coast and native information gathered by Livingstone had inclined geographers at home to the belief that it was not one great expanse, but a cluster of five or more smaller lakes, and in this dissected form it had begun to appear on the maps of the continent. Now the views of its discoverers have been splendidly and most remarkably confirmed, for the Nyanza proves to have very nearly the same wide outline as that which Speke drew for it on his chart.

We must leave it to the readers of his book to follow Mr. Stanley in his stirring narrative of this adventurous voyage, and to form their own conclusions on the much-debated "affair of Bambireh island," merely remarking that the full account here given puts a very different complexion on the story.

A long stay in Uganda has enabled Mr. Stanley to give us by far the most minute account we yet possess of this wonderfully fertile kingdom of Central Africa, which stretches round the northern shores of the Victoria Lake, and to study the character of its ruler, King Mtesa, who is probably destined to play an important part in the development of this region of the continent. The picture here given of him reminds us of that which was drawn of King Theodore of

* *Through the Dark Continent, or the Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean.* By Henry M. Stanley. In Two Volumes. (London: Sampson Low & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers.)

inia: a strange mixture of noble and e qualities, which led Mr. Stanley : time to view him as " an intelli- nd distinguished prince who, if aid- ' virtuous philanthropists, will do for Central Africa than fifty years pel-teaching unaided by such au- y can do ; a prince well y of the most hearty sympathies Europe can give him," and, at an- page, to " dub him a jealous, vine, choleric old pagan, despite 'his eatures and smooth tongue." A section of the first volume is given s account of Uganda, its countries listricks, population and products, o its history, which shows it to be narchy of no small antiquity, its f rulers being connected far back Kintu, a mythical priest or patri- from the north.

om Uganda, accompanied by an of Mtesa's troops, Stanley marched ard, intending to explore the which lie on that side of the Vic- Nyanza, but after crossing through e Unyoro, and reaching the cliff s of a great lake which he calls the

Nzige—the same name as the na- ne of the Albert Nyanza—his Wag- followers proved faithless to their and he was forced to retire with- unching his boat. Till his return gland Mr. Stanley believed that at oint, close to the Equator, he had ed a southern gulf of the Albert za ; but the recent explorations of basin by the Egyptian Staff have a its comparatively small dimen- and that more than a degree of de separates it from the lake on e shores Mr. Stanley stood. Here, an altogether new lake has been known, and with it a new ques- of African geography arises for e explorers to unravel. Does the Nzige overflow to the Victoria by the Kagera river ? if so, it is a r reservoir of the Nile than the Vic- itself. Or does it drain to the t Nyanza or to the Congo ?

. Stanley now turned to the second : great problems he had set himself lve, and marching south through untry of the gentle king Rumanika, whom Speke's memory is still cher- , reached the well-known lake port jiji, and launched out to circum- ate the Tanganika in search of an

outlet. We have now three independent sketch surveys of the Tanganika Lake discovered by Burton in 1858—those of Livingstone, made during his wanderings round its shores ; of Cameron ; and now of Stanley—and it is curious to compare these. In broad outline they agree, but in detail, as might be anticipated, they differ materially. Mr. Stanley's sketch survey agrees more closely with that of Livingstone than that of Cameron ; but we should prefer the last, as the work of a skilled surveyor, to either of the others. Where Cameron shows an almost even coast-line Mr. Stanley's chart almost invariably presents a deeply indented one ; where the former shows an open bay, the latter marks a deep inlet, and the same contrast is evident in comparing Mr. Stanley's sketch of the Victoria Lake with the portion of its shores drawn by Speke and Grant. In itself the Tanganika is a geographical puzzle ; for, though its waters are fresh, it has no outlet to the sea. Everywhere along its coasts Mr. Stanley found evidences of its rising in recent times : three palm-trees, which stood in the market-place of Ujiji at the time of his visit in 1871, for example, are now about 100 feet in the lake ; and yet there are unmistakable signs all round the southern shores of the water having stood at a higher level than at present. Mr. Stanley suggests an ingenious and very interesting explanation of this problem, by pointing out that the southern half of the Tanganika may have formed at one time a separate lake, at a higher elevation than the present one, overflowing to the westward by the Lukuga creek which Cameron discovered, and which lies in the only depression of the lake shores. Two approaching capes still seem to mark the northern limit of this supposed former lake, which, in consequence of some natural catastrophe, seems to have burst into the basin which now forms the northern half of the Tanganika, lowering the general level of the united lake basins very considerably. The two basins thus formed into one are again gradually being filled up to near the level of the first, so that the Lukuga is about to begin again to perform its old function of carrying off the surplus waters of Tanganika westward to the Congo.

Now there remained the question of

the great river in the west. And soon after every corner of Tanganika had been searched, a rapid journey brought Mr. Stanley to the Arab station of Nyangwe on the Lualaba. This was the farthest northward point of Livingstone's journeys, and here also Cameron was compelled to turn away from the great river, for the Arabs refused to sell him canoes for a voyage which they believed would lead him to certain death. Beyond this point they themselves will not venture, though the cannibal land beyond teems with coveted ivory.

When Mungo Park had reached the upper Niger a second time, and had resolved to follow it to the sea, believing that it would lead him to the Congo, for its delta mouth in the Bight of Benin was then unsuspected, he wrote home to Lord Camden :—

"I shall set sail to the coast with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger or perish in the attempt; . . . though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at least die in the Niger."

In the same spirit Stanley, at Nyangwe, resolved to go on and to follow the great river whithersoever it might lead him. Park passed down into the then unknown Niger, and his fate is to this day a matter of some uncertainty. Had Stanley also disappeared from view, no one can tell how long his destiny might have remained hidden; for though the mouth of the Congo has been known and visited by Europeans since the fif-

teenth century, its lower cataracts form such a barrier in the way of communication upward, that the knowledge of the existence even of Europeans has not penetrated to any considerable distance inland from the west, and few would have been hardy enough to venture after him down its tide. Fortunately Mr. Stanley has lived to tell us the story of his voyage down the Livingstone to the Western Sea—a story of adventure and hair-breadth escapes which has no parallel in the history of modern exploration. He has also unveiled a great water-way in the interior of Africa which, its rapids once passed, will doubtless be as regularly navigated in future by European vessels as the Niger now is.

As a whole the volumes before us are written in a far higher tone than Mr. Stanley's former works, while retaining all their vigor. The perusal of them leaves us in doubt whether to admire more the indomitable will of the leader, his power of resource and the influence by which he made men and heroes of his followers during their three years of training under him; or the diligence of the observer in amassing such a store of varied information about the lands through which he passed in the midst of circumstances so arduous. This material it appears is not by any means exhausted in these volumes, which are to be followed by another in which the hydrography, ethnology, and natural history of Central Africa are to be more fully discussed.—*The Academy*.

ITALIA.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

ITALIA! how I love thee, both thy brightness and thy beauty,
And thy flash of vivid verdure in the shining month of May!

With thy vines all richly swinging,
And thy blithe birds sweetly singing,
And thy bells of worship ringing,
In the shining month of May;

With thy stout old castled places

With severe, majestic faces,

Hung round with storied graces,

In the brightness of the May;

With thy towers that look serenely
 From their proud cliffs, throned so queenly,
 With broad mantles flaunting greenly
 In the brightness of the May ;
 With thy shroud so grandly sweeping,
 And thy sins so softly sleeping,
 And thy fountains freshly leaping
 In the bright face of the day ;
 With thy names that fill the ages—
 Statesmen, singers, saints and sages,
 And thy shrines with pictured pages
 In significant display ;
 With mighty memories near thee
 In strength to atmosphere thee,
 From distant doubt to clear thee
 When falls the cloudy day :
 With thy years of long probation
 For the glorious consummation
 To wear the name of NATION
 In the brightness of to-day :
 Italia, I will love thee in thy grandeur and thy glory,
 And thy wealth of spreading beauty in the shining month of May !

II.

But, Italia, I may never change the land that I was born in
 For thy beauty and thy splendor and thy triumph in the May,
 The land of lofty Ben,
 And of green, far-winding glen,
 And of light-heeled, hilted men,
 On the purple heather brae ;
 With thy crystal wells clear gushing,
 And thy amber torrents rushing,
 And thy bright September flushing
 With the heather on the brae :
 With the wide Atlantic's roar
 On thy gray and granite shore,
 And the pure dew's dripping store
 On the greenness of the brae ;
 Where the fragrant birch-tree waves
 O'er the hollow mountain caves,
 And the headlong-tumbling waves
 Dash the glory of the spray ;
 The land where first I drew
 Sweet breath of life, and grew
 Hard of foot, and fresh of hue
 As the heather on the brae ;
 The land that never quailed
 When the haughty foe assailed,
 And whose mettle never failed
 In the patriotic fray,
 And whose sons aye stand together
 For the thistle and the heather,
 In the bluster of the weather,
 In the mildness of the May—
 Brave land where I am rooted like the pine-tree on the mountain,
 I have loved, and I will love thee while the sun shall rule the May !

LORENCE, *May* 18th, 1878.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

HENRY M. STANLEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

HENRY M. STANLEY, whose name has now become one of the most famous in the long and illustrious roll of African explorers, was born in 1840, near Denbigh, Wales, of humble parentage. He was placed in the poor house, where he remained till his thirteenth year, after which he taught school for a while, and then shipped as cabin-boy in a vessel bound for New Orleans. Concluding to remain there, he was adopted by a merchant, whose name he assumed instead of his own, which was John Rawlins. His adopted father having died without a will, and the Civil War breaking out just then, he enlisted in the Confederate army; but neither his convictions nor his sympathies bound him to the Southern side, and on being taken prisoner he volunteered in the United States navy, and became ensign of an ironclad. It is said to have been while serving in this capacity that he wrote the letter or letters which first revealed his powers and secured him a newspaper connection.

At the close of the war he went out as newspaper correspondent to Turkey and Asia Minor, and in 1868 accompanied the British expedition to Abyssinia as special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, a part of his correspondence on this occasion being subsequently embodied in a volume. In October, 1870, being then employed in Spain, he was summoned to Paris by Mr. Bennett of the *Herald* to organize an expedition to learn the fate of Livingstone, the African explorer, of whom only vague rumors had been heard for upwards of two years. He reached Zanzibar in January, 1871, made his preparations, and towards the end of March set out for the interior with a company of 192 men. In November he found Livingstone, who was living in a state of almost complete destitution near Lake Tanganyika, and furnished him with supplies and means for further explorations. After having explored in company with Livingstone the northern portion of the lake, Stanley set

out on his return journey in March, 1872, and in July reached England, where he was received with distinguished honor, the queen presenting him with a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, and the Royal Geographical Society awarding him, in 1873, its "patrons' medal." Under the title of "How I Found Livingstone" he published in November, 1872, an account of his expedition, which appeared simultaneously in London and New York.

Tidings having been received of the death of Dr. Livingstone in Central Africa, Stanley was placed at the head of an expedition, the cost of which was jointly undertaken by the *New York Herald* and the *London Daily Telegraph*, and the object of which was to explore the lake region of Equatorial Africa. He left the coast in November, 1874, at the head of 356 men, and, after many hardships and some severe contests with the natives, reached Lake Victoria Nyanza, February 27th, 1875, having lost 194 men by death and desertion *en route*. For nearly three years more he was engaged in the work of exploration, and he has just published an account of his travels in an elaborate work entitled "Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean." In an article reproduced elsewhere, Mr. Keith Johnston gives a summary of this work and of the explorations which it records, and to it the reader is referred for further facts concerning Mr. Stanley's later travels.

The accompanying portrait of Mr. Stanley is from a late photograph, and is considered a good likeness. He has been greatly changed in personal appearance by the physical and mental strain which he underwent during his last wonderful journey, which, to use his own words, "has made him an old man in his thirty-fifth year."

LITERARY NOTICES.

LOTTE CUSHMAN. Her Letters and Memories of her Life. By Emma Stebbins. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

From 1856 onwards to the close of Miss Cushman's life, Miss Stebbins enjoyed her intimate friendship and association, and no one could be in a better position to do justice to every aspect of Miss Cushman's character which was revealed in her private and social life. One who, having seen and admired the actress and reader, would like to learn what manner of woman Miss Cushman was will be both satisfied and gratified with Miss Stebbins' work, especially will appreciate the graphic and glowing touches by which she delineates those noble and womanly qualities which made

Cushman so winning as a friend, so charming as an acquaintance, and so magnetic a centre in miscellaneous social gatherings. It is stated of Mrs. Siddons that the instincts of the actress were so predominant within her that she could not call for beer save in the words "ones of high tragedy, and of Garrick that was only off the stage he was acting;" but she never carried less of the professional taint into private life than Miss Cushman, and her private and world-wide stage successes never impaired in the slightest degree the genuineness, simplicity, frankness, and candor of her personal character and private life. To the very end even when as an old and broken woman was sinking under the sinister attacks of a fatal and incurable disease, she preserved something of the impulsiveness, the ardor of feeling, and the high spirits of vigorous childhood; in no period of her life was she oblivious of her dignity and responsibility of her professional and social position, and her long and successful career reflects no less honor upon womanhood than lustre upon the stage.

Miss Stebbins brings out with an accuracy and a vividness that leave nothing to be desired; but of Miss Cushman as an actress which, after all, we must seek her claims to remembrance—we get but an imperfect and faulty conception. Miss Stebbins makes an impatient defence of acting as an art of actors and actresses as a class, and she is very alive to the elevating influence which a career as Charlotte Cushman's must exert upon her profession and the public estimation of it; but she seems to have no genuine sympathy with or understanding of it, and she never attempts even to indicate the distinguishing qualities of Miss Cushman's acting, her modes of interpretation, or the special conditions of her success. There is not a vivid picture or detailed analysis of a single one of Miss Cushman's famous "parts," and in the one instance in which she attempts to describe her method of study and preparation she is almost

certainly mistaken. If anything can be affirmed with confidence of Miss Cushman's stage career, it is that her great success was due to no spontaneous inspirations of genius, but to thorough, minute, painstaking, and conscientious study. She herself declares as much in a letter of advice and encouragement to a young actress; yet Miss Stebbins states that her method of preparing for a part was to learn the words, form a general conception of the character, and for all details and "business" trust to the suggestions of the occasion. Now we have Garrick's authority for the assertion that "inspiration of the moment" can never make even a passable actor or actress, much less a great one; and the idea is opposed to all we know of Miss Cushman's gradual rise to eminence, of her systematic and methodical habits of work, of the consistency and harmony of her personations, and lastly of her oft-reiterated opinions as to the essentials of success on the stage.

Aside from this central defect of the book, there are others which seem to require a moment's comment. The lack of constructive art is curious in one whose professional work as a sculptress lies in securing a due proportion and harmony and subordination of parts. The style is remarkably good, but the narration is broken and detached, episodes and incidents which are scarcely entitled to a place at all are treated with the same fulness as the most important events and the most characteristic traits, no distinction is maintained between the most trivial and the most significant facts, argument and assertion are habitually resorted to where illustrative facts are needed, and there is a vagueness about the chronology which makes it very difficult to determine to what period of Miss Cushman's life any particular event or experience is to be assigned. The habitual indifference to dates is especially annoying, and the reader hardly knows what to think when he finds that though an entire chapter is devoted to an account of the fête offered Miss Cushman on the occasion of her farewell to the New York stage, not the faintest intimation is given of the day, the month, or even the year in which it occurred.

The book is issued in very handsome style, and is illustrated with heliotype portraits of Miss Cushman, of Miss Stebbins' bust of her, and of Miss Cushman's villa at Newport. Moreover, with all its defects, it is a very interesting and instructive bit of biography.

LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES: Being Some Account of a Voyage, in 1856, in the Schooner yacht "Foam," to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen. By Lord Dufferin. New York: R. Worthington.

Though this is the first American edition of

Lord Dufferin's little book, its merits are too generally known for any extended comment upon it to be necessary. Wherever the English language is read it has been accepted as one of the classics in its department of literature, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a more thoroughly delightful book of any kind has not appeared during the last twenty or twenty-five years. There is always an agreeable element of adventure in yachting in any waters, and a spice of danger is continuously present in the voyage of so small a craft as the "Foam" in the ice-infested seas of the Arctic zone; and in reading Lord Dufferin's account of the voyage one hardly knows whether to admire most the literary skill of the record or the daring and fortitude which could furnish materials for such a record.

The narrative is in the form of letters addressed apparently to his wife, and it combines every quality that could add interest and charm to a record of travel amid unfamiliar but impressive and storied scenes. Its descriptions of natural scenery are wonderfully vivid and picturesque; its gleanings from history and legend and song have all the romantic fascination of the original *sagas* whence they were taken; the information conveyed is copious and varied without being labored or fatiguing; the circumstances and incidents of life on sea and land are portrayed with a graphic power rarely equalled; and there are character-sketches and "situations" which could only be matched by choice bits from the old comedies. The style is in a remarkable degree vigorous, polished, and graceful; and the entire narrative is pervaded and illuminated by the delicate play of a refined fancy and a genial humor.

The present edition is shapely and well printed, and contains a number of wood-cuts, including a portrait of Lord Dufferin, with an ingenious and graceful preface written by the author especially for this edition. The preface to the Canadian edition is also included, as it contains additional and highly amusing particulars about Wilson, who is one of the "features" of the original narrative.

APPLETON'S NEW HANDY-VOLUME SERIES.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The prospectus of this series defines its aim so clearly and comprehensively that we cannot do better than quote its opening passages, which are as follows: "The later developments of literary taste with American readers indicate two things: *first*, a preference for compact and lucid outlines of historic or literary periods, and for stories which, while within the compass of a single sitting, shall have all the symmetry, the artistic treatment, the careful character-drawing, and the freshness of incident, which mark the lengthier but scarcely more ambitious novel; *second*, a demand for books

in a form so convenient and handy that the volume may always be carried in the pocket, ready for use on the train, on the steamboat, in the horse-car, at moments snatched at twilight or bedtime, while sitting on the sea-shore or rambling in the woods—at all periods of rest or leisure, whether in town or country." It is in recognition of these preferences and needs that the "Handy-Volume Series" has been projected; and it is designed to make its range of selection so comprehensive as to include "works of every variety of theme, from old authors as well as new, and attractive to students as well as general readers." The books composing the series are of a size convenient for the pocket and yet large enough to admit of bold and handsome type, and it is not merely an epigram to say that there is nothing cheap about them except the price. Fiction necessarily predominates in the plan, and of the first eight volumes all except the always-enjoyable "Essays of Elia" are stories. "Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune?" is a very favorable specimen of the work of Mrs. Annie Edwardes, author of "Archie Lovell," etc., than which we have little in current fiction that is stronger or more dramatic. "A Struggle," by Barnet Phillips, is exquisitely pathetic and touching without being painful; and "Misericordia," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, sweeps the chords of tragedy with a firm and skilful hand. "Gordon Baldwin" and "The Philosopher's Pendulum" are by Rudolph Lindau, a writer whose name will speedily become more familiar than it now is to the reading public. Both stories are of a remarkable degree of excellence, but the latter is unquestionably one of the best short stories of recent times, and will take a permanent place among the lesser masterpieces of fiction. "The Fisherman of Auge," by Katharine S. Macquoid, is a tender and graceful love story which readers of the *Eclectic* ten years back will recall with pleasure; and "The House of the Two Barbels" is a delicate *genre* picture of French rural life from the polished pen of André Theuriot.

Among the books whose early appearance is promised are "Liquidated," by Rudolph Lindau, "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds," by Julian Hawthorne, "L'Arrabiata and Other Stories," by Paul Heyse, "Clytemnestra and Other Stories," by the late Albert Webster, "The Goldsmith's Wife," "A Bird of Passage," by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, "The Romance of the English Stage," and a critical and biographical monograph on Thomas Carlyle. Material for the series will be drawn from American, English, and Continental sources; and the publishers promise that it shall become "a delightful library, varied in character and fairly exhaustless in the refined entertainment it will afford."

COURT. By Mrs. Molesworth. Leisure Series. New York: Henry Holt

author of "Hathercourt," under the name of "Ennis Graham," is already famous as a writer for children, and the work affords ample promise of equal success in the higher and wider field of the "Hathercourt." It is one of the most successful, and pleasing of recent stories, interesting without being exciting, vivid without being sensational, and with a steady and consistent development of plot that draws the attention throughout. The characters of the two sisters, around the interest of the story centres, are firmly and delicately delineated, and if the men are called "women's men" they are their *vraisemblance* better than is usual with such conventional figures. The stories are simple but appropriate—the English country rectory—and the scenes rather by its atmosphere of refinement, gentle breeding and high thought than any of those brilliant and striking which novelists are apt to aim, especially in their earlier works. Readers of "Hathercourt" will be prepared to welcome anything Mrs. Molesworth may offer them in the future.

SONS OF THE WORLD. A Chain of Events. Collected, with an Introduction, by H. A. CHILD. Boston: Roberts Bros.

This book," says the author, "I have collected some specimens of the moral and utterances of various ages and nations from the remotest known records down to the present time. In doing this, my motive was to show that there is much in which all men agree. I have, therefore, avoided the theological aspects of any religious sentiments which unite men; opinions which are the same with good men of all countries; the idea of Immortality present with them all, and all have had similar aspirations toward an infinite and good Being, by whom they are sustained and sustained." This being the purpose of the book, we may explain the method is similar to that of Mr. Conder's "Concise Anthology," except that Mrs. Child's is not only from writings usually regarded as sacred, but from the general utterances of mankind—from Confucius, Plato, Cicero, Fénelon, Carver, Bingham, and Beecher, as well as the Vedas, the Bible, the Zendavesta, the Koran, and the Koran. The selections are grouped under various general heads, "Ideas of the Supreme Being," "Immortality," "Worship," "Temperance," "Per-

sonal Purity," "Honesty," "Benevolence," "Brotherhood," and "Nature;" and under each head the arrangement is substantially chronological. The collection, as a whole, is by no means exhaustive; it can hardly be called representative, since points of agreement are insisted upon while points of difference are ignored; but it is exceedingly interesting and suggestive, and brings out with peculiar effectiveness the immensely significant fact that the fundamental laws of morality and the religious aspirations of mankind have been strikingly similar always and everywhere.

In her temperate and carefully-reasoned Introduction Mrs. Child points out the lessons that are to be drawn from this substantial unison of the voices of mankind as they come up from all the ages; and the book, as a whole, is a noble plea for a large liberality of thought and feeling in matters of religion.



FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Two interesting Napoleon relics have been lately added to the British Museum: one is a chart of Cadiz Bay, sent by Napoleon Bonaparte to Joseph Bonaparte in 1809 (Add. MS. 30,147 B); the other a beautifully written volume of French songs, set to music, in the handwriting of Hortense, Queen of Holland, mother of Louis Napoleon. This charming specimen of musical calligraphy was given by Madame de Montaran to Sir Robert Wilson, and by him to his daughter, Rosabella Stanhope Randolph. Some of the songs which are contained in it are said to have been written by the Comte de la Garde: the first is "Le Beau Dunois," known popularly as "Partant pour la Syrie" (30,148).

MAX MOLTKE has made an excellent German translation of the "doubtful" play of *Edward III.* He, curiously enough, considers it a genuine play of Shakespeare's, adopting the opinion of Tieck, which no trustworthy German Shakespearean like Prof. Delius has ever taken up.

BOUND up with a volume of pamphlets of 1670-90, which he recently obtained, Prof. Dowden has found a manuscript of about the same date, consisting of a collection of miscellaneous poems. How many of these have been already printed is not yet ascertained. The manuscript includes several well-known pieces by Andrew Marvell, Sir John Denham, and the Earl of Rochester; the written text varies in many and interesting particulars from the printed texts: in some instances it adds several lines to the poems as printed; in others, the variations certainly present the true

readings for the first time. The poems are in the main satires upon the morals and politics of the time of Charles II., and these copies were probably made while the verses still circulated in manuscript.

THE Rev. J. Laing is actively engaged in the compilation of the *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain*, which was commenced by the late Mr. Halkett, of the Advocates' Library. Mr. Laing proposes to complete the examination this summer of the collection of the Bodleian Library, and then to exhaust the contents of the Mendum collection at the Law Society and the library of the Athenæum Club. When the prospectus for the publication of Mr. Halkett's materials first appeared, the number of books which he had examined was supposed to amount to twenty thousand, but this number was considerably over-estimated. At the present time the volumes which have been collated can fall little short of that number. The labors of Mr. Laing have greatly increased the value of the work, which all bibliographers are eagerly expecting.

FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT, the author of *Mirza Schaffy*, is engaged upon a translation of *Omar Khayyam*.

MR. D. B. MONRO will shortly bring out a first instalment of his long-expected work on Homer, in the shape of a volume on the peculiarities of Homeric Grammar.

M. JOAQUIN MENANT, of Rouen, is preparing a comprehensive work upon the engraved stone cylinders of Assyria and Babylonia, which will be issued shortly.

JOAQUIN MILLER is about to publish, in London, a new volume of poems, to be called *Songs of Far Away Lands*. The volume will be one of some magnitude, and is dedicated to Lord Houghton.

LADY HERBERT OF LEA is writing a book on the position of the wife and mother in the fourth century, in which she traces the resemblance between the domestic life of the present day and that of the Early Christians.

Piccadilly states that Captain Burton is engaged on a new and full translation of the *Arabian Nights*, and that he will render the verses scattered through the stories in the assonance of the original. Some of the verses quoted in the *Arabian Nights* are by the poet Zoheir, who in the twelfth century had a long sojourn in Egypt as secretary.

MR. W. SKEAT is engaged upon an etymological dictionary of the English language somewhat similar in plan to Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood's, but more elaborate in character and harmonizing with accepted philological methods. It will

fill four volumes, and the first may be looked for next winter.

HAVING completed his new edition of Shakespeare, Mr. John Payne Collier, who is now in his ninetieth year, contemplates a new edition of his "History of Dramatic Poetry." He says "My brain will stand it, if only my hands hold out." Everybody will wish that the veteran scholar may be able to accomplish the task.

THE late Mr. MacGahan has left behind him, corrected for publication, as much of his experiences of Bulgaria and the Russo-Turkish war as will form a memorial volume. It will probably be issued under the supervision of his brother, who has come from the United States in order to take possession of his personal effects.—*Athenæum*.

THE Gustav-Adolf Verein is proceeding with its design of publishing sketches of the history and present position of Protestantism in countries essentially Roman Catholic. The second volume, devoted to Italy and written by Herr Leopold Witte, has appeared. It seems that there are at present 170 congregations of native Italian Protestants, and 110 mission stations: over 6000 communicants and between 4000 and 5000 pupils in the evangelical schools.

SCIENCE AND ART.

CURIOUS RELATIONS OF SOUND AND COLOR.—At one of the conversazioni held at the Royal Society an instrument called *phoneidoscope* was exhibited, which shews curious effects of sound on color. A film composed of soap and glycerine is produced on a horizontal orifice, below which is a flexible tube carrying a mouth-piece. When the usual colors appear on the film, a by-stander sounds a vocal note into the mouth-piece: the colors suddenly arrange themselves in beautiful patterns, with vortices of color here and there rotating swiftly and producing singularly beautiful effects. The patterns and vortices vary according to the pitch of the note; hence a long succession of changes can be brought before the eye of the observer.

SUNSPOTS AND RAINFALL.—Mr. Meldrum, of the Royal Alfred Observatory, Mauritius, whose researches we have from time to time noticed, reiterates the expression of his opinion on the sunspot and rainfall question, and shews as the result of observation that there is a rainfall cycle for Europe and America as well as for India. "I long ago," he remarks, "obtained similar results for India, Mauritius, the Cape, and Australia, as well as for the depths of water in the Elbe, Rhine, Oder, Danube, and Vistula, and have shewn that the mean rainfall curve for the mean sunspot cycle of eleven years ex-

the characteristics of the mean sunspot

Mr. Meldrum is satisfied that he has traced a connection between sunspots and rainfall nearly, if not fully as strong as the existence of a connection between sunspots and terrestrial magnetism." There are many theories; but "underlying them all, and permeating them all, a well-marked rainfall cycle is to be found, especially for Europe, where the observations are most numerous." It will be interesting to have a satisfactory test of these theories are correct.

CRATERS IN THE MOON.—It has long been a point whether active volcanoes still exist on the moon. In 1787 Sir William Herschel announced that he had observed three craters in actual operation in different parts of the moon, the diameter of the principal crater about three miles. Other observers have described similar phenomena, but the prevailing opinion among astronomers at the present time is against the existence of active lunar craters. In May, of last year, however, Dr. Klein, of Köln, while examining the moon, noticed a great black crater on the Mare Imbrium, and a little to the Northwest of the own crater Hyginus. He describes it as nearly as large as Hyginus, or about equal in diameter, as being deep and full of lava, and as forming a conspicuous part of the dark gray Mare Vaporum. Having recently observed this region during the last few years, Dr. Klein felt certain that no crater existed there at the time of his previous examinations. He communicated his observations to Dr. Schmidt, of Athens, the lunar selenographer, who assured him that no crater was absent from all his numerous surveys of this part of the lunar surface: "as it is shown by Schroter, Lohrmann, and others. Last April Dr. Klein made his observations generally, and they seem to be confirmed by other observers. The Mare Vaporum, in which the new crater is located, lies close to the centre of the visible disk of the moon, so that objects in this region are very slightly affected by the lunar libration. It is also a part of the moon which has been most carefully studied by eminent lunar observers. Had this new crater of Dr. Klein appeared in a less well-known region, doubt would have been felt as to whether it previously existed or not.

PREVENTION OF "SCALE" IN STEAM BOILERS.—Put a lump of zinc into the boiler of a steam engine, and it will prevent the formation of scale; that is, the stony crust which, as engineers know to their sorrow, is very inconvenient and involves constant expenditure. The experiment having been successfully tried for four years by certain manufacturers in England, the Minister of Public Works appointed

a commission to inquire into and report upon the matter. From their report, which was published last year in the *Annales des Mines*, we learn that the zinc is to be placed in the boiler as far as possible from the furnace, the quantity being a quarter-pound for every five square feet of boiler-surface if the water be soft, and a half-pound if the water be hard. The boiler is then worked in the usual way; and when opened for the usual cleaning, the appearances, as the commission describe, will be—"If the water be but slightly calcareous, the deposits, instead of forming solid and adherent scale, are found in a state of fluid mud, which is easily removable by simple washing. The iron being clean and free from rust, no picking or scraping is needed, whereby an important saving of time and labor is effected." On the other hand, if the water be strongly calcareous or hard, "the deposits are as coherent and strong as though the zinc had not been employed; but this strong coat does not stick to the iron. It can be pulled off by hand, or at the worst detached without much effort, leaving the iron clean. A simple washing clears it from the boiler; and in this case, as in the foregoing, picking and scraping are avoided." Here the question arises—What has become of the zinc? The answer given is, that it is not strictly correct to say it has disappeared, for it has been transformed into oxide of zinc, a white and earthy substance, which often preserves the lamellar texture of the metal, the central part sometimes continuing metallic and unattacked. At the same time it is worth remark that no trace of dissolved zinc is found in the water taken from the boilers.

MICROPHONE AND MAGNAPHONE.—There is evidently much activity among experimenters in the wide field opened by the telephone. Mr. W. L. Scott, an English investigator, has just devised an instrument which he calls the magnaphone. In his first experiments Mr. Scott found that to increase the volume of sound from the telephone it was only necessary to increase the weight of metal in the diaphragm, but instead of increasing the thickness of the plate he discovered that it was better to use several laminæ perforating all but that nearest the magnet. Iron filings formed the next step, with results so promising that other substances in a finely-divided state were tried—precipitated silver, pure iron, mercury, and platinum—the last named being most sensitive to sound. Mercury answers all purposes, but instead of charcoal as the porous holder of the metal, Mr. Scott used pumice or asbestos, from which he cut the phonophoric tablets, spheres, or cylinders. The results are identical with those obtained by Professor Hughes, in the construction of the microphone.

VARIETIES.

HOW TO LEARN TO SWIM.—Man, for the most part, must learn to swim; and here is the receipt. It must be understood that we are teaching a man come to years of discretion. First, work up theoretically and practically (as far as may be out of the water) the position of the body in swimming, and the rhythmical extension and adduction of the legs and arms. Then boldly walk into the sea, when it is rather calm, up to the chin, turn to the shore, and fall forward on the chest, letting the arms cut the water before the body, and practise the motions now familiar to the mind from the treatise. Never mind swallowing a little water! Persevere in this for several days in succession, and then, if possible, get a swimmer to support your chest for a minute or two. Or, better still, as man is nearly of the same specific gravity as water, the addition of a very few pounds of cork will make him float. Get several pieces of cork, therefore, and fasten them to loops in which the arms can be inserted, and with the addition of these you will find, when the "stroke" is once familiar, that you will easily float, and what is more, make progression through the water. Stick to this plan for a few more days, and then try your own unaided powers again, and you will be astonished to find that you can swim. In this way, without any swimming-master or parade of any kind, swimming (we speak from personal experience) is easily learnt, and then what a treat, and what a charming mode of gaining exercise, does a bathe in the sea become! Instead of being a shivering duty, looked forward to as a necessary part of the *poojah* due to a watering-place, as an Anglo-Indian would say, the daily bathe is eagerly welcomed, and the whole system invigorated and braced up by it. For the swimmer leaves the water with every muscle and limb aching with his exertions, and the whole body pervaded by a healthy glow, of which he will feel the beneficial effects throughout the day. When once the stroke is familiar to a man—comes, as it were, by instinct to him (as it surely will if the above *modus discendi* be persevered in), all that is needful is to set one's self daily the task of a stroke or two more, and soon the learner will find himself able to swim any reasonable distance, not now near the side, but boldly dashing out among the waves. Thus, if he finds he can only struggle on for six strokes to-day before his face sinks and he gets a ducking, to-morrow let him set himself the duty of struggling on through seven strokes, eight strokes next day, and so on, never being satisfied with his efforts until he has succeeded in performing his daily number of strokes. In this way a visit to the sea becomes a happiness to be looked back upon ever after in a man's

life with pleasure. How much better is it thus to have acquired the mastery over a strange element than to have lounged up and down the beach for many mornings, listening to Italian organ-grinders and smoking innumerable cigars.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

Oh, my mother, that dear face of thine,
So marked in wisdom, and so mild,
That it seemed almost divine,
As thou gazest upon thy child!
From out yon heavenly clime
That saint-like smile
Beamed with a radiance sublime.
My mother.

Oh, how I longed to fold me,
Dearest mother, to thy throbbing breast,
Where I was wont to flee
In childhood's hour,
When sorrow pressed,
And only thou hadst power
To sooth the troubled heart to rest!
My mother.

I know 'tis all in vain;
Yet, mother, I would fain recall
Those words of mine which caused thee pain—
That did so heedless fall
From lips that never could intend
Willfully to offend
In word or deed, however small.
My precious mother.

Dearest mother, can it be?
Am I awake? or doth it seem
That I had seen thee
Only in a nightly vision of the brain—
A mocking dream?
And yet I would such dream
Upon the heart remain.
My mother.

Like a meteor thou art gone;
Angels bore thee through the maze
Of heavenly space, up to the throne
Where myriads throng,
To welcome thee in songs
Of endless praise,—
And I am waiting alone.
My mother.

M. R. N.

SONG.

WHEN the Rose came I loved the Rose
And thought of none beside,
Forgetting all the other flowers,
And all the others died;
And morn and noon, and sun and showers
And all things loved the Rose,
Who only half returned my love,
Blooming alike for those.

I was the rival of a score
Of loves on gaudy wing,
The nightingale I would implore
For pity not to sing;
Each called her his; still I was glad
To wait or take my part;
I loved the Rose—who might have had
The fairest lily's heart.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

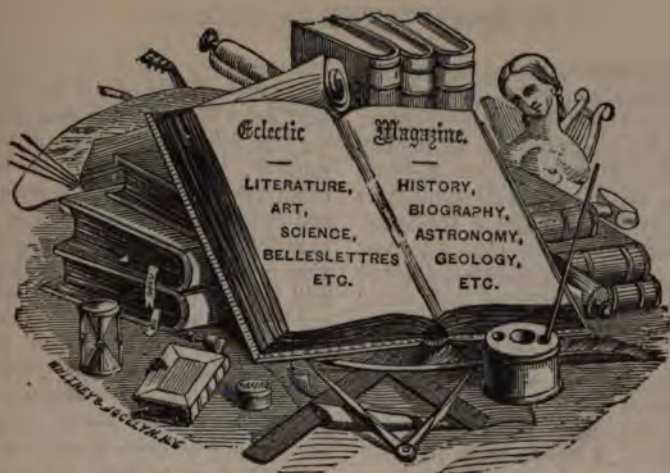


Portrait of General G. A. D. G. G. G. G.

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ULTRAMONTANISM IN GERMANY: ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

BY PROFESSOR VON SCHULTE.

Bonn, June 10th, 1878.

SINCE the year 1871 there has arisen in Germany, between the State and the Romish clergy, a contest which in some respects can scarcely ever have been surpassed for vehemence, and the end of which it is impossible to foresee. In order fairly to set forth its importance we shall cite the laws made by the German Empire and the Prussian State, and mention the chief results of them.

On the 10th of December, 1871, a law was passed by the Empire which threatened with imprisonment for a period not exceeding two years any of the clergy who, in the public exercise of their office, or in the church, spoke of political questions in such a way as to endanger the public peace. A second law, dated the 5th of July, 1872, dissolved all the institutions of the Jesuits, with the orders and fraternities associated with them within the German Empire, forbade all

action on the part of the members, and expelled all foreign Jesuits. A third law, passed on the 4th of May, 1871, threatens all clergymen who continue to exercise their functions after being deprived of their office by a judicial sentence with confiscation in certain districts or places, and eventually with the loss of German nationality, and banishment from Germany. In the years from 1872 to 1876 Prussia passed a number of laws, the object of which was to protect the rights of the State against the Churches—especially the Romish Church. The scope of them may be thus summed up: The oversight of all public and private schools is accorded to the State; the institution of clergymen, whether permanent or temporary, can only be made after notice has first been given to the Government, which has the right on legal grounds to protest; clergymen must possess the rights

of German citizenship, have attended a German gymnasium, studied theology for three years at a German university, and passed an examination in history and German literature before a State commission; all ecclesiastical seminaries are to be under the oversight of the State, otherwise they must be closed; new schools for boys or for students are not to be built, nor youths received into those already existing. A clergyman who is punished for any crime or misdemeanor for which the penalty is imprisonment with hard labor in a house of correction, or with the loss of municipal rights or public offices, is not to be re-instituted. The same is to be the case with a clergyman from whose conduct it may be premised that he will oppose the laws and regulations of the State, and endanger the public peace. Actual discipline is only to be exercised by the German ecclesiastical authorities; the accused must be heard, an ordinary trial must be held, a written judgment given, with the grounds on which it rests; corporal punishments are forbidden, and fines are not allowed to exceed 90 marks; imprisonment in a *domus demeritorum* not to be for longer than three months, and these institutions to be under Government surveillance; the appeal to be made to the State when the sentence is illegal. If a clergyman has so seriously violated the laws of the State relating to the clerical office and its functions that his remaining in office seems incompatible with public order, then on the proposition of the State authorities he shall be dismissed from his office; no penalties are permitted except for ecclesiastical offences, or those concerning religion; they cannot be inflicted because political or civil rights are not exercised, or to enforce their exercise in a particular way. The public announcement, performance, or proclamation of them to the congregation in an injurious way is punishable. A royal court of ecclesiastical affairs decides concerning appeals, dismisses from office, and so forth. Bishoprics which are unlawfully occupied, as well as other places, are to be administered as to their temporalities by a State commission; revenues provided by the State for the clergy (or arising from funds administered by the State) are withheld if the receivers do

not declare, either by word or deed that they submit to the laws. Benefices that have been vacant longer than a year may be filled by the patron or the community. The property of benefices administered under State laws by a steward chosen by the community; the State exercises an oversight of the administration of the diocesan property; all orders and fraternities, except those devoted to the care of the sick, are to be dissolved at the latest by the 3rd of June, 1879, and those which remain are to be under the supervision of the State. This summary will be sufficient to show the great importance of these laws. A few words will suffice to explain their actual working.

Of the twelve Prussian dioceses, eight are vacant—six by deposition by the court already mentioned, the archbishoprics of Cologne and Posen, the bishoprics of Breslau, Münster, Paderborn, and Limburg; the other two, Fulda and Trèves, are vacant by deaths. Seven of them are administered by royal commissaries, and one (Fulda) has a capitular vicar. In these seven dioceses there is no ecclesiastical government; anarchy reigns, the people follow the illegal commands of the secret delegates of the Pope, or the deposed bishops. Hundreds of benefices are vacant. All the Romish clergy ordained since May, 1873, are incapable of holding office, because they have not submitted to the State examinations. In Baden, Hesse, Württemberg, and Bavaria, affairs are not so bad, but cases of conflict are multiplying everywhere. Baden is the only country in which the Ultramontanes (although the Catholic population numbers 63.6 per cent.) have not the majority at the elections, either for the Landtag or the Reichstag, and where they are politically powerless.

In Prussia, Bavaria, Hesse, Württemberg, Oldenburg, and the Kingdom of Saxony—the other States have but a small Catholic population—most of the Catholics are Ultramontanes; they regard the State as the enemy of the Church and religion, and the condemned and deposed bishops and clergy as martyrs; they furnish them with means to enable them to brave the laws. Any one who doubts this, and thinks that the conflict is waning, either does not know how

stand, or is deceived. One has read the speeches of the Ultramontane leaders during the last few years in the Prussian parliament to be that peace with the Romish is a very distant prospect. If it is possible, solid, and permanent, be understood how the present affairs arose.

In order to this, it is necessary to show Ultramontaniam originated many, and how it grew to be so. For Prussia, especially, but such also for the whole of Germany we must define three periods—1803 to 1830, from 1840 to 1848, most recent from 1870. I hope to show how the Governments themselves to thank for the harvest reaping to-day.

The Congress of Vienna, by the the German Bund of 8th June, the former German Empire was replaced by the German Confederation. The first, the great question was, of the two great powers, Austria and Prussia, should get the larger number of States on its side. Particularly strengthened by the importation of this. Austria did not feel dangerous to the minor States, she was large enough, and in order to maintain her position in Germany to rely on the co-operation of medium-sized and small States. This was justified, because from 1859 the false political opinion spread that Austria was secure in the possession of her Italian territory by virtue of her position in the German Confederation. Prussia appeared in the ranks of the second and third-rate States, never that must aim at annexation. She perceived that a State whose great half was separated from the western Rhenish provinces and Westphalia by Hanover, Hesse, Brunswick, could not always be content, especially in case of internal complications, the three military roads stipulated in the Acts of the Congress of Vienna. In every attempt of Prussia to make new arrangements in the Diet, some was detected of weakening of States. This suspicion was so best ally. Hanover, Brunswick, the three Hesses, Nassau, Würtemberg, Saxony, Bavaria, were nearly al-

ways on the side of Austria, as were also some of the smallest—Lichtenstein, Lippe, &c. This must be borne in mind in order to understand other things.

By the political events of 1801—1815 more than thirty Catholic families and princes, dukes and counts, and nearly as many Protestant, lost their sovereign power over territories in the German Empire of to-day. Discontented with the new order of things, the majority of them regarded the Emperor of Austria as the successor of the former Emperor, and sided with him accordingly.

The year 1803 had destroyed the external organization of the Catholic Church in Germany by the secularization of all bishoprics, abbeys, provostships, &c., which had been States of the Empire, as well as by the secularization of all chapters and nearly all other convents. A restoration by an Imperial edict, which was projected in 1803, could, of course, not be carried out, because the Empire had ceased to exist. The example of the French Government in 1801 was followed, of forming treaties directly with the Pope, as had been attempted by several German States before 1815. The course and results of these transactions are too important to the sequel not to be briefly mentioned, although we cannot enter into the subject in detail. With the estates of the secularized bishoprics, &c., the new rulers had undertaken the obligation of endowing the new ones; they found themselves also practically in possession of the right of nomination to all benefices previously in the gift of the spiritual rulers. Seminaries, theological institutions, the ecclesiastical administration generally, were found to be in a wretched state. What was to be done? A number of States—Protestant rulers who had a larger or smaller number of Catholic subjects—Baden, Würtemberg, the two Hesses, Nassau, &c., met together in 1818 to agree upon a constitution for the Catholic Church, which should offer a guarantee to the State that it should be national, and then make treaties with Rome. It was too late. Pius VII. had been reinstated in the possession of the States of the Church by the Allies, who were enthusiastic for restoration, and had abolished everything established by the French *régime* not tending to central-

ization ; he had reinstated the Jesuits, as props of the Papal power. Reaction gained the day in Austria and Prussia ; the distress, having vanished, was forgotten, and the spectre of revolution was beheld in every expression of liberal ideas ; the support of authority was held to be the mission of the State, and for this the Church seemed to be the very institution. The Pope was looked upon as the personification of authority, who, by recognizing the new order of things, would legalize it, and make it seem good in the eyes of Catholic subjects.

In 1817 Bavaria concluded a Concordat with the Pope, whereby extensive rights were granted to the King—appointment of the eight bishops and right of presentation to all benefices previously in the gift of secularized ecclesiastical corporations. By a law published at the same time as the concordat, the rights of the State in relation to those of the Church were defined, particularly the *placet* and the *recursus ab abuso*. Prussia and Hanover negotiated direct with the Pope. Although it did not come to concordats, *bullæ circumscriptiones* were issued, based on treaties, determining the number, boundaries, and dotations of bishoprics, chapters, the presentations to both, &c. Rome took advantage of the opportunity ; bluntly rejected the advances of the other allied Governments, and attained her end. The Freiherr von Wessenberg, whom the Pope would not recognize as administrator of Constance, was deposed, and the ecclesiastical provinces of the Upper Rhine contented themselves with a bull, creating one archbishopric—Freiburg—and four bishoprics : Rottenburg, in Würtemberg ; Fulda, in Hesse-Cassel ; Mainz, in Hesse-Darmstadt ; Limburg, in Nassau. Within the present German Empire (not including Alsace-Lorraine) there were in 1803 twenty-five Catholic archbishoprics and bishoprics, of which two, however, Fulda and Chiemsee, were very insignificant. Twenty-three had been founded by the united Governments. The Church had not suffered therefore, and Rome had won a great victory.

The episcopate of the former German Empire had been aiming for centuries to maintain its independence against the Curia ; this is shown by the struggle

against the encroachment of the Nuncios, the Congress of Ems (1786), the liberal tendencies of the universities at Mainz, Trèves, Bonn, &c. Now, however, everything was settled between the Pope and the Governments without even consulting the still-existing bishops, the clergy, or the people. *The Pope was thus practically and legally recognized as absolute ruler of the Church, the Curial system had achieved a complete victory.* The ancient chapters, in spite of all their weakness from an ecclesiastical point of view, since they were mostly open only to the nobles, and were provisions for younger sons, from their being States of the Empire, and the large rights they possessed, had an independent position in relation to the bishops. By the new bulls, the right of presentation to all canonries, and to the prebends in Prussia falling vacant in the chapters in the uneven months, January, March, &c., belonging to the King, only the nominee received the *provisio* from the Pope ; those falling vacant in the even months belonged to the bishops. In Bavaria the Pope nominated the provosts, the King the deans, and to the posts falling vacant during the uneven months the bishops appointed all vicars, and the canons during three even months, and during the other three the chapter. In Hanover and the ecclesiastical provinces of the Upper Rhine all the appointments were made by the bishops and chapters alternately. In Bavaria, Hanover, and the Upper Rhenish Provinces, the State had the power of rejecting obnoxious candidates. All bishops, except in Bavaria, were elected by the chapter. But while the Governments had an ostensible guarantee in the right of excluding *personæ minus grata*, which led to a great many contests, the power of the Pope was really unlimited. How he exercised it is shown by the non-confirmation of Professor Schmidt for Mainz, and repeated refusals in Bavaria. The result was, that no one could be made a bishop unless he was acceptable to the Curia, no one a canon who was not acceptable to the bishop. Thus it came about that, with very few exceptions, the episcopate became thoroughly Ultramontane. The very earliest appointments show that no liberal candidate had a chance—mere ciphers were

erred. And if at first men like the
nt Von Spiegel were admitted at
ne, it was only because they did not
ure to show their true colors at once.

German Catholic chapters became,
act, the seats of Ultramontanism.

he Curial system rapidly gained
ind. It had contented itself with
iding bishoprics and chapters, but no
ision was made for administering
n even in accordance with the canon

or for establishing any system of
ipline, which was all the more needed
use most of the diocesans were with-
any experience. Thus a purely ar-
ary rule arose; everything was de-
ndent on the will or favor of the
op, he had only to stand well with
ne to rule as he pleased in his dio-
e. For instance, it was a general
om to make appointments to bene-
years in advance, provisionally or
cably (*ab conditione revocabilitatis*);
ere was a patron, his consent was
ed. The clergy could but play the
of obedient servants. No synod
erving the name has been held in any
man diocese during the nineteenth
ury. The object of the Provincial
ncil held at Cologne in 1860 was to
firm the Romish theories.

was supposed that all that had been
lected in internal administration,
ld be effected by State legislation.
reviewing the ecclesiastical policy in
the States of Germany, from 1803,
1815 to 1848, it is inconceivable how
ernments could be so short-sighted.
ught to have been clearly perceived
it would not do to confer on the
holic Church the rights possessed by

Protestant rulers as head bishops,
he Protestant Church, which resulted
n the peculiar course the Reforma-
took in Germany. It was quite in-
issible in States which had for the
st part only recently acquired their
holic territories, in which religious
ality existed, and which had made
ties with the Pope. True political
icity would have led to the practice
ettling all claims by the laws of the
e, to which the State, in virtue of its
reignty, and having regard to the
order of things, had a right, and it
uld have enforced it without interfer-
in the internal ecclesiastical admin-

istration. But the course pursued was
entirely different. Without considering
that Gallicanism and the system of Joseph
II. were based upon the theory that the
Catholic king must protect the Catholic
Church as the only true one, and had a
natural right to care for it, to reform
abuses, &c., they began to adopt them,
because they drew the false conclusion
that Protestant rulers might at any rate
allow themselves what had not been
thought wrong by Catholic sovereigns.
Thus it happened that some new laws
were enacted, like the ordinance of 30th
January, 1830, for the Upper Rhenish
ecclesiastical provinces, and the old ones
were partly retained. Out of this a pe-
culiar state of things arose. Presenta-
tion to livings depended on State favor,
an oath of allegiance was generally re-
quired as in the case of officials; relations
with the Pope, the decrees of the bish-
ops to the clergy and their parishioners
were dependent on the *placet*; for synods
a permit from the Government and the
advice of a Government Commissary
were necessary; theological studies, ex-
aminations, candidature for benefices,
were all under regulation; regress to
the sovereign of an ecclesiastical office on
account of abuse was permitted, the re-
ligious training of the children of mixed
marriages was regulated by the State, &c.
Every restriction which the Government
thought necessary in its own interests to
impose on the bishops, who were abso-
lute within their own sphere, could not
fail to be regarded as a curtailment of
ecclesiastical liberty.

It is preposterous to appeal, as has
been, and still is done, to Bavaria and
Austria, where, especially in the latter,
far greater restrictions prevailed. Both
states were regarded by Rome and the
Catholics as Catholic. In Austria in
spite of the laws of Joseph II. the clergy
ruled the day; the bishops held the first
position in the State, were "Excellen-
cies," were decorated with grand crosses,
richly endowed, treated with the highest
distinction; they were all the more ready
to bow to the Catholic Emperor, because
with very few exceptions they had always
been subjects. And, what is the main
point, things had remained on the same
footing as before, or were for the most
part improved. In Bavaria also the case

was different; the reigning house was Catholic, and the people soon forgot the previous state of things.

In the rest of Germany, particularly in Prussia, circumstances were very different. The Catholic provinces, Westphalia and Rhineland, had been for the most part, up to 1808, under spiritual princes. Members of the noble Catholic families had for centuries held bishoprics, offices in the chapters, had been at the head of the administration, and, to a great extent, they owed their wealth to the Church. This glory had all at once departed. The old fashion of making things pleasant had been replaced by the rigid Prussian rule, which demanded stringent order in all things. There were whole districts exclusively Catholic, with the exception of a few Jews. Altered rule, new laws, heavier taxes, diminished autonomy, and many other things, doubtless produced contumacious subjects. The true statesman-like policy would have been to gain over the population as far as possible, and particularly to fill all important offices, or those which brought the holders of them into direct contact with the people, and therefore influenced public opinion, with natives of the district, and, if this could not be done all at once, to use every effort to find them. But what happened? In the old provinces of Brandenburg, Pomerania, Prussia, &c., there is a numerous landed gentry, whose members are addicted to the military career and the service of the State. Up to the latest decades and partly still, from the preponderance of agricultural pursuits in these districts, a relatively far larger number of young men from them devoted themselves to study, particularly to the law and the official career, than from the western provinces. It would be very rash to conclude from this, however, that the natives of Westphalia or the Rhenish provinces are at all behind those of the eastern provinces in mental endowments. Suspicion was immediately aroused. It was supposed by the authorities that no trustworthy servants would be found in the new provinces. A singular state of things was the result. Protestant officials in all influential posts became the rule. Provincial and governmental chiefs, head magistrates, &c., were all Protestants. The Rhenish prov-

inces had not one, Westphalia only one Catholic President; from 1815 to the present time scarcely half-a-dozen Catholic ministers have been chosen; the number of counsellors in the government, the superior courts, &c., has never been anything like in proportion to the adherents of the two creeds among the population. The appointment of Protestant officials in Catholic districts, in courts of justice, &c., was, up to 1840, almost carried out as a system; an immense majority of officials of all grades were Protestants. It was carried so far that a vast number of Protestant *gens-d'armes*, apparitors, and other sub-officials, who have to be chosen from disabled soldiers, were brought from the eastern provinces to Westphalia. This system, which has been described because a knowledge of it is necessary to an understanding of the course of events, had three important consequences.

Firstly, In purely Catholic districts it gave rise nearly everywhere to small Protestant communities, which, by State aid or other means, were as soon as possible made into parishes, provided with churches, &c. The laws relating to the children of mixed marriages demanded this, because they were obliged eventually to adopt the religion of the father. The clergy persuaded the people that the Government intended to convert the country to Protestantism. The circumstance that, in many cases, going over to Protestantism opened the way to a career, and *vice versa*, produced a great effect. It cannot be denied that while in official circles Radicalism was the prevailing system, the Government was actuated by the narrowest creed. This was adduced as evidence that it was intended to suppress the Catholic religion.

Secondly, There arose a general idea among the Catholics that the higher offices in the State were closed to them. This explains why the numbers of them seeking offices under Government diminished. If this was represented to the Government, the reply was, We cannot appoint them, because there are no applicants. Again a peculiar evil was the result. It is a fact that those Catholics were advanced who notoriously cared little for their religion, particularly those who had Protestant wives, and allowed their children

ought up as Protestants. It is but true, that in many places Catholic populace, and even the educators, regarded the Catholic Government officials with suspicion. How this was carried is shown by the fact that Cardinal Geissel once said to me, "would you have? He is an official *must*" (do so and so). I heard the same thing from Bishop Dreyer, but in the more racy dialect. Both referred to the individual, the Director of the department of the Ministry of Education, of whom I heard complaints in his hand that the bishops themselves did not trust him. As a result of these things, we find that the officials who wished to pass for Catholics paraded it ostentatiously, instead of considering the fulfilment of their official duties and the advantage of the interests of the State. Their chief business, felt themselves bound upon to protect those of the

All information turned to against the Government came from Catholics, and, at the present time, the Ultramontane press receives early notice of confidential orders. The Ultramontane Catholics, on the other hand, took pains to show their indifference and suspicious of those devoted to the Church, and sought to hinder its advancement. In short, a sectarianism was introduced into the Government, the greatest misfortune that happened for Prussia, for it caused a gulf between the law and its execution.

Throughout Germany all Catholics felt themselves set aside by Protestant rulers, and formed, on various grounds, a secret union. This was mainly directed against Prussia, which they regarded as the chief and champion of Protestantism. The malcontents were the nobility, the Catholic landholders who did not get any influence in places, military or political, Catholic officials who felt themselves neglected. On the Protestant side who were dissatisfied with the recent events in the Church-Union, the official philosophical system, and the cause or remained passive, thereby strengthening the power of

the opposition. The political aim of the Catholics was to enhance the power of Austria, the Catholic State; the exclusive tendency of the Church came to be in opposition to the Reformation and Prussia. With 1828, when the University of Landshut was transferred to Munich, the systematic Ultramontane movement begins. The soul of it was Joseph Görres, who had been expelled from Prussia. He combated Prussia and Protestantism with all the power of satire and his unequalled command of language both in speaking and writing. This man, whom Napoleon I. called a "cinquième puissance," has fearfully avenged his wrongs—now that his heirs have gained their lawsuit for recovery of the salary for the post he was deprived of, one may say so. The magnates of Catholic theology at Munich—Möhler, Sailer, Döllinger, Windischman, Reithmayer, Permaneder; the lawyers, Phillips and Von Moy; the philologists, Von Lasaulx, &c., flocked round him. The old and the new leaders—Von Ketteler, Melchers, Moufang, &c.—studied at Munich. The aim of a number of writings, on which space forbids us to enlarge, was to declare war upon Prussia and Protestantism, and they made capital out of the treatment of the Catholics, mixing up the false with the true, the legislation about mixed marriages, and the affairs of the Church, in a way only too well adapted to mislead the Catholics and to lessen their patriotism. While the censorship of the press prevented the publication, and the police the open distribution, of the most dangerous of these writings, they were all the more eagerly circulated in private, and the opinion naturally gained ground that things were just as was represented.

To these circumstances an important political factor was added. After 1833 Prussia had begun to establish a union, based on material interests, between the States of North and South Germany, by means of the Zollverein. This excited the political enmity of the foes of Prussia all the more, as they could not keep out of it without loss of material prosperity.

Finally, there is one more circumstance to be mentioned, which has become the most important for the growth of Ultramontaniam in Prussia. As we

As shown, the Catholic population was only represented by a minimum of higher officials, even in Catholic districts. The office of Landrath had been introduced into every province. This personage is chief officer of State in every district (*Kreis*); until quite lately, the police, taxation, the control of military and industrial affairs, were in his hands. Persons were always chosen as Landrath who had a knight's manor (*Rittergut*) in the district. For this reason, in Catholic districts, the office was generally conferred on noble Catholic proprietors, because these manors were all in their hands. It followed that the most important administrative functions were to a great extent in the hands of malcontents. If a person who did not belong to the nobility was Landrath, he had to stand well with the nobles in order to enjoy a good social position, and to be able to exercise the functions which, up to 1848, had mostly only belonged to the holders of large estates; he was almost compelled to maintain a passive and lenient attitude towards Ultramontaniam. The schools were, up till the last few years, with fewer and fewer exceptions, divided into Catholic and Protestant; the teachers belonging to the one or the other respectively. They were trained at seminaries, which were not only Catholic or Protestant, but the Catholic ones were and still are under the direction of the clergy. The office of schoolmaster, being badly paid, attracted almost exclusively young people from the poorer classes. In the Catholic districts, nearly all over the country, the schoolmaster was also organist or sacristan, or both, and often derived the larger part of his income from these offices. The schoolmaster, from his station in life, looked upon the clergyman as entitled to the highest respect; he had been taught by his training, which was also dependent on him, to act according to his orders; and his dependence was confirmed by the system of school inspection. This was performed in every district by one or more of the clergy appointed by the Government, while the inspection of the schools in their parishes was the office of every clergyman. The schoolmaster and clergyman were up to 1848, and are so even now, the natural advisers of the

countryman; with them the doctor had to be on good terms in order that they might act together. The Government was made acquainted with the state of things by the reports of the Landraths and the school inspectors. It must be borne in mind also, that according to rule in Prussia up to 1840, the one magistrate, the doctor in most places, had no one but the clergyman to associate with. But the clergyman everywhere is on good terms with the nobility; in very many places, the noble landowner is patron as well as founder of the living; the noble is on good terms with the bishops. The local authorities, the burgomaster and officials, were either elected by the parishioners or were appointed by Government. If they were not on good terms with the clergy, their places were made too hot for them. The people, unfortunately, almost everywhere, still look upon an official as a troublesome restraint. When all these things are considered, it will be perceived that in most parishes, all influence was in the hands of the clergy and through them in those of the bishops. The Government had no idea of the real state of things. If, in spite of all, things went well up to 1848, that was owing to another circumstance. The generation of the clergy who have died out within the last twenty years, had been educated in times when Ultramontaniam had gained no footing in Germany. Those now over sixty years of age have been trained in the same school, but it has been quite different since 1837.

The imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne, Clemens August Baron von Droste, is justly regarded by the Ultramontanes as the beginning of a new era. It was a violent measure, and estranged all the clergy except those who, from their leaning to the philosophy of Hermes, were unfavorable to the archbishop. All the Catholic nobility of the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia were related to him by blood or marriage, in consequence of marriages taking place exclusively between persons of equal birth; and, feeling that a blow had been struck at themselves by what had befallen him, they took his part. In Bavaria, the Papal decrees and memorials were immediately translated, and George Phillips, Farke, and Guido Görres, son

seph Görres, established a religious newspaper, the *Historisch-Politischen Blättern*, which from the first has chiefly taken in by the clergy, and, frequently, is inimical to Prussia and national development of which she is representative.

Then came the accession of Frederick IV., June 7, 1840. He was an actual, highly cultivated man, imbrued with romantic ideas, and he saw Roman Catholic religion an institution whose forms were attractive to the masses and whose principle of authority appealed to him the firmest support of the State. He aimed at gaining the favor of the Catholics,—a most justifiable end, if the means had been adapted to the end.

He thought he had gained over the people, when he had secured the favor of the clergy and the nobles. He succeeded both as long as he lived, and the consequences to the State we have just touched upon. He ingratiated himself with the nobles by elevating a number of the heads of baronial families to the rank of Counts, and by giving the dignity of Chamberlain on to another in nearly every family. He gained favor with the clergy to still greater extent. He gave stridence to his endeavor to do so by giving the Ultramontane Count Brühl ambassador to the Pope, by releasing the Archbishop of Cologne (who, as I witnessed in several places, celebrated a real triumphant progress), by appointing as his coadjutor and successor, afterwards Cardinal, in connection with Rome, by fully rehabilitating the Archbishop, by releasing Von Arnim, Archbishop of Gnesen in Posen, by the abolition of the *placet*, by the establishment of a special Catholic department in the Ministry of Worship, by giving way on the question of the appointment of bishops, and by aiding the construction of Cologne Cathedral, to which ever since 1842, the State has largely contributed £7,500. The concessions to the State were tragic.

Ultramontanes were delighted, flattered the King; but in all this they only saw evidence of their own power and the fear with which it inspired the Government, and so they proceeded to extend the Catholic power in every direction. The Catholic depart-

ment of the Ministry of Worship felt itself called upon to promote, not the interests of the State, but those of the Church. It was a strange spectacle. A department of State which asks the bishop what will be agreeable to him, and whose members send reports to the Papal Nuncios! Their influence extended to everything which depends on the administration. The appointment of their own counsellors, and those for the education department in the Government and the provinces, the directors and masters of all the Catholic gymnasia, the selection of candidates for offices in the Cathedral chapters which were nominated by the King, and of the professors of Catholic theology, &c., all depended on their influence. Year by year in all matters of education it became more and more necessary to be a "good Catholic." Those who were not so pretended to be. The year 1848 first revealed the power of the clergy. Numbers of them, bishops, deans, &c., were elected to sit in the Frankfort Parliament and the Prussian National Assembly, and from the districts which were mainly Catholic, only decided Catholics were sent; in the Rhenish provinces, even Ernst Moritz Arndt was defeated by an ecclesiastic. With few exceptions, the Catholics held together; they refrained from voting when the King of Prussia was made German Emperor. They and the Liberal theologians, both at Frankfort and Berlin, carried the vote permitting the Church to administer her own affairs. While a reaction took place in the Government party as soon as the panic was over, the Catholics gave the Church the reins, and she plumed herself on having saved the State. The German bishops held a meeting at Würzburg in October, 1858, addressed a memorial to the Government and a pastoral letter to the faithful, and the Prussians and Bavarians followed suit. What was demanded was pretty much the abolition of all control of the Church. In Bavaria some concessions were made, in Prussia everything was conceded. All Government control came to an end. The appointment of the clergy, their deposition, the administration and alienation of Church property, all the clerical education system, was put completely into the power of the bishops. The right of

association was taken advantage of to found convents, orders, and fraternities. In 1848 there were in Prussia only a few convents for mendicants and nuns, and a few orders for nursing the sick; by the end of 1871, there were thirteen orders and fraternities for men, and thirty-five for women, having 626 institutions, and 5,586 members. The number had increased by 1,800 between 1865 and 1871. In some towns elementary instruction was entirely in their hands, and higher instruction for Catholic girls everywhere. Numberless church societies and brotherhoods in the elementary schools included the mass of the population. The Borromaeus-Verein, for the circulation of Catholic books, which had the privilege of free carriage, numbered in 1869 51,000 members, the contributions amounted to £7,500, and it had 1,370 libraries. The Bonifacius-Verein, for the erection and maintenance of Catholic churches in Protestant neighborhoods, collected £3,000 annually in the diocese of Cologne, from 1863 to 1872; in the same diocese in four years £13,050 were collected for the Pope on special occasions, and £100,000 from 1861 to 1873 by St. Michael's Brotherhood; from 1868 to 1873 £9,600 were collected in alms in Lent to be dispensed in the diocese.

While the people were thus preyed upon by the clergy, the clergy themselves were receiving an entirely new training. Men who had been brought up in the Collegium Germanicum at Rome gave the tone everywhere; seminaries for boys were established in every diocese, from which the majority of the clergy went forth, and the right spirit was then infused into them in their clerical seminaries,—the spirit of contempt for everything that did not originate with the Church, of over-estimating the clergy, of enmity to everything national and belonging to the State. The greatest oppression was exercised from Rome, all intellectual freedom was suppressed. If a professor of theology at a national university became suspected by the bishop, he prohibited him from teaching, and the Government consented. The elementary schools fell entirely into the hands of the Church.

In Baden, Württemberg, and Hesse things were a little different. In the two

former concordats had been entered into with the Curia on the Austrian model, which were again abolished on account of the opposition of the Parliaments; they then guarded themselves by legislation. In the two others the reactionary tendency led to a union with the bishops, which introduced a state of things similar to that in Prussia.

After 1848 a political and internal Ultramontane movement went hand-in-hand. In the Prussian Chamber a "Catholic faction" was formed, who, ever since 1852, have been trying to show, by motions, speeches, and writings, how the Catholic Church is everywhere repressed. It was just the same in the other German States. The year 1860 seemed to the Ultramontanes a fitting time for the realization of their plans. Having ensnared the greater part of the population by means of orders, fraternities, and societies, and having got trade into its power by means of the Catholic workingmen's unions, the object now was to convert general society, learning, the press, and capital to Catholicism. The establishment of the "Catholic casinos," which are the centres of the political and clerical agitation, originated at Mainz, where the Freiherr Von Ketteler held sway. There are places in the Rhenish provinces where the Catholics were not able to provide for their schools, though money enough could be found for building institutions and the restoration of splendid churches. At the General Assembly at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1862, Canon Moufang called the Government schools "institutions of the devil," and the establishment of a Catholic university was determined on. When the Catholic *savans* held a meeting at Munich in 1863, under Döllinger's presidency, the Curia interfered and made further action impossible. The well-known Langrad-Damonceau, the workman made into a Papal count, found tools in Germany, from Prince Taxis to many of the clergy, for his scheme of converting capital to Catholicism, which, however, turned out a miserable *fiasco*. When the "Deutsche Nationalverein" was established, which inscribed on its banners the unity of Germany under Prussian lead, all the Ultramontane party, whether Particularist or Austrian, joined together in the "Gross-

deutsche-Verein." But the German Diet at Frankfort, in 1863, collapsed; the war of 1866 hurled Austria out of Germany and placed Prussia at her head. It was now necessary to draw still closer together. In September, 1869, the bishops met at Fulda, and adopted resolutions—one of which was proposed by De Luca, the Nuncio at Mainz, whose plan has been in the main adopted—to unite Germany by a network of newspapers under the guidance of the bishops. It has been denied that this scheme has been carried out, but the result speaks for itself. Another resolution contains in reality the adoption of the Curial system of theological training.

When the power of Ultramontanism had reached this height, the Vatican Council assembled. This is not the place to go into the subject; it may be premised as well known that, by the Fulda Pastoral Letter of 1869, the German bishops threw dust in the eyes of the German people, that most of them were violent opponents of Papal Infallibility and afterwards submitted. What we are here concerned with is, to find out how the present state of things became possible.

When it is considered that perpetual attempts have been made, for the last fifty years, to make Germany a domain of the Curia, that everything had been done to make Jesuitical principles the standard of action from childhood to old age, that in the largest State of Germany the clergy, with the connivance of the Government, had had everything their own way, and that notwithstanding all this, opposition to the projected new dogmas by the clergy, the laity, and even in the strict Catholic press, may be said to have been universal, it must be admitted that even the worst system takes a long time to produce an effect in Germany. But on the other hand, it will be asked with astonishment, how has it come to pass that, in the course of a few years, the whole mass of the clergy and laity have not only given up their opposition, but have accepted the new doctrines, become fanatical partisans of the same Pope whom they once regarded as the destroyer of the Church, and blind followers of the bishops who now teach as dogmas what, on July 17, 1870, they called lies, and the work of man's wis-

dom? The answer is not difficult to find. It lies in two things—in the effect of the Jesuitical system, and the conduct of the Governments, which is the result of previous mismanagement, and of a false system which is still upheld.

There is no doubt whatever that thousands of the clergy, and most of their parishioners, were opposed to Infallibility and Papal supremacy; most important German Catholic newspapers, the *Kölnische Blätter* (now an Ultramontane popular paper) and the *Wiener Volksfreund* were against it, and, with very few exceptions, the theological faculties were opposed to it. On July 18, 1870, the new dogma was proclaimed. What was to be done when a bishop adopted it? In Prussia, since 1850, the clergy had no rights as opposed to the bishops; a stroke of the pen could deprive any one of them of his office and living. When men like Paul Melchers, then Archbishop of Cologne, and Konrad Martin, of Paderborn, proclaimed the new dogma, it was certain that they would act relentlessly towards the clergy who resisted. If a clergyman did not yield, if, when deposed, he did not leave his house and church, Government was asked to turn him out. Up to that time numbers of the clergy had told their parishioners that the new dogma was impossible. The Coblenz address to the laity, the press, the Pastoral Letter from Fulda, of September, 1869, had inspired the belief and hope that Infallibility would not be made into a dogma. After it had been done, the course of things depended on the action of the Church itself. The Infallibility of the Pope had never been taught to the people in Germany; they were wholly ignorant of it, as most of the bishops themselves stated at Rome. If a parish priest remained passive, or declared against the new dogma, he was sure to be backed by his congregation, or the educated part of it. He was the only organ by means of which the Church could gain over the people. Although the clergy who had been trained since 1850 were, as a result of their education, for the most part Ultramontane, the great majority of those over forty-five were not so. Had the bishops recognized the fact that they could not reckon upon these, they would not have attempted to proclaim the new

dogma, or, at any rate, to introduce it by force. But if the clergy were to stand firm, they must be assured that the bishop had no power to turn them out and deprive them of their bread. Now there was no law in Prussia by which the Government was bound, under all circumstances, to enforce every episcopal enactment; on the contrary, the co-operation of the Government in such cases was not regulated by any law. It was, of course, competent for the Government to examine into each particular case, to see whether it could comply with the application of a bishop to enforce his orders. If it did not comply, the bishop could try his cause in the law courts. In the case of Baltzer, Professor of Theology at Breslau, whom the bishop, acting on instructions from Rome, had forbidden to teach and ordered to resign his office, they had already learned that the Disciplinary Courts had acquitted him. No court would have pronounced the new dogma a ground for dismissal from office. But if a question of dismissal was brought before the courts, the Government could legally raise the question of jurisdiction, that is, declare that it was not a legal but an administrative matter. The courts for deciding these questions of jurisdiction would be sure to decide in favor of the Government, because it was very easy to prove that the bishop required from the clergyman a denial of fundamental Catholic doctrines, and that the recognized Catholic Church in Prussia knew nothing of an infallible Pope. Thus the Government had the simplest means in its power; *it had only to declare by a rescript of the Minister of Worship, to the district Governments and Landraths, that the concurrence of the State for the dismissal of clergy who would not acknowledge the Infallibility and Supreme Authority of the Pope would not be given.* All the clergy would thus have been secured in possession of their livings. But, instead of this, what took place? Dr. Kraetzig, director of the Catholic department of the Ministry of Worship, a Curialist to the backbone, a rigid bureaucrat, who had no higher aim than to strengthen the hierarchy, at once assured the Archbishop of Cologne of the entire support of the Government. Thus secured, he proceeded against the ecclesiastical profes-

sors at Bonn (who were known to have taken part in the Conference at Nuremberg, or, at any rate, rejected Infallibility). I then published, anonymously, the brochure "The Proceedings of the Archbishop of Cologne against the Professors at Bonn" (Bonn, 1871); the Minister von Mühler was induced by it to decline the proposal of the Archbishop to suspend the professors. But nothing further was done. They had made their calculations well at Rome. The proclamation of the dogma collapsed with the declaration of war against Prussia by Napoleon III., which was known at Rome beforehand. Although the hopes of the Curia for the victory of the French were so utterly overthrown, it had not been mistaken in the calculation that the war would fully occupy the Government, and leave it no time to concern itself about ecclesiastical affairs. The Minister of Worship could of course have done so. But he, more than any of his predecessors, had allowed the hierarchy full sway. And if he had been inclined to offer any opposition, he found an obstacle in the authorities who should have supported him, and he was not a man of much energy. Rarely has it been more strikingly shown that it is most fatal in critical times to have at the head of important ministerial departments persons who in ordinary times could have exercised its functions after the traditional pattern, but who are no statesmen. Whether an attempt was made to inform Prince Bismarck of the state of affairs when he was in France, whether it was not thought well to bring on a contest at home during the war, I cannot say. The preliminary treaty of peace of 1st March, 1871, opened the way. The Ultramontanes considered themselves masters of the situation; they demanded from the new German Diet an intervention in favor of Papal supremacy. Although this was rejected, they went on all the more recklessly. The excommunication of Döllinger, of the Bonn professors, &c., the pressure put upon the clergy in a number of dioceses, the refusal of the sacraments to those who signed addresses to Döllinger and protests against the new dogma, the establishment of new organs of the press of the purest Ultramontanism, the issue of pastoral letters by the German and

Bavarian bishops, the only bishops who, by sophisms and misrepresentations, had held up the new dogma to the people as having always been believed, the assistance of the Jesuits in the pulpit and the confessional, the influence over young people in schools, especially girls' schools,—in short, all the machinery of Ultramontanism had developed an incredible activity. The pestilential effect of the Jesuit system came very clearly to light; it annihilates true morality, conviction, character, and honor, sees no merit in anything but blind obedience, and only regards religion and the Church as means for the attainment of political ends. When a clergyman did not submit, and it was hoped to gain over his congregation to the other side, it was prepared by intrigues; when there was no hope of this, he was ignored.

Loud and ceaseless warnings were uttered in many quarters; it was shown that the passivity of the Governments must make the clergy the powerless tools of the bishops and of Rome, so soon as the masses were gained over and alienated. In my "Memorial on the Relations of the State to the Dogmas of the Papal Constitution of 18th July, 1870" (Prague, 1871), which I sent in July, 1871, to the Ministers of all the German States where there were many Catholic inhabitants, I called attention to the significance and importance of the new dogma and the Curialism which had been founded upon it. The Governments had a specimen of what it was come to from the tragic instance of Bishop Hefele, who, on 10th April, 1871, to avert the threats of the Curia, had by sophisms come to terms with Infallibility and given the lie to his recent conduct; they could not fail to perceive that the section of the clergy who were not prepared to sacrifice their understandings and consciences was being decimated day by day, and would occasion irreparable loss.

A sound party had, however, been forming among the Catholics themselves. At a meeting at Munich, at Whitsuntide, presided over by Döllinger, thirty-one of the clergy and laity, among them Lord Acton and Sir R. Blennerhasset,* joined in signing a dec-

laration which made a firm stand against the new dogma, and expressed the hope that "under higher guidance the present conflict may be the means of preparing the way for and effecting the long-desired and inevitable reform of ecclesiastical conditions, both as regards the constitution and life of the Church." This pointed out the right path to the Governments. If they had now made a stand, if they had taken the indispensable measures indicated above for the security of the clergy, and if they had at once leant an energetic support to the Old Catholic movement, it would have been still possible to avert the victory of Ultramontanism over the Catholic population. The power still possessed by the Catholic conscience, not then entirely stifled, is shown by the Old Catholic Congress at Munich (22nd and 24th September, 1871), the public meetings of which were attended by 7,000 men, and during which divine service was held in spite of interdict and ban. The Congress passed resolutions in favor of the restoration of regular pastoral care, the application for recognition by the Government as far as it was necessary, the restoration of episcopal jurisdiction on certain proper points. We shall not follow the Old Catholic movement as such further, as it is not our purpose to describe it; but it was necessary to mention it for two reasons. First, because by it the Governments, if they had acted with statesmanlike insight, had the means in their hands of weakening and putting an end to Curialism in the only possible way, *by giving their entire support to a reform movement within the Catholic Church itself, which, although it disclaimed any political object, nevertheless professed to aim at bringing Church and State into unison, and drawing the different creeds nearer together in the hope of re-union.* And, secondly, because it must be clearly seen that the "Kulturkampf" was neither called forth by the Old Catholic movement nor entered upon in order to

formulated before, was adopted as a whole, and it was resolved to append the names of all who agreed to it. No one, not even Sir R. Blennerhasset, who was present, objected. Lord Acton, who happened not to be present at the last sitting, heard at once of the resolution. I myself, who sat next him at the public dinner at the Bairischen Hof, conversed with him on the subject; he did not utter a word of protest.

* Both these have very unjustifiably disavowed their signatures. At the final sitting the declaration, the clauses of which had been

support it. The Old Catholic movement and the Vatican decrees, as such, were not in the least the causes of the present strife. Bavaria declined to recognize Bishop Reinkens as contrary to the constitution, refused the *placet* for the proclamation of the Vatican decrees, but at the same time did not molest the bishops who illegally published them, and made no attempt effectually to uphold the law. The parish priest Renftle was permitted to retain his office, Bishop Reinkens and the Old Catholics were not molested in the exercise of their official functions, the appeals of the Ultramontanians in some towns against the use of the churches by the Old Catholics were rejected, the performance of funeral rites, and tolling the bells for deceased Old Catholics, were enforced; but this was all that was done; the Government itself declared that it could not alter this, but it did not give up any church belonging to the State for joint use.

It is said that the law cannot be upheld with the Ultramontane majority of the Lower House; but in 1871 they neglected to do what would have been a statesmanlike act—to dissolve it, and elect a new one, which would certainly have resulted in a different chamber, for the whole country knew that the King shared Döllinger's views, that he adhered to him in spite of excommunication, and took every opportunity of distinguishing him. The Minister of Worship, Latz, found it more convenient to let things take their course, and only to appeal to the Imperial law of 10th December, 1871, mentioned in the exordium. Württemberg declared that it did not concern itself with the Vatican Constitution, left the bishops alone, and rejoiced in the peace which had made clergy and people Ultramontane, although at Easter, 1871, the great majority were on the other side. Oldenburg and Saxony did nothing. Baden alone was not compelled to take any action, because its population is not Ultramontane, its legislation represses Ultramontanism. By the law of June 15, 1874, it first recognized the Old Catholic communities, allowed them the enjoyment of churches and benefices, and since 1874 the budget has granted them a subsidy. In May, 1877, twenty-six communities had received churches, and fourteen benefices.

Hesse has regulated its relations with them by an act of April, 1875, and joined with Baden in 1873 in recognizing the bishop.

The action of Prussia is, of course, the most important. On July 8, 1871, it abolished the Catholic Department of Worship, its peculiar system of ruling having come to light. As the proceedings of the bishops were getting beyond bounds, the political attitude of the clerical party had become too inimical to the State. The suppression of the German elements in Posen came to be known, the bishops bid defiance to the laws, and the Pope attacked Prussia in the most hostile manner in his allocutions; it was perceived at last that it would not do to let the Ultramontanians have their own way any longer. The minister, Von Mühler, who, as we have shown, resisted the action of the Archbishop of Cologne, and protected Dr. Wollmann, teacher of religion at the gymnasium at Braunsberg, in his office, in spite of excommunication, and had allowed the Old Catholics the first use of a church for divine service at Königshütte (July, 1871), was dismissed in January, 1872. He was succeeded by Dr. Falk. His aim was directed to having a support in the law for every measure. In 1872 he got the law passed relating to school inspection and the Imperial edict against the Jesuits; between 1873 and 1876 the laws followed one after the other mentioned at the beginning of this paper. Except that on the Right of Government Inspection of the Administration of Funds in the Catholic Dioceses (June 7, 1875), those relating to the Administration of Funds in the Catholic Parishes (June 20, 1875), and on the Right of Old Catholic Communities to Church Property (July 4, 1875), were the last. Between January, 1872, and January, 1873, except the two enactments mentioned, nothing had been done, and especially no attitude had been assumed towards the Vatican decrees. This period, however, had been turned to excellent account by the Curia. In reply to a memorial from the Prussian bishops of September 7, 1871, the King had said that the contest would be put an end to by laws, but that every Prussian would be protected in his rights. At the end of October the bishops got up demonstra-

tions of all sorts in favor of the threatened Jesuits. A fresh attempt to be on good terms with Rome was frustrated. Prince Bismarck had proposed Cardinal Hohenlohe to the Pope as ambassador from the German Empire to the Curia, but had to state in the sitting of May 14, that the Pope had declined him. This shows that up to this time there was a hope of coming to terms. If Hohenlohe had been accepted, no doubt more would have been done, but the Pope demanded too much. Next came the passing of the Jesuit law in the Diet (June 19, 1872), and the Imperial assent (July 4); and on the same day a prohibition of religious societies was issued to the gymnasiums and universities by the Prussian Minister of Worship. The Ultramontanes had founded a "Society of German Catholics," the seat of which was at Mainz, and which extended all over Germany; on July 8 the president appealed to the people against the new law, and the hostile attitude of German policy towards the Church; in various places the result was, that popular tumults took place when, in August, the law against the Jesuits was enforced. It was now determined to propose new legislation, and a conference was held in August, to which professors of ecclesiastical law were especially invited. I was not among them, as I was still in Austria. At this conference certain principles were agreed on, which were partly adopted entirely, and partly modified in the bill passed in 1873. After the Bishop of Ermeland had refused to take part in the secular celebration of the union with Prussia at Marienburg in September, the German bishops had declared themselves, in a memorial, determined partisans of the Curia against Germany, and the Bishop of Ermeland had been deprived of his income, a bill was brought in proposing modifications in the constitution, and the use of ecclesiastical discipline and penalties. All hesitation about further delay was put an end to by the Papal allocution of December 23. This was followed by temporary leave of absence to the consul at the Curia, and the introduction of new bills on January 8, 1873. We have previously given a sketch of the substance of the laws from 1873 to 1876, and it need only now be added that it was the Curia and the episcopacy who, by

repeated fresh attacks, and an organized resistance, extending to the lowest grades of the people, as well as by glaring infringements of the law from year to year, brought about the existing state of things. Only three measures of importance have anything to do with the Old Catholic cause—(1) The entry of £2,400 in the budget since 1874 for the bishop, the administration and support of congregations, &c.; (2) the recognition, on June 7, 1873, of the election of Bishop Reinkens (September, 1873); (3) and the law of June 4, 1875.

When we look at this vigorous legislation we cannot avoid asking, How is it that opposition has not been disarmed?—that Ultramontanism, taken all together, has not lessened in extent? We answer simply by adducing the facts, after indicating the maxims by which, as it seems to us, all political action of this sort should be guided.

The system of Ultramontanism is neither merely ecclesiastical nor merely political; it is a social-ecclesiastical-political system. It is too deeply seated by means of teaching in the schools and the pulpit, by influencing the whole of life, to be put an end to by mere legislation. To combat it successfully the people must be emancipated, both politically and civilly, from the Ultramontane clergy; the inferior clergy must be secured from the arbitrary proceedings of the superior; and, above all, the possibility of satisfying religious requirements without submission to Curial oppression, implying, of course, as this has not been possible within the Romish Church since 1870 without surrender of individual liberty of conscience, the reform of the Church from within. For the two former points the State can provide by means of legislation, and can conduce to the latter by assisting it in every way in its power. Its rule of action should be to act at the right moment effectively, with firmness and consistency, and not to overshoot the mark. If these principles are kept in view, we shall have a criterion for forming a judgment of what has taken place.

The registration of births, deaths, and marriages had been in Prussia and the greater part of Germany in the hands of the clergy. In Prussia, by the Act of March, 1874, which came into force in

October, and in the rest of Germany in February, 1875, civil marriage was introduced, and civil registration. The Ultramontane clergy had had four years to make baptisms, marriages, and the funeral rites of the Church dependent on the submission of the parties concerned to the Vatican: those who did not submit exposed themselves to such wearisome disputes that ninety-nine out of a hundred preferred submission. When the Act came in force it was too late for it to produce any speedy effect. If it be said that in France and the parts of Germany where French law prevails, in spite of civil marriage, &c., Ultramontanism flourishes, that is not to the purpose. At one time, in the other districts, all those could have been secured against coercion who did not wish to "sacrifice their understandings;" then it must be remembered that on all other points which might be raised, the state of things was the same everywhere. But strengthening opposition in the other districts would have a reflex action on the Rhenish provinces. The schools in Prussia were in the hands of the clergy; an Act was passed about school inspection in 1872, but it was not in force until Government inspectors were appointed in lieu of the parochial clergy in 1874 and the following years. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Old Catholic parents, for instance, could withdraw their children from Ultramontane religious teaching in the national schools, gymnasiums, &c. Even to this day, the Old Catholic clergyman, who is appointed by the bishop to give religious instruction in schools, is not permitted to undertake the final examination and to give a certificate; the Government still employs only Roman Catholic—*i.e.*, Ultramontane—teachers of religion in the Government schools. It is only since 1874 that pupils have not been compelled to join in processions, &c.

The Protestant Church had not been in opposition to the Government, because, almost everywhere, the Sovereign is its head bishop. Nevertheless, it was included in the legislation of 1873, though limitations and special enactments had to be made, and even in 1874 special enactments also for the Romish Church. This embittered the Protestants, and gave rise to a Protestant op-

position against the laws; and when special regulations were made for the Catholics, it gave them a handle for complaints about unfair treatment. The clergy had been helpless from 1870 to 1873, and had been everywhere obliged to submit. The congregations were worked upon, the masses had long ago forgotten their former faith, for the new had been daily preached to them as the old. There were indeed during the first few years many communities in which there was a sound remnant, but nowhere in Prussia had they any real representative organ, for whatever did exist in the shape of vestries, or anything of the kind, was nothing but an instrument worked by the bishop. If the Act passed in June, 1875, had been passed in 1873, it would have been in time. By the legislation of 1873 an attempt had been made to secure the clergy in their positions; but as it was prescribed to the bishops to make the appointments to all livings irrevocable, those which were revocable, in the Rhenish dioceses over nine-tenths of them, were put into their power, and there was nothing for them to do but submit. It was not even practically open to them to become Old Catholic. For the Act of July 4, 1875, says: "If a holder of a benefice goes over to the Old Catholic community, he remains in the possession and enjoyment of his benefice." It might easily be foreseen that clergy who had consorted with the Ultramontanes for five years would not, except under very special circumstances, make up their minds to this. For it must be remembered that if they had done so it would mostly not have been possible for them to remain amongst their congregations, which had been undermined by the Ultramontane press, the organs of which had increased tenfold since 1870, by popular assemblies, societies, &c. It is not easy, and demands a character above the common run, to give up a sphere in which you have labored for years, to break with all your acquaintances, and find yourself persecuted and attacked on every hand. The length of time that had elapsed—and in critical periods one year goes for ten in ordinary times—had enabled the Ultramontane party to surround the clergy with the glory of martyrdom. When the law was passed abolishing

State aid, the clergy considered it a matter of honor not to look as if they were to be bought over. The law by which orders and fraternities were dissolved (May, 1875) came too late to be of any use to the generation whom the clergy had taken good care to work upon by these means during the five previous years. While, however, in consequence of the former state of things, during which a vast number of schools had been carried on by ecclesiastical orders, the Government were not in a position to carry out the law immediately, and permitted just those orders entrusted with education to remain in their offices four years longer, it laid itself open to attack. It laid itself still more open by the immediate abolition of the contemplative orders, who had no political importance whatever. No one will dispute that it is difficult to make the common people understand why a person who only reads mass and hears confession should be informed against the Government. Baptism, marriage, consecration of the grave, prayers and masses for the dead, after the notification of births, marriages, and deaths had been taken out of the hands of the clergy, and ecclesiastical marriage previous to civil marriage had been forbidden under penalties, are acts with which the State has nothing to do. The bishops, and the Ultramontane press, which had brought out everything bearing on the subject, old and new, that could be found, had succeeded in spreading the opinion among the people, that the object was to put an end to the Catholic religion. After 1871, efforts were again made in the political sphere. When the attempts of the Ultramontane faction in the Diet to get the German Empire to interfere for the temporal power of the Pope had failed, it became the centre of all tendencies inimical to the State. The party for the restoration of the Hanoverian royal family (the Guelphs, so-called), the Particularists, from Saxony, Bavaria, Württemberg, &c., and the Poles, joined their ranks. Amongst these also were found the opposition on ecclesiastical questions in the Prussian Landtag and Reichstag. The Teutonic order was displayed. Prince Bismarck and all the organs of the Government were attacked. And when, after the fall of Thiers, it

seemed as if the Ultramontane party would get the upper hand in France, the hope was openly expressed that there would soon be a war with France which would give a death-blow to the new empire. In short, the ecclesiastical opposition became a political one, as it was before 1866.

But in order rightly to estimate all this, other points of the highest importance must be considered.

First, the universal suspicion that the Government was not really in earnest in its contest with Ultramontanism. It is a fact that this suspicion did and does exist, even in the Liberal party. It is only necessary to call to mind that at every crisis since 1872, when Prince Bismarck was about to retire, up to the last few months, there has been a panic in the Liberal press, and a reaction has been said to be at hand; every orthodox expression that has fallen from the Emperor, every disapproval of an expression of opinion by some preacher against the divinity of Christ, every deposition or censure of a Protestant clergyman, raises a storm in the papers as if it were an affair of politics. No sooner does an Ultramontane leader utter anything about a *modus vivendi*, or peace with Rome, than people put their heads together, and see harmony with Rome restored in spite of Bismarck's words: "We are not going to Canossa." People remember only too well the harmony that existed between the Ultramontanes and the Government during the struggle previous to 1866, how, at the request of the Government, the bishops ordered the clergy to abstain from voting or to vote for the Government candidates, how the Jesuits were favored, &c. This prevailing want of confidence hampered, in many ways, the efforts of the officials. To add to this, there is the notorious fact that the Ultramontanes enjoy absolute protection for their persons and aims, from circles or personages who are not under the influence of the Ministers. It would be easy to enumerate a number of cases in which Ultramontanes, or their adherents, and especially opponents of the present Church policy, have received marked distinction, while in the opposite case, neglect is shown which has an obstructive influence on carrying out the laws. The laws

do not permit, as in France, the removal of officials opposed to the dominant system; it is not so easy to get at any one who acts circumspectly. In times and circumstances like the present, everything depends on acting promptly, firmly, and consistently. The *laissez-aller* system and delay, for which it is easy to find pretexts, are as bad, and even more dangerous than open opposition. The latter can be put an end to, the former undermines the ground. And yet the Ministers, being personally but little acquainted with the situation, especially in the Catholic districts, and ignorant of the wiles of the Ultramontanes, have to depend on the good-will of the provincial officials.

In the second place, a peculiar species of Catholics has arisen. To any one of ordinary understanding, it is quite obvious that there can be no harmony between the demands of the syllabus and the results of Papal Infallibility and supremacy on the one hand, and the State on the other. It is equally obvious that he who makes no attempt to put his fundamental religious principles in practice, but regards them as nothing but theories, either does not really believe them, or looks upon his attitude towards these things as means to other ends. Now there have always been clergymen, who, in case of reconciliation, look to gain the favor of the infallible Pope as the reward for acknowledging him, and that of the Government as the reward for recognition of its rights and hope to turn both to account as a bridge to a bishopric. If nothing comes between, the calculation is well made, because the appointments to the bishoprics vacant by deposition can only take place by means of direct understanding. Besides this, there are nobles who, in consequence of their exalted position at Court, were formerly made use of as organs of all "Catholic wishes," but who perceived in 1870 that they could not well make head against the Government. Persons of both sorts were to be found among that faction, to which, in Prussia hitherto, the Ministers and the Members of Parliament, before their election legally, and afterwards practically, generally belong: it is a small majority, and is composed of dukes, princes, counts, barons, a few officials

and other persons, who, as love sport, or men of wealth, feel more at home in such company. An idea projected in this circle of getting an address to the Emperor, in which subscribers stated that they were Catholics, and yet conceded to the Government the right of defining the boundaries between the domains of State and the Church. This address, dated 14th June, 1873, which numbered at about 200 signatures, 'mostly from Prussia,' was most graciously acknowledged by the Emperor, in a reply of 22nd July, which was immediately published, and was lauded 'as a great achievement' by the *Provincial Correspondents*, an official papers and organs. They deduced the "significant fact" from the incident that "it is not now a question of eliminating such elements from the bosom of the Catholic Church as do not incline to submit to the Vatican dogma, nor of the controversy between the so-called Old Catholics and the believers in Papal Infallibility," but that "we must resist the assumptions of the Ultramontane party, who, even after the Vatican decrees, professed themselves faithful members of the Catholic Church, some of whom, up to the most recent period, are still recognized and honored at Rome as true followers of the Church, and who are resisting, not the dogma of the Church, but only the mischievous attitude of an ecclesiastical political party." It says further: "Heretofore distinction begins to be made between views entertained within the German Catholic Church." Thus, then, all the world was told that it was highly notorious and acceptable to recognize the Infallible Pope, and, at the same time, to say what was pleasing to the Government. The Ultramontane press, calling the new species of Catholics "Semi-Catholics," showed that they were no longer Romish, and that they were no longer communicated.

When the Pope had issued his famous Encyclical of February 6, 1875, against ecclesiastical laws, ten members of the Prussian House of Representatives sued on the 27th February a still stronger declaration in favor of the Church. The names of those who signed it in the whole kingdom were published, but

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the course of some months the number did not reach 10,000, and the publication of them was stopped as the adherents were so few. These events had three important consequences. The number of independent men, who, in spite of all the difficulties, which it is not easy to explain to people at a distance, chicanery of all sorts, disadvantages, and losses, had joined the Old Catholic party in Prussia by the beginning of 1875, was over 6,000; yet an address which was extolled as a meritorious act, which made it easy to every one to be a good Catholic and at the same time a patriot, and thus provided an excellent method to enable the indifferent not to take up any position in relation to the Church and yet to lay claim to respect, could get in proportion so few signatures, even amongst the officials and all classes, that the Ultramontanes could say with great show of truth: Now you see, since even the official State-Catholicism has turned out a *fiasco*, that the Catholic people are Ultramontane. This gave a force to opposition which can only be mistaken by those who have no comprehension of the popular mind.

The second circumstance is of still more importance: it forthwith became the opinion in all official circles, that what was desired in high quarters was not adhesion to Old Catholicism but to State-Catholicism. Unfortunately this opinion was increased by the fact that a large number of State Catholics have received promotion in the service of the State, while up to the present time, not a single Old Catholic has had any worth making of, nor enjoyed any special distinction. The people were likely enough to entertain the idea, of course an un-

justifiable one, that the State desired to institute an official religion.

The third consequence was the most important of all. The commercial and industrial circles, in short the main part of the population in Germany, so far as the Catholics are concerned, are wholly indifferent. When the Old Catholic bishop was recognized, and the Old Catholic law was proclaimed in February, 1875, the movement had reached a stage which enabled people to join it without having to give up joining in public worship, &c. Events such as those we have described could but have a hampering effect on it, and thus weakened the most effectual and permanent means of opposing Ultramontanism, and which had from the first avoided even the appearance of mixing up religion and politics. The good which has resulted from these events, namely, to show that the Old Catholic cause is not regarded as a political instrument by the Government, and that, as the Government has taken every opportunity of saying, all that has been done for the Old Catholics has been done from a sense of justice, may bear fruit by-and-by.

We do not follow the subject farther, for our purpose has been to show how Ultramontanism has been able to attain the power which it actually possesses in Germany, and particularly in Prussia. An English periodical is scarcely the place for making suggestions. But if a starting point shall be found for them in our representation of the state of things, and it shall be perceived therefrom what ought to be done in the interests of the State and of civilization, we shall be glad to have contributed to this end.—*Contemporary Review*.

ON MUSIC AND MUSICAL CRITICISM.

BY EDMUND GURNEY.

I.

The *Confessions of an Opium-eater* has been remarked with surprise, considering the conspicuous which Music has held both in the ancient and the modern world, are the utterances that can be adduced

on the subject. He was referring to general literature, but the work of specialists in this branch may have struck many of us in a similar way; and now that art-literature is daily increasing, there may be some advantage in probing this experience and trying to determine the *rationale* and scope of musical criti-

cism. I believe that correct views of the nature of music will lead us to the conclusion that De Quincey's observation is far more true than surprising, and that it illustrates, and is illustrated by, other experience. It will be easy in a survey of music's characteristics to interweave remarks on certain past and present views on the subject, and in so doing we shall have the advantage of being enabled to regard it in several different aspects. We shall then have material for a discussion of special musical criticism (as distinct from general views about the art) with regard more particularly to its contemporary aspects; for it is of course in connection with the present and the immediate future that truth and error most concern us.

The central idea in my argument, which will affect its bearing on every detail, is the independent and isolated position of the emotions caused by music; and this I shall try to present both as a deduction and a fact. I feel strongly the general fascination of the ideas of *ἀπουσία* and solidarity, and the consequent force of the *à priori* objection to my view. That music should seem to lose by it in dignity is the result of what to all non-musical and many musical persons is the natural way of regarding the subject, though in the eyes of the former it is surely more likely to suffer through doctrines proceeding from the opposite quarter and scattered up and down musical reviews—as that Beethoven disentangled the confused web of human existence, and that Schumann stated the riddle (of the painful earth) and left the solution to the hearer! Nor, on the other hand, is this independence and uniqueness a thing which devotees who do not disown it can fairly appeal to *per se* as a sign of the loftiness of their art; for the high and the low, the raptures of devotion and the taste of olives, may both affect us in very unique ways. The appeal can only be to experience: when this is rightly interpreted, the incredulous will have no right to look down on impressions as sensuous or trifling, which are declared to be something else by those who show in other ways a capacity of self-analysis; nor again will musicians be reduced by jealousy for the dignity of their art to prop it up by unreal supports and con-

nections; and it is this latter tendency which I am most concerned to resist, inasmuch as music, like many other things, suffers most from its friends. Passing on in strict reliance on experience, I trust to be able to illustrate and support my view of music's nature by considerations respecting its relations to other arts and to society at large as well as to the individual.

The prime element in music is melody, *i.e.*, notes in succession. The succession has two aspects or factors, one of time and one of pitch. The presence of fixed degrees *in time* constitutes rhythm. The pleasure in this extends very far down the scale of creation, the nerve-cells which are affected being probably similar in function throughout the animal kingdom. Whatever be the physiological effect of regularity of stimulation on the nervous system, the resulting pleasure on the subjective side must be accepted as an ultimate fact; as must the converse pain produced from the baulking of expectation by irregularity in stimulations which are sufficiently nearly regular to arrest attention. The pleasure of rhythm has probably been much developed by the enjoyable associations connected with *movement*, which is of course as good a material for it as sound. Rhythm in its outline or skeleton is of a perfectly simple and unchangeable character, and only means the occurrence of sounds or movements at equal intervals of time; but it is capable in music of extreme complexity, through the interspersing between the main accented beats of subordinate sounds and groups, the time-lengths being throughout determined on a graduated scale of subdivision.

The second general principle, that of fixed degrees *in pitch*, has been proved to admit of great varieties of application at various times and places, though all systems have agreed as to the necessity of a separation in some way or other of certain degrees of tone from the range of continuous gradation. In early stages the use of intervals less than a tone has often been avoided: but tones and semi-tones have been the prevailing steps of division in more civilised systems; and the many possible arrangements of these elements in the octave have given way in Europe to the principle of *modern to-*

nality, which, by fixing the order, limits and fixes also the relations between the component degrees of the scale, and refers them to a fixed key-note. The manner of development of our major and minor scales, the feeling for which has become second nature to modern Europeans, has been exhaustively explained by Helmholtz, and their rationality has been amply proved in the works of the modern composers. Much light was thrown on the nature of the intervals by the discovery that on all satisfactory instruments each tone, though apparently simple, is a compound of many tones, a *prime* one and upper ones or *harmonics*. The various relationships between notes, connected with greater or less simplicity in the ratio of their speeds of vibration, involve also their possession of a greater or less number of identical harmonics; and it is important to grasp the startling fact, that our keen feeling of these relationships is due to the presence in the notes of sounds which to most of us never become subjects of independent consciousness. The ear is a marvel of cleverness, equally in its conscious and unconscious operations; and its faculty of appreciating harmonics may be compared to its power of distinguishing the notes of a chord, where it does unassisted what the eye can do with light only through the aid of a prism. These facts make it easier to realise how, when we advance from the rational but wholly unemotional steps of a simple scale to a melody, the effect of the proportions, depending on most subtle and various degrees of affinity, contrast, and distance, may completely baffle analysis, while still intuitively and clearly perceived. Helmholtz says that thirds and sixths are melodically and harmonically the most attractive of intervals, and gives an ingenious explanation in the fact that they lie at the very boundary of those that the ear can grasp, and thus occupy a middle position between the too obviously simple interval of the octave and the interval whose notes have the minimum of intelligible relation. But it is only when the intervals are detached that such terms can be applied. In harmony properly placed discord has an effect as exciting and exquisite as any concord, and a melodic phrase can only be judged as a whole, from which it is as impossible

to pick out special intervals and say they are more attractive than others as to pick out a certain square inch in a beautiful face and say the same of it. The interval and the square inch depend for their beauty and expressiveness on the whole to which they belong, in which every part tells on every other.

But the main reason for the infinite complexity of proportion in the simplest melody is that it is a *resultant* of two quite different proportional processes, of rhythm and of pitch, whose work is at every moment, and through every variety of swing and poise, absolutely interpenetrative: that is, each note-unit, in its place and function, stands to its neighbors in two totally heterogeneous ratios. This character is unaffected by differences in the history and nature of the two factors. The fundamental principle of rhythm, equal measurement, is, as we have seen, common to all music: while a special rhythm may be common to several melodies, the identity being clearly marked and obvious to the ear. On the other hand, the systems supplying the note-material or available pitch-intervals have been many; and confining ourselves to our modern scale-system, it could only be a mere matter of curiosity, in no way capable of striking the ear, if it were ever discovered that some particular series of notes could yield two intelligible melodies by association with two rhythms differing in the position of their main accents. Rhythm, again, when produced in monotone (as on a drum), has a character, though quite a slight and colorless one, of its own; whereas the notes of a tune taken irrespectively of rhythm will be totally meaningless. But for melodic purposes the interdependence of the two factors is entirely mutual: nor is the rhythm* in any sense a framework or mould to be separately appraised, as in some degree the metre of a stanza may be considered the mould for

* It will of course be understood that I am not confining the word 'rhythm' to the mere outline of main accents (double time, triple time, and their varieties), but am using it in its fullest application to the value in time of every note and every rest in a melody, that is, as representing exactly what a melody becomes if we neglect the pitch of the notes. Of a thousand waltzes all written on a common outline (*i.e.*, with three beats in a bar), each in this sense might have a distinct rhythm.

the meaning to be poured into. Melodic rhythm, in relation to the otherwise meaningless succession of sounds, may be better compared to light, revealing itself and objects at one instant of indivisible effect, and depending for its value on that with which it is associated. A proof how indissoluble is the union between the rhythm and the sequence of notes into which it enters may be found in connection with the very fact just noticed—that one rhythm may be common to several melodies, good and bad: for it is only from a melody which *in its total result* strikes us as good that we get the specifically and distinctively *rhythmical* pleasure, shown in an impulse to accompany it with real or imaginary movements: a tune in the same rhythm, if felt to be poor, awakes no similar impulse to march or dance or beat time to it. The perception of any melodic organism as the fixed resultant of the particular *dual* relation of each constituent note is of course a matter of common sensibility, not of analysis. That it admits of great varieties is shown by imaginary resemblances found in melodies where such coincidence as exists is confined to one of the two factors, and the two results are therefore really quite distinct, as well as by the fact that melodies in which some find a strong and enduring charm are pronounced commonplace by others, a criticism especially frequent in cases of obviously catching rhythm. Correctness and dexterity of ear with respect to the material employed in no way implies sympathetic apprehension of the evolved form: and there are expert musicians in whose views about 'transformation of themes,' identifying strains that utterly differ, and replacing simple and infallible art-perception by tortured and unnatural ingenuity, a want of keenness and completeness of melodic sensibility certainly seems to me to be implied.

The resemblances and contrasts between music and architecture are instructive. While the other arts *represent* facts and relations of life and nature, these two *present* abstract forms having no existence external to the unique artistic manifestation. And in judging of the presentation, the ear is annoyed, as with a sense of weakness and wrongness, by the defects in form of a poor and bad melody: it does not get what it wants,

and is in some way baulked, as is the eye by some top-heaviness or want of proper symmetry in an arch or a building; though melody, the resultant (as above described) of two wholly different yet wholly interdependent proportional elements, cannot be fairly compared even to the most elaborate curve, or to any kind of proportion as shown in lines; so that the precise cause of dissatisfaction, usually easily discoverable in architecture, is in music as little present to consciousness as the irregularities of vibration which give to the ear the sensation of harsh sound. Nor is it only in its infinitely greater complexity of proportion that music stands apart: a second difference from visual form lying in the fact that melodic form is presented on a ground of time, not of space, involves the mental process of following and remembering, and the excitement of expectation; and again, with movement is connected a special power of representing intensity and relaxation of effort, this last being perhaps the one element in musical effect which can be to a certain extent detached in consciousness and separately appreciated.* But neither the complexity of proportional relations, nor the interest of following and balancing, nor the elementary sense of varieties of motion, seem to carry with them the re-

* Mr. Haweis's view as to the relations of the elements of a melodic presentation to the emotional experiences of ordinary life is very far from being the happiest thing in *Music and Morals*. The comparison of mental elation and depression to up and down in the scale is wholly arbitrary, and is in fact a mere verbal juggle: does Mr. Haweis really feel elated at the points where a melody ascends, and depressed at those where it descends? Again, his comparison of the sense of velocity in music to rapidity of mental survey and recollection is also, as it seems to me, wholly unreal: for surely it is to ideas of *physical* movement that the emotions connected with musical pace are truly related. With regard to *form* again, to say nothing of the obvious inapplicability of the word to a casual succession of feelings in every-day life, Mr. Haweis's attempted *rapprochement* of the appreciation of a melodic organism to a train of such feelings rests on no parallelism or connection in the *rationale* of coherence for the two series, which have nothing in common except that the items of each follow one another in comprehensible order. A column of Bradshaw presents the same characteristic, and is quite as much to the purpose, as Mr. Haweis's diagram of the 'Bluebells of Scotland.'

quisite explanation of the tremendous emotional power of melody. For this we can only turn to the mighty aid of inherited association. Even in the comparatively simple pleasure of architecture this must play a considerable part: Mr. Darwin has suggested to me that the sense of sublimity excited by a grand cathedral may have some connection with the vague feelings of terror and superstition experienced by our savage ancestors when they entered a great cavern or gloomy forest. But in music, with its wonderfully deep and indescribable emotions, some far-reaching explanation of this kind seems absolutely necessary; and I have explained elsewhere how Mr. Darwin's theory seems to me the only one yet suggested which at once accounts for the facts of music, and rests on a broad ground of evidence. He considers that vocal organs and music were developed in connection with the propagation of species, as causing an ultimate enjoyment to the other sex,* and that a pleasure which was associated with the most exciting passions would be rapidly increased and differentiated. To this may be added that in what powerfully affects the organism through a particular channel there cannot but be an ingredient of unconscious reference to other impressions received through the same channel: so that music will owe some of its effect to the other phenomena of sound, among which speech is pre-eminent. A difficulty may perhaps be found in the application of these views. Admitting that if all music moved us in the same strong and mysterious way they might seem to afford a complete explanation, and even as things are may seem to do so, for the vague and powerful impressions produced by mere successions of beautiful sound, we may fail to trace their connection with the difference between what we think a

good and what we think a bad melody, and with the fact that the one gives us extreme emotional pleasure and the other none at all. For this difference must be bound up with *form*, just like the difference between two pieces of architecture, though entailing, as I have shown, a far more complex sense of proportion and quite beyond the reach of conscious analysis; and it is impossible to suppose that of two modern melodies, each of which involves this infinite complexity, one more than the other resembles any primitive succession of sounds: we might as well say that a beautiful person's expression reminded us more of an ascidian than a plain person's. Why then does one melody reap the benefit of primeval associations more than the other? The answer is, that we must consider the *mental process*, not any stereotyped successions of sounds, as at the root both of the primitive associations and of their present transformed and differentiated emotional result. The melodic satisfaction of our semi-human or savage ancestors depended on some embryonic proportional and rhythmical element not extending perhaps beyond the recurrence of a sound at the moment when expected; but I believe that in the hidden mental processes of the modern musician we have merely an infinitely elaborated and complex development of the same proportional sense; the startling difference not being greater than some which have been indubitably worked by evolution in other mental and moral operations. And if the associations from the various passions were formed of old in connection with the *satisfactory* exercise of a rudimentary faculty, so with the developed faculty it would only be when the mind was *satisfied* by its hidden computational exercise (not where it was balked and worried, as in a bad tune, by proportional defects) that the deep emotions, distilled from these passions through ages of inherited association, would be evoked. The feeling is bound up with the kind of mental act, and finds most various materials: it may to this day be caused to an Asiatic by a succession of notes which is hideous to a European, or (to take a less marked but similar instance) to one European by a succession of notes which is trivial and unmeaning to another European. A rough

* The following observation by W. H. Hudson (in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, June 1876) may be added to the examples in *The Descent of Man*:—'Males and females of many species, in which the sexes are always faithful, sing and scream together in a jubilant manner at intervals during the day. This habit is most marked in the oven-bird (*furnarius*); these stand together facing each other, singing their shrill excited song, all the while beating their outspread wings in time to their notes.'

analogy may be found in the pleasure of watching the movements of an active and beautiful human form. Here, too, the ultimate love of regularity will have given for ages a rudimentary pleasure in mere symmetry of parts, so that, apart from any association, to look at a body with two arms would be pleasanter than to look at a body with one; still the pleasure we feel certainly has a great part of its roots in association which dates back to the primeval woods and the days when bodily strength and activity were prime factors in the struggle for existence. And here again we, with our infinitely developed feeling for form, find the door unlocked to the strong emotions dependent on such association only in cases where our abstract sense of symmetry and proportion is satisfied; a very slight deviation from symmetry in the human form will so annoy us as seemingly to close the channel of emotion, and we derive no æsthetic pleasure from the gambols of a strong but clumsy creature such as an elephant. I can only add, that if the above explanation does not commend itself, those who are fain to find in a beautiful melody a transcendental utterance will be glad to find that a *bond fide* crux to the evolutionist is here presented.

1. Even so brief a sketch as the above may enable us to foreshadow some of the necessary peculiarities of music, and to trace out roughly the kind of place it would be likely to occupy with regard to other ideas and emotions both in and out of the æsthetic region. If its simplest elements can be referred to the mere functions of nerve-cells, and for ages before logical processes were possible it was building up its groundwork in the organism and summoning to its aid, through association, by far the most powerful and exciting feelings of primitive times, we shall not be surprised at finding it ruling mightily in a sphere whence we seek in vain to trace back the infinitely long and subtle trains of past feeling, or at seeing its emotions swayed in apparent independence of the rest of our nature, and, if at one time harmonising with other things, at another soaring off among heights and depths which are wholly their own.* We see at once

the distinction between this art and others, and how completely inapplicable to it, though true of them, are Comte's *dicta* that 'Art begins at first with simple imitation, which becomes raised into idealisation,' that 'Art may be defined as an ideal representation of fact,' and that 'The contemplations of the artist begin with the simple objects of the external world.' We see that music lived ages ago, as it lives now, quite aloof from imitation, and how the germ of the æsthetic faculty, in the sense of the *association of order with emotion*, existed independently in the apprehension of its earliest and most rudimentary utterances; for while the other arts find order in, and impose order on, external facts, music finds it in her own essence. It is curious to observe how the metaphysician Wagner and the positivist Comte, who, though on different grounds, agree in placing song before speech, have missed in different ways the essentialness of form or order to the idea of art. Wagner considers that man's first utterances came nearer to the *noûmenon* or true reality; Comte that 'the first things we express are those which move our feelings most,' so that primitive utterances were more *æsthetic* than subsequent more conventional ones. The latter view is the more intelligible, but equally with the other ignores the element of order: primitive utterances are neither more nor less æsthetic than subsequent conventional ones, because neither are æsthetic at all. Whether the wailings of an infant express *noûmena*, or (as seems more probable) the infant's private feelings, they have no connection with art; and the above views have as little meaning when applied to the development of music in

to have become that transcendentalists might charitably excuse me for my account of music's phenomenal origin and growth. Surely, whatever music is, they have only to suppose certain historical conditions and processes to be as necessarily the antecedents to our apprehension of it as the formation of a sense of space to our apprehension of geometry, and that, constituted as our race is, the manifestation to it in one case of æsthetic, as in the other of abstract, truth may have been possible only through the *ὕλη* of various and comparatively insignificant experiences. Those who believe in the expression of spirit through matter need find no difficulty in the sublimation of a spiritual language out of unspiritual associations.

* So complete do I hold this differentiation

the world as when applied to the vocal efforts of a future *prima donna* at the age of three weeks.

We see also that an independent nature entails to a great extent an independent history. Poetry has flourished naturally amid stirring intellectual life ; sculpture and painting, if not always among lofty beliefs and aims, at all events in an atmosphere of outward magnificence and beauty. Music is precluded from a similar direct alliance either with the mental or the external characteristics of an age : and indeed its *differentia* is markedly shown in its independence of the intellectual minorities and the social aristocracies with whom such characteristics are wont to be connected. A rich and spontaneous *popular life* may certainly tend to the quickening and diffusion of all artistic pleasure. But even strength of national sentiment, such as has often powerfully influenced poetry, can have no like bearing on an art which is already and increasingly cosmopolitan, and which, through its aloofness from views and creeds, affects equally and similarly men of all views and of all creeds. Fairly to estimate music's progress and position in the world, we must be careful to separate what may be termed the accidents of its history from its essential characteristics. As a matter of fact, its employment by civilised man was, till comparatively recently, almost entirely in connection with words. This was to be expected, until the development of the art and its instruments should have reached an advanced point. The voice—man's first and most natural instrument—is also the organ of speech, and speech arrived at high (in Greece the highest) development while music's full powers were wholly undreamed of. What wonder that the hymn should 'rule the lyre'—that speech called on the budding art to add charm and emphasis to words and held it under an imperious sway ? But the fact that this phase of music lasted so long, and has only recently receded, has completely misled speculation on the subject. We are always hearing modern music, especially in its principal instrumental developments, connected with the complexities and introspectiveness of modern life and thought, as though the same causes had effected in both cases a gradual modifi-

cation : whereas I hold the synchronism to be of scarcely any real significance. The feeling for the modern elements of tonality and harmony can be awakened in an organism which has certainly not received them by inheritance : even were there not sufficient evidence in the smaller number of generations during which the modern system has prevailed, this has been abundantly proved in the case of negroes and Hottentots, and (as regards melody at all events) of parrots. It seems, therefore, quite certain that our music would in a very short time have been quite comprehensible and delightful to an ancient Athenian could he but have heard it. A Greek had perfect material for sculpture in the forms he daily saw ; his music was limited by the limitations of his system of notes, which afforded material indeed for heart-stirring melody, but not (in the absence of harmony and modulation) for great variety and development. The fact that he did not discover anything like the modern system is precisely on a par with the facts that he did not discover the planet Neptune, or the steam-engine, or photography, or Cremona violins. Accident has always played a large part in the history of discovery : and a single nation in a limited time cannot do everything. The complete foundation of modern music was a very difficult thing to arrive at, and required a long experimental process, carried on by generations of writers, performers, and listeners. Once found out it is an instance of *ars celare artem*, and its beauty and convenience commend themselves to the human ear as readily as the beauty and convenience of the Gothic arch to the human eye. Having obtained at last a suitable material in the tempered scale-system with all its possibilities of harmony and modulation, music advanced naturally and rapidly to its great achievements, which, be it observed, are connected for the most part with the names of singularly simple and one-idea'd men. In speculating on this point it is beside the mark to argue from such facts as the simplicity of Greek drama and the absence from their literature of analytical works of fiction ; for in accordance with our theory of music's differentiation, we constantly find persons quite incapable of appreciating and unravelling complexities in other re-

gions, to whom in music the faculty is natural. If we grant that it is doubtful whether our music would have been held equally valuable by the Greeks, it is rather because their intense feeling for *ἀπυρία* in life might have inclined them to be sceptical as to the goodness of differentiated emotions, however delightful; and it would have been extremely interesting to watch the psychological conflict which might have ensued. But it is certainly a confusion to connect modern music directly with the modern tendency to self-analysis: a beautiful tune is as objective a phenomenon to the people who care for it as a beautiful face, and probably causes in all of them equally similar emotions.

The historical relation of music to poetry has misled many in the estimation of their subsequent position. Comte,* for instance, makes a hierarchy of arts corresponding to his hierarchy of sciences, arranging them in order of decreasing generality as poetry, music, painting, sculpture, architecture. He says with plausibility that the sphere of poetry is wider than that of the other arts, 'since it embraces every side of our existence, whether individual, domestic, or social.' In this special sense it may certainly be said to be more *general* than music; but it seems a seeking for symmetry at the expense of fact to go on and say that poetry is the most *popular* of all the arts, 'both on account of its wider scope, and also because, its instruments of expression being taken from ordinary language, it is more generally intelligible than any other.' 'Prosody,' he continues, 'the only technical element, is easily acquired by a few days' practice,'—that is, a quite uneducated Roman might have acquired by a few days' study the power of appreciating, perhaps even of reproducing, the technical and metrical subtleties of Virgil! Nor does the argument about words express anything like the whole truth. To say that, because words are a universal medium of expression, poetry is generally

intelligible, is something like saying that, because eyes and light are universal, the refinements of Venetian coloring are generally intelligible. For, to say nothing of the fact that verbal coloring often depends on an element of subtle and complex literary association, it is the constant characteristic of intellectual poetry that appreciation of it requires a special faculty for perceiving deep and often difficult relations. Even had he said 'calculated to become the most popular after the regeneration of society,' it would have been but a guess, resting on a confusion between amount of sources of material and amount of appreciative acceptance. In estimating the latter we have no appeal from facts whose origin dates back to the beginning of the history of our organisms, and a change in whose nature we have no ground for prophesying. But music having been subordinated to poetry in his classification, it was natural to Comte to stereotype it in this relation; as when, in his evolution of art out of speculative and theoretic regions and his prophecy of its recombination with science and its highest development in the hands of philosophers, he applies to art in general theories which, whether sound or unsound, are only applicable to poetry. In his own words, 'art yielded to the specialising system, which, though normal for industry, is in its case abnormal;' and 'art detached itself from the theoretic system before science, because its progress was more rapid, and from its nature it was more independent,' but 'ultimately all theoretic faculties' (*i.e.*, all faculties of all sorts which are not practical) 'will be again combined even more closely than in primitive times.' Why? He supports his view by statements which ignore the facts of music, saying that 'the greatest masters, even in modern times, have shown universality of taste,' and that 'its absence in the present day is but a fresh proof that æsthetic genius does not and cannot exist in times like these' (shade of Beethoven!) 'when art has no social purpose and rests on no philosophic principles.' I will not discuss the 'philosophic principles,' nor the arbitrary identification of scientific and æsthetic faculties; but as it happens 'the greatest masters' in music *have* been in a singular degree specialists, and music

* Comte's views on music are in many ways noble and interesting; and in spite of his imagining it to be normal that music should draw its subjects from poetry, his appreciation of the value of Mozart's melodies seems to show that he had truly realised its independent power.

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 ject of 'poetical conceptions'
 chiefly verbal ; and it is impos-
 sible to read anything written with so
 much insight and reverence as Mr. Dann-
 's recent paper on Beethoven
 wishing strongly that such should
 cease, though in the face of some
 remarks—as that Beethoven's
 music preaches depreciation of self
 and of personality—any at-
 tempt at mutual comprehension may
 be a trifle hazardous. In any case
 if it is used by him and others would
 seem to me dangerously mislead-
 ing. Here I think the question of
 the importance of extreme im-
 portance. If the
 of musical emotions are traced
 through thousands and thousands of
 ages far beyond the more
 of intellectual conceptions of poe-
 try shall be led to regard very differ-
 ent attempted connections and
 interpretations of the two arts.
 claiming greater intrinsic value
 for musical emotions, only a longer his-
 tory in this respect they may be
 due to the deep-sea currents, part
 of the ocean as the waves above,
 in visible connection with them
 due to their pace and direction.
 But I would ignore the immense
 sense of analogy in the
 of the same region : even in the absence

of inherent connection, the fuller vital-
 ity resulting from a powerful stirring of
 one part of our emotional nature seems
 often to quicken all the higher faculties
 and susceptibilities, and in this way
 might well give rise to associations be-
 tween them. But though analogies and
 affinities of course exist between many
 deep emotions of the same being, these
 are very different from interpretations
 or translations. Words are, in a gen-
 eral way, so closely interlocked with
 ideas, that it seems a kind of necessity
 of thought to crystallise all impressions
 by their means : and poetry, being the
 art of words *par excellence*, is vaguely
 regarded as a natural mine of concep-
 tions and metaphors suited to all emo-
 tional experiences, and able to embody
 all lofty reality. The very attempt to
 express one thing in terms of another
 often seems to give the kind of relief
 that one gets from bodily change of pos-
 ture ; for the dwelling on anything
 wholly within its own region is apt to
 produce a kind of mental pins-and-
 needles. But there is a distinct danger
 of mistaking this sort of mental relief
 for fresh knowledge, and of ignoring the
 point at which impressions become ulti-
 mate through a true differentiation of
 our faculties. A man who calls Milan
 Cathedral a marble poem, or conceives
 of his *fiancée* as a female poem, does
 what is quite justifiable but not instruc-
 tive, for he does not really judge these
 objects, either as a whole or in detail, by
 reference to poetry : the secret of the
 uniformities he is dimly conscious of lies
 in the furthest depths of his own being,
 and is neither penetrated by imaginary
 identifications of widely varying impres-
 sions, nor relevant to the æsthetic ef-
 fects distinctive of poems, cathedrals, or
 young ladies. Similarly there is no
 harm in calling a picture a symphony, as
 long as it is recognised that such uni-
 formity as is felt consists in the most
 general attribute of harmonious beauty,
 the manifestation of which in the one
 case throws no light on that in the other,
 and may be fully appreciated by one
 who is totally blind or deaf to the other.
 Though one hears people talk of such
 and such a picture as being like music,
 no one, I suppose, was ever so bold as
 to say that a picture, or a part of a pic-

ture, was like a modulation from C into E minor,* and it is this, and things like this (not technically known but felt), which give the true artistic musical pleasure, as distinct from general and suffusive feelings of awe, aspiration, and so on. And the same will apply to the 'instrumental poems' of Beethoven, which we hear so much about. The 'poetical conceptions' have almost always to be guessed at, for to say, as Mr. Dannreuther does, that where not avowed they are implied, is simply to beg the question; but even had Beethoven always, instead of extremely seldom, hinted at their existence, I should say the same. The reference to some analogue in another region may have been occasionally an interest and a relief to Beethoven as to others; for instance, two melodic parts may seem to sustain a dialogue or a dispute, storm and struggle may yield to calm, effort to success, and so on; though the whimsical absurdities which result from attempts to press home and follow out such uniformities, even in the comparatively few cases where they seem momentarily obvious enough to be interesting, show what an unessential luxury they are. And is the world poorer if, beyond the confines of that exquisite region where music and poetry meet and mingle their expression, each art gives its separate message in its own language? Are we bound to catch the echoes of the visible world in all we hear? For it must be noticed that even such descriptive analogies as can be plausibly adduced are not in any special sense poetical, but only of some external or human significance: there is no poetry in such isolated conceptions as grief and triumph, appeal and response, storm and calm and moonlight, and the rest. And indeed the tendency I have been discussing seems to me as damaging to the idea of poetry as to that of music. It would almost seem as if those who so speak conceived of poetry only in crude streaks of 'local color,' and not in its truly artistic aspects. Poetry differs indeed from music in drawing its subjects from life,

but that does not mean that all life is poetry, any more than all sounds are music; and the greatest poetical artists, in discovering and drawing forth the latent harmonies of human and natural relations, exercise as special a faculty as the composer who manipulates his meaningless six octaves of notes.

I may make my meaning about 'poetical ideas' clearer by taking as an example a short 'analysis' of the first movement of Schubert's unfinished Symphony, which formed part of the programme of a recent Philharmonic concert. I select this analysis because it is thoroughly good and sensible, one that Schubert might have accepted, and not containing a single overstrained or fanciful comparison or a word which did not strike one in following the music as sufficiently appropriate. Disentangled from musical terms it stands as follows:—We begin with deep earnestness, out of which springs perturbation; after which almost painful anxieties are conjured up, till the dissolution draws the veil from an unexpected solace, which is soon infused with cheerfulness, to be however abruptly checked. After an instant of apprehension, we are startled by a threat of destruction to the very capability of rest, which in its turn subsides. From the terrible we pass to the joyful, and soon to playfulness and tenderness; a placid character which is quickly reversed by a tone of anger, continued till it leads up to a repetition of all that has gone before. Then comes the unfolding of a tale of passionate aspiration and depression, which works up to a culmination; after which some more repetition of the already twice-heard perturbation and what follows it leads us to the final part, where, after being led in an unearthly way to abstract our thoughts from the present and its surroundings, we at last conclude in the strange mystery with which we set out, though just at the very end there is an effort to shut the mind against its incertitude.—Now, the work in question (as is stated in the programme) is not more remarkable for its beauty of detail than for its structure, which, as one follows it, impresses one with a cogent sense of coherence and completeness. Yet the verbal ideas seem to bear to each other the relation of the events in the time-honored tale of the

* Perhaps, however, I underestimate the possibilities of human audacity: for since writing this I have heard of a dispute between a master and pupil as to whether a particular modulation in a sonata of Mozart meant 'but' or 'if.'

ar;' and surely in seeing interesting and inconsecutive really good piece of criticism the unfair light of a state-ethical conceptions,' we see it would be for a musician to work it up, and in independence of it Schubert invented and developed the a figurative *description* of acts and transitions (which is what the writer intended), are quite sound; but as an or elucidation of what is in his mind, they would miss; for they as little reveal the essence of his utterance loose garments on the floor plains the breathing beauty form.

As I say, be more inclined to the talk about Beethoven conceptions the idea in it be of the kind above der-though vague sense of uniformities—if the per-ous express themselves did regard Wagner as the car-vorker-out of the notion of which in his hands is apt ot a spiritual fusion, but a welding. But Wagner was it on pilgrimages or heaven-the *Leitmotive* of *Tannhäuser* ous invocation to the even-d with Beethoven in all his isical impulse came first; ight or might not turn out lescribable affinities, but it d foremost a melody, and rrelative merit, because Beet-eethoven. The character-first idea might act as the aracteristics in the carrying-ance, an interrogative strain t something of musical dia-all such analogies have to shadow in the independent musical development; and development (especially in own beloved sonata-form) aw wholly of its own, the t to become extremely shal-long. 'Poetical concep-able in details do not pen-ix musical structure. Such usually attempted, of e.g. rement of the *Eroica*, may

be a slight concrete help and interest, but in no way represents any mental process in Beethoven; and to try to grasp the import of the work by such light would be to apply a wrong and totally inadequate mental organ; exactly as though one who had never seen should try to judge of the beauty of a face by passing his hand over it. The matchless structure stands out to the musical sense as unalterably right and coherent, and any one who appreciates it knows as much and can tell as little of its secret as Beethoven himself. The faculty by which we follow such music as this is as different from that by which we follow the development of a poem as from that by which we follow the steps in a proposition of Euclid; in fact the three have nothing in common beyond the mere abstract sense of *following*.

In the *Eroica* I have taken an extreme instance of complexity, and each art with gathering complexity naturally becomes more differentiated. But happily we can have our songs and operas as well as our sonatas and symphonies; and there are regions where distinct correspondence between music and words or situations is possible and common. Complex organism is not necessary to perfect beauty, nor need a melody be contrapuntally or otherwise developed to seem of infinite import. In a word music does not impose on opera the structure and development of instrumental music, that is does not employ all its resources in one of its branches. In this sense, but only in this sense, can it be said (as it often is said) to make compromises: the alliance with other forms of expression which certain music can form through the prevalence in it of definable sentiments cannot affect inalienable characteristics, the strictest recognition of which will still leave plenty of play and scope to the compound art. For it is to be noticed that besides the simple and immediate correspondence of one thing with another (as in the direct expression of the verbally-expressed sentiment of yearning in the music of Schubert's *Serenade*), there is, within limits, another kind of correspondence, that of a relation between the parts of one thing to a relation between the parts of another; and this, comprising extensive possibilities in the way of parallel ebb

and flow, crisis, and contrast, much increases the range of complexity in operatic music. It is quite possible moreover for pure association to give rise to an exquisite though perfectly inexplicable feeling of affinity between two things. Every musician will recall instances where he has known and loved music before connecting it with its words or anything else, and will remember how, when he has heard it in its place, the concomitants, though in no way essential to begin with, have gradually become part and parcel of the charm. But, to be soul-stirring, such association demands independent form and vitality in the two things: it makes concrete the connection between them only when they are alive and akin to begin with by the abstract relationship of beauty, and it would do little to galvanise such 'dead formalism' as the Wagnerian school hold music to be when left to its own resources. No amount of hearings of *Tannhäuser* would make me feel this kind of association between the words and situation of the tournament of song and the music sung by the competitors (with the exception of *Tannhäuser's* own song), simply because I see no independent beauty in the music. If I knew every bar by heart, I should simply know, as a matter of fact, that each note comes where it does with such and such a word, but the association being purely mechanical would give me no additional pleasure. In his theory and much of his practice Wagner has missed this fact, that true æsthetic correspondence is due to the subtle and harmonious blending of emotional appeals *severally expressive and beautiful in their kind*; so that not only in professing to unite the 'symphony' with the drama does he ignore the structural differences between high organic development in music and in poetry, but in detail after detail, and probably owing to an unconscious want of melodic fertility, he has cut off the very chance of a vital union. The mere garment of one art thrown over another will do little if their two essences are not interfused. Wagner, in exact opposition to Beethoven, confessedly sits down to evolve music out of long strings of external conceptions, with the result that his music, however brilliantly colored,

tends to sink into arbitrary symbolism. If you paint your symbols in beautiful colors, and look long enough at them you may, through association, get a false idea of their expressiveness, but you will not deeply affect the human race.

2. Having discussed music in its relation (or want of relation) to the mental sphere, I pass on to the moral; and my second deduction from my theory of the nature of the art is that what is partially true of all the arts is wholly true of this one—that it must be judged by us directly in relation to pleasure, and that pleasure is the criterion by which we must measure the relative worth of different specimens of it. The pleasure, from its peculiarity, its power of relieving the mind and steeping it as it were in a totally new atmosphere, its indescribable suggestions of infinity, and its freedom from any kind of deleterious after-effects, is of an extremely valuable kind; and moreover, since indirect effects may be to the full as strong and important as direct, my argument would not affect the fact, but only the grounds, of the connection of music with morality. Still my view, as here stated, is at palpable issue with the ancient view represented by Plato, who only occasionally relaxes his tone to the extent of saying that he does not mean wholly to exclude pleasure, and that 'songs may be an amusement to cities.' He considered the connection between music and social and political conditions so vital that a change in one would necessarily entail a change in the other; whereas in modern days we have seen the greatest musicians—Handel, for instance, in England, and Beethoven in Austria—flourishing amid national circumstances the very reverse of glorious. We find the reason of the difference in the extremely simple character and the completely subordinate position (already noticed) of music as conceived by Plato. In those times the true independent power of music was almost latent, and, as a mere accessory

* I am not arguing against those who admire purely *musically* the parts which I do not: I have explained elsewhere why I think this useless. But these parts, as well as many others which I do admire, are not connected with Wagner's theory, which knows nothing of any such independent meaning and beauty.

r things, music might in various receive an ethical import. How tary was Plato's view of melody, w dependent on external associations shown in his weighing the merits hm, not in connection with the a melody, but by simple refer to the kinds of *physical movement* accompanied them in the dances v. Again, in the music described o, association with *words and oc* would always be present, espe is he was exceedingly anxious to in amount and to prevent novel- in the dialogue of the 'Laws,' the an stranger tells how in Egypt all remained unchanged for 10,000 during which time the ancient composed by the goddess Isis ceived neither alteration nor ad; and remarks 'How wise and of a great legislator!' while, on er hand, he regrets that 'in other novelties are always being intro- in dancing and music at the insti- of lawless pleasure.' The bard satile poetical and histrionic tal- io deals in variety of melodic and ic transitions, is to be anointed and crowned 'as a sacred, ad-; and charming personage,' but promptly sent away to another city. d only have been association of with the words of the song or the s of the dance, which made Plato riably represent music as simply ntative and imitative; for while; no difficulty in the 'analogy be- the copy of a human form in re and the copy of virtue and music, and speaks, as if every- ould comprehend him, of 'the rhythms of a well-regulated and life,' he nevertheless expressly at 'when there are no words it is t to recognise the meaning of har- or rhythm, or to see that any object is imitated by them.' f the lengths to which he pushed vs on the ethical bearings of music ry curious. No instruments of ompass are to be permitted: the id guitar will be used in the the pipe in the country. Not the use of instruments otherwise accompaniment to be eschewed, ing to every sort of irregularity ckery—'for,' says he, 'we must

acknowledge that all this sort of thing, which aims only at swiftness and smoothness and a brutish noise, is exceedingly rude and coarse'—but different classes and sexes are to keep to distinct styles, and the grave and wise elders will not only be the best arbiters of music, but the best performers. 'The Muses,' he says, 'would never fall into the monstrous error of assigning to the words of men the gestures and songs of women, nor combine the melodies and gestures of freemen with the rhythms of slaves and men of the baser sort.*' Grand melodies are to be sung by men, those which incline to moderation and temperance by women. Judges of not less than fifty years of age are to make a selection from ancient musical compositions and dances, and may consult poets and musicians, but are not to allow them to indulge, except in some minor matters, their individual fancies. But the most amusing notion is that which concerns the chorus of elderly men; these, by reason of their larger experience and intelligence, have the greatest influence, and therefore are bound to sing the fairest and most useful strains; but as owing to the sourness of age they may be expected to entertain a dislike to public artistic appearances, they are to be made slightly intoxicated, in which condition they will greatly edify the public by their performance.

It is of course hard to say how far, in many respects, Plato represents the ordinary Greek views; but he fully corroborates the other evidence which we have of the extreme simplicity of the emotional element in Greek melodies. We have proof of this in the very existence of several different 'modes,' or frameworks, of which different melodies seem to have been variations, and each of which possessed a definite characteristic of its own; and though in these simplest cases such characteristics might probably

* There is one sentence in the 'Laws' which fairly puzzles me. 'Common people are ridiculous in imagining that they know what is in proper harmony and rhythm, and what is not, when they can only be made to sing and step in rhythm by sheer force.' It is not wonderful that Plato should be ignorant, as he was, of any musical perception in animals: but the above remark, at all events in respect of marching in time, seems to contradict universal experience.

case of music may be compared instances, so common in the his-organic life, where things once in the struggle for existence have lly become merely ornamental; must be remembered that it was as fostering warlike habits and es that Plato considered music so ant a branch of education. This ian stage stands, as it were, mid-tween the primary use of song as f vital importance to the possessor, ted like bright feathers to allure posite sex, and music's present æsthetic employment. Nor can t the narrowest view of life and is conceive as a degradation of the ansition from the region of strug- l drill and use to that of *θεωρία* ure enjoyment. All beautiful and all healthy emotions tend to existence; and if such power as as over life is not by direct sug- and teaching, but by stimulation ital powers which is bound up with asure it gives, this in no way in- with the tremendous social influ- hich it can exercise, through sym- in swaying a multitude with a n awe and gratitude.

se who are unwilling to accept this stic view should notice that the nce of the criterion of pleasure ke little practical difference, un- is maintained that of two musical ne may be in the sum of its effects re moral but the less pleasurable. ; however, that but for Plato's t would have been more generally ed how completely the relation of o other things must change with elopment, and the consequent m of the possibility of associa- niversally felt and known. It is matter of experience that in a /mphonic movement the complex of attention and emotion raises id to a state of elevation whol- t from social conditions. No : of such analogies as Mr. Haweis empted between Beethoven and y, in point of balance, restraint, bleness, and so on, will bridge e gulf or turn artistic impressions ical promptings. Nor even where descriptible emotional states may isibly said to be produced by kinds of music, as the languorous,

the triumphant, and so on, do these ap-pear to me less external to the general character of the hearer. For while we can understand the relation of purity and humanity to the appreciation of other arts, how pictures of carnage are likely to be popular when a people are brutalised by much bloodshed, and how highly-colored literature may have a distinctly del-eterious effect on the mind, it is hard to see how that which only produces, ac-cording to Mr. Haweis's description, a special emotional atmosphere, uncharged (according to his own admission) either naturally or by association with any idea applicable to life, can in any direct sense have force to mould conduct.* The emotional states where a mind receives a bias are those which depend on some working idea, and which can therefore be summoned up by recalling the idea. An atmosphere can only permanently affect our moral and mental habits when we can make it surround some more definite nucleus. However languorous music may be, its languors cease for the most part with the performance; or, if it be objected that where it haunts the memory the effect is more permanent, and that the prevalence of a particular stamp of melody, like opium or a hot

* Apart from deliberately moral or immoral suggestions in pictures, the contrast of music's position may be made clearer by a mere consideration of what is involved in the daily experiences of the eye and the ear. Innumerable phenomena are continually meeting both senses: but most of those that meet the eye, through presenting many permanent distinguishable points, are *forms*, and an immense number are the very forms which visual art uses; while those that meet the ear are *formless*, and have no relation to the definite proportions on which the melodic and harmonic presentations of acoustic art depend. Thus, from the moment when as infants we smiled at a kind face and cried at a cross one, association, entering into our experiences of human expression (real or depicted), has largely identified beauty and ugliness with a sense of right and happiness and with a sense of wrong and wretchedness respectively, human beauty being in the main incompatible with surroundings of vice and misery; while musical forms, inasmuch as they are artificial and wholly isolated exceptions among the crowds of unshaped successions of sound (including even kind tones and pleasant words) which our ears naturally receive, have an exceptionally independent and direct relation to the organism, and could only gather associations from life by conscious use, never by inherent necessities.

climate, might gradually enervate individual or national character, we not only have an obvious appeal to the absence of physical results, but it is easy to point out a clear difference, and a proof of music's independence of the movements of the practical reason, in the two facts that a person may be haunted by music in the midst of and without interruption to the busiest and most opposite avocations, and that the musical emotion may actually produce a feeling of a character the reverse of its own; for the most mournful music, if sufficiently beautiful, will make me happy.

On this question of morality it is important to avoid confusion between the effects of music when produced and the causes that bear on its production. Morality tells in the *production* of all work; and of course a naturally-gifted musician is doing what is immoral if through a failure of earnestness he shirks his responsibilities and writes down to his public, as though a school-master should bring up his pupils on fairy-tales; but the fact that his public are satisfied is the result of their being children, not the cause of their being naughty children. So again a deep moral fervor, as in the case of Beethoven, may accompany and inspire the composer in his work; and it is doubtless the greater earnestness of character, as well as the greater mental grasp of the Teutonic race, which has led to the marvellous structural development of modern instrumental music in their hands. But Mr. Haweis contends that the symphony of Beethoven stands in direct relation to the *morality* of the *listener*, while I maintain that it is in the greater *beauty* of the work, and the consequently deeper and more enduring *pleasure* of the listener, that Beethoven's patient self-criticism and general moral superiority to Rossini (as one element out of many) takes effect.

If really legitimately pressed, the moral view would mean that, if *e.g.* some Italian of strongly national musical taste received a sudden moral elevation, that is if he became to-morrow more earnest and unselfish, he would soon see the difference between Beethoven and Rossini in the light in which Mr. Haweis sees it. It seems to me that any one might safely contradict this from

his own experience. I at all events have never found a partiality for modern Italian, or modern German, or any other style of music, to be at all more an indication of moral effeminacy, or moral grandeur, or moral anything else, than a partiality for mathematics or sponge-cake. We see, as a matter of fact, all sorts of people, good, bad, and indifferent, caring about all sorts of music; the good turn this, like all other enjoyment, to good moral purpose, the bad do not; but the morality is concerned with the use that is made of the beauty, not with the stage of perceiving it. To me the hearing of a great orchestral work may seem as bracing as a walk by the sea, and the endless cadences of an Italian opera may rather suggest hours spent amid the sickly fragrance of a hot-house; but there is nothing in either one or the other to affect directly the current of my outside life, and for a modern being at all events it is quite possible to conceive noble designs in a hot-house and mean ones by the sea. And as I know that in listening to Beethoven I feel my moral inclinations and capacities enlarged and strengthened only in the indirect ways I have mentioned, from the added value and dignity given to life and from the glow of sympathy, so I conceive I have no right to accuse one who admires what seems to be feeble and effeminate music of having his moral nature enervated thereby; for I do not believe in a direct effect, and the indirect effect in the shape of a vital and sympathetic glow may be as genuine in his case as in my own. I call my music better than his simply because I believe my pleasure to be greater and more enduring than his.* Mr. Haweis's

* It may be objected that at any rate the more sensuous and passive pleasure of listening to mere successions of sentimental strains cannot be as bracing an exercise as the following of a finely built movement, which implies active grasp and memory. Certainly not; it approximates more to eating sugar-candy, which we despise not as an immoral but as a trifling pleasure, and may doubtless be pronounced *intellectually* (as distinct from morally) inferior, in a quite comprehensible sense. But as the mental act is too remote from any logical process for music ever to have been valued as sharpening the purely intellectual faculties, this inferiority may be at once expressed in terms of pleasure: the less bracing is the more cloying, *i.e.*, the more transient, and so the smaller.

happy in his description of the
ns and languors and the want of
lle-tints in modern Italian opera
c; but after three hours of them do
no dislike or another person who
them issue forth in a languid or
nodic frame of mind? Such analo-
are purely verbal. The view from
Gornergrat on a sunny day is utterly
ing in middle-tints, and is as violent
s contrast of black rock and daz-
snow as can well be imagined; but
d six weeks spent in pretty constant
mplation of it result in violent and
asured habits of mind and con-
? or would the hearing of rapid
crashing overtures have a tendency
ake people loud and fast?

Another common source of misconcep-
is the very natural habit of judging
c in connection with words and
s to which it has been made an ad-
; thereby dispersing through a mil-
hannels the same faculty of associa-
which, when concentrated as in
ce by a whole people on compara-
few and universally known forms of
ly, produced the ancient ethical view
ssed above. Without doubt the pow-
music to lend itself to the aid and
ment of the good and the bad gives
l in such connections a strong ethi-
aring; but association must be elim-
d if we wish to judge whether inde-
ntly it has moral significance. And
we call certain tunes vulgar in the
nstance perhaps from their vulgar

concomitants, and even after abstracting
them from these feel no inclination to
recall the term, seeing how disagreeable
they are to us and how trivial and fleet-
ing is any pleasure they are capable of
giving, we may still perceive that they
often *do* give a certain pleasure to chil-
dren and to adults of small musical de-
velopment, who show no inclination to
vulgarity in other ways. So that our
condemnation of such music must rest
on its vulgarising the musical taste, and
so decreasing the capacity and chance of
superior pleasure; but (apart from ac-
cessories) we have no ground to consider
it vulgarising to the moral character, any
more than a taste for bad puns or for
garlic, which are relished by numbers of
most moral people.

On these points I shall hardly be accus-
ed of special pleading or a wish to under-
value the differences in music, since per-
sonally I detest much of the inferior
music which Mr. Haweis in a modified
way admires and approves. I am still
more anxious not to seem to ignore the
indirect moral and social power of
music, already enormous and capable of
enormous increase. I believe as firmly
as any one that if in life we may pro-
mote happiness through morality, in art
we may promote morality through hap-
piness; but this belief will gain and not
lose from a recognition that moral and
æsthetic truth are not Siamese twins,
but 'twin sisters differently beautiful.'
—*The Nineteenth Century*.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

BY MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

EVERYONE and everything are in Pa-
ris now; and amid the glitter and
e of a Whit-Sunday, unparalleled
ps even in Parisian annals for life
movement, a vast concourse are as-
led at the Cirque d'Hiver to hear
Hyacinth preach on Liberal Chris-
y. An hour before the doors are
d eager groups besiege the ticket
, and by the time the orator takes
ace, a quarter of an hour later than
ndicated, the great hall is full. It
be noticed that though women are
nt in large numbers, the majority of
udience is composed of men; and

that it is a picked audience, made up of
intelligent thoughtful people, any one
can see at a glance. Amid a breathless
silence the preacher begins, and by vir-
tue of his eloquence, magnificent voice,
and passionate earnestness, holds the
multitude spellbound to the end. Lib-
eralism in Christianity, rather in Ca-
tholicism, means to the Père Hyacinth,
that reformation in the Church, that re-
conciliation of the Church and progress,
of the Church and the revolutionary
idea, which formed the ideal of Lacor-
daire and Lamennais. It is not Protes-
tantism that he wants, nor Deism, but a

purified, rationalised, ennobled Catholicism. 'I am a Catholic, a Catholic I remain,' he said. 'France has been ill-governed; do we for that reason cease to call ourselves Frenchmen? Do we turn our backs on our country? Do we forsake her? Do we deny her? No, and no more shall we turn our backs upon the Church, nor forsake, nor deny her, because she is ill-governed: we remain Catholics to the last.' This was one of the electric touches of which it is almost impossible to give any idea; and though the Père Hyacinth is, as we see at first, far from seeking effect, far from dramatic, much less rhetorical—his oratory being passionate, innate, and real—he knows how to thrill his listeners with a word. Thus when he said, 'I can understand men being Republicans,' there was a tremendous outburst of applause; and when he added in the same slow, calm tone, 'I can understand that Frenchmen should be nothing else but Republicans,' the applause was so continued that for a minute or two he could not proceed. Again, when towards the close of his magnificent discourse, which had lasted upwards of an hour and a quarter, he said, 'To you, fathers of families, I am now about to say a hard word. It is you who have brought about Ultramontanism. When you send your wives to church and to the confessional alone, when you rear your children to a religion you do not yourselves follow, it is you who aid and abet the Ultramontanes, you who make Ultramontanism what it is,' there was the loudest and longest applause of all. The words had struck home. The preacher having touched the heart and intellect of his hearers, now reached their consciences. The effect was prodigious, and after that tremendous stirring up of emotion, he wound up his discourse with a few telling phrases summarising what had gone before.

Whether, indeed, such efforts as the Père Hyacinth's to reconcile Catholicism with progress, to Protestantise Romanism, we may say, and yet leave it Romanism are practicable or mere visions, is an open question. Certain it is, that, in the words of M. de Pressensé, in the *Revue Politique*, the Père Hyacinth is one of the most ardent adherents to the cause of Church reform, and, the same

noble opponent further adds, 'if anything in the present day is grand and salutary, it is the spectacle presented by an upright conscience, holding itself inflexible in the midst of moral cowardice and outrage, reminding all that the truth ought to be followed whithersoever it may lead us. This is why generous minds belonging to the most diverse religions and philosophical creeds accord the Père Hyacinth even more respect than admiration, whatever exception they may take to his doctrine.' I was struck by hearing the same sentiment from the lips of the historian Henri Martin, a day or two after, which shows that however much the Père Hyacinth may be abused and maligned, respectful appreciation is accorded to him by the thoughtful.

If outside the rapt audience of the Cirque d'Hiver that Whit Sunday Paris presented an appearance of unusual liveliness, what was it like on the following day, the *jour de la Pentecôte*, the great workman's holiday of the year? It is quite impossible to give any idea of the life pervading its airy boulevards—the word street is no longer applicable in a city every street of which is being metamorphosed into a handsome boulevard—from early morning till midnight, in spite of uncongenial, showery weather. A few holiday makers, more or less, can make little difference amid hundreds of thousands; and to the ordinary French mind only one notion presented itself that morning, namely, the Exhibition, so that everybody followed everybody's example. What with the pleasure trains bringing in their contingents of country folks from all parts of France, the excursionists from England, and the entire population of the capital turned out to play, the prospect of our getting to the Exhibition, much less back again, seemed problematic. However, off we set, monsieur, madame, and their English guest, bent upon spending the best part of the day, namely, from twelve till five o'clock, with the crowd. Nothing could be easier. All was good humor, urbanity, and quiet enjoyment throughout the length and breadth not only of Paris, but the Champ de Mars, where nearly two hundred thousand human beings were now collected, the larger proportion belonging to the working-classes.

cene was, indeed, just what anybody might expect—except, perhaps, the structure of the Trocadéro itself, is surely one of the gayest, most amusing feats in architecture achieved. The lightness of its dome and minarets and wide-open galleries; the cheerful-its red walls, relieved with white; the fairy-like grace and **ess** of all, are unique, perhaps **y** so. The architecture of the **ro** is not a style to imitate; yet, on its lofty height, this airy overlooking Paris, which looks breath of wind would blow it **ommends** itself, and looks in its **ce**.

nd the domes and pinnacles and **s** of this butterfly Temple of the **he** Champ de Mars shows a brilliant attractive spectacle. The chief of the Exhibition itself is ordi-**ough**, viewed from a distance, a convenient glass-domed structure, **ig** transepts and nave; but the **at** charm of this Exhibition is predecessor consists not only **Street of Nations**, but in the **scores**, hundreds of other archi-**appendages** scattered all over **le** grounds of the Champ de **ie** Seine flowing between, and **noramically** stretching on either **floorish** palaces and mosques, **pagodas**, Swiss chalets, Japa-**lages**, Turkish kiosques, with an **variety** of pavilions—so called—**ily** decorated structures of every **ole** shape and design, all flutter-**a** flags, and interspersed with **gardens**, fountains, parterres, **statues**, make up a charming **ily** colored picture. Amid and **these** countless and attractive **buildings**—if, indeed, such light **es** have been more than con-**gether** by some magician, to be **d** as easily—circulate the two **thousand** holiday makers this **unday**, as easily as the privileged **in** our Zoological Gardens on

Thus far all was as might **en** expected; but never shall I **he** spectacle presented to us **owards** the close of the after-**e** quitted this vast recreation **of** the Champ de Mars by way

of the Trocadéro. Looking back from the raised steps of that ingratiating little palace, we saw the garden below thronged from end to end, every inch blackened with masses of moving human beings, a gigantic beehive covered with bees. It was rather an invading army—terrace, balcony, balustrade, broad walk, side paths, all taken possession of; and above all stretched the majestic panorama of Paris, the river flowing below—Notre Dame, the gilded dome of the Invalides, Val de Grâce, the Sainte Chapelle, and the Pantheon, standing out conspicuously above the rest. But it was an invasion of peace, and not of war; and in spite of the enormous multitudes, there was room both within and without the Champ de Mars for all, and **getting** back from the Exhibition was as **easy** as **getting** there. It was not even **necessary** to take a carriage, so ample was the accommodation provided in the shape of tramways, the favorite vehicle of the Parisians. No **disorder**, no drunkenness, no squabbling for places; and later on, the streets **were** quiet and orderly. The Parisian population is accused, justly, of frivolity and love of change, but at least a great public holiday is not turned into the scene of excess which too often disgraces soberer nations.

And here I must be permitted a remark which may perhaps offend English readers. Without doubt the French working people take their amusements more politely, because they take them in company of their betters. Just as the accessibility of art collections and museums in France improve the taste and educate the eye of the French working man, so does the habit of perpetually mixing with the better ranks soften his manners. Before we too rudely blame our working classes for coarseness and sensuality in their amusements, let us give them the opportunity of choosing between good and evil. Whilst museums and art galleries are closed on Sundays, we cannot wonder that public-houses are full.

The Exhibition has brought everyone and everything to Paris, and among its curious and unexpected phenomena is the active proselytism displayed by the English and French evangelical parties. Outside the Trocadéro are elegant little

kiosques and pavilions, not devoted to pleasure but to piety. The Religious Tract Society, the Bible Society, the Christian Knowledge Society, are here in full force, distributing gratuitously such an amount of New Testaments, Bibles, and tracts as were surely never found in Paris before; 25,000 tracts are distributed a day, and I was assured that were the bureaux open on Sundays, 40,000 could be easily disposed of. Large numbers of the separate Gospels, translated of course into French, are distributed also, and so zealously has the work of propagandism been carried on that, what with the Religious Tract Society on one hand and M. Gambetta on the other, the priests at Belleville will soon not have a leg to stand upon. It is in Belleville, the nest and nursing-ground of Communism, infidelity, and heaven knows what, that most stringent efforts are being made, English ladies helping the French and Swiss Evangelical organisation with great zeal. The priests are keenly alive to the spiritual dangers besetting their flocks, and preach from the pulpit on the abominable fact that they cannot now enter a dwelling in Belleville without finding a copy of the Bible! But this is not all. Besides getting up prayer meetings and Bible readings, the ladies have set on foot mothers' meetings, to which flock large numbers of the poorest female population of the district, who sew for two hours, receiving all the time spiritual exhortations or instruction, and at the end 50 centimes for their labors. As the needlework is for the benefit of the poor, the pecuniary reward is not so small as it appears to be. Furthermore there are services held twice daily in the *Salle Evangelique* close to the Exhibition, and hither, amid the picturesque and glittering crowds, Arabs in their white and crimson drapery, veiled Moorish ladies accompanied by gaily-dressed negresses, Japanese in sober blue, Italian *contadine* in full costume, Persians, Hindoos, Annamites, and holiday makers from the four quarters of the globe, assemble little congregations of all nations to sing Wesley's hymns and pray for the conversion of their neighbors.

Great credit is due to the Evangelical Societies for their cheap and excellent refreshments. Whilst inside the Exhi-

bition the charge of 1 franc 60 centimes (1s. 4d.) for a cup of tea with bread and butter, or 1 franc for a cup of tea alone, is made, in the Evangelical British tea-room the same may be had for less than half the price. People must eat and drink in the Champ de Mars, but they pay dearly for it. The prices are exorbitant, the buffets are crowded, and smoking is allowed everywhere. Many people would prefer the quiet and economy of the 'British tea-room,' even if they had to read one of the Rev. J. C. Ryle's tracts into the bargain.

One morning I happened to see the following advertisement: 'Sunday at half-past one o'clock, in the Théâtre des Gobelins, *Conférence littéraire* for the benefit of the People's Library of the 13th arrondissement, M. Gambetta in the chair. For tickets apply Rue Croulebarbe No. 3.' In order to be quite sure of a ticket there was nothing to do but set off immediately for the Avenue des Gobelins—in fact, to traverse Paris from north to south. This operation, performed by means of tramway and omnibus, took a considerable time, and the finding of the Rue Croulebarbe was difficult, but at last patience had its reward. At the back of the Boulevard lay a block of unnumbered houses entered by a small garden door. Crossing the courtyards, the one full of girl-scholars, the other of boys at play, I found the *Conseiller Municipal*, in other words the schoolmaster, deputed to give tickets. I was only just in time; so magnetic is the name of Gambetta throughout the length and breadth of Paris, that though the meeting had only been advertised the day before, and the tickets varied in price from 50 centimes to 5 francs, only half a dozen numbered seats remain. 'People have come all the way from Neuilly for tickets,' my informant said, adding, 'Ah, no wonder. C'est un grand homme.' It really seems at last as if something like unanimity in public sentiment were not only possible but existent in France.

Goethe says: 'Wenn ein Deutscher schenckt, liebt er gewiss' (when a German makes presents, he is undoubtedly in love); and when the pleasure-loving yet economic Parisians are willing to pay five francs to hear a lecture or speech, we may be sure that they are interested

and in earnest. The proceedings, according to the programme, were to begin at one o'clock; whereas, in reality, the doors only opened at that time, and the real business began an hour later. This is generally the case here, in order to prevent undue crowding; but the arrangement has its evil side, as many, warned beforehand, instead of coming much too early, come much too late, and there is often some confusion.

All was bustle and excitement round the little Théâtre des Gobelins before the opening of the doors, although every single place had been secured in advance. A truly democratic assembly was this: there were workmen in blue blouses sitting in the best places beside elegantly dressed ladies, doubtless having secured them by weeks of privation; and in the upper gallery blue blouses predominated, but all was good humor and delighted anticipation.

When at last the curtain was drawn, there were thunders of applause, mingled with cries of 'Vive Gambetta!' 'Vive le défenseur de la patrie!' Then all was hushed, and after a few introductory words from Gambetta, the lecture began, if lecture it can be called. It was rather an oration, delivered extempore and with much rhetorical effect, having for its object the development of democratic ideas, under the title of 'The History of the Book.' The speaker, M. Quentin, a well-known journalist and polemic writer, traced the warfare between despotism and freedom, intellectual, social, and political, as illustrated by the history of printing and publishing from earliest times, briefly and eloquently reviewing the annals of France with this object. It is easy to imagine the telling points brought out by a skilled and practised orator when dealing with such a theme; and the audience thrilled with horror when listening to the pathetic story of Etienne Dolet, martyred poet, printer, and publisher in the time of Francis the First. The lecturer, by the way, did not remain fixed to one spot, according to routine, but moved to and fro on the stage, now sitting down, now turning to one side, now to another.

All this time it was interesting to watch Gambetta, who leaned back languidly in an arm-chair, his portly frame in an easy attitude, his head slightly raised towards

the speaker, his expression that of repose and quiet satisfaction. It was the lion at rest; but one could conceive how terrible he must be to his enemies when fairly roused. As the lecturer proceeded, Gambetta languidly inclined his head in approval of this sentiment or that, generally some sarcasm pointed at the clerical party, the Bonapartists, or the De Broglie faction; or, if a witticism or happy allusion pleased him, he quietly clapped his hands, and immediately again resumed his lethargic attitude. He looks old for his years, and weary, his hair and beard slightly grizzled; but he was suffering from a bad cold at the time, and this may partly account for his lethargy and evident fatigue. At the end of the lecture there was a collection for the People's Library of the 13th arrondissement; then a pause, and Gambetta began to speak, not rising from his seat, without any apparent effort, without any attempt at rhetorical effect. The born and practised orator proclaimed himself at the outset, and not a word of that short yet striking discourse was lost. In concise, forcible, and choice language, the words flowing from his lips in a stream of eloquence, Gambetta laid down the principle on which popular libraries should be organised, namely, with special reference to the technical wants of different districts. 'For,' he added, 'if we bring this ardor and passion to bear upon popular education, it is certainly to give the understanding more strength, the conscience more energy and elevation, the heart more courage; but this is not all. Such culture must be an instrument of production: the working man must find in it the augmentation of his productive force; his manual capital doubled, sustained, and enlarged by his intellectual capital, must become the source of ease and wealth.'

His closing words were full of hope, confidence, and patriotism, and were received with deafening cries of 'Vive Gambetta!' 'Vive la République!'

A little later that same afternoon I happened to find myself at the Champs Elysées just as Marshal MacMahon was returning from the French Derby. The *cortège* was magnificent, six white horses drawing the President's carriage; on either side stood brilliant crowds of

spectators ; all Paris, indeed, had collected there, for it was Sunday. But what a contrast to the reception accorded to Gambetta in the Théâtre des Gobelins ! Not a voice was heard, not a hat was raised as the Marshal, accompanied by the Shah of Persia, slowly drove by ; the vast crowds looked on, and that was all. And the next day a contrast equally striking was afforded by the reception of Victor Hugo at the final *séance* of the International Congress of Literature. The meeting was held in the Théâtre du Châtelet, and large numbers of spectators had been generously supplied with tickets by the Association des Gens de Lettres.

What the venerable poet said upon that occasion has appeared long ago in the newspapers, but the reception accorded to him must be witnessed to be realised. Thunders of applause checked his utterances every five minutes, and often interrupted a sentence. These marvellously poetic and eloquent discourses of Victor Hugo, we must add, are read, not improvised, but the audience is kept spell-bound none the less. The poet sat all the time, having on his right hand a score or two of wax lights, and close to these he held his manuscript, very frequently, however, dropping it, and speaking throughout with sustained rhetorical effect. There was majesty in the old man's attitude and magic in his voice as he turned towards the representatives of foreign literary societies, saying, 'Philosophes, poètes, hommes de science, romanciers, la France vous salue ;' and when he made an end, with pathetic allusion to his exile, the cheers and vivats were prodigious.

It is delightful to find all classes participating in whatever literary, artistic, or social gratifications this great gathering affords ; and with a liberality worthy of imitation, alike the civil and military authorities, as well as public companies and private employers, are doing their best to put such opportunities within reach of all. Thus the Salon has been thrown open gratuitously on the Sundays and Thursdays, also the interesting Gobelin tapestry works on certain days and various other collections. The Minister of War drafts off 200 soldiers daily to visit the Exhibition free of cost, and companies and private business houses

are showing the greatest generosity in supplying their hands with the necessary funds for a week's holiday in Paris. Every day the newspapers give fresh instances of such munificence, and every day the streets and places of public amusement testify to the fact. Wherever you go you find large numbers of working people and peasant folks from all parts of France. The remotest provinces are daily sending their contingents, and many of the holiday-makers are aged men and women whose admiring wonder is touching to witness. It is evident that these individuals have made up their minds to see everything. You find them alike in the historic galleries of the Trocadéro, in the Salon, in the galleries of the Louvre and Luxembourg, in the museums, in the charming walks of the Park Monceaux, in the Botanic Gardens. The presence of all ranks is especially striking to us aristocratic English folks, who never by any chance mix with the 'people,' so called, except at Sunday-school treats. Here the blue blouse and the *coiffe* are found side by side with fashionable ladies and gentlemen everywhere. However much French people may be divided in political or religious opinions, at least in the hour of recreation they are one.

And without doubt, one of the most important aspects of this great gathering is this, the bringing together in pleasant relation of class to class, proletarian and plebeian, master and subordinate. The Exhibition will do much if, to borrow an expression of Gambetta's, it renders not only the Republic, but the *bourgeoisie* 'aimable' to the great bulk of the nation, in other words, the working-people. What the division was between *bourgeois* and workman, the close of the Franco-German war but too painfully showed us. Let us hope and trust that the Exhibition will be the means of awakening a better feeling, and that for the future we may see the French workman and the peasant, master and *bourgeois*, meeting half-way. Least of all in France has a great clan class antipathy a *raison d'être*, for in France, and France only, we find the principle of equality at work and a wide-spread prosperity and abundance apportioned out to all.

On one point all foreign visitors must agree, namely, that Paris is now by far

the gayest, airiest, handsomest city in the world ; and when your French hosts drive you at night along the glittering Boulevards, and the new Place du Grand Opéra, made doubly resplendent by the electric lights, asking rapturously, ' Est-ce beau ? Est-ce beau ? ' there is but one reply. Yes, Paris is the most beautiful city on the face of the earth ; nevertheless the question suggests itself, Who would willingly live in it ? *

In London there are quiet squares and streets still, where, if the barrel organ finds you out, at least you are far removed from the grind of perpetual wheels, railway whistles, and tramways ; but in Paris it is not so. There, intersections of broad, cheerful boulevards and avenues, connected by the most complete system of communication imaginable, are only visited by two or three hours of quiet after midnight, and unless you get as far from the world as Neuilly or Passy you must expect no more. It is certainly very convenient to have a tramway passing your door every two minutes, by means of which you can get to any part of Paris you please ; but the perpetual trumpet of the driver, a noise so shrill as to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the upper storeys, at last makes you curse alike invention and inventor. There can be no doubt whatever that Paris has been turned not only into the handsomest but the noisiest of all cities. In the remoter quarters you have building going on to the right and left, the perpetual sawing of stone and hammering of carpenters ; and in the more central parts you have a traffic without ceasing. Again, convenient as the system of flats may be, and necessary as it is in Paris, where rents and prices generally are enormous, it has serious drawbacks. In the first place, the entrance hall is of course uncarpeted and boarded, so that you hear every footfall ; in the second,

the rooms communicate one with another, so that you hear every sound in the neighboring ones ; and thirdly, in order to economise space, the kitchen is in close proximity to the rest of the 'apartement,' affording perpetual odors of frying and grilling.

Quiet—that daily decreasing luxury of modern life, problematic as it seems in London—in Paris proper is unknown ; and thus, while we must yield the French capital precedence in elegance, airiness, and gaiety, we must regard it as the last place in the world where any reasonable-minded person would take up his abode. Of course the Exhibition adds to the noise and bustle of the streets, but it has nothing to do with the construction of the houses and the intersection of the city in every part with public vehicles.

What a contrast to turn from the heart of Paris, where it is truly said *on ne dort pas*, from the brilliant Boulevards Italiens and de la Madeleine, from the Rue de Rivoli and Palais Royal, to the People's park of Les Buttes Chaumont ! It is a very long way from all these, but not to be missed on any account by anyone wishing to realise the antipodes of Parisian life and society, the wealth of the 'English' quarter, the poverty of Belleville !

The most violent anti-Bonapartist going must pardon Napoleon the Third some small portion of his crimes for the sake of this excellent piece of work ; the inimitable, fairy-like park of the Buttes Chaumont being of his creation. You drive, gradually ascending to the end of all things, that is to say, you quit by little and little the tumult, glare, and animation of the city, and find yourself on a sudden amid emerald glades, dells, and *bosquets*, with thrushes singing, cascades dancing, brooklets meandering, only a low rumbling sound of distant thunder indicating the city just left behind. The quiet, the coolness, the rusticity are delicious. There are working women darning their stockings in the shade, children at play, old men reading the newspaper, and at rare intervals one or two tourists like ourselves, that is all.

This airy height, half natural, half artificial, now a veritable paradise of verdure, commands a noble view of Paris, and is connected with one of the most tragic pages in its history. Here,

* But the plague spot, the worm in the heart of the rose, is not here. So long as employers of domestic servants consent to the present system of shutting their doors upon them as soon as the day's work is done, and compelling them to sleep at the tops of the houses—little colonies of young men and young women thus driven to immorality—Paris will not only be the noisiest but, morally, the unwholesomest city of all others. Were the garret history of one single block of houses written, what a tale of vice and misery we should have !

on May 26, 1871, the Communists made their last stand, and being driven farther into Belleville, were massacred almost to a man. Long ago every trace of that bloody encounter has disappeared, and flowers are now blooming on the scenes of fratricidal hatred and vengeance fearful to contemplate. Let us hope that such outward change may symbolise an inner revolution, and that these fairy-like glades, grottoes, and parterres, so nobly commanding the city, may henceforth be dedicated to tranquillity and enjoyment. These Buttes Chaumont offer not only an instance of the wilderness made to flower as the rose, but of a marvellous triumph of science. This was formerly the most ill-favored spot in Paris. Here all the foulness of the city used to be deposited, and low thieves and criminals loved to consort together. The metamorphosis has been quite recently accomplished.

Fêtes, fêtes, fêtes ! Nothing but fêtes in Paris and round about this blazing summer-tide ; for, after weeks of wet and gloom, almost a tropical heat is here instead, neither the one nor the other daunting the ardor of the pleasure-loving Parisians. The Republican *fête par excellence* took place at Versailles on the occasion of the 110th anniversary of the birthday of Hoche, and was on no account to be missed by those visiting Paris for instruction rather than amusement. On arriving we found flags flying, bands playing, the town decorated from end to end, and all the population turned out to play. The banquet was supposed to finish at eight o'clock, when ladies and others were admitted by ticket to hear the speeches, but in reality it continued with no little liveliness till long after, and when the orators' turn came, they found it extremely difficult to get a hearing. In vain the chairman rang his little bell, in vain he implored silence. The champagne had circulated generously, the company was in the best possible humor, and no one would hold his tongue. Finally, Gambetta was summoned to the rescue, and his mighty voice, so clear and penetrating when reined in, so stentorian when allowed full scope, made itself heard above the storm. The tumult was indescribable, but Gambetta, wielding a wand magical as Prospero's, could not only summon

spirits from the vasty deep, but dismiss them also. Rearing his ponderous person, and managing his wonderful voice as a musician his organ stops, he let it swell out in a vast volume of sound, drowning and subduing the thousand and odd pigmy ones clamoring so vociferously. Having secured silence for others, he secured silence for himself—always allowing for thunders of applause—and delivered one of those passionate Demosthenic speeches which have made him so famous. All was fire, fury, and glowing eloquence. When, after a splendid peroration, he raised his arms high above his head, then folded them across his breast saying, 'I will never despair of my country : shall not France, who lends splendor to the world, have all my devotion ?' * he thrilled his audience with an emotion which vented itself in such cheering as human tympanums could not bear often. It was astonishing how a few hundred people could contrive to make so much noise ; however, all went merry as a marriage-bell, and when Gambetta's noble speech came to an end, and military bands suddenly appeared on the scene playing the 'Marseillaise,' enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Only a limited number could be admitted to the theatre, where the banquet took place, but that day and the previous one had been given up to general festivity. Velocipede races, concerts, illuminations, waterworks, fireworks, and other entertainments entered into

* As a specimen of Gambetta's mastery over words and gift of moving his hearers, I quote the passage which was the signal for uproarious applause. After declaring his faith in the loyalty of the French army, he said :

'Et l'armée le sait bien ; elle ne s'y trompe pas. Elle n'a qu'à se souvenir et à se regarder. Quant à moi, ma conviction n'a pas varié—et je le disais dans ces banquets restreints que nous faisons chez nos amis, aux mauvais jours, au lendemain du 24, au lendemain du 16 mars, je disais : Ils comptent sur l'armée ! Ils ne la connaissent pas ! L'armée, c'est l'honneur ; l'armée, c'est le patriotisme ; et ce qu'on lui demande, ce serait une souillure plus honteuse, plus vile, plus inexpiable que celle qu'imprimèrent au drapeau, sinon, au front des soldats, l'homme de Brumaire, et, après lui, l'homme de Décembre. Ah ! oui, j'étais sans inquiétude ; oui, je n'ai pas désespéré de mon pays. Et je n'en désespérerai jamais, il fait l'éclat de la civilisation du monde ! Pourquoi voulez-vous qu'il n'ait pas toute ma pitié ?'

the programme, which, owing to fine weather and favorable circumstances, was carried out without a hitch.

This Hoche festival was far more brilliant than its predecessors, and doubtless the general abandonment was partly owing to the widely spread feeling of security. Even pessimists look forward hopefully now, whilst no one who carefully observes what is going on can doubt in the consolidation of the Republic. Peace, not glory, has become the watchword of the nation, and the Napoleonic legend lies vanquished under the heels of History, as the dragon under the foot of the Archangel!

There is no doubt that the Exhibition itself gives increasing satisfaction to the French mind generally, and for a time, at least, has modified habits of daily life. The invariable sea-side holiday, or long sojourn in the country, is given up by large numbers of the people, who prefer staying in town for the purpose of seeing their friends. Thus the Exhibition has become a rallying point, not only of provincials but of colonists, the remotest appanages of France sending its representatives. Never, perhaps, was hospitality more liberally exercised than now, and it is delightful to witness these family meetings, where, over the most liberal breakfasts, beginning at mid-day and, what with dessert, liqueurs, and coffee, lasting for a couple of hours, old times are talked of and old ties renewed. It is a pleasant fashion in France, for schoolfellows and fellow-students to *tutoyer* each other throughout life, and the 'Thee' and 'Thou,' from the lips of grey-haired paterfamilias now meeting, after perhaps half a lifetime's separation, has a friendly sound. These social gatherings form one of the most agreeable features of life in Paris during the Exhibition.

Birds of a feather flock together, and thus there are cafés where the Nantais, citizens of Nantes, meet; others the resort of the Gascons, Tourangeois, &c. This meeting together of French people of all ranks, creeds, and classes must be considered a significant fact, wholly irrespective of the incomparable artistic and industrial collections here exhibited for their instruction. Good fortune, not evil hap, has brought the most opposite minds in contact, and, we

can but hope, with some result. It is curious that, as a rule, we are more familiar with Algerian affairs than our French neighbors, but with daily and hourly arrivals from Algeria, Senegal, and other remote dependencies, it is only natural that light should thereby be thrown upon the colonies and life there. True Parisians live out of doors, and may almost be said to have no home—which has its good as well as evil side. The habit of dining at restaurants and *tables d'hôte* instead of at home and of chatting with your opposite neighbor, whoever he may be, is certainly advantageous just now when there is so much of interest to be heard and said on both sides: A noteworthy fact is also the great influx of Germans in the early weeks of the Exhibition. A German spoke at the International Literary Congress; we meet Germans from all parts of the vast empire everywhere. May we not hope that this intercourse will take the edge off that keen animosity which has divided France and Germany since the terrible war of 1870-71? If so, whatever other results it may have failed to achieve, the Exhibition will at least have accomplished something memorable and worthy of all honor!

The Exhibition itself is a bewildering subject to handle, whether in detail or as a whole. Every day some new collection is opened, some fresh interest added, so that any summarising of the vast treasure house is hopeless. Some features, however, may be pointed out, as illustrating the superiority of this over former Exhibitions, since not only are the industrial arts here represented, but the tremendous achievements of research in science, archæology, and art generally, may be here studied under the best possible circumstances. In fact, the Champ de Mars is encyclopædic.

Approached by a temporary bridge, somewhat apart from the general tumult, is the noteworthy *Section d'Archéologie*. The little modern building stands on famous ground—no other than that of the Vieux Cordeliers, scene of the fiery eloquence of Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and other revolutionary leaders. Here are ample materials of study for the ethnologist, statistician, or archæologist. Not only are the various families of the human race to be studied esoterically

but exoterically, from within as well as from without. The collection is unique in some respects. A Darwinite may here trace cranial development from that of the troglodyte and *satyrus* to prehistoric man, and by a gradually ascending scale to the noblest intellectual type with which we are familiar. Then turning from these almost countless rows of skulls, he may study the human form in its various phases, and not only the typical man of all races and ages, but his dwelling, his monuments, his weapons—in fact, under every aspect. On one side, you see models of tumuli and prehistoric tombs; on another, photographs of dolmens and cromlechs systematically arranged; here, flint instruments and pottery; there, primitive ornaments and jewellery. Nor have we illustrations of archaic times from all parts of the world only. We may turn to admirable little collections, antiquarian, artistic, and domestic, from comparatively unknown regions, pottery and embroidery from Hungary and Poland, all kinds of interesting objects from Bulgaria, such as carpets, jewellery, apparel. Indeed, beginning from the beginning and coming down to our own epoch, we have here every necessary help for ethnological and archæological study, as well as that of social progress generally. In a small room adjoining, to be commended to the notice of statisticians, are arranged colored maps of France, dividing it according to 'sol, population, matrimonialité, natalité, mortalité, instruction.' By these means we can ascertain exactly the proportion of births, legitimate or illegitimate, of marriages, deaths, diseases, scale of education, quality of soil, nature of agriculture, and other statistical information, in any province, and in the easiest possible manner, each map being colored in various shades, dark denoting zero, light maximum. I mention this as one instance out of many of the extraordinary resources massed together in the Champ de Mars, and of the vast educational opportunities offered by specialities like this Exposition d'Archéologie. Here indeed is the practical teaching we want, for of books we have enough and to spare, and many were here quietly pursuing their studies apart from the animated scenes of the Trocadéro; and the Exposition Fores-

tière, and many other scientific collections equally interesting, are found scattered here and there in the gardens.

Just outside the precincts of the Exhibition, in the Avenue de la Bourdonnaye, is an unpretending little building of deepest interest to those really interested in the future well-being of France. This is the Workman's Exhibition opened with some ceremony on the 2nd of June, MM. Louis Blanc, Lockroy, Tolain, and other members of the Chamber, presiding. To my thinking, the Champ de Mars contains nothing more touching than this modest contribution by the workmen of Paris and all France. The objects exhibited are the fruits of such self-denial and patience as melt the heart to think of, being achieved after full working hours, in the teeth of all kinds of difficulties, and at the cost of sleep, recreation, and the bare necessities of existence. When we consider, for instance, such specimens of skill and industry as the magnificent carved sideboards in walnut and oak, and the inlaid book-cases, cabinets, and pianofortes, we cannot but wonder at the following inscription, appended to one: 'This piece of furniture has been entirely made by the workman Delié in addition to his day's labor, with no assistance whatever, either in design or execution.' It is a cabinet inlaid with brass, and deserves the highest praise for first-rate carpentry and good taste generally. The carved sideboards, some of which come from out-of-the-way country places, such as the Ile de Ré, Rennes, &c., are equally deserving of commendation. It is to be hoped that such admirable specimens of workmanship will meet with the notice which they so well deserve.

In this interesting little Exhibition, as yet incomplete, must be noticed the *faïence* and ornamental pottery exhibited by a Parisian working potter, also specimens of enamel, all of which evince great delicacy and skill. The useful arts are not neglected; witness admirable specimens of cloth mending, tailoring, plain needlework; and some important inventions are found here, notably the life-buoy invented by a sailor, and various methods of protection against fire, and the most compact, comfortable and economical portable bed that it is possible to conceive. For twenty-five shillings we

have here a bed, armchair, sofa, whichever we like, easy to fold or unfold, durable yet light; in fact, 'le lit-canapé Picot,' so called from its inventor, is a marvel of cheapness and comfort. Many of these folding sofas will doubtless find their way to England during the course of the summer.

Amusing enough are the scattered pagodas, pavilions, Swiss houses, &c., within the precincts of the Exhibition, and here, except in bad weather, sight-seeing is no fatigue. The quaintly built Pavillon d'Espagne, entirely decorated with bottles of Gothic chapel wine, the different colors forming a chromatic scale of color, is as characteristic as any; Monaco has a pretty building devoted to its fanciful *faïence*, whilst conspicuously above all rise the graceful towers and minarets of the Pavillon d'Algérie. No more picturesque feature in the Champ de Mars is to be found than this, which is an imitation of the beautiful Mosque of Tçlemcen, in the province of Oran. Here we have indeed a veritable glimpse of the East—Bedouins in their tents, an Arab family at work upon carpet weaving and embroidery, negroes, Arabs, Moors in their brilliant costumes; and, to crown all, a delicious Moorish interior with a fountain in the midst, tiled pavements and palms, oleanders and magnolias; last but not least, the *Eucalyptus globulus*, adopted child of Algerian soil, all so fresh and flourishing that it is difficult to believe they have been transplanted a few days only. The illusion is perfect, and for artistic effect, no less than for real interest, the Algerian Exhibition ranks high among the attractions of these pleasant gardens.

But the kernel, the cream and elixir of the Exhibition is to be found perhaps, not in the art galleries, nor in the beautiful Japanese court, nor in the wonderful display of multimiform industries of all nations, but in the so-called historic galleries of the Trocadéro. It is impossible to give any notion of the priceless collection, which to archæologists and artists generally is alone worth crossing the Channel to see. Archaic jewellery, terra cottas breathing the purest spirit of Greek art, Gallo-Roman arms and pottery, mediæval plate, furniture, and enamels, illuminated books and MSS.,

specimens of rare printing and binding—what is indeed not here? This epitome of the South Kensington and British Museums, the Louvre and Musée Cluny in one, has the merit, moreover, of being for the most part new; many of its choicest treasures being here exhibited by private liberality for the first time. French provincial museums as well as individual collectors have furnished contributions, local learned societies also, the whole forming a matchless intellectual treat for the true lover of art. No matter how well versed the archæologist or antiquarian who visits these galleries, he will find abundant novelty and can but go away enriched and delighted. Catalogues of this astounding treasure-house are promised forthwith, but there are one or two features of it I cannot forbear dwelling upon. In the first place, are to be noted the splendid gold ornaments of the ancient Gauls, found in Hungary a short time since. We were all flocking last winter to stare at the so-called Trojan treasure exhibited at South Kensington; but Dr. Schliemann's collection pales before these magnificent objects discovered by some Hungarian peasants in an earthen pot near Szolnok, and undoubtedly a gold treasure dating from the sojourn of the Gauls on the Danube, between the third and fourth century before Christ. M. Amédée Thierry, in his delightful *Histoire des Gaulois*, gives an account of this expedition, which a thunderstorm cut short on the eve of the pillage of Delphi. Hence the Gauls, travelling by way of the coast up to the Bosphorus, crossed over to Asia Minor, and being defeated by Atalus, King of Pergamos, were settled by him in Galatia, so called after them. To the student of history, and especially French history, nothing can be more interesting than these relics of the nation, terrible even to the Romans, 'because they feared not death,' which Cæsar with all his legions took seven years to conquer, and which produced in Vercingetorix, one of the most splendid heroes of ancient times. And, indeed, almost irrespective of our interest in the people portrayed to us so poetically by Lucan and other Roman writers, these objects cannot but attract from their splendor and artistic claims. The ancient Gaul loved to adorn himself with

jewellery, and their bracelets, torques or necklets, buttons, breastplates and belts, all of pure gold, give a high idea of their taste and skill. We also have here the skeleton of a Gaulish warrior, lying as it was found in the tomb, with his armor, chariots, horse-gear, and various bronze ornaments. This was discovered in France (Marne).

Next in interest, perhaps, must be mentioned the exquisite and unique collections from Tanagra, Dodona, Cyprus, and other places, but now publicly exposed by collectors for the first time. There are some scores of terra-cottas, exquisitely lovely statuettes from Tanagra, that offer a new revelation of Greek art. Some are colored, but the greater part of them are creamy in tone; all are gems alike of design and execution. The perfect naturalness and *naïveté*, we might almost say realism, of these figures is most striking, were it not that the word implies less of ideal beauty both of form and features to be found in these draped women. There are delicious little bits of child life and the home generally; children playing with birds and toys; a baker seated before his oven putting in the loaves to bake; a female gymnast jumping through a hoop; itinerant vendors, and an infinite variety of subjects, all handled with grace and skill. Then there is a not less interesting collection of relics from Dodona; notably the tablets of bronze, on which were written the questions to the oracle, some little time being required by them before vouchsafing a reply. Many of these inscriptions are legible, and are said to be very amusing. Then there are cases of Greek weights and measures, lovely little specimens of glass and pottery, bronzes, mirrors, vases, weapons, every phase of all being here represented. From these ancient periods of art we are led by gradual stages through the various epochs of the Middle Ages. From Poland, the loan of a Polish Princess, we have a superb collection of plate, furniture, armor, jewellery, and so on. Then we come to the arts of illuminating, printing, and book-binding, all so fascinating to the book-lover, and all of which may be studied here from the earliest periods. Musicians, in their turn, will be charmed with

the unique collection of musical instruments, many being richly inlaid and exceedingly elaborate in design. Of enamels and *faïence* there is a bewildering collection; the eye is dazzled with the splendor on every side, and, indeed, in a feast of color, the divisions of the galleries are matchless. Here and there masses of gold and silver blaze amid a thousand jewelled tints.

There is a table, for instance, of solid silver, and pieces of armor, plate, and furniture in richest gold. Never surely were such piles of wealth and marvels of art brought together! And hardly have we taken breath after such surprises when a no less dazzling exhibition is opened in the western wing of the Trocadéro—namely, the historic galleries of non-European countries. Egypt, Japan, China, Cambodia, Africa, South America, Oceania, contribute largely, but it is of the Japanese collection alone I have space for a few words. Here we have Japanese art in its choicest and truly classic period, before the national taste became vitiated by an exaggerated demand for European markets, a demand, alas! too easily satisfied and supplied. A feeling of profound sadness takes possession of the mind as we here realise the full deliciousness of an art now to be feared in its decadence. We cannot even compare the brilliant and truly artistic collection of the Japanese court with these *chefs-d'œuvre* without experiencing disenchantment. Form, color, workmanship, are alike unrivalled. We seem endowed with a new faculty for color as we contemplate some of these marvels of brilliance and transparency. Nor when we come to detail and finish are we less delighted and instructed. Extreme elaborateness in every part, yet in perfect harmony with the whole, is found almost invariably. To enumerate the treasures collected in this western wing of the Trocadéro—the Oriental carpets, pottery, jewels, furniture, dress—is impossible. Irrespective of the priceless loan collections in the Japanese department, the blaze of color and wealth displayed on every side are indescribable. The naïve contributions from the Marquesas Islands, and other parts of the scattered kingdom of Oceania, also invite a visit. But the

Japanese is the pearl of the western, as the Gallo-Roman treasures are the pearl of the eastern galleries.

And now, before closing this paper with a word or two about the great national *fête* of the 30th of June, perhaps something should be said of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1878 as a whole.

The most important industrial displays are of course contributed by France and England, after which come Belgium and the smaller but no less brilliant foreign 'sections in the 'Street of Nations.' The French manufactures and domestic arts are conspicuous for their elegance of design, nowhere more so than in the departments devoted to bronzes, metal work, porcelain, and furniture generally. Here are clocks, candelabras, lamps, &c., that may, without exaggeration, be called *chefs d'œuvre*; and it is impossible to deny the technical superiority of French over English workmanship in such branches of industry. In furniture we find that, like ourselves, French manufacturers and decorators have gone back to former periods for inspiration. The solid carved work of recent years is replaced by the light, elegant, fanciful styles of Louis XV., Louis XVI., and even earlier epochs still. On the whole, most people will prefer perhaps our own 'art furniture,' so called, of which we have in this Exhibition enough and to spare. In *faïence*, pottery, and porcelain, we see evidence of a great revival of one of the most delightful and decorative of modern arts. France exhibits an infinite variety of wares, many of which are highly artistic and original; while England may be said to hold her own in this respect, as well as in the machinery department, which is the admiration of all beholders. Some specialities in the French section must be noticed, viz. that part devoted to education. Here are exhibited not only the achievements of pupils in the primary, secondary, and superior schools, but also the scheme of instruction, maps, school museums in miniature, model school buildings, &c. The needlework exhibited by the various girls' schools, national, conventual, and private, is interesting, and herein, as far as plain needlework goes, a great superiority is seen over anything of the kind that could be exhibited in England.

'Difficult indeed would it be to weigh the relative merits of the treasures displayed in the glittering 'Street of Nations,' where the amazed spectator is led on a voyage of artistic and industrial discovery from neighboring shores to the remotest civilised regions of the globe. Finland, as might be expected, sends a splendid assortment of furs, artistically prepared and arranged; Russia blazes with the gold and silver of Potosi and the precious stones of Siberian mines, having for a background piles of brilliant malachite and lapis-lazuli, greens and blues of the brightest and deepest; Austria dazzles the eye with her display of Bohemian glass, jewellery tinted with all the hues of the rainbow, so airy and transparent to look at that we feel as if a breath would blow it away; Italy is rich in Mosaics and marbles, Switzerland in *faïence* and carvings, and other European nations, too numerous to catalogue, send noteworthy contributions. We soon find ourselves in the midst of those Oriental countries which still revel in the splendor of King Solomon and the magic of the *Arabian Nights*. And to make the illusion more complete, these enchanted regions are peopled with the gorgeous beings familiar only to most of us in the pages of Eastern fairy tale or on the canvas of artists. Here, wandering amid piles of carpets soft as velvet, rich in color as an Algerian garden, are Orientals in their magnificent dresses, Arabs from Algeria in crimson and white burnouses, Moors from Morocco, with embroidered vests, full white trousers, and silk turbans, Egyptians in suits of blue or violet, or, farther on, you find yourself opposite a couple of Japanese in their blue garments around them, relieved by a refreshing and highly artistic background of violet and white; such an assemblage of lovely things in porcelain, bronze, and lacquer ware, as perhaps was never got together before. Far more brilliant, but less attractive, is the Chinese section, where you encounter lithe figures with long pigtailed gliding about in cool white dresses, their costume being in striking contrast with the glitter, one might say gaudiness, around them. Orange, scarlet, green, purple, with a superabundance of gilding, blaze out on every side; stuffs, embroideries, furniture, porcelain, being all as gay as

color can make them. No less remarkable is the display afforded by Siam, its silks, wares, and art products generally being of the richest description. But more novel than all these, and unique indeed as far as general experience goes, is the choice little treasure-house belonging to the kingdom of Annam. The custodians interest us hardly less than their display. Broad white trousers and white undergarments, with an over vesture of thin black gauze, must form an agreeable dress in hot weather, but their black turbans suggest anything but comfort. The inlaid work, from Annam, of dark wood, relieved by brilliant bluish mother-of-pearl, is extremely artistic, and it is not to be wondered at that so many pieces of furniture, cabinets, jewel-cases, &c., are sold. But time presses, and we hasten on, brushing as we go Persians, Greeks, Turks, Hindoos; last, but not least, American, German, and English tourists, who like ourselves have come to stare at the 'Street of Nations.'

Refreshing it is to turn from this Babel to the deliciously cool, quiet sculpture rooms, where the dainty creations in marble stand out in bold relief against a background of old tapestries. Few people we fancy will be disappointed in the International Exhibition of Sculpture, and most will be astonished at the richness of some of the collections, notably those from Italy, Russia, and Greece; last, but not least, France. But these as well as the sculpture galleries admit of no hasty notice.

The Exhibition, we are promised, is to be kept open till December, and what it will come to at last makes the brain giddy to think of! The Parisians, however, seem determined to confront the tropical heat we are now enduring for the sake of meeting their friends and watching the progress of the Exhibition generally; but foreign tourists will doubtless pack their trunks and be off to Switzerland, the Tyrol, anywhere, so long as they get out of Paris.

For as if we were not already crowded enough in Paris, the Government, generously we must admit, organised a great national *fête*—to be repeated, it seems, in September—which will bring thousands of excursionists to add to the number. Under such circumstances it is impossible to feel enthusiastic even about

the relics of Dodona or the classic period of Japanese art. A thousand things, it is true, tempt us to remain in Paris. There are superb concerts given daily in the Trocadéro, not only those of the famous *orchestre* of the Scala from Milan, but first-rate and most interesting performances of chamber music, especially French, by French *artistes*. The theatres offer tempting bills of fare; a dozen congresses, literary and scientific, are sitting; scientific lectures are given twice daily in the Trocadéro, all the museums and other places of interest are thrown open; whilst for sheer amusement we have enough and to spare in the Moorish café concerts and other lighter entertainments of the Champ de Mars; lastly, all the world is here, and we have friends from all parts of the world arriving daily. The thermometer, however, standing at eighty degrees in the shade somewhat damps our ardor, and we only waited to see Paris ablaze with electric lights and the statue of the Republic inaugurated in the Trocadéro, to be off to the country. A word or two, therefore, about the great unexampled *fête* of June 30, the *Fête de la Paix par excellence*, also the people's *fête*, in honor of peace, progress, and the Republic, not only celebrated in Paris, but throughout France. The Government signalled this national rejoicing by a well-timed piece of clemency; several hundred political prisoners of the Commune receiving official pardon or commutation of sentence to-day. If no other memorable feature of the 30th of June, 1878, remained, at least the opening of prison gates in New Caledonia, Algeria, and other places upon hundreds of misguided men and women would render it a Red-letter day. How many half-broken hearts will thereby be healed; how much suffering forgotten in a moment of joy; how many homes made homelike again!

After this fact, so agreeable to dwell upon, must be mentioned the inauguration of the statue of the Republic in the Champ de Mars; then the gift of 20,000 francs to the poor, besides distributions to 25,000 indigent families; lastly, such a series of popular rejoicings as perhaps has never before been witnessed even in democratic Paris.

The Exhibition was open on payment .

of 25 centimes ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) at the door; there were monster concerts, vocal and instrumental, in various parts; out-of-door balls, velocipede races, processions, fairs, salvoes, and balloon ascents; in fact, every entertainment that can possibly be thought of, and in the evening illuminations and fireworks on the most magnificent scale.

Early in the morning, even our quiet, almost suburban quarter, showed the liveliest appearance. On popping my head out of the window to see what was going on, I found that every one else's head was popping out also; flags were flying from most of the windows, sober paterfamilias in their shirt sleeves were putting the finishing strokes to their decorations, and already the entire quarter was metamorphosed. At midday, of course, we set out to see what was to be seen, and with that invincible good humor characteristic of the French, all difficulties were made light of. The only carriage to be got was one of those miniature four-post beds on wheels, put into requisition here on public holidays, and into this small vehicle we got—Monsieur, madame, their English guest (a friend) and her little Breton maid in high *coiffe*. Thus closely packed we drove along the crowded Boulevards. Paris—no longer the glittering city of yesterday relieved only by the verdure of the trees, but lightly draped from end to end in red, white, and blue—Paris, indeed, seemed like a fairy city floating in a tricolor sea! Tricolor everywhere—flags on the horses' heads, from every window, cockades in everyone's hat, bonnet, or button-hole. There were little flags of red, white, and blue stuck behind the horses' ears, attached to the driver's whip and hat; flags of much larger dimensions flying from every omnibus and tram-car; and an infinite variation of the theme. One of the most striking of these was the appearance presented by three girls, walking abreast, dressed respectively from head to foot in each of the national colors. It was an indescribably gay and animated scene, and perfect good humor and order reigned everywhere. The impromptu vehicles that had been put into requisition called forth a smile—luggage vans, brewers' carts, improvised omnibuses with women conductors, every trap to be

thought of was here, gaily decorated with flags, some wending their way to the Bois de Boulogne or the Exhibition, all, it is hardly necessary to say, crammed full. No fashionable promenade was the Bois to-day, but a rollicking recreation ground of the people; not only the well-to-do artisan and workman, but of the poorest, and the enjoyment written on every face was charming to witness. So much for the Boulevards and the Bois; but all kinds of more exciting amusements were going on elsewhere, each *arrondissement* having issued a glowing programme of the day's festivities. It is a fact to be noted that the humbler streets showed as gay an appearance as any, and that no quarter in Paris was more splendidly decorated than the faubourg St. Antoine and other so-called *quartiers ouvriers*. The working classes evidently put heart and soul into the occasion, and some quiet little streets positively blazed with color. But for the great mass of holiday-makers and sightseers, the best was yet to come, and soon after dinner—an amusing feature of which was a tricolor cake decorated with tiny flags—we again set out for the Champs Elysées to see the illuminations.

The day, which had been grey and cool after a sudden downpour the night before, seemed as if it would never end, so long and luminous the twilight; but vast crowds were already streaming into the Bois de Boulogne. Very prudently all carriages were prohibited after six o'clock in the great thoroughfares leading to the principal points of interest, so that circulation on foot was comparatively easy. Every now and then long strings of young men and boys carrying Chinese lanterns on poles, and wearing the cap of liberty, made their way through the dense masses singing the 'Marseillaise.' In some cases, women formed part of the processions, which were numberless, the air seeming to ring with the burden of their song. People made way good-naturedly, looking on with a smile. Soon the noble Arc de Triomphe showed a glittering circlet, and the Champs Elysées were garlanded with little globes of fire as if by magic. The dazzling transformation was quickly accomplished in every part, till the city blazed from end to end in light and color, the marvels of the Place de la Con-

corde and the Bois de Boulogne being no less a feat of art than the display of Chinese lanterns in the poorest little street.

But illuminations and pyrotechnic displays on a grand scale are very much alike, and after mingling a little with the crowd and then strolling along the

quieter Boulevards, we try to shut out the brilliant spectacle with window curtains and to sleep—no easy task when at every moment some patriotic reveller goes by, singing the 'Marseillaise' and vociferating 'Vive la République!'—a sentiment with which this paper may aptly close.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

MR. BRYANT AND AMERICAN POETRY.

THE death of Mr. William Cullen Bryant does not indeed deprive America of her oldest poet—for the venerable Dana still survives—but even Mr. Dana can hardly have published verses earlier than the *Infantilia* of Mr. Bryant. He lisped in numbers which were duly printed when he was but ten years of age, and his early lines, published in 1804, show a precocity as great as that of the late Bishop of St. David's. Neither the childish verses, nor a youthful satire called the "Embargo," find a place in the English edition of Mr. Bryant's collected works (Henry S. King and Co., 1873), which lies before us. Fifty-seven years separate the date of the poet's death from that of the appearance of the volume which contained "The Ages" and "Thanatopsis." American poetry is always much engaged in the contemplation of the grave, and therefore it is less strange that the first stanza of "The Ages" and the last lines of "Thanatopsis" should read like a prophecy of the poet's own decease:—

The sweet wise death of old men honorable
Who have lived out all the length of all their
days.

It may be worth while to quote the lines which contain a precept that Mr. Bryant obeyed in his long, honorable, and probably happy life:—

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Mr. Bryant's early verses remind one of the first efforts of a poet with whom he has not many points in common,

Théodore de Banville. "Thanatopsis," like *Les Cariatides*, is full of rich and various promise, never quite fulfilled in the many later attempts of either singer. It does not appear to us that there was so much strength and massiveness in the volumes of Mr. Bryant's maturity as in the book of his youth. His poem on "The Ages," for example, ends with some very vigorous lines on the superiority of America over the pale civilization and narrow bounds of European countries:—

Seas and stormy air
Are the wide barriers of thy borders.

This patriotism became the youngest singer of the youngest nation; but America has left no mark on Mr. Bryant's genius. This is an old complaint, and perhaps English critics are mistaken when they suppose that English poetry should put forth flowers of some strange fragrance and color in American soil. Certainly the quiet and refinement of Mr. Bryant's verses and of Mr. Longfellow's are more attractive than the formless experiments of that rowdy Tupper, Walt Whitman, or the Swinburnian energy of Mr. Joaquin Miller. Looking through Mr. Bryant's collected works, one finds nothing that proves him to have been more moved than Campbell was by the influences of America. He is rather interested in the Red Man, to be sure, but not more than an English poet might very well be. He begins "an Indian story" by saying that he "knows where the timid fawn abides," and where "the young May violets grow." Then he introduces Maquon, a young brave, who has promised his dark-haired maid a good red-deer from the forest shade. Now this is really, though Mr. Bryant lays no stress on it, a most interesting moment in Maquon's career. To

to a dark-haired maid with a touch of vension is equivalent, among the children of Nature, to proposing. If she accepts the gift, and she hashes the venison, all is well, the brave not only knows that he is a loved wooer, but that the dark-maid can cook. If she does not work, the brave is not only rebuffed but he must marry any maiden who has the presence of mind to rush in and cook a steak, or whatever it may be. In details Mr. Bryant neglects, and he observes that when Maquon fled to his bower of the beloved he was absent,

He hangs on the sassafras, broken and
Of the well-known hair.

The rival who preferred the old plan of marriage by capture has anticipated him and got away with an excellent Maquon, though left behind at last, soon recovered the maid, killed him,

Indian girls that pass that way
Out the ravisher's grave,
How soon to the bower she loved," they
Said,
Led the maid that was borne away
Maquon, the fond and the brave."

Mr. Bryant's verse is never more peculiarly American than in this idyl; and it is admitted that Mr. Joaquin does the thing better when Indians are concerned, and has far more dash, and a lavishness of local coloring, and is infected by the sentiment of Indian poetry. Indeed nothing can be more tame than the lines about "Maquon, the fond and brave." Again, Mr. Bryant's perception of what a French critic called *la beauté de la vie moderne*, as manifested in the society of the United States. Possibly there is no such peculiar thing to perceive. On the other hand, the sense of Thoreau seems itself to be in a kind of poem impossible on the part of the water; and Mr. Lowell's respectable verses, *The Biglow Papers*, are certainly full of a peculiarly essentially American, and are, more notable than any production of Bryant's.

An English student of poetry (who is only partially acquainted with American literature) the American seems just the reverse of what

might have been expected. Instead of an exuberance of life, there is present a singular delight in decay. The great intellect of Hawthorne habitually haunted "the mouldering lodges of the past," and there breathes through all his novels the dank air of a soft November day. New England verse is of the color of the leaves in the "Ode to the West Wind," "yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red." It is not love, as in the triumphant chorus in the *Antigone*, but death, "that makes himself a rosy hiding-place" in the cheek of youth. Mr. Bryant actually has an address to "Consumption," beginning with some complacency, "Aye, thou art for the grave!" His poem called "June" might more appropriately have been styled "The Sepulchre"; he at once grasps the "sexton's hand," and wanders from the lap of midsummer to the thought of "a cell within the frozen mould," and so on. This is the poem which ends with the beautiful and well-known lines about him

Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is that his grave is green.

Turning from Mr. Bryant to a far greater than he, to the one American singer with a genius—an eccentric and perverted, but undeniable, genius—we find Poe infinitely more sepulchral. He is not content to stay on the green outside of the grave, but his thoughts must follow the worm and the processes of decay. The grief in his verses is not tender regret, but the insanity of a bereaved, and always rather feeble, intellect. His palaces of art crumble over abysmal tarns; his beauties have the charm of *La Morte Amoureuse*. The ruck, or the choir, of minor poets are equally lachrymose. American poetry turns naturally to the topics and the sentiments of the schoolgirl, whose effusions are always the utterances of mysterious sorrow and irremediable loss, and who forgets her woes when she "comes out." Perhaps it is natural that the verse of a young country should have the failings of the verse of young people, who never put their natural gaiety and vigor into rhyme, but harp on the theme of their morbid affectations.

American poetry is not only gloomy,

on the whole, but it is perversely and persistently moral. Mr. Bryant, for example, was the author of some very pretty lines on a "Waterfowl," possibly that cheery and beneficent creature the canvas-backed duck :—

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall
bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

This is very well, a pretty, natural picture ; but Mr. Bryant fills it up and rounds it in with a quantity of religious padding. Wordsworth was not more anxious to "drive at practice." "The Fringed Gentian," in the same way, has its religious moral, and the poet hopes that, just as the fringed gentian blossoms late "when woods are bare and birds are flown," so

Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

The fancy is pretty, and welcome here ; but the love of finding morals everywhere is shared by the American Muse with the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*. Probably this mildly didactic character of American poetry is due to the fact that hymns are almost all the imaginative literature of many of the people. Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's most diverting description of the immortal Gifted Hopkins (in *Elsie Venner*) shows us the birth and life of inspiration in the Bostonian bard. He is first stirred by hymns and hymnal music, and much later in his career he devours Byron and Tennyson. The deeper tone, however, of his lyre will always ring with moral, melancholy, and mildly religious cadences. It is not impossible that the faults of American poetry, the depressed tone, the search for didactic reflections, the absence of originality in the mere *technique*, the lack of the welcome strangeness of personality, are due to

the surviving influences of Puritanism. Another very obvious temptation besets the young American who cares for literature. The main current of American life sets so strongly in the direction of action, especially of commerce, that he who refuses to be a politician or a trader is not unlikely to become an indolent amateur. He is almost necessarily severed from the interests of the majority of his countrymen. Mr. Bryant was a singular example of a poet and a student versed in many literatures who did not hold aloof from politics and the stress and turmoil of democracy. It is scarcely possible, we think, to call him a great poet, even among American poets. Mr. Longfellow, of whom there has been no question in this paper, excelled him where he himself most excelled, in the composition of refined verses of placid contemplation. Mr. Longfellow possesses a range far wider, a genial gaiety, a sadness not depressing, but touched with humour, and, in addition to these good qualities, certain defects which have insured his popularity. As to Poe, there is a standing feud about his position between Bostonians and the rest of the world. It may be granted that the matter of his poetry is often an exaggerated expression of American sentiment, that he howls where others only drop the tear ; but he has poems of classical purity and perfection, like the lines "To Helen" ; and he has intervals of music, as in the "Haunted Palace" and the poem of "Israfel," which are only to be matched in Shelley and Coleridge. He is often free, too, from the insatiate American love of morals ; and it would be hard to find any didactic, or perhaps any other, significance in "Ulalume." It is improbable that America will produce any poets who can be ranked with the great Englishmen, with Milton, Coleridge, Byron, or Scott, till she learns to possess her soul in a quiet which at present seems far distant.—*Saturday Review*.

ICELAND.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

STARTING the other day on a cruise to Iceland, in the steam-ship *Mastiff*, fitted out for the purpose by my friend Mr. John Burns of Glasgow, I thought it

might be well to follow out what has become an old practice with me, and write some short account of what I might hear and see upon the way. But when I got

rd I found, provided by our host delectation and instruction of his so extensive a library of Icelandic rs that I was obliged to declare to that nothing more could be wanted to mention Von Troit's letter-written in the last century, there en a constant succession of books y description, grave and gay, philcal, historical, and social, depicting present and past state of Ice-given to us during the last eighty—beginning with the quarto of Sir : Steuart Mackenzie, published in und continued up to Mr. Burton's : Thule in 1875. With Sir George nzie in 1810 went to Iceland our end Sir Henry, then Dr. Holland, seems to have departed from us : other day, and who renewed his ntance with Iceland by a second fter a lapse of fifty years. He a preliminary dissertation to Mac-'s book, which is probably, as a account, the most useful history e of the state and political condi-the island up to that period.*

ildest work we have is, perhaps, zer Henderson's journal of a two residence in Iceland in 1814 and out this will hardly be much read nless by those who are in want of ve Icelandic information. We ohn Pfeiffer's journey there in und in 1856 Lord Dufferin's High les,—which no doubt to present a readers is more familiar than er story of travels in the country. does not know Wilson, and the speech, and the astonished travel-Then there is Burnt Njal,—Sir : Dasent's book,—being a picture in Iceland in the tenth century,—landic Saga,—or novel after the we might call it, though it has ore of truth in it than the novels ch we are accustomed. To this xed an explanation of the history erary merits of the Sagas, which : as interesting as the tale itself. urray also has published a guide

to Iceland in connection with his guide to Denmark. I cannot mention all, but I found that above twenty different books about Iceland, in the present century, had been published in the English language. I must own that my energies were depressed by this discovery, and that it was not without a little editorial encouragement that I was enabled to add these few words as to what I saw in the country during the week that I passed there.

We anchored in the harbor of the capital, Reykjavik, with the intention of riding up to the Geysers and back again. This we did, and no more. But, through the hospitality of our host, Mr. Burns, we had an opportunity of seeing something of the manners of the people ; and I think that I learned something of their ways of life,—of which I certainly knew nothing before my visit.

My readers probably do know that Iceland is what we should call a Crown Colony dependent on Denmark, and that Reykjavik is its capital. I shall take the liberty of presuming that they know no more,—merely because my knowledge was confined to so much before I went thither. One matter of information I was unable to obtain even by going ; and that one, which is generally considered to be of importance. I could not ascertain where Iceland is. We had two charts on board, both recent, and both authoritative, as I was assured by competent nautical authorities. One declared Iceland to extend beyond the Arctic circle, and the other says that it falls short of it. The Encyclopædia Britannica, which for all Britons is supposed to be a gospel of information,—and by no Briton more faithfully than by me,—settled the question twenty years ago by declaring Iceland to be altogether south of the Arctic circle. I can only say that the charts now in use differ as I have described. We had two British admirals on board, and their minds were left in doubt.

There can be no doubt, however, that Iceland is near enough to the pole to be very cold and to enjoy perpetual daylight in the summer months. We were there in June and July, and the daylight never waned. The name of the country is I think hardly deserved. Occasionally, but only at the interval of

onsiderable portion of this work, be-e preliminary dissertation, was from of Dr. Holland ;—so much so, indeed, reader is surprised that the two names should not have appeared on the title-Portions also are from the pens of other

many years, by certain operations of winds and floods, its northern shores become clogged and enveloped by floating ice from the northern seas. Such was the case during one of the early attempts at colonization made by the Norwegians ; and such was, the effect of the cold superinduced over the whole island, th at the strangers departed from the inhospitable land, and gave to it its present name. But Iceland is not peculiarly a land of ice, though it is a land of snow.

There is an old myth which I would fain believe if I could, that Iceland was first discovered by Irish Christians who settled themselves and left behind them crosses and other symbols of their religion when they perished, probably during some such ice invasion as that mentioned. But the Icelandic, and even the Norwegian, accounts are at variance with each other, and the stern historian had better accept the Irish period with a doubt. Then came Norwegians, probably driven here in the first instance by storms, then induced by the beauties of the summer to remain, and then again driven away by the inclemencies of the winter. So there grew up in Norway a knowledge of Iceland ; the first Norwegians coming over about the year 860. Not long afterwards, towards the end of the ninth century, there was a tyrant in Norway, one Harold Harfagra, under whom certain landed yeomen could not live in comfort, as certain English yeomen could not do under that British tyrant James I. : So, as the indignant Britons went to Massachusetts in the *Mayflower*, did the Norwegians to Iceland. Such is the real history of the population of the country. For four centuries there existed a Republic, and the progress of the people during that time both in learning and social comforts seems to have been marvellous when we remember the difficulties of their position. Then, apparently with the consent of the people, the country passed under the dominion of Norway. In the dynastic changes which have since taken place among the Scandinavian realms, Iceland has ever gone with Denmark, and is now, among Denmark's external possessions, probably the most important. She has a Governor sent to her from Denmark—with whom in managing the affairs of the island is comprised a council, a lit-

tle parliament we may perhaps call it. The power exercised is probably that of an absolute Crown, but the exercise of the power is mild and beneficial.

We are apt to think in London that we are the very centre and navel of the world. Perhaps we are. But in so thinking we are led too frequently to believe that the people who are distant from us, and altogether unlike us in these circumstances, must be very much behind us indeed. There are those Icelanders, with almost perpetual night during a great portion of the year, without a tree, living in holes for protection against the snow,—almost we may say without any comfort,—a barbarous unfortunate people certainly ! But when I was in Iceland, especially when I was in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, I did not think the people whom I saw to be at all unfortunate, and certainly in no degree barbarous. Everybody seemed to be comfortable. Everybody was well clothed. Everybody could read and write. I saw no poverty. I saw no case of a drunken man, though I heard of drunkenness. I found a taste for prettinesses,—notably as shown in the ornaments and dress of the women ; a very general appreciation of literary pursuits ; a tendency to religious worship ; orderly easy comfortable manners, and a mode of life very much removed, indeed, from barbarism.

Reykjavik at present contains a population of 2,500 souls. Such at least was the information given to me on the spot. Sir George Mackenzie gives the number as having been only 446 in 1806. The total population of the island was stated to me as being 90,000. This is probably in excess of the true number. Sir George gave it as 48,063 in 1808,—stating that it had amounted in 1703 to 50,444. These numbers are, if true, very startling,—showing that the increase for a century, say for the eighteenth century, had been nil. There had been, in fact, a small decrease ; whereas the increase in the existing century has been very great, the population of the whole island having nearly doubled itself, and that of the capital having more than done so.

It is, however, to be remembered that there do come in Iceland periods of great want, almost of general starvation,

which nothing can as yet be done telling them, and but little in preparing them. The northern portion of land becomes blocked with floating lowered temperature falls upon fire land. Grasses die, and with masses the flocks and herds which upon them. With the flocks it is ible but that men and women perish also. Then too there volcanic eruptions which are destructive. Mackenzie gives able showing that between 1783 84 the numbers fell, of cattle from to 9,986; of horses from 36,408 5, and that from 1770, the last to which the number of the sheep n, to 1784 the number of sheep m 112,809 to 42,243. In the 83 there had been the great eruption Skaptaa Yokul, a second Hekla; gger and higher than Hekla. I d no statement to show what was mediate effect on the population terrible misfortune; the return y Mackenzie simply states that ulation in 1801 was the same as ; just before the eruption. There led been a very small decrease, 1,287 to 47,207. But the immediate effect on the cattle and sheep is above. The author adds, howat the loss as given in the table ; to have been exaggerated. misfortunes do not appear to be it enough to cause immediate "It is true," one man said to nswer to my enquiries; "but it seldom."

1 on shore we soon made acquaintance with many of the inhabitants. The ladies, for we had a bevy s with us, demanded to be taken ellers and purveyors of knick-

We bought silver ornaments, tips, and shoulder-bags,—every r silver ornament, her dog whip, r shoulder-bag, and every man the two latter articles. The dog vere for the ponies we were to e bags to carry our small travel-ar, and the ornaments for our delight. The whips and bags ade in the island, and were good entos. The ornaments we were re the old decorations of bygone ic beauties. They had probably l Reykjavik from Birmingham,

via Copenhagen. They will now come back to England much raised in value by their travels.

We all called in a body, sixteen of us, upon the Governor, by whom we were received not only with courtesy,—but cordially. Afterwards we made acquaintance with his wife, a dear motherly woman, handsome withal, who delighted to make new friends and to talk about her children. I do love to find a human being, a woman by preference, who under the sanction of sudden and somewhat unusual circumstances can throw herself into sudden intimacies. The precocities of Mary and the ailments of Jack become interesting to me, and I find myself talking about them as though my whole heart was there. One's whole heart is not there; but there has been a little green spot which never becomes wholly dry or desecrated afterwards. There was the Bishop too, with a delightful daughter,—Bishop Pjetursson with his wife and his daughter Thora,—with the latter of whom we really did form an abiding friendship. There was a good deal of pleasant raillery displayed by our young men, four or five of them, at the expense of Miss Thora. The Icelandic beauty was able to receive all their shafts on her little shield, and to return an answer to each from her own quiver of wit. And she had to do this in English, as none of her opponents could touch her in her own language. One and all we lost our hearts to the Bishop's daughter.

There were four languages going, English, French, Danish, and Icelandic. Of the latter two, none among our party could speak a word, and yet there seemed to be very little lack of the means of conversation. I was astonished to find how many there were who could speak English. The intercourse between Iceland and Scotland is no doubt frequent, the regular steam-boats which come from Copenhagen every month during the summer stopping first at Leith before they make their way up to Thors-havn in the Faroe Islands, and thence to Reykjavik. But such communication between two ports does not teach us English people a foreign language. The difference, I suppose, has to be found in the fact that English is necessary to their comfort, but that Icelandic is not needed by us for ours. The Leith shopkeeper

or mariner will not trouble himself to talk to the stranger in other language than his own ;—but the Icelander must trouble himself to maintain the needed communication. In the old Roman days, the great Roman held it to be below his dignity to talk to any barbarian in other than his own language. The normal Englishman is somewhat like the great Roman. The result, however, shows itself in extended information on their part, and in intellectual aspirations which cannot but be useful.

Reykjavik is a dear little town, pervaded no doubt by a flavor of fish which is to the Icelander an article of important commerce, with two main streets, and a little square in which there is a statue of Thorwaldsen, whose father was a native of Iceland. In one corner of the square is a large well-arranged church, with galleries and an organ, very much like an ugly English church of fifty years ago. The glory of the church consists of a font given by Thorwaldsen, with bas-reliefs by the great artist on the sides of a square pedestal. The houses are of wood,—all of which has to be imported. They are comfortable and sufficiently spacious. I was inside four or five, and was surprised at finding how very much an ordinary sitting-room in Iceland is like to one in an English provincial town. No one would say the same of France,—or even of Germany generally. In Reykjavik the Governor's house and the Bishop's house and the Postmaster's house, with various little shops into which I made my way, had to my eyes hardly any air of strangeness. One morning early I rambled about a photographer's house, anxious to find the room in which he was at work, and wandered by chance into an inhabited bedroom. My speedy retreat did not enable me to see whether I had disturbed the slumbers of a lady or a gentleman ; but the occupant showed no signs of annoyance, or, as far as I could see, of surprise.

The harbor of Reykjavik is landlocked, secure, and very picturesque. As you lie there you are surrounded by islands and headlands which block out the open sea. On one of these islands we found a farm of eider-ducks who are fostered and nurtured for the sake of their feathers,—eider-down being, as we

all know, much in quest by those who love soft feathery coverings to their bed. The unfortunate maternal bird thrice strips her own bosom annually to make a nest for the preservation of her young ones. Twice are the feathers taken away. The third time she perseveres, but should she be a third time robbed, she will give up her work in despair. But the nest, when she has had her use of it, is still serviceable ;—so that three crops per annum are garnered from her prolific breast. The owner of the birds showed us his operations, and allowed us to picnic on his island. He sold a pound of his feathers to one of the ladies of our party for, I think, 12s.

I was surprised to find that a town which seemed to be so well civilized as Reykjavik should be without the ordinary resources of a bank. The trade of the island is considerable, and was of importance enough for well-arranged statistics even so far back as the period of Sir George Mackenzie's visit. He gives lists of the articles imported and exported. Of the former there are thirty-eight named, consisting chiefly of cereals, strong liquors, tobacco, coffee, tea, soap, iron, and salt. Singularly enough he does not mention timber, which of all articles brought into the island, must be the most important and the most necessary. The exports consist chiefly of fish, and the oil taken from fish, and of wool and woollen-goods. To these are to be added tallow, skins, and eider-down. Since the beginning of the century the trade has very greatly increased, the people having been accustomed to luxuries of which they then knew nothing. But yet there is no bank ! When I spoke to the Governor about it, he acknowledged the want and surmised that it would come. This he said with the air of a man who did not quite like to hear his deficiency exposed. At present all payment for goods imported must be made with goods exported. When we go to the bottom of things, we learn that this must be done in truth by all importing countries. Unless a country has something to sell, it cannot go into the market and buy. But a medium for the making of purchases has been found to be essentially necessary for commerce in these latter days ;—and this medium takes the

of paper promises which can be ated only by means of bankers. land there is no banker, and paper es are therefore useless. English in the shape of sovereigns,—even shape of shillings and half-crowns, eptable everywhere in Iceland. £5 note is of no service, unless a as such communication with Eng- s will enable him to send it thither t in a letter. Cheques, promissory and bills of exchange are of no n Icelandic commerce. The man kes thither timber or tea, must be it to take back fish or feathers. Governor, however, was probably

It will come. Reykjavik with lege, its education, and its com- ill not be long without its bank. ive spoken of the necessity and the f timber. It must be remembered ere is not a tree in all Iceland. s the case now. There is, how- ample evidence that it was not so , as large lumps of old timber are imbedded in the bogs,—as is the n Ireland. It is probable from signs that there has been a time in the cold was less severe or at any ss enduring. At present there is ig bearing the resemblance of a -nothing that can be called even a except a low spreading ground which creeps along over large ex- of land, but which does not rise a foot in height. There are wil- ants also of the same description. od therefore for useful purposes e imported; and yet the houses nerally constructed of wood. The lties arising from this want are, of ;, infinitely enhanced by the fact there is no means of carriage hout Iceland otherwise than by i. There is no such thing as a ed carriage. A few miles beyond avik there is no road on which s can travel. A log of wood or a anks will be fixed on lengthwise to ony, and so the little beast will , trained to the work.

length of the summer, joyous and nt as is the summer, does not : for the growth of trees, hardly hat of corn or even vegetables.

are four months which are not —June, July, August, and Sep- r. September, however, though

not wintry, cannot be called warm. And then throughout the summer the nights become cold, though the light is as clear then as at midday. When travelling on horseback during the night I found the air so cold as to make it necessary that I should have a woollen comforter with me ready for use. The days were extremely hot, hot as to make riding at noon very disagreeable, whereas the nights were so cold as to feel almost like frost. The consequence is that all growth is stunted, that flour and other cereal provisions must be imported, that vegetables are rare, and that there is no such thing as a tree on the island.

In walking round Reykjavik I found the people hard at work getting in their peat for fuel,—turf as we call it in Ire- land,—very much as the Irish do. There is a little lake at the back of the town, and in the soft marshes round this they were piling up the sods for drying. The importance of these operations will be borne in mind, when the length and severity of an Iceland winter is remem- bered, and also the fact that there is neither coal nor wood provided by na- ture. Coal we did find at Reykjavik, imported from England,—or more prob- ably from Scotland,—and sold at prices not much exceeding those which we pay at home. But that was close to the sea- side, whither coal can be carried cheaply by water. The conveyance of coal into the interior of the island without roads, or wheels, or water carriage is of course impossible.

There is a college at Reykjavik with learned professors, professors whom I believe to be ripe scholars as regards the classics; and, latterly, inferior schools have been established. It may I think be taken as a fact that everybody,—almost everybody,—can read and write. There are five newspapers in Iceland, two of them published in the capital, a copy of one of which is now before me. It begins with a poem in fourteen stanzas, and devotes only a part of one out of eight columns to advertisements. From this it may be argued that the Icelanders are given more to noble, and less to mean, pursuits than ourselves. Four columns are devoted to one essay or leading article. I wish I could read it, so as to make known the subject which at present dwells most in the minds of the

Icelanders. I can perceive that a notice of two lines is devoted to the Congress at Berlin, and that the arrival of our vessel and party is chronicled in nine lines. The printing is very good,—the type being excellent. On Sunday, on board ship, we sang two hymns, which had been printed for us, of course in English, on the Saturday. There is not an error in them. I have brought home with me an Icelandic translation of Macbeth, translated, printed, and published at Reykjavik. I presume this may be taken as evincing some appreciation of our great writer in the country.

The amount of erudition among the people is certainly remarkable, and is attributed by themselves to the necessity of passing the long evenings of winter in occupation within doors. I do not, however, believe that any amount of incarceration, from long darkness or from other causes, would produce such a result in a tropical country. The mind of the Icelanders is active and does not allow him to remain ignorant. I think that this is the case more in Scotland than in England;—much more in England than in Spain; more in Spain than in Cuba, where the white Creole has no objection to any amount of ignorance. At what most northerly point this peculiarity may cease, I am not prepared even to guess. An Esquimaux is not I presume a peculiarly intellectual human being. Perhaps my surprise in Iceland was occasioned by previous misconception on my part,—by a mistaken idea that an Icelanders was no better than a semi-Esquimaux. That the traveller should meet there a Tyndall or a Huxley, a Macaulay, or a Tennyson, or a Gladstone, I will hold out no hope; but that the ordinary Icelanders who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow will be found to be a more agreeable companion than the English laborer by any educated traveller who can use a language in which to talk to him, I feel quite sure.

I never quite believed in that Latin speech of Lord Dufferin's. It was too super-Sheridanian to have been delivered at the spur of the moment. But it suffices to tell us that he had found it necessary to exchange ideas in the old classical language with a people who, though so far removed from the world,

had dabbled with the classics. When our party was riding out to the Geysers,—as I will tell a page or two farther on,—one of us was met by the parson, or minister, of a district in which we intended to halt for the night. "Via lapidosissima," said the parson, intending to express his pity for any sufferings we might have endured. The conversation was not I think carried farther at the moment. But that may have been the fault of the Briton rather than the Icelanders.

On our ride we were accompanied by five guides, of which the chief had with him a nephew who acted as one of them. He was a young man about twenty, who told us that he had just left the university, and was mingling holiday work and business while thus assisting his uncle. He could speak English almost fluently, and I fell into conversation with him as to his past studies. I had a little Horace in my pocket, and he read to me the first ode. How far he may have gone with his Horace I could not say, but he himself led the way to Cicero, and I found him to have a much more ample knowledge of the author than is common to young Englishmen of that age who have had all the advantages of education which money can give them. He was very enthusiastic as to the Pro Archia, and knew all the details about Catiline.

Some of us attended the church service on Sunday morning. The mode of worship is Lutheran. The hymns were very long, and five different hymns were I think given. The Bishop, with whom we had previously made acquaintance, did no part of the work; nor, as I think, did he attend. He was probably preparing a charge for his clergy. The service took nearly two hours and a half, and was well attended. After service the clergyman walked away amidst the reverential feeling of his flock, conspicuous for an enormous Vandyke ruff round his neck. Whether he would have been so much regarded without his ruff I cannot say.

Mr. Burns gave a dinner party on board the *Mastiff* and ten or twelve of the principal inhabitants of Reykjavik sat at his table. The Governor and his wife were there, and then it was that I became so pleasantly acquainted with the lady who

ext to me. There was the Rector of the College, and the Governor, the Mayor, the Treasurer, the Judge of the Superior Court, and the Bishop, and the Sheriff, and their wives and daughters in proper Icelandic dress. We drank the Queen's health; and then the Governor responded in Danish. Then we drank the ladies, and then the gentlemen, and then that we had a dance upon the deck. The dances were quite common to them, but some of our Scotch friends danced, and they were highly delighted.

We had time but for one inland trip, that was to be made to the long-land Geysers. The question would naturally be between the Geysers and the mountains to those who like ourselves could do both. But Hekla was not in mood to-day, and is difficult of ascent; and on the other hand the Geysers, independently of the hot springs themselves, there is much of interest to be seen. The ride to the Geysers for two or three men is much of an exploit. The distance is about seventy miles, and though the roads are in parts rough enough,—via lapi-ima,—it is not difficult. It is generally performed in two days, with a short rest at Thingvalla, half-way, and forms a not inconvenient little excursion for four or five days. But the ride is no doubt hard to ladies, especially for those not accustomed to ride—and even for gentlemen not freely in the saddle the exercise is more than sufficient when carried for four consecutive days without rest.

Taken as a whole we were a hardy party. Some of us at the end were tired enough, among whom I do not mean to name myself, who was probably the oldest of the party. We started from Reykjavik with sixty ponies, a cook and two servants, with five guides whose duty consisted chiefly in looking after the ponies and baggage. Everything necessary for food and sleeping we had to take with the backs of ponies. Mattresses were carried for the ladies;—for the men a blanket apiece and what-amounts of oats and rugs the individual tour-oughtful of himself, might manage to introduce among the luggage. For food I may say here as well as else-

where that during my visit to the country I did not eat a mouthful of anything which had not come from Scotland, except milk and curds. I saw none of their bread or meat. The Governor told me that their mutton was as good as the world produces; but it is not cheap enough,—or in other words there is not enough of it,—for common consumption. It is generally eaten salted. The people live very much on salt fish,—and very much on milk. I fancy that European travellers in this country have generally endeavored to carry with them as far as they could their own provisions. We took with us for our party over a hundredweight of cooked meat, with bread, butter, tea, coffee, and potatoes. Wine and spirits of course we took also. It is not to be supposed that there are inns on the way to the Geysers.

It was arranged that each equestrian was to have two ponies for his or her own personal use. As we began to know the ponies and their qualities, we did not stick to any rule, all of us encroaching on the others, and deserting the bad beasts very much at the cost of the good beasts. I began with a brute, doing the first half-day's journey on him, so abominable in his nature that I refused to mount him again on any consideration. I have ridden many a horse with a bad nature, but of all equine natures that I have known his was the worst. He would linger wilfully and knowingly, in opposition to all provocatives, till he was the last of the procession, and then when some turn of the path, some rock or some hill had placed all his companions out of sight, he would turn suddenly, and with dogged, resolute purpose, and a lowered head, endeavor to make his way back. Once he succeeded in getting me in this way out of sight of the world beyond, and then I had a battle with him which needed all my strength. But for the dog whip of which I have spoken, he would certainly have conquered,—and then how mean would have been my position at Reykjavik while all the others went on to the Geysers! I must own, however, that remorse for the evil done to me, and then perhaps some recognition of my equestrian capabilities, procured for me afterwards a relay of wonderful little animals who never flinched beneath my

weight, and never made it necessary that I should lag behind. The ponies generally were very good, marvellously safe, travelling with us very frequently at about eight miles an hour, and never as far as I could see giving signs of real fatigue.

Our head guide was named Zoega,—a man of European celebrity. He was contractor as well as guide, supplying everything. As far as I could learn, the ponies cost about £1 each in the expedition,—all other expenses incidental to them, such as that of the guides themselves, being included. But as our host paid for everything, refusing to move on any other terms, I am unable to speak with accurate certainty.

We took tents with us, which Zoega supplied,—as he did the boxes in which our provisions were packed. Going and coming we were to stop at Thingvalla, where the ladies, we were told, might be allowed to sleep in the church. At the Geysers we must all lie in tents. We might have been taken in at a farmhouse with willing hospitality, but the farm is too far from the Geysers to admit of a rush out to see the eruptions when they might be pleased to erupt. We agreed therefore, ladies and all, to remain upon the ground in the neighborhood of the hot springs.

After our first day's journey over rough and somewhat uninteresting ground we reached Thingvalla. "Few countries in the world," says the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "present a more forbidding aspect, than Iceland." With this opinion I can by no means agree. Nowhere is the route we had passed devoid of some charm. Nowhere is it flat, or without distant hills. Quick bright streams have to be passed frequently. A traveller in many countries will have come over many miles infinitely more tedious than that first day's journey to Thingvalla. At Thingvalla the scenery is romantic and magnificent, and continues to be so almost up to the Geysers.

The description of Thingvalla with the sudden descent into the valley which bears the name,—a descent which is made down the almost perpendicular side of a riven crag,—has been so clearly given by Lord Dufferin that I do not care to repeat it. The rider,—or walker as he

probably then becomes, allowing his pony to follow him,—makes his way down into a broad green valley, through which runs a rapid bright river to a magnificent lake, which has been seen long before, and remains in view long afterwards. Here he finds the stream and comes to a church and the minister's house close to it. Behind the church, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, is a spot to which the name of Althing is given. Here we are told was held in ancient days the Parliament of the country,—by which it should probably be understood that here was the supreme justice-seat of the nation. It is a peculiar spot, because it lies amidst the singular rifts or clefts in the rock made by volcanic eruption, and is so surrounded by these clefts that it can only be approached at one narrow entrance. It was covered with wild flowers and the greenest of grass, when we were there, and was altogether most interesting and picturesque. The field is about four hundred yards long, and on an average fifty broad.

The grasses around were very rich, showing what is the agricultural or rather pastoral capability of the island. Grass is its one great source of rural wealth, and during the summer months is extremely exuberant. The cattle and sheep are fed plenteously on the mountains during the warm weather, when hay to a very large extent is made in the villages. When the hay harvest is over, the stock is brought down, and is kept out till the heavy snow falls. Then the animals are housed and fed during the inclemency of winter. In the early spring they are again enabled to pick their own living, and in May they are sent out again to the mountains. I am told that in some places sheep remain out all the winter; but I am inclined to think that this must be very occasional and that they still must be fed with hay. Mackenzie tells us that these regulations as to bringing in and sending out the stock at fixed periods were enforced under stringent laws. The practice seems to remain nearly the same, but with less of legal obligation.

On our arrival we found that our tents had been pitched in the churchyard, and that the cook was already busy within the same precincts. The minister was soon among us with his

"*via lapidosissima*," — not by any means disposed to find fault with our intrusion or to reproach us with want of reverence. The church was altogether at our service for any use to which we might put it. One room with two beds for a lady and her husband he could lend us. One of our party, a lady, had become so fatigued that it was thought better that she should not go on. It was arranged therefore that she should remain as the guest of the minister's wife. We became very familiar with the minister's house and all his family, to whom we seemed to have come as a special Providence in the way of excitement. The house was commodious, with many rooms, each of the chief rooms taking the form of a gable. There were four gables, all looking in the same direction. The pitched roofs on the other side came down to the ground, and were all covered with growing turf. So the house on the three sides looked like a collection of large mounds rising from the ground, as might so many large green hillocks. Thus the snow lies as it would upon hillocks, and serves only to keep warm what is beneath it. On the side where are the door and the windows,—the side to the south which is the least exposed to the beating snow,—labor is of course needed to keep the egress and the ingress free. Such is the form of all the houses which we saw in the country parts of Iceland.

From Thingvalla to the Geysers the scenery is very attractive. There is a broad green valley among the hills, where all the mountain sides have been blasted by subterranean fires, but where the turf at the bottom is beautifully rich. Then we crossed a river called the *Brúarä*, which comes foaming and bright down a broad rocky bottom. In the middle of the channel is a vast rift, perhaps twenty feet broad, into which the waters tumble from each side, almost meeting with their crests as they fall. The traveller fords the breadth of the river, but over the rift there is a little wooden bridge, over which the ponies accustomed to the spot pass without a tremor. Around on all sides there are jagged hills, and then, close at hand luxuriant grasses. I deny altogether that the country has a forbidding aspect. But it may be that half a century ago

the taste for the wilder beauties of nature had not grown to its present strength. A hundred and fifty years ago the Alps and Pyrenees were horrid only,—not beautiful.

We were of course full of the Geysers as we rode on. During our journey we had seen Hekla on our right, about thirty miles off,—quiet as an infant. We had not expected Hekla to exhibit herself for our sakes, and were contented to know that we had seen snow on her summit. But we had expected much from the Geysers. Our party had at least expected much. I had seen the Geysers in New Zealand, and knew that those in Iceland would fall very short of my New Zealand acquaintances. We paused awhile at a farmhouse to which some of us rode so rapidly that others were more than an hour behind us, and there we feasted on curds and cream. It was very much like the minister's house at Thingvalla, but larger. There were I think six gables. We went into every room in the house including the kitchen larder and dairy, which were behind, and saw all their stores and all their comforts. Of milk and cream there was the most profuse abundance. We saw, too, meat and hams hanging, and what I may call a full larder. But bread seemed to them to be rare. A few crusts, or biscuits, which were brought in were eaten up carelessly, and then we were told that there was no more. But coffee was given to us with white lump sugar. And of cream there was no end.

A mile farther on we came upon the blighted field of the Geysers. It is a blighted field, near to a river side, with a hill rising above it, with no peculiarity of formation excepting that of the hot springs. Our tents had not yet come. A few who were first therefore took their saddles off their horses, and proceeded to walk carefully among the boiling springs. There were two ladies with us and we went very cautiously. In a quarter of an hour we had seen pretty nearly all that there was to be seen. Then came the tents and we bivouacked and dined among the Geysers.

There was no darkness or even twilight, and from this time we gave up all idea of dividing the twenty-four hours into day and night. After dinner we wandered about and saw what there was

to be seen. There is the Great Geyser. This consists of a pool of boiling water about fifty yards in circumference, two or three deep, in the midst of which there is a deep round funnel about eight feet broad, up which the boiling water is emitted. There is always a supply coming, for there is always a certain amount of hot water running out on two opposite sides of the pool. Here the visitor may amuse himself by dabbling with naked feet, scalding his toes if he goes too near the pool, warming his toes comfortably at an increased distance. Excavations suitable for bathers there are none,—as there are, so delightfully formed and so deliciously filled, at the Geysers in New Zealand. At a little distance, in a ravine, there was a hole in which some of us, one after another, endeavored to sit and wash ourselves. Had it not been in Iceland, it would have been thought to be a most uncomfortable tub. Occasionally, perhaps once in every four hours, a larger, and somewhat violent supply of hot water is thrown up the funnel, which has the effect of emptying the basin and ejecting from it the hot water rapidly. This occurs with a noise, and is no doubt the indication given of a real eruption when a real eruption is about to take place. But the indication too frequently comes without the eruption. This, when it does take place, consists of a fountain of boiling water thrown to the height of sixty, eighty,—some beholders have said two hundred feet. During the twenty-four hours that we remained at the place there was no such eruption,—no fountain,—although the noise was made and the basin was emptied four or five times.

About half a furlong off from the Great Geyser, or Geyser Primus, as we might call him, is Geyser Secundus, to which has been given the name of Strokr. This name we may perhaps write as Stroker. Stroker is an ill-conditioned but still obedient Geyser. It has no basin of boiling water, but simply a funnel such as the other, about seven feet in diameter, at the edge of which the traveller can stand and look down into a caldron boiling below. It is a muddy filthy caldron, whereas the waters of the Great Geyser are pellucid and blue. The Geyser Secundus will make eruptions when duly provoked by the

supply of a certain amount of aliment. The custom is to drag to its edge about a cart load of turf and dirt, and then to thrust it all in at one dose. Whether Stroker likes or dislikes the process of feeding is left in doubt. He bubbles about furiously with the food down in his gullet for half an hour, and then ejects it all passionately, throwing the half-digested morsels sixty feet into the air with copious torrents of boiling muddy water. As far as we could judge the height was sixty feet. We are told that in 1789 Sir John Stanley saw water thrown up from this well 132 feet. That last figure in the total will be held to be convincing by many minds.

These are the two Great Geysers. Around are an infinite number of small hot springs, so frequent and many of them so small, that it would be easy for an incautious stranger to step into them. And the ground sounds under one's feet, seeming so honeycombed and hollow, that a heavy foot might not improbably go through. Some of these little springs are as clear as crystal; in some the appearance is of thick red chocolate,—when some red earth has been drawn into the vortex of the water. Sometimes there is a little springing fountain, rising perhaps a few inches or a foot. Had there been no other Geyser, no other little lakes of boiling water known in the world, these in Iceland would be very wonderful. When they were first visited and described, such was perhaps the case. For myself, having seen and described the Geysers in the Northern Island of New Zealand, I cannot be ecstatic about the Geysers in Iceland. There is too a lake of boiling water in the Cape Colony, near to the town of Worcester, which I have also described, and which throws into the shade the little lake through which the Great Icelandic Geyser makes its eruptions. But from the South African boiling lakes there are no eruptions.

After a day among the hot springs we returned by the same road to Reykjavik, riding chiefly by night so as to escape the heat. Very pleasant were those gallops in the cool evening when some of us, more or less vainly, attempted to keep up with the adventurous young ladies who led the way. From Reykjavik there had been a fishing expedi-

by some of our party, and they had
 laden with an enormous booty
 out. Stirred by this success, and
 g heard that in a stream running
 om the Lake of Thingvalla at some
 lerable distance from our route,
 was quite a miracle of fishing to
 und, they resolved, though at a
 access of labor, to go to the river
 ish it. It required that a day's
 ; already consisting of eight hours,
 l be extended to sixteen. But the
 ation was great. Only let them
 e of—flies! They went gallantly,
 d in mosquito nets, boots, caps,
 ; —impervious we might say.
 caught one fish, and then the flies
 ed them. It was impossible to
 on the spot after the flies had dis-
 id their whereabouts. Elsewhere
 re not plagued. There has never
 I am assured, a mosquito in the

whole island. We certainly did not see
 one.

I was much amused by finding at the
 end of Sir George Mackenzie's book a
 recommendation that England should
 take possession of Iceland! What part
 of the world has it not been thought at
 some time expedient that we take into
 our own hands or under our protection!
 Sir George tells us that his friend Mr.
 Hooker had thought this to be the only
 way of "relieving" the inhabitants, and
 that he thoroughly agreed with Mr.
 Hooker! Happily for ourselves, hap-
 pily for Iceland probably, we abstained.
 Unhappily at the present moment we
 are in a more triumphal mood. It is
 pleasanter for us to look back at the idea
 of taking Iceland without a cause, than
 to think that we have been made to take
 Cyprus with such a cause.—*Fortnightly
 Review.*

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

WHEN the roads are heavy with mire and rut,
 In November fogs, in December snows,
 When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—
 There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
 But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
 And the jasmine-stars at the lattice climb,
 And a Rosalind-face at the casement shows,
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
 When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
 When the mind (like a beard) has a 'formal cut,'—
 There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
 But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
 And the young year draws to the 'wanton prime,'—
 Whenever Sir Romeo courting goes,
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts didactic strut,
 In a changing quarrel of 'Ayes' and 'Noes,'
 In a starched procession of 'If' and 'But,'—
 There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
 But whenever a soft glance softer grows,
 And the birds are glad in the pairing time,
 And the secret is told 'that no one knows,'
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

ENVOY.

In the valley of life,—for its needs and woes,
 There is place and to spare for the pains of prose;
 But whenever the joy-bells clash and chime,
 Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

Belgravia Magazine.

MISS CUSHMAN.

It was in the years of 1840-41,—or probably 1841-42—that I knew Miss Cushman. The intimacy was a brief episode in our lives, but a pleasant one; and I am sure it had a strong influence on our minds. It was a chance acquaintance between two young women of kindred tastes, whose roads in life lay so broadly apart, that each had to step aside to meet the other; and when, as was natural, interferences occurred to prevent this going out of the beaten path, the intimacy ended. Our intercourse was wholly unconnected with my ordinary life, which was a quiet domestic one, occupied with the pursuits of a studious girl. When she came to me of a morning for a few hours, an invisible curtain rose: a curious existence appeared, full of fascination; of sweet old songs; perfect passages of poesy and music; voices of the eternal masters of the beautiful,—the *genii chiari*. When she left, the curtain fell: but the real was beautified by something that hung around it like a subtle perfume; the haunting of a melody; the faint memory of a dream. I had never known actors or actresses personally. They were to me as the people in fairy tales. Even during the period of our most intimate friendship, I could not divest myself of a strange feeling as if I were talking with a Miranda on an Enchanted Island. To my young girl imagination, she was an inhabitant of another planet. She did not belong to my prosaic world. And no wonder! For did she not come from that fascinating unreal place the Stage? from that poet-land, the region of Arcady; where grow the forests of Arden, the Athenian woods in which Puck played his pranks, and Hermia and Helena fell out over a lover; where are witches' heaths with moving Birnam woods and Dunsinane; and the mystic rock of Elsinore, washed by the waves of an unknown ocean?

Miss Cushman was in the habit of coming to me almost every morning, on her way home from the rehearsals at the theatre, of which she was manageress. We were each hard-working and studious; and while I knew little of her pursuits, she threw herself heart and soul into

mine, because they were akin to her own. She always asked me to read aloud her part for the evening; sometimes it was uninteresting and passed without comment; sometimes it was from a famous play, and led us to a long and pleasant reading of the whole work. We plunged into the clear wells of old English poesy with all the enthusiasm of youth. Without thinking of, or meaning to go through, a thorough and instructive course of poetical dramatic literature and criticism, we did so. Often in the evening, Miss Cushman would write me a note from the prompter's stand in lead-pencil, and send it by her brother. These notes were continuations of the morning's eager talks over the plays, and appointments for the next happy reading hours. Up to that time Miss Cushman had studied her parts simply as a professional, without sufficient leisure to enjoy the literature of her calling. While we were reading together she would often exclaim, "It is a new world!" If it was an unknown realm to her, to me her readings and conceptions opened up a vast kingdom. I had gone, moderately, to the theatre—had seen many fine actors: but I never understood, until I read with Miss Cushman, what are the peculiar exigencies of the stage; what an actor and the public require of a dramatic author; why one drama may be a perfect poem, and yet unfit for the scene, while another, much less charming, will be more effective in scenic and acting qualities.* It was at that time Lessing's 'Dramaturgie' first fell into my hands. His long, tedious, but highly useful criticisms on acting, on foreign plays, the many quotations from classic ancient writers and learned comments, were read by us with the simple faith a child gives to a gospel.

It was at this period of her life that Miss Cushman first met Macready.

* Sardou, in the discourse delivered to the French Academy this spring, gives the law that governs an acting poetical drama. A theatrical work is a condensed one. The spirit of the author makes the reflections, his heart feels the sentiments, but he must give the public only the substance. A phrase must sum up twenty pages, a word comprise twenty phrases.

weeks before he came to act with me was much excited, and expressed anxiety as frankly as an unaffected girl.

"I am dreadfully afraid of him!" she said. Every day she brought me news of his mode of acting, his peculiarities, his temper and manner. She was to act Lady Macbeth on that night. Her repetitions of the part were untiring. We read and rehearsed it. We consulted everything that had been written on the play and the character upon which we could lay our hands.

She had Macbeth acted as often before, in order to try various effects and to rid of her fright. One morning she came to me looking unusually serious and resolute.

"You will not see me for some days," she said. "Saturday the younger Vandenhoff acts Macbeth with me. I have heard that Macready points all his business before a *vis-à-vis* mirror. I mean that he is like Lady Macbeth in that way." "It is useless for me to dissuade her. Did I know about acting? I might as well tell her something of literature of criticism; but I knew nothing of Shakespeare and the musical comedy." And away she went. The following week, one morning I heard her rap rap on my door. She bounded like a gay romp of a girl, tossed her head up to the ceiling, and gave a wholesome laugh, when she saw the look of alarm for fear the volume would fall against a precious vase or when I poured out a volley of questions about her mirror-pointing, how she succeeded, &c.

"I never acted so fiendishly bad in my life," she said. "If I act that when Macready comes, I'll kill my friend instead of Duncan. Mirror-pointing does for Macready, but it plays chief with me. I don't mean to do as Lady Macbeth until I go on the stage to act it with him. Let us read and rehearse everything else. I must do something to get back my unconscious—I hate pointing and rules; they make me trip and tumble as if I were in a gown, and feel horribly nervous."

That night she had acted with the younger Vandenhoff, I had written her a note of apology for not going to the trial. In the note I had quoted the

passage from "The Two Noble Kinsmen" of Beaumont and Fletcher, beginning,

"You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love."

She had never read the play, and was anxious to know where I had found this beautiful bit. In a few minutes we were deep in the best scenes of that fine drama,—scenes which are as the disputed picture of "Modesty and Worldly Vanity" in the Sciarra Palace, Rome. "If not painted by Leonardo da Vinci," writes Viardot, "it was done by one as great as he." Thus those scenes, if not written by Shakespeare, were by one who possessed his matchless style. Nearly forty years have gone by since those happy young days; but as I write these words, my ears are full of the deep contralto voice of my friend, reading beautiful passages of that old drama,—a voice which had in it then the sweet tenderness of young womanhood; afterwards it became sombre and hard. I never shall forget the first reading of the opening of the play: the scene between the captive queens, Hippolyta and Emelia. It carried Miss Cushman out of herself. She took the parts of the queens, I the others. When I repeated,—

"No knees to me;

What woman I may tread that is distressed,
Does bind me to her,"

—the tears started to her eyes; and when she read the speech beginning,—

"Honored Hippolyta,

Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusked boar,"

—her voice trembled with feeling. After we had read the play through, we returned and picked out the choicest parts. It was as dear a joy as the finest music, to hear Miss Cushman repeat her favorite passages, without the book, for her quick memory soon possessed the words. We revelled in the prison scene between Palamon and Arcite; and Miss Cushman's fine dramatic sense put life into parts I had always omitted—the jailor's daughter, for instance. The reading of this play led us naturally to the "Knight's Tale" of Chaucer, and much critical literature; so when Macready arrived, Miss Cushman was well prepared for the trial. She never acted "Lady Macbeth" so well as on that

night. When she first entered, Macready stood at the side scenes, and listened to every word. She was "dreadfully frightened," as she said. The hand that held the letter trembled visibly, but not the voice—that was very firm and steady; her manner was subdued, which was well, for it was apt in those days to be a little too gushing. The character, or part, was throbbing with life. It had a strange reality which I had never noticed before. The bleak far-off time became our own present moment. It was a being that might be one of ourselves—an ambitious, energetic young woman possessed with one mad selfish desire, and ready to peril all that was high and holy to attain her end. Years after, when Miss Cushman was more famous, I saw her again in "Lady Macbeth;" but it was never the same: her conception had crystallised; the spontaneity of youth was gone. She went through the whole play with equal power and self-possession. Macready stood at the wings in the sleep-walking scene, and was most favorably impressed. Altogether, it was a great triumph, and from that moment may be dated her future success on the English stage. The following morning she came to me at an unusually early hour, and repeated, with the *naïve* delight of a young girl, Macready's compliments.

"I mean to go to England as soon as I can," she said. "Macready says I ought to act on an English stage, and I will."

During our intimacy she often related to me incidents of her artistic career; and most interesting were her recitals, for she was as dramatic off the stage as on. Her stage life had begun early, and had been a hard and painful one, with much to contend against—not only poverty, but envy and ill-will; but she was a brave, vigorous woman, resolute and prompt, and these qualities gain what genius often misses. One of her most interesting recitals was how she created "Nancy Sikes." I forget the date, but it must have been some time before I knew her, as "Nancy" was then one of her leading rôles. Miss Cushman and her sister were stock actresses on a New York stage at the time. For some unlucky reason she had gained the ill-will of her manager. One day the casts

came from the theatre while she was out. Miss Susan Cushman opened the paper and found among other work, an order for her sister to act "Nancy Sikes" in 'Oliver Twist,' the following week. It was an unimportant character, and always given to actresses of little or no position in the company. "Charlotte will be furious," was the remark of the mother and sister; and so she was.

"But what could I do?" said Miss Cushman sadly, when she told me the story. "I was at the mercy of the man. It was midwinter; my bread had to be earned. I dared not refuse, nor even remonstrate, for I knew he wished to provoke me to break my engagement."

"Shall you act it?" asked her family. "Certainly," was the reply. Up to the night appointed for 'Oliver Twist,' she was not seen by any one except at business-hours. She took her meals in her room, and spent her time there, or out of the house—where, nobody knew. What was she doing? Studying that bare skeleton of a part; clothing it with flesh, giving it life and interest.

"I meant to get the better of my enemy," she said. "What he designed for my mortification should be my triumph."

And it was. She went down into the city slums; into Five Points, and studied the horrible life that surrounded such a wretched existence as "Nancy Sikes." In the first scene "Nancy" only crossed the stage, gave a sign to Oliver, who was in the hands of the officers, then went off. It was an entrance and exit hardly noticed, a small accessory incident in the terribly realistic drama. But after Miss Cushman created the character, this silent scene was always tremendously applauded. It was curious to see how quickly the public seized on her clever meaning. Instead of crossing the stage once, she made three passages. Before the second the whole house came down with thundering applause. Her make-up was a marvel. There was not the sign of feminine vanity about Miss Cushman. She was always ready to sacrifice her appearance at any time to the dresses required by her parts. And surely that horrible perfection of a Five Points feminine costume was a sacrifice. An old dirty bonnet and dirt-colored shawl; a shabby gown and shabbier shoes; a worn-

set with some rags in it, and a silver hand! She entered swinging on her finger, walked stealthily outside of the crowd, doubling her look with sharp cunning at the attracted his attention, winked and thrust her tongue into her

It was a tremendous success, the succeeding scene sealed down triumph, and the discomfiture of the villain. The play had a long run; I have said, the part of "Nancy" continued to be one of Miss Cushman's most powerful and popular rôles. She went to England, where she acted it.

"Twist" is one of the rudest plays. "Nancy Sikes," as Cushman made the character, stood rough but solemn tragic power. It was a revolting sacrifice in some kind of early art, when there was a touch of genius without culture and refinement. "Nancy" has little to do with the play. Miss Cushman had to produce effects by careful and powerful

It was Sardou's rule, "Each character contained pages; each word had many sentences." The scene between Sikes and old Fagin the Jew, as he was trying to creep out under the bridge, is an excellent example. The talk is between the two men, but who ever listened to them? Miss Cushman acted "Nancy" with a sympathy was with her; every eye was turned to that poor creature, who was trying to perform an act of justice, but her ineffectual attempts to steal from Sikes's brutal oaths showed her it was useless, she put pages of despair in her face, battering her ragged old hat in the wall, sitting down, rocking and fro, and biting a bit off a nail when the scene on the bridge! Sikes leaning over the parapet, then moving off like some demon to hasten the tragic fate of the poor woman. Poor "Nancy!" Her notions of right and wrong—her stunning sense of degradation and sense of simple purity,—Miss Cushman delineated these emotions with great skill. Only a few bold strokes, but they disclosed the sad story of the gutter-born wretch. The young girl treats "Nancy" with sympathy, and showed that she

trusted in her, Miss Cushman's exultation was fierce, and the handkerchief was snatched with hungry eagerness; and when she bowed humbly down before the memory of her foul life it was heart-breaking. The murder scene was always revolting. But how she acted it! Hunted to death, the poor wounded woman crawled in on the stage, writhing with agony, on her lips almost the odor of sanctity. "Pardon!—Bill!—kiss me—I forgive!"

Just before she left America for England, she told me she had asked the elder Booth if she ought to act "Nancy Sikes" in London.

"No!" said that clever, wise actor. "No! It is a great part, Charlotte—one of your best; and you made it; but never act it in London. It will give you a vulgar dash you will never get over."

"He is right," she said, when she repeated his words to me; "he is all right. But I know what I will do, I will act 'Meg Merrilees' as just as I do 'Nancy,' and I'll make a hit."

She did, as the future proved. "Meg," which was her most popular part—better liked than her "Lady Macbeth" or any other character—is, after all, a melodramatic "Nancy Sikes,"—just as hideous; but it lacks "the touch of nature" which in "Nancy" made "the whole world kin" to the poor wretch.

A little while before Miss Cushman went to England our intimacy ended. Chance never brought us again together in the old delightful way; but the separation did not lessen our mutual regard—we always remained friends. I heard of her professional and social successes with pleasure. When we were middle-aged women we lived in the same city—Rome—met often and cordially; but we never alluded to the fresh romantic intercourse of our youth. I sometimes thought she had forgotten those pleasant hours; and the memory of that season grew to be a sort of delightful vision, which still retains its charm after the lapse of nearly forty years. The existence of a few impulsive enthusiastic notes and letters, written by her in that far-off day, verify the memory; and as a charming episode in the lives of two young women I have written this account.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE RACES OF ASIATIC TURKEY.

BY J. C. McCOAN.

ALTHOUGH the races of Asiatic Turkey are less numerous than its religions, they are still diverse enough to greatly complicate the problem of welding these Eastern provinces into a compact national whole. The motley tale comprises nearly a dozen varieties, all differing more or less in descent, language, and social habits; and, though subject, most of them, to the same rule for nearly six hundred years, still presenting few or none of the kindred features that combine to form a national character. Thus the aggregate includes Turks, Armenians, Kurds, Greeks, Arabs, Syrians, Turcomans, Jews, Tartars, Circassians, Gipsies and other nondescripts, originally brought together by immigration and conquest, and linked by force of government into an empire, but as unfused into a nation as before the victories of Alp Arslan. The total of these ethnic groups has been variously reckoned at from 13,000,000 to 18,000,000; but little more than a mean of these extremes—or at most 16,500,000—would, I believe, approximate more nearly than either to the true number of the whole. A collation of the official and other calculations gives something like the following partition of this aggregate among its component elements:

Turks . . .	10,000,000
Armenians . . .	2,000,000
Kurds . . .	1,250,000
Greeks . . .	1,000,000
Syrians . . .	1,000,000
Arabs . . .	700,000
Circassians . . .	350,000
Turcomans . . .	90,000
Jews . . .	60,000
Tartars, Gipsies, &c. . .	50,000
Total . . .	16,500,000

The *Turks*, who thus form nearly two-thirds of the whole—comprising under this common appellation not merely the descendants of the original invaders, but the much larger element of the native races who in turn embraced the faith and assumed the name of their conquerors—preponderate chiefly in Asia Minor, which for more than six centuries has been the special home of this composite

race. Their more accurate designation, and that which they give to themselves, is *Osmanlis* or *Ottomans*,* to distinguish them from the semi-barbarous *Turcomans*, *Tartars*, and other branches of the great cognate family of nations scattered from time immemorial throughout Western Asia, and of which 'Turk' or 'Toork' is the proper generic name.† The whole were formerly considered members of the Caucasian group, but later researches have identified them with the *Hiong-nu*, a people who inhabited North-western China long before the Christian era, and migrated thence westward till they finally settled where their various descendants now are: The *Osmanli*—or *Ottoman*—*Turks*, and their brethren of *Kazan*, *Astrakan*, and the *Crimea*, have many physical characteristics of the Caucasian stock; but the *Nogais*, *Kirghiz*, *Turcomans*, and others farther east approach more nearly to the Mongolian type. The accepted theory, therefore, is, that the whole family is of Mongolian origin, and that the Caucasian features which the *Ottomans* now undoubtedly possess are the result of intermixture with the peoples whom they gradually invaded and subdued. Von Hammer traces the pedigree of the race out of the mist of legend and tradition into the light of history, and finds that by the dawn of this—in their case—tribe after tribe of it had already poured down from the slopes of the *Altai* on the rich lands and tempting wealth of the southern and western regions, in which the power of the early Caliphs and the Greek emperors had alike decayed. The *Oghuzes* halted for a while and became dominant in *Turkestan*, while another branch, the *Seljuks*—named after their *Khan*—pushed further westwards, and,

* From *Othman*, or *Osman*, the founder of their dynasty.

† The Tartar legend, recorded by D'Herbelot, is that the whole race descends and takes its name from *Turk*, the eldest son of *Japhet*, the son of *Noah*, who at his death bequeathed to his heir the wide stretch of territory since known as *Turkestan*, whence his descendants spread over the whole of Western Asia.

having embraced Islamism, early in the tenth century founded in Persia the dynasty of shepherd kings whose empire endured for nearly four hundred years, and extended from Turkestan to the Mediterranean. From Turkestan the Oghuzes—who in the ninth century had also adopted the faith of the Prophet and taken the name of Turcomans, to distinguish them from the other septes of their race who remained infidels—carried their flocks, some to the eastern shores of the Caspian, and others into Armenia, and so became divided into the 'eastern' and 'western' branches of the tribe. Of the latter a portion proceeded into Persia and attached themselves to the service of the Carizmian sultan of that country, till its conquest by Tamerlane forced their chief, Soliman, into a fresh migration, with 50,000 followers, with whom he settled for a few years in Armenia. Thence the tribe resumed its march, following the course of the Euphrates, towards Aleppo, till, in crossing the river, Soliman was drowned. With his death the history of the Ottoman Turks may be said to begin. The tribe at once dispersed, one portion of it proceeding into Syria and another into Asia Minor, where their descendants as Turcomans still wander with their flocks and herds, as the season changes, from mountain to plain; a third followed two of Soliman's four sons back into Persia, and a fourth, consisting only of four hundred families, retraced its way with two other sons, Dundar and Ertogrul, to the great plains of Erzeroum and Pasin. These last it was who grew into the sovereign race which, till last year, ruled Europe and Asia from the Adriatic and the Danube to the Persian Gulf. Only a very small minority of the 10,000,000 so-called 'Turks' in Asia can, of course, claim to be of pure Ottoman descent—the remainder representing, as above remarked, the gains from voluntary or enforced conversions amongst the subjected populations which, with the natural growth of the fused posterity of the whole, gradually swelled the census-roll of the dominant race to its present strength.

As regards the distribution of this chief element of the Asiatic population, the absence of statistics again precludes anything but an approximate statement.

It can, therefore, be only roughly said that about two-thirds of the whole are settled in Asia Minor, 1,500,000 in Armenia and Kurdistan, 750,000 in Mesopotamia and Babylonia, 500,000 in Syria and Palestine, and the remainder in the Hedjaz. These figures lay no claim to precision, but may be accepted as proximate estimates of the fact. It remains to add that the Turks in all five of these divisions live mainly in the towns, and as a rule only follow agriculture in the outlying villages in districts where they are in a large majority. Physically, they are the finest of these Asiatic populations; being nearly all above the middle height, powerfully built, and, notwithstanding all half-informed commonplaces to the contrary, as robustly healthy as long centuries of temperance and general morality can make a race.*

According to their own legendary history, the *Armenians*, who rank next in number and importance, are the descendants of Haik, a son of Togarmah, grandson of Japhet, who fled from Babylon to escape the tyranny of Belus twenty-two centuries before Christ, and settled in the country which in their language still bears their progenitor's name (Haikhasdan). The popular name of Aram, however, appears to be derived from Aram, the sixth successor of Haik and contemporary of Ninus; though Strabo derives it from Armenus, one of the Argonauts, and considers the people themselves to have migrated from Thessaly. Herodotus, on the other hand, in mentioning that a body of them served in the army of Xerxes, expresses an opinion that they were originally Phrygians; while yet another theory is that they are the de-

* I say nothing here of the Lazis, who give their name to the wild district between Trebizond and Batoum, and respecting whose claims on British sympathy so much has been lately written. Ethnically, they differ widely from the pure Turk; but being nominal Mussulmans of a very fanatical type, they fall within the crowd of nondescripts who swell the Moslem total to 10,000,000. *Non obstante* the great authority of my old friend Mr. Palgrave, I feel bound to say that my information as to their character—gleaned at Trebizond before his consulship—entirely accords with the unflattering estimate given of them by Dr. Sandwith on similar acquaintance. If driven to choose between a Laz and a Kurd, I should certainly prefer the latter.

scendants of the lost Ten Tribes, and for this there is the color of a close resemblance in feature and many points of character and condition to the Jews. Like the latter, they present the phenomenon of a race dispersed throughout the world, intermingling, but never fusing, with other peoples; immutably attached to their hereditary faith, and cherishing in secret the hope of a national restoration, for which, slight as may be the prospect of it, they are certainly more fitted than any other Rayah race. Be their precise origin, however, what it may, it is at least clear that they belong to the Indo-European family, and both Pritchard and Ritter regard them as a branch of the stock of the people of Iran, though separated from them at a very early period. The country originally formed a vast kingdom, which underwent and survived numberless convulsions of foreign conquest and internal division, till, towards the end of the tenth century, most of it had been subjugated by the Caliphs and overrun by Islamism. A portion of the nation, however, took refuge in the northern districts between Ani and Kars, and for nearly a century maintained a more or less independent existence, till this last kingdom, that bore the name of Armenia, was ravaged and seized by the Mongols. In the general dispersion that followed, some of the petty princes who escaped the sword of the conquerors fled as far as Cilicia, and there founded, at Tarsus, a small state which bravely maintained itself in the midst of the Greeks and the Moslems of Iconium and Syria till extinguished by the Sultan of Cairo near the close of the fourteenth century, when its last king, Leo VI.—not an Armenian himself, but a prince of the House of Lusignan, then reigning in Cyprus—died at Paris in exile, in 1393. Since then, the political history of the race has been lost in that of the Turks, whose language, costume, and habits they adopted, without, however, sacrificing their faith. The nation, as they still call themselves, may be divided into four classes—the clergy; the literary or professional class; the *saraffs*, or bankers; and the tradesmen and artisans. Of these the *saraffs*, from their wealth and intimate relation with the Pashas, are the most influential, and are responsible for many

of the administrative abuses which affect not merely their own community but all classes of the population. The whole race is now estimated to number about 4,000,000,* of whom half are in Asiatic Turkey, 450,000 in Constantinople and Roumelia, 1,000,000 in Russia, 400,000 in Persia, 40,000 in Continental India and the Asian Archipelago, 25,000 in Austria, Italy and Holland, and the remainder scattered elsewhere. The majority of the race in these Asiatic provinces still occupy the ancient territory of their forefathers in the sacred neighborhood of Ararat; and in the three great *vilayets* of Erzeroum, Kurdistan, and Diarbekir, they preserve a numerical superiority over both Turks and Turcomans.† Anciently brave and warlike, they have in modern times been distinguished for an exceptionally peaceful character and for submissiveness to the government of every country in which they live. They have, in fact, lost all trace of their old military spirit, and have sunk into agriculturists, traders, petty-craftsmen, and money dealers as sordid and withal as crafty as the Jews. Lamartine has well called them the Swiss of the East: 'Industrious, peaceable, and regular in their habits, they resemble them also in calculation and love of gain. They have nothing heroic in their nature; commerce is their god, and they would engage in it under any master.' The best features of the race, however, belong rather to the rural than to the urban classes; for, transplanted from the simplicity of an agricultural life to the unhealthy influences of Constantinople and the larger towns of the Levant, the

* This estimate is based on a census of the families of the nation in Turkey, multiplied by five. But as families among the rural population often include not merely the parents and children of one generation but those of two or even three, all residing under one roof, this computation is fallacious, and any return based upon it below the truth. The real total of the Armenian community in Turkey, and therefore of the nation throughout the world, must be considerably more than that stated in the text.

† How little the social life of these provinces has changed since Xenophon led his Greeks through two of them may be inferred from the still common underground villages, especially in the neighborhood of Erzeroum, in which the descendants of the tribes described in the *Anabasis* still burrow exactly as did their ancestors 2,300 years ago.

Armenian (as indeed, too, the Turk) speedily degenerates, and, along with most of his national customs, loses also much of the energy and nearly all the manly instincts of his race. But even in the cities they remain zealously faithful to the national religion, and, next after the Turks, are the most temperate and generally moral section of the population. They have long been, and still are, trusted and employed by the Porte above any other class of its non-Mussulman subjects. Within recent years, members of the nation—alone among the Rayah communities—have risen to the rank of Cabinet Ministers; and in the provincial administration on both sides of the Bosphorus they enter much more largely into the machinery of government than either Greeks or Jews. Altogether, their political solidarity with the Turk is closer than that of any other subject race of the empire, and, if their recent memorial to the Berlin Congress is to be believed, they cherish, for the present, no ambition to sever the tie that binds them to the Porte.

Unlike both the Osmanlis and the Armenians, the wild and warlike *Kurds* have no literature, and their race history is therefore still more obscure. On the strength, mainly, of their peculiar idiom, Pritchard claims them as a branch of the great Aryan family, descendants of the Parthians, who at an early period spread over Assyria and Mesopotamia. Certain it is that they are the lineal posterity of Xenophon's Carduchians, and that even in these modern days of firearms, when the matchlock or the rifle has almost everywhere replaced the javelin and the bow, many of them are still famous for the old Parthian skill in horsemanship and archery. The whole race is variously estimated at between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000, who are divided into the *kocher*, or nomad tribes, chiefly pastoral, and the *guran*, who are settled in villages and engaged in agriculture. A large proportion of the former oscillate between the Turkish and Persian sides of the frontier, and pay only a very shadowy allegiance to either Sultan or Shah. The convenience of pasture or their good or bad relations with the local authorities determine their movements, and so their Ottoman or Persian 'nationality' for the time. The consequences

of embroilment with Pasha or Khan, as the case may be, are easily evaded by a migration across the border, on either side of which they are secure against pursuit till the temporary trouble has blown by and it suits them, or not, to return. Practically, indeed, the only authority acknowledged by either *kocher* or *guran* is that of their own chiefs, who now, nearly as when the Ten Thousand fought their way through from Cunaxa, are supreme for all purposes of tribal rule. A severe blow to this old system of *Derebeg* independence was struck by the Porte about forty years ago, when, on the occasion of the revolt of Mohammed Beg of Rowanduz, a strong expedition under Reshid Pasha overran the country on the Turkish side of the border, and imposed on the whole the forms at least of Ottoman administration. But in many districts the new governors were perforce the local chiefs, who continued their old feudal rule in the new character of mudir or caimacam; while in others, where a Turk was appointed, almost his only function was—and still is—to collect and send to Mosul or Diarbekir as much of the light taxes as he could induce his wild *administrés* to pay. In this latter case, it was neither safe nor expedient for the Stamboulee Bey or Effendi to assert any more vigorous authority. Their proper region now forms a separate *vilayet*, or province, as ostensibly ruled by its vali and his staff of subordinate functionaries as Brousa or Aidin; but over more than half of it Ottoman sway is a fiction, and the true rulers are still the old native Begs. The fiscal sovereignty of the districts bordering the desert is further shared with the great Bedoween tribe of the Shammar, whose sheikh levies from both the nomads and settled cultivators a blackmail, partly in money and partly in kind, called *khoova* (price of fraternity), as fixed as, and more regularly paid than any imposed by the Pasha of the province. With freedom of pasturage assured to them by this tribute, the nomads descend in winter to the plains, and in single clans or even families sometimes wander as far south as the Persian Gulf or westwards to Syria and Asia Minor, in both of which there are also many settled villages of the race. In summer they return to the mountains, in

the cool upper glens of which their flocks and herds find abundant grass and water till the great heat of the plains is past, when the downward migration again takes place. The manner of life of these wanderers differs but little from that of the Bedoween, with whom the *kocher* Kurd, except in that he is fiercer and more faithless, has many features of life and character in common. Like the Arab, he is hospitable, is nearly always armed and mounted, and, regarding fighting and plunder as the only occupations worthy of his nobler self, he throws the meaner work of attending to the cattle and the whole drudgery of family life both in camp and on the march upon his women—to whom, otherwise, both Arab and Kurd are kind. The settled tribes are only a shade less savage than their nomad race-fellows; nor in this respect are the Nestorian Christians of Julamerk much in advance of the nominal Musulmans of Jezeerah and Rowanduz. Travellers have, in fact, quite as much to fear from either as from the *kochers* between Mosul and Mardin. The villages of these *gurans*, built mostly on the sides of hills, are numerous but small, varying in size from fifteen to forty houses, the fashion of which has but little changed since Xenophon described their prototypes twenty odd centuries ago. They generally consist of one large room roughly constructed either with mud or the worst kind of rubble masonry, and roofed with thick logs of wood covered with several feet of earth, so as to keep out equally the great heat of summer and the severe cold of winter. Inside, this is railed off by low partitions into three or four compartments—according as the house may be comparatively large or small—one or two of which are allotted to the horses and cattle, while a third serves as a store for fodder, and the fourth as the dwelling chamber of the family. The scanty light is admitted partly through a chimney hole in the roof, and partly through two or three small windows glazed with oiled paper. As amongst the Armenians, the women of both the Christian and Musulman tribes are generally unveiled, and mix freely with the men and women of other families. Physically, the Kurds, both nomadic and settled, are a handsome race, averaging above the middle

height, with slim lithe figures, well-cut features, bright black eyes, and sparse or no beards, but long and thick mustaches. The women share the good looks of their kinsmen, and in this respect have much the advantage of the Arabs, amongst whom—out of Egypt—I have seldom seen even a pretty maid in her 'teens. Much has been lately heard of the raids of these reivers on their unwarlike Armenian neighbors, as if the fact, instead of being older than history, were the result of recent weakness or apathy on the part of the Turkish authorities. It is due to the Porte, however, to record that until the necessities of the late war stripped Mosul, Diarbekir, and Van of troops, such forays had for years past become nearly as rare as along our own frontier in the Punjab. As I know of old, too, when the Armenians have the telling of their own story, they know how to make the most of it. The 'lifting' of a flock of sheep or goats not seldom reaches Constantinople and the European newspapers magnified into the sack of a village, with accompanying 'atrocities' worthy of Philippopolis and Batak. These modern Carduchi are bad enough, but they are many shades less black than their Armenian limners paint them.

From the Kurds to the *Greeks*, who stand next on the roll, the transition is abrupt and the distance great, in point equally of race and of civilization. The latter, of whom much less need be said, are the descendants of the old colonists who peopled the Archipelago and the seaboard round, at intervals, from Carmania to Trebizond. They never penetrated in any considerable numbers into the interior, and are still, with few exceptions, confined to the islands and the coast as of old. The Hellenes of Attica and the Morea call them Anatolites, and affect to regard them as an inferior race, a pretension which there is nothing to justify except that their dialect is less pure than that of the mother-country, and has in some places been more or less superseded by Turkish. They have, too, fused largely with the other European communities of the Levant, but their blood is no whit more mixed than the Albano-Slav-Hellenic compound that now passes for the old classic fluid in Athens itself; while as regards

l intellectual activity, commercial y, and most other characteristics parent race, they are still as Greek subjects of King George.* In and they form more than three- s of the whole population, for gh in Crete there is a large Mus- 1 element, ethnically almost the is Albanian Greek, which is there e tongue of both creeds. A strong of Italian—Genoese or Venetian—in most of the other insular mem- f the race has given them a much r temperament than the rough onic Sphakiotes, whom no conces- an win from chronic revolt; and lately, they enjoyed a large meas- administrative autonomy, they e regarded as perhaps still the contented subjects of the Porte.

the mainland littoral nearly a r predominance of this element ls. Smyrna is more Greek than ng else, and the same may also be f nearly every considerable town : north and eastwards along the ora and on the south Black Sea to beyond Trebizond. Inland of ast, many Greek (but Turkish ng) villages extend as far as sh - hané, beyond which odd s of the race (here called Kroom- re met with even in to Erzeroum. f the whole engage in agriculture, and the mechanical handicrafts their favorite pursuits. Greek ants, indeed, are numerous all gh Asia Minor, and are established south as Mosul and Baghdad; but last are generally Hellenes or s of Constantinople, who can hard- included in the Asiatic million r of the race.

: modern *Syrians* are a mixed race, up of the ancient inhabitants of ountry crossed with the Arabians her Moslems who came in with the : of the Caliphs, and, after settling r in the towns and villages, inter- with the indigenous population. foreign element thus introduced owever, comparatively small, and nsequent mixture of blood affected a minority of the native inhab- and even in them made little or

merically, they reckon as about 1,000,- it of 2,500,000 in all Turkey), against oo in free Greece.

no visible change in the old ethnic type. This is seen at once in the striking physical similarity of the native Christians and Moslems, as contrasted with the Jews, Turks, Armenians, and others of alien race settled in the country. The whole population of Syria and Palestine is reckoned at about 2,000,000, of whom creed rather than race—as, indeed, nearly everywhere else throughout Turkey—determines the divisions. About one-half of these are indigenous; comprising some 200,000 or more Syrian Moslems, 500,000 Christians of various sects, 220,000 Ansariyehs, Metualis, Ismailieh, and Druzes—who are neither Christians nor Mussulmans—5,000 Jews and 80,000 settled Arabs and Bedoween; while the large remainder consist of Ottoman Turks, Turcomans, Kurds, non-Syrian Arabs, Jews, Armenians, and other Christians of divers races and nationalities. These various elements are as variously distributed throughout the two sections of the country. Both in Syria and Palestine, the Moslems chiefly inhabit the towns and larger villages: Christians also abound in both, but are more numerous in the agricultural hamlets. The principal home of the Maronites, who number about 260,000, is the Lebanon, especially in the district of Kesrouan, east of Beyrout; but they are also to be found in small communities in nearly every town from Nazareth to Aleppo. The districts inhabited by them, though for the most part steep and rugged, are perhaps the best cultivated in Syria. The orthodox and Catholic 'Greeks'—Syrians by race, but so called because professing the Greek faith—number together about 230,000, and, like the Maronites, are distributed amongst the towns and country villages; as is also the smaller sect of the Jacobites, counting all told about 50,000. The 90,000 Ansariyehs, a wild and savage section of the aboriginal race, occupies the range of mountains that bears their name, extending from the banks of the Orontes to the entrance of Hamath; 30,000 Metaulis, a fanatical half Shiite sect, reside near Baalbek and in the southern part of the Lebanon, with their chief centre at Hurmûl, a village near the source of the Orontes; while the Ismailieh, some 25,000 strong (a feeble remnant of the 'Assassins' of the Cru-

sades), nestle in the mountains west of Hamath, round their old stronghold of Masyâd. The Druzes, one of the strongest and most united sects in Syria, number about 90,000, for the most part inhabiting the rugged hill district south of Beyrout and the mountains of the Haurân. There is also a considerable colony of them at Safed, in Palestine proper, and a smaller one—who are, however, Druzes by religion only and not in race—near Cairo, whence their strange creed originally came. The only certainty as to the origin and ethnological affinity of this singular race is, that the great majority of them do not belong to the Semitic family. Their own traditions connect them with China; another derives their name from a Frank Count de Dreux, and makes them descend from a band of Crusaders left behind after the great struggle; while a third and more modern theory identifies them with one or other of the tribes introduced into Northern Syria by Esarhaddon, in the seventh century B.C. Be their true pedigree which it may, certain it is that the blood of the sect is now greatly mixed, and that, amongst others, a Kurdish element is undoubtedly present. The Lebanon members of the race are found as far north as Beyrout, mingled with Maronites, as far south as Sîr (Tyre), and as far east as Damascus. Their chief town, though not their most numerous settlement, is Deir-el-Kamar ('Convent of the Moon'), about fifteen miles south-east of Beyrout, in the district of Manaasif. Ammatan and Bakhlan, in the Lebanon, and Hasbeya and Rashbeya, in the Anti-Lebanon, rank as sacred cities and rallying places in time of war. The Haurânitic or Eastern Druzes adhere to their ancient customs even more pertinaciously than their Western fellows, notwithstanding their contact with successive generations of rebels and malcontents, who have long found in this remote region a favorite place of refuge. Their chief centre here is the large village of Kunawâl, the residence of the most influential of their *ockals*, or 'initiated' caste. Altogether, they form the exclusive population of more than a hundred small towns and villages, and share with Christians the occupation of nearly two hundred more. Physically they are a handsome race, of

light complexion, strong, and well made, with more pronounced English sympathies than any other race in Syria.

History and tradition agree in tracing the origin of the *Arabs* to Ham and Shem, through Cush, the son of the former, and Kaktan or Toktan, the great grandson of the latter patriarch. The Shemite branch comprises the great nomadic or pastoral section of the family, the Bedoween;* while most of the fellahs, or settled agricultural class, claim descent from Ham. Several of the original tribes of these latter are now extinct, and although recruited from time to time by accessions from the nomads, they are greatly in the minority, and are regarded by the shepherd majority as an inferior caste. This difference of occupation it is that forms the chief distinction between the two branches of the race; but besides it there is yet another amongst the nomads themselves, namely, that of the 'pure' *Arab* (*Arab-el Arabâ*) and the mixed or naturalised tribes, called *Mostarabi*, who include the posterity of Ishmael by the daughter of Mohad, king of the Hedjaz.† Of the former, the genealogical tables of Sale and Gagnier enumerate nearly sixty tribes; but these have now dwindled to less than half that number, scattered throughout the southern districts of the Peninsula. The best known of them are the Morrah, on the confines of Oman, the Tam and Kaktan, near Yemen, and the Beni-Tas, between Hareck and the Gulf. The far more numerous *Mostarabi* spread east, west, and north from Jebel-Toweik to near the slopes of the Taurus. The most important tribes of this class frequenting Turkish territory are the Anizeh, whose pasture-grounds extend from Eastern Syria southwards to the limits of Jebel-Shomer, and in whose hands are nearly two-thirds of the Arab horse trade and traffic in sheep and wool; and the Shammar, whose territory stretches from that of Anizeh, with

* Elaborate genealogical trees of both branches will be found in the Appendix to Col. Chesney's *Euphrates Expedition*, vol. i.

† In Genesis, Ishmael is married to an Egyptian woman, but Arab tradition mates him to this other spouse and derives from her his posterity. The discrepancy would be harmonized by the probable supposition of his having had two wives, polygamy being common in those days.

they are mostly at war, to North-Middle Mesopotamia down to Mosul, over which, as already said, they levy tribute from the fellahs, from the *kocher* Kurds, and other minor clans who pasture in the deserts. Each of these great tribes, in its subdivisions, could, if united, furnish nearly 30,000 spears; but their power is much weakened by internal dissensions, and it is only in defence of some common interest of the whole that any such force could be brought into the field. The secondary tribes may be numbered by the hundred. Of those nomadic or wandering through Yemen, the numerically strongest are the El-ha El-Marrah, the Beni-Aszfâr, the Wahib, the El-Habab, the El-ha Elh-Sahar, the Ghamid, the Zuhrah, and the Zahran, averaging about 100 families each. In the Hedjaz, Petraea, and Southern Syria, the most important are the Adwân, the Bali, the Masâd, the Harb, the Ramad, the Sherarat; while in Mesopotamia the Beni-Mansûr, Beni-Hazal, the Fedhan, the Sabbah, the Kutchir, the Beni-Khalid, and the Beni-Said, rank next in strength to the nomads. Though occupying territory nominally subject to the Porte, none of these in fact recognize only the authority of their own sheikhs; and the nomads of Yemen, of Damascus, or of Baghdad are content if they can contrive to make much more than they pay for controlling, even the settled tribes. As for the nomads, they pay taxes and render military service. In the great tribes, the government is patriarchal, with gradations of authority from the *melek*, or *sheikh* (great sheikh), whose power extends over all the subdivisions of a tribe, down to the head of a single family. As the chief sheikhship is hereditary, necessarily in the order of primogeniture, but descending to the richest, and wisest member of the family in which it ordinarily runs. In the case of a failure in these qualities, the tribe is free to elect its best man for chief. The sheikh so inheriting or deriving his rank derives no revenue from his followers, but is at once their leader and chief judge, or rather

arbitrator; for so democratic is tribal life, that his decisions, especially in civil matters, are not always obeyed. The poorest member of the clan is socially the equal of the richest, and unless the authority of the sheikh be based on personal qualities that command respect, his direct influence is but slight. Bedoueen wealth, as may be supposed, consists in the number of the owner's flocks and herds, and especially of his camels. As nearly the whole caravan traffic of the desert is carried by these latter animals, the possession of ten raises their proprietor above poverty, while sixty or eighty represent substantial wealth. Hence their barter value for marriage dowries, blood ransoms, and other purposes for which, in settled society, money would otherwise pass. In fact, after what may be called the long episode of military power and material civilisation that began with Mohammed and ended with the Caliphates, this great race has almost everywhere lapsed into its primitive independence and simplicity of life, and as a rule the Arab—especially the Bedoueen—of to-day is socially and morally little, if at all, ahead of his ancestors before Abraham. Thus, both his vices and his virtues are those of semi-barbarism, combining the paradoxes of a generous hospitality and a greedy avariciousness; of cruelty and kindness; of scrupulous fidelity to, and quite as often unscrupulous disregard of, a pledge once given; and of impatience of everything like law and religious respect for *adât* (custom). In religion, both the settled and nomad tribes are for the most part Soonee Mussulmans; but, except amongst the puritan Wahabees, the yoke of both of faith and morals sits lightly on the whole, and among many tribes not a few of the old pagan superstitions still survive. Finally, enough here to add that although some taxation is levied from the settled fellahs in districts well within the power of the Ottoman authorities, neither they nor the Bedoueen can be said to contribute anything to the political strength of the Porte. Neither branch of the race has any love for the Turk, nor any sense of national relationship to him; and although the tribes near Baghdad furnished the doubtful boon of a Bashi-Bazouk contingent to the late war, neither they nor the Egypt-

tians fought with the least spirit, and, so far as anything like a sentiment of loyalty or patriotic sympathy is concerned, both, I believe, would quite as readily fight against the Padishah as for him.

The *Circassians*, in both European and Asiatic Turkey, represent the immigration which has taken place, chiefly from Abasia and Daghestan, since the Crimean war, and especially since the final defeat of Schamyl. The severity with which most of the tribes were treated by the Russians after these events induced large numbers to seek refuge in the Sultan's territory, where the Government gave them free grants of land and other inducements to peaceful settlement. It was, however, another case of—

Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

The mountaineers of the Caucasus brought with them into Armenia and Asia Minor—as into Bulgaria and Thrace—the lawless and predatory habits which have so long characterised their race, and instead of industrious husbandmen and shepherds, the Porte soon found it had granted hospitality to a mere horde of brigands. In every neighborhood in which a detachment of them was planted they soon became a terror to the district, and in only a comparatively few instances in which the local authorities acted with befitting energy, were they reduced to anything like social order. It was still expected, however, that in the event of war they would make good irregular troops; but experience has falsified even this hope, and the 350,000 or more of them now distributed throughout Asia Minor and Syria, in *nuclei* strong enough to be troublesome to the authorities and dangerous to the settled inhabitants, form an element which both the Government and the country would well be rid of. On the occasion of the last great influx of them, in 1864, Sir H. Bulwer, then ambassador at the Porte, advised that they should be echeloned as a military colony along the Armenian frontier, and so utilized as a border guard against their old oppressors; but this excellent suggestion was not acted on, and they were scattered instead over the interior, to work all the mischief that has since resulted from their presence wherever they have set-

tled. Amongst their other retained habits, they continue to sell their daughters for the harems of Stamboul and Cairo—and so, with their fellows in Roumelia, form almost the only remaining source of supply whence purely white female slaves can now be procured.

The *Turcomans*, or Yuruks, descend, as already remarked, from the same or a closely cognate stock to that of the *Ottomans*, and with their Mongolian type of features, have retained also, for the most part, their old Scythian mode of life as pastoral robbers. In quietness and simplicity of character, however, they contrast favorably with the *Kurds*, whom otherwise they most resemble in their occupations, their system of tribal government, and less than half submission to the local authorities. In Northern Syria and South-western Asia Minor there are many settled villages of the race; but the majority are still nomadic, and, like the *kocher* Kurds, change their pasturage with the change of seasons. Their manner of removing from one place to another differs from that of other nomads, in the use of cows and oxen as beasts of burden, a mode of transport which renders their movements much slower than those of the Arabs and Kurds. Although general abstention from intermarriage with strangers has, in the men especially, preserved much of the old Mongol harshness of feature, their women are, perhaps, the most comely of any of these pastoral races. As amongst both Kurds and Bedoween, they bear the whole drudgery of domestic life, and, in the case of the settled villages, do also much of the field labor; horse exercise and attention to their flocks being almost the sole occupation of the men. The language spoken by the whole is a corrupt dialect of Turkish.

The large majority of the *Jews* scattered throughout Turkish Asia are foreigners, descendants mostly of the great Spanish emigration in the fifteenth century. A few only of the old native race are to be found in Palestine and about Damascus. These last and such of the others as by birth or choice have acquired Ottoman nationality, form, like the Greeks, Armenians, and other *Rayah* races, a distinct community, governed chiefly by its own rabbis and lay notables. They live almost exclusively in

the larger towns, engaged in trade, money dealing, and the minor handicrafts. Though despised and often ill-treated by both Mussulmans and Christians, they stand before the law on the same level with the other non-Moslem communities.

Of the comparatively few *Tartars* and *Gypsies*, a word or two will suffice. The former represent part of the successive immigrations into Turkey from the Crimea which followed, first, the conquest of the latter by the Russians in 1784; secondly, the further conquest of Bessarabia in 1812; and, lastly, the Crimean war of 1854-6. The majority of the immigrants settled in the Dobrudja and other parts of Roumelia, but some crossed into Asia Minor, where they now form one of the most orderly and industrious elements of the population. The whole are chiefly Nogais, cognates of both Turks and Turcomans, but, unlike the latter, a quiet agricultural race, who have long lost the nomadic and warlike instincts of the parent stock. The Gypsies are here the same wild mysterious race as all the world over. In Asia Minor they are known as Xebeques and Zingani, in Northern Syria as Kurpadh, and further south and east as Nowars—distinct everywhere from all other classes of the population.

In their relation to the Government, the whole of these various races resolve themselves into two distinct groups—Mussulmans and Rayahs, the former including the majority who more or less honestly profess Islam, and the latter the different Christian, Jewish, and semi-pagan *milleti* (communities) outside the pale of the national faith. To state at all fully the practical results of this distinction—which is based on Koranic law and has been observed alike by Saracens, Seljuks, and Ottoman Turks—would exceed both the scope and limits of the present paper. Enough here to say that it has been the primal cause of the disunion which has finally split up the empire in Europe, and has equally prevented its discordant elements from fusing into a compact amalgam in Asia. For eleven hundred years the line of social and legal difference between Moslem and Giaour has been nearly as broad and as marked as that which before the war of 1862 separated the Carolina white man

from the free negro. The administrative consequences have not, it is true, been as bad as uninformed popular sympathy with our 'fellow Christians' has led Western opinion to believe. For nearly all municipal purposes the Rayahs have been left free to govern themselves, they have enjoyed full religious toleration, and, barring their special *kharatch* and military exemption tax, they have suffered little, if at all, more from fiscal and other executive abuse than their poor Mussulman neighbors, on whom, in addition, the far heavier blood-tax of the conscription has exclusively fallen. But, unlike the Christian and the Jew, the latter have had no meddling foreign consuls nor credulous travellers to report and protest against their wrongs. Still, the *status* of social helotry has been more preventive of political fusion than any nowadays possible abuse of taxation or other act of oppression. It has not merely degraded the millions who have borne it, but has facilitated administrative abuses, and fostered religious jealousies and race feuds to a degree that renders peace and good government hopeless while it lasts. Essentially the first step, therefore, towards such reform as will make better government possible is to break down this barrier between Mussulman and Rayah, and to raise both to absolutely the same level before the law: the second, to reform the law itself and its administration, so as to insure even-handed justice, the same rights and obligations, to Moslem and Christian alike. Difficult though this may be, it is still possible. Social and official prejudices and traditions cannot be all at once reversed by a stroke of even the Sultan's pen; but this legal distinction between 'Mussulman' and 'Zimmi' (Rayah)—Christian and Turk—can be so abrogated if only the Porte honestly wills it.

I remember, however, far too many broken promises in this direction of much abler and honester ministers than it at present possesses, to be very hopeful that what the edict of Gulhaneh and *Hattis* innumerable since then have idly proclaimed, will now be carried out. What Reschid and Fuad and A'ali failed to accomplish under far easier conditions, is not likely to be achieved by Safvet. If, then, the right—which would mean duty—shall devolve, in the

Porte's default, on our own Government, the obligation will form one of neither the lightest nor most easily discharged 'responsibilities' imposed on us by recent political events. To 'defend' Asiatic Turkey means to compel reform of its entire system of government; and to do this with any effect,

will involve nothing less than the practical substitution of British for Ottoman authority over the whole. Civilisation will, of course, immensely gain by the change; but it is just as well that we should frankly recognise what our new engagement means.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE MOON'S MYRIAD SMALL CRATERS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

SINCE Galileo first turned a telescope upon the moon, the lunar craters have been among the wonders and mysteries of astronomy. It is not merely or even chiefly the vast size of some of these objects which excites astonishment. Indeed, it might almost be inferred from what we know of the moon's size and general structure, that her volcanic energies would be more effective, though not greater, than those of our own earth. The really surprising characteristic of the lunar surface is the amazing number of the lunar craters. Even Galileo, though with his weak telescope he could see but a few of the craters which really exist in the moon, compared those in the south-western part of the moon's disc to the eyes in a peacock's tail. With each increase of telescopic power, more and more craters have been seen. Regions supposed to be comparatively smooth have been found, on closer scrutiny with higher powers or under more favorable conditions, to be covered with minute craters. The slopes of the larger craters, even in some cases their floors, have been found to be strewn with small crater-shaped depressions. In fine, almost the whole surface of the moon may be said to be pitted with depressions of all sizes, from mighty gulfs three or four hundred miles across, down to minute saucer-shaped shallows, such as only the most powerful telescopes will reveal.

I propose to enter here into a brief consideration of the probable cause of the smaller lunar craters. Unquestionably the feature may be regarded as marking a characteristic distinction between the moon and our own earth. It may well be that the moon is an old world, while our earth is comparatively

young; but, for my own part, I cannot consider that the earth can come during the progress even of millions of years to resemble the moon in details, however closely she may hereafter resemble the moon in general respects—in the absence of water for instance, in the tenuity of her atmosphere, and so forth.

The course I propose to follow is one which, I think, may with advantage be pursued in a great number of cases in which as yet it has been little followed. Starting with the views now generally entertained respecting the origin and structure of the solar system, I propose to inquire what might in all probability be expected to happen in the special case of our own moon; comparing the results to which we seem led, in this way of viewing the matter, with the results of actual observation. In other words, I am going to follow an *à priori* method of reasoning, testing the conclusions to which it may lead by *à posteriori* considerations.

It is now generally admitted that the various members of the solar system reached their present condition by processes of development. Few, however, among those who have studied the theory of cosmical evolutions for themselves, are disposed to accept unquestioningly Laplace's idea that the whole solar system was once a great mass of gaseous matter. It is only, indeed, by carefully closing the mental eye to the results of modern physical researches, that a theory of the kind can for a moment be entertained. I will not here consider the multitudinous objections against the so-called nebular hypothesis, regarded as the sole hypothesis of the origin of the solar system. Nor, on the other hand, will I consider here in detail the

ments in favor of the theory that the members of the solar system accrete a small portion of their present mass by a process of aggregation. Let us mention that the theory of planetary and solar growth, by the gathering, during past ages, of immense quantities of meteoric and cometic matter, one which has this immense advantage over the nebular theory, that it is the former action of a process is going on at this present time ; also, as regards the materials of the masses of the sun and planets, this theory leads to inferences agreeing well with known facts.

But, however, premise that neither the aggregation theory alone nor the nebular theory alone can fully explain the observed present condition of our solar system. We must admit on the one hand that the several members of this system, including the sun, gathered in substance in large amount from the nebula. But we must also admit the vaporous condition of the sun and planets, not indeed exactly in the way indicated by Laplace, for these bodies could have had the enormous expansion this theory required and yet have maintained coherence ; but that they were very far more expanded than at present were thus of very small density, regarded as to all intents and purposes certain. Indeed, the aggregation would be insufficient to account for the formation of even a small portion of each planet's mass, unless we supposed that in the earlier stages of existence the several planets were gaseous, and therefore much larger than their later solid condition. For it could only be when thus expanded that they would gather, in their orbital circuit round the sun, a sufficient quantity of meteoric or cometic matter. Hence, for instance, our own earth, she gathers in some 400 millions of tons in the course of each year, a quantity of matter so small compared with her own substance that in the course of 400 millions of years the diameter would be increased only one inch. When the earth had a smaller mass than she has now, however, but that mass vaporous and of low density, she would gather in many times as much matter in each

circuit round the sun, apart always from the fact that in those remote times the quantity of meteoric matter as yet not gathered in was many thousand times greater than it is at present.

Now, we have in these considerations such as these the means of explaining in some degree the peculiarities of the moon's state.

In the first place, we must set the period during which the moon's globe was being fashioned by cosmic forces in a far more remote antiquity even than the corresponding period of the earth's history. How far back the last-named period should be set is not very easily guessed even in the roughest manner. According to geologists, the interval during which the earth's crust has in general respects been in the same state as at present, must lie between 400 million years and 20 million years. The preceding period, during which the crust was cooling from the heat it possessed when first formed to a temperature such that living creatures could exist upon the crust, must have lasted at least 300 millions of years. The period preceding that again, when the earth had no crust, but was almost entirely vaporous, lasted probably many hundred millions of years. It must have been during this remotest of all the periods of the earth's own history, that the moon was formed. But she must have been detached from the earth's mass, or rather left behind by the retreating vaporous mass of the earth, very early in this first stage of the earth's existence.

Whether at this time the moon (which in any case contained far less matter than she does now) existed as a single mass or as a number of small masses scattered round a ring-shaped region, is a point on which different views may be entertained. For my own part, though I cannot doubt that the substance of the moon once formed a ring around the earth, I think there is good reason for believing that when the earth's vaporous mass, receding, left the moon's mass behind, this mass must already have been gathered up into a single vaporous globe. My chief reason for thinking thus, is that I cannot on any other supposition find a sufficient explanation of one of the most singular characteristics of our satellite—her rotation on her axis in the same

mean time, exactly, as she circuits around the earth.

This peculiarity in the moon's rotation is generally treated as though it were a natural and, so to speak, an antecedently likely arrangement, instead of being one of a very remarkable and unlikely nature. It is stated, very justly, that if the moon's original rate of turning had nearly coincided with her rate of travelling round the earth, in such sort that she would very nearly keep one side directed towards the earth during a single revolution, the earth's attraction on the elongated body of the moon would so operate as to compel the moon always to keep that side earthwards. The longer axis of the moon would sway backwards and forwards on either side of a line directed towards the earth, but would not be carried altogether round so as to bring the farther side of the moon eventually into full view. And as we know that such swayings, if they really take place, are very slight (for what is called the moon's libration or balancing has nothing to do with the swaying I refer to), it follows that originally the moon's rotation must have agreed very closely indeed with her rotation. All this is correct enough; but what is commonly left unnoticed is the exceedingly improbable nature of the imagined coincidence, if the moon's rate of rotation and her rate of revolution had been independently communicated to her.

Professor Grant, in his fine work the 'History of Physical Astronomy,' speaks of this coincidence as a relation which, though difficult to explain by the doctrine of chances, becomes very interesting and suggestive when it is considered as the result of Supreme Intelligence. But that method of dealing with the difficulty is not likely to be acceptable in these times, when men regard all the facts ascertained by observation as belonging to the domain of science. There is not a single department of scientific research in which men might not be checked at the outset by an explanation of that sort. Newton asked, Why does the moon travel round the earth and the earth round the sun? and he proceeded in the scientific manner to find out. If he had been contented to answer, It pleased the Supreme Intelligence that these bodies should move precisely as

they do, he would have manifested the fulness of his faith, but he would have lost the opportunity of effecting a very noble discovery, one too which affords grander conceptions of the mechanism of the universe than the mere motions which it explains. So here, in the case of the moon's rotation, it sounds well, perhaps, to say that we accept the observed fact as evidence of the wisdom of the Supreme Intelligence, and do not seek to know how it was brought about; but this submission of the intellect to faith implies not only a certain intellectual languor, but also a doubtful, hesitating faith. I confess that for my own part I prefer the honest bluntness with which my valued friend Professor Newcomb presents this matter. 'That the adjustment,' he says, 'should be a mere matter of chance, without any physical cause to produce it, is almost infinitely improbable, while to suppose it to result from the mere arbitrary will of the Creator, is contrary to all scientific philosophy.'

Now, there is a circumstance in the condition and movements of our own earth indicating a way by which the moon might have attained that peculiar rate of rotation. The tidal wave, which, roughly speaking, may be said to sweep twice a day round the earth in a direction contrary to her rotation, exerts a certain exceedingly small effect in slowing her rotation-rate, and thus in lengthening her day. This effect is so small that many millions of years must elapse before the day would be doubled in length, and many millions of millions of years before the earth would turn at such a rate as to present always the same face towards the moon, even if the present lengthening of the day continued constantly, instead of gradually diminishing from its present exceedingly minute amount. Now, if we suppose the moon to have existed for millions of millions of years, and to have had during the greater part of that time a deep ocean in which tides would be raised by the earth's attraction, we can understand the possibility that an original rotation of the moon at something like the earth's present rate of turning might have been gradually reduced until at length the present slow rate of turning—once in 27 $\frac{1}{4}$ days—had been attained to. But we require most tremendous time-

als on such a theory, and moreover require that the moon's condition at one time and for a long time been exceedingly unlike her present condition. The former difficulty is serious than the latter; for it is impossible to set back the form of the moon farther than a few days, or at the most tens of thousands of millions of years, whereas this would require that she should have been the scene of tidal disturbance for millions of millions of years.

We suppose that her own mass was wholly or partially fluid for millions of years, so that we to some degree escape this difficulty, for the tides which would in time have been raised by the earth would have been far larger than mere tides in the lunar seas. Formerly this was the explanation which seemed to be the most probable. I find that Professor Newcomb regards it with some degree of favor. 'If the moon were wholly or partially fluid, as he says, 'in a partially fluid state, rotating on her axis in a period different from her present one, then the enormous tides produced by the attraction of the earth, combined with the centrifugal force, would be accompanied by a friction which would gradually retard the rotation, until it was reduced to a state of exact coincidence with the period of revolution round the earth as we now find it. We therefore see in the present state of things a certain amount of probable evidence that the moon was at one time in a state of partial fluidity.'

While I still regard this theory as the most probable one, I recognise in a yet earlier stage of the moon's development the effective part of the earth's action in modifying the rate of the moon's rotation.

When the moon was in a gaseous state, at which time the earth was most entirely gaseous, and protruded beyond the mass whence the moon was to be formed, this would be compelled to rotate very rapidly in the same time as it revolved round the earth's centre. It may be compared to a mass of matter carried along by a whirlpool. Such a mass would have a slow independent rotation, but, speaking generally, we describe its motion as corresponding to that which it would have if it were so thick and viscid as only

to allow the mass to move with it as it whirled round. If this were so in the moon's case, then when the contracting mass of the earth left the moon outside, the moon would have just such a rate of rotation as she has at present—that is, she would turn once on her axis as she circled once round the earth. And though, as the moon contracted, her rate of rotation would tend to alter, the action of the earth would be competent to overcome this tendency, compelling the moon to move always with the same face directed earthwards.

Though there are difficulties in the theory thus presented, and though indeed it is altogether unlikely that the exact correspondence described in the preceding paragraph ever really existed, I apprehend that there is no real objection to the theory that the observed peculiarity of the moon's rotation was chiefly brought about in this way—that is, while the moon's mass was in great part vaporous. In a later stage, when the moon's mass was chiefly fluid, another large share of the work would be done. Only a very small part would thus be left for the time when the moon's surface had become solid but was still swept by ocean tides. In this way we not only attain an explanation which accords with accepted views respecting the past condition of the moon, as one of the members of the solar system, but we escape the necessity of imagining periods of time so long that even the tremendous periods which science recognises as appertaining to the past of our solar system seem small by comparison. For it is certain that a globe like the moon, having oceans like those of our own earth, and rotating once in twenty-four hours, would not be compelled by the earth's attraction to rotate once a month in less than a trillion (a million million millions) of years.

It is well to notice, however, that no matter what physical interpretation of the observed peculiarity is accepted, we find in every case enormous time-intervals, during which the moon must have existed and have been subject to the earth's attraction. We are compelled to reject the idea that mere chance made the moon rotate as she does, keeping perfect time with her motion round the earth. We cannot accept the belief that,

whereas the Supreme Intelligence allowed almost all the motions in the solar system to be completed in times no way related to each other, so that, for example, no exact number of days or months measure the year or any number of years, and that no exact number of hours or days measure the common lunar month, or any other kind of month, or any number of any of these months, the Creator nevertheless saw fit in the Beginning to set the moon's turning motion in exact accordance with her motion round the earth—a relation not only utterly useless (at least, no one has ever yet been able to conceive any possible use it could have), but positively disadvantageous in more ways than one. It remains only that we should regard the relation as the result of physical processes: and so regarding it, we find that, in whatever way it was brought about, many millions or many hundreds of millions of years must have elapsed before the moon's movements received their final adjustment.

Now let us revert to the theory which I advanced originally in my book on the moon (p. 343, first edition), and which, as we have seen, Professor Newcomb considers the most probable—viz., that the moon's rotation-rate was determined when the greater part of her mass was fluid. Remembering the exceeding remoteness which must be assigned to that era of her career, let us consider the conditions under which she has existed since. It will be observed that I do not insist on her prior existence as a vaporous mass, at least as an essential point in my present reasoning. It is not that I entertain any doubt that she was for a long time a vaporous mass; but because it would be difficult to indicate any way by which any traces of what happened to her during that part of her existence could be detected. When she had become fluid, even, she would retain no trace of any of the accidents to which she would be exposed: luminous masses might fall upon her, but they would be absorbed into her fluid globe, leaving no sign of the encounter. It would not be till she began to lose her fluidity, as the fiery heat of her globe passed away, that any visible effects would result from the shocks and collisions to which she would be exposed. I

pass on at once then to this era of the moon's existence.

It is certain, in the first place, that at that time millions of millions of tons of matter, now forming part of the masses of the various members of the solar system, were travelling about as meteors. It would be utterly unreasonable to imagine that the process of meteoric indraught at present taking place on the earth is not also taking place on every member of the solar system, or that this process of growth, which all the members of the solar system are undergoing now, has not taken place during past ages, and will not take place during ages yet to come. But this is far from being all. Since we know that every meteor that falls upon this earth, or on any other planet, or on the moon, is there and then brought to the end of its existence as an independent body, we perceive that the process of meteoric indraught is one of diminishing activity. The supply of meteors is becoming slowly but steadily exhausted. Doubtless, plenty yet remain, and will remain for millions of years yet to come. They never can be all consumed, in fact, any more than the air in the receiver of an air-pump can ever be exhausted by the process of pumping. Each stroke of the pump removes a certain volume of the rarefied air left in the receiver; but as the air grows rarer and rarer the actual amount of air removed is diminished, and of course the air removed never can be the whole of the air left, since, by the very nature of the process of exhaustion, a small portion only of the contents of the receiver is removed at each stroke. So with the process of meteoric exhaustion. Every year the earth sweeps up or gathers in all the meteors encountered in its track, and each planet, in each of its circuits round the sun, does likewise; but as the meteors become rarer and rarer the number swept up in any given time becomes less and less. Nor can all ever be swept up, since each planet, in each of its circuits, clears of meteors only a very minute portion of the solar domain. The inference as to the past is obvious. Many millions of years ago the number of meteors gathered in by any planet or satellite must have been enormously greater than it is at present.

Now, the present rate of meteoric in-

ht is not altogether insignificant. been calculated that the earth gath- in the course of a year, as many o million meteoric bodies, large nall, from the great masses which their way through the air,—our against the meteoric artillery,—to bodies so minute that a telescope l be required to make them visible ir rush through the air. This, be embered, is a result deduced from vation, and so deduced as certainly short of the truth, not exceed it. e sense the supply of meteoric mat- ems enormous, while in another it is exceedingly small. If we as- o the meteors an average weight of a single grain, we yet find that the grows a thousand tons in weight in years, so that since the time of am the earth's weight must have sed much more than a million tons. bly one grain is too low an esti- of the average weight of these s. Professor Harkness, of Wash- , has recently deduced from the n facts respecting meteors a result accords closely with one which I f enunciated in 1871 (as is natural, ; that I used the same general evi- , and dealt with it in much the same er). At the present rate of mete- downfall, 400 million years or there- s would be required to increase the s diameter by a single inch. may seem at a first view as though esult were altogether inconsistent the theory that any considerable n of the earth's mass has been de- from meteoric aggregation. But in r, when due account is taken, first e former expansion of the earth's when it was in the vaporous state, dly of the enormous length of time g which the process of indraught obably taken place, and thirdly of ct that the present density of me- distribution must be exceedingly compared with that existing hun- of millions of years ago, it appears ninety-nine hundredths of the s whole mass might readily have gathered in by meteoric aggregation. ot here dwell upon the evidence ng this, because it does not belong ' subject; but it seemed necessary ntion that, so far as any difficulty arising in the way suggested—that

is, from the poverty of meteoric material—that in reality the real difficulty is to understand how the earth remained so small when we consider how enormous must have been the quantity of meteoric matter in remote eras to account for so many millions of millions of meteors remaining still uncaptured.

Now, the moon, travelling along with the earth in the remote ages to which our present inquiry relates, must have gathered in her own share of meteoric matter. At this present time, for instance, about thirty millions of meteorites, large and small, fall each year upon the moon. She passes through the same meteoric systems as the earth, and she can no more escape meteoric downfall as she thus rushes through these systems than the earth can. We may compare her companionship with the earth to that of a child with a grown person in a shower of rain. As many drops do not fall on the child as on the adult because the child is smaller; but the child gets as thoroughly drenched as his grown companion, assuming neither to be protected by an umbrella. So the moon receives as many meteors on each square mile of her surface (on the average of many millions of years) as the earth does. Since her surface is about one-thirteenth of the earth's (more exactly two-twenty-sevenths), she receives about one-thirteenth of the number of meteors which the earth encounters, or, taking the number above-mentioned for the earth, the moon's annual indraught of meteors is at present about 30 millions.

In passing, it is worthy of special notice that the downfall on each square mile of the moon is equal to the downfall on each square mile of the earth, on the average of long periods. It follows from this that the moon's present rate of growth from meteoric aggregation is equal to the earth's. Not that the moon grows equally either in volume or in mass, for her annual growth in both respects is but about one-thirteenth of the earth's annual growth; but as her surface is only a thirteenth of the earth's, a meteoric deposit of equal thickness is received each year by the moon and by the earth. And this has been true during millions of years past. Now if two bodies, unequal in size, were to grow

equally in diameter year after year, they would become in the long run, to all intents and purposes, equal in size. Imagine a million miles added to the diameters of both the earth and moon; then the earth would have a diameter of 1,008,000 miles, and the moon a diameter of 1,002,200 miles, and these numbers are practically equal—the difference between them being very small compared with either. This is not a point of any importance as regards the future history of the earth and moon, for it is quite certain that neither will ever add half a mile to their present diameters, even though they should continue to travel as they now do for a million millions of years. But it is a point of extreme importance as respects the past of our earth and moon—a circumstance which, so far as I know, no one has hitherto noticed.

Suppose, for instance, we imagine the earth at some exceedingly remote epoch to have had only a thousandth of her present mass, so that at the same density her diameter would be only one-tenth that which she now has, and her surface one-hundredth of her present surface. Then if the moon existed at the same time, in the same state—vaporous, fluid, or solid—she would add as many miles to her diameter year by year from meteoric indraught as the earth would. And if this had continued to the present time, it would actually follow that the moon should have added to her diameter then (whatever it may have been) nine-tenths of the present diameter of the earth, or, roughly, about 7,000 miles. But the moon only has a diameter of about 2,160 miles altogether. It follows, therefore, that either the moon only had existence as a separate orb from the earth long after the earth had received the greater part of her present mass, or else the various stages of the moon's existence as a vaporous and as a fluid globe were very much shorter than the corresponding stages of the earth's existence. The latter is altogether the more probable explanation, and accords with what we should expect to happen during the cooling of the unequal masses of the earth and moon. But it is well to notice that our theoretical anticipations in this respect are thus confirmed by reasoning of another kind.

It has been calculated by Bischoff that the earth required 350 millions of years to cool from 2,000 degrees to 100 degrees centigrade, or in other words the earth must have existed as a ball of fused rocks for about that time. It may readily be shown that the moon would have remained fluid during only about a fourth of the time, say about 80 millions of years. Now, during the greatest part of this long period the surface of the moon would be viscid rather than fluid; and during the last ten or twelve millions of years of that period the moon's surface would be simply plastic. It would receive and retain any impressions which it might receive from without, much as the surface of a nearly dried pool of mud receives and retains the impressions of raindrops. Or rather as such a surface, if stones be thrown upon it, allows the stones to pass through, and shows thereafter a shallow depression where the stone had fallen, so if any large mass fell upon the moon's surface while in the plastic state, the mass would pass below the surface, and a circular saucer-shaped depression only would show where the mass had fallen.

Let us suppose that the moon's surface was in this plastic state for only about three million years, remembering that, according to all that can be inferred from the experiments made by physicists and from the theoretical researches of mathematicians, this probably falls very far short of the truth.

And next let us suppose that at the remote era to which we must refer that special stage of the moon's development, the density of meteoric distribution in the solar domain was only ten times as great as it is at present, remembering that this also is probably very far short of the truth.

Now, among the meteors which fall each year upon the earth, few are large enough to break their way through the earth's atmospheric shield, without being either vaporised in their rush through it, or else caused to burst into a number of small fragments. Possibly over the whole earth some ten or twelve may thus fall in a year, one or two only being seen, because the chances are largely in favor of a meteorite escaping detection as it falls. If we suppose that at present only four such meteorites fall on the

each year upon the earth, and before one only falls at present in space of about three years upon the earth are certainly not taking an exaggerated estimate of the present rate of fall of large meteoric masses upon the moon. Of course a much larger number of meteoric bodies of all sizes fall upon the moon, for she travels on her orbit without the protection of an atmosphere, at least she has no atmosphere enough to ward off even the smallest meteors. So that, in reality, some of the largest bodies large and small must impinge on the moon's surface every year; and probably some ten or twenty thousand are of the kind we call meteorites. It is, however, to be noted that not every mass which thus strikes the moon must be vaporised by the instant excited as it impinges on the surface; and even if this did happen,* only one or two of the largest which might so fall in the space of a century or so would be visible upon the moon's surface observed under the most favorable conditions, with the best telescopes made by man. More may restrict our attention to the meteorites, in considering the plastic era, for most probably at that time she had an atmosphere not far from the earth's present atmosphere as a shield against meteors. Only one very large meteorite in the plastic era, as the present rate of downfall upon the moon, it would follow that, at that period to which our researches extend, ten such meteorites would fall upon the moon every year. Thus, in the three million years during which the era may be assumed to have lasted, ten thousand very large meteorites fell, according to moderate assumptions we have made upon the plastic surface of our moon. These would not correspond to the largest meteorites or aerolites known, either as having fallen on the earth or as seen and measured while athwart the sky. From time to

time bodies are seen whose diameter is estimated at several hundred yards; and though no masses of this size have been known to reach the earth within the historic period, it must be remembered that the chances are usually in favor of the explosion of such meteorites into fragments as they pass through our air. I imagine, however, that the estimate of most of these bodies has been considerably exaggerated.*

The point to be noticed here, however, is this, that a mass far too small to be discernible at the moon's distance, would produce a discernible mark if it fell on the moon's surface in the plastic era. A circular depression far larger in diameter than the falling mass would be formed at the place where it had pierced the viscous crust. So that we might fairly take into account the downfall of all the very large meteorites—that is, according to our estimate above, of some ten million masses—as competent to leave marks such as could be recognised with powerful telescopes from our earth, supposing nothing happened in later stages of the moon's history to obliterate such marks.

Among these ten million meteorites ten only in a thousand perhaps might be very large, so as to leave where they fell circular depressions from a quarter of a mile to a mile in diameter. For the diameter of the aerolites themselves, of course, would not be nearly so large as that of the circular depression left where they had fallen. In this case about a hundred million small shallow craters would be formed on the moon's surface during the plastic era.

But again, among these very large aerolites, probably some—it might be only one in a thousand—would be excessively large, from a quarter to half a mile perhaps in diameter. It is true, we know of no such mass having struck our earth within historic times, nor have any

certain proportion of meteoric masses fall upon the earth, and so, also, a certain proportion must reach the moon, with relatively equal localities. For instance, those which fall upon the earth in the same way, and either overtake or are overtaken by the moon, with only the difference of their velocity of the earth (or moon, as may be).

* Though not quite to the extent imagined by Mr. Phipson in his treatise on *Meteors, Aerolites, and Falling Stars*. He has fallen into two mistakes, rather seriously affecting his conclusions: first, in taking the average height of great meteors above the earth as their average distance from the observer; and next, in supposing that a globe 200,000 times as far away as its diameter, subtends an angle of one minute, instead of an angle of one second only (a sixtieth part of a minute, that is).

such masses been recognised in the earth's crust ; but so many instances are on record of the passage of masses apparently as large as 100 yards in diameter through our air, which but for the air would certainly have fallen with their full mass on the earth's solid surface, that we cannot but believe in the existence even to this day of many enormous meteorites, and in the probability that at long intervals they fall upon our earth's atmospheric shield. Thus during these three million years some hundred very large masses would fall upon the moon's plastic surface, leaving where they had pierced the moon's crust vast circular depressions, each far exceeding in diameter the mass whose downfall had produced it.

Before proceeding to consider the result of such meteoric downfall on the moon's surface, I must remind the reader yet once more that, strange though these considerations which I am presenting to him may seem, they are based entirely upon known facts, and probably fall even far short of the truth. The nebular hypothesis, or some modification of that hypothesis, of the formation of the solar system is received by all astronomers of repute in the present day. The enormous duration of the various periods of planetary and lunar development has been demonstrated not only by experiments on the cooling of various substances, but by the study of our earth's crust. We know that meteors of all kinds still encounter the earth, and have no choice but to believe that, since so many now remain, the number existing millions of years ago must have been enormously greater. We know certainly that the moon in her journey round the sun must have encountered her share of these meteoric bodies. And we cannot possibly doubt that any considerable meteoric mass falling on the moon's surface at any time during the long period when that surface was wholly or partially plastic, would leave a larger circular depression where it has pierced the crust.

All these points may be regarded as certain ; at least, any doubts respecting them must be doubts affecting the general theory of the evolution of the solar system, and such doubts need not here be combated.

But now the question arises whether

the marks thus left upon the moon's surface would remain during the later stages of her existence down to the present time. It is certain that the surface of our own earth must once have been in a similar way pitted with the marks of meteoric downfalls, for she, like the moon, was in her growth

Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-balls,

and the era when her surface was plastic to receive and to retain the marks of the meteoric hail-storm (before

Man and his works and all that stirred itself
Of its own motion

could live upon it) lasted many millions of those cosmical instants which men call years. Yet we know that of those impressions which the earth then received no traces now remain. Again and again has the surface of our earth been changed since then. By the denudation of continents, by the deposit of strata under seas, and by the repeated interchange of seas and continents, every trace of the primeval surface of our globe has long since been either removed or concealed.

Would this have happened with the moon ? or if we are to judge by the evidence of what is, rather than by the consideration of what would have befallen, has this happened with the moon ?

As regards the probable sequel of the state of things which, as we have seen, must have existed when first the moon's surface solidified, it is not easy to form an opinion. On the one hand, there are reasons for supposing that for many long ages the moon would resemble our earth in having an atmosphere and oceans, though probably the atmosphere would be far rarer than ours is now, and the oceans far more limited in extent. On the other hand, it is impossible to overlook the actual facts of the case, viz., that at present the moon has no atmosphere of appreciable density, and no ocean surface at all, while the theories which have been advanced to explain the removal of an atmosphere and oceans formerly existing are, to say the least, not altogether satisfactory. They might account perhaps for the disappearance of a very tenuous atmosphere, and the drying-up (or rather the soaking in) of oceans of limited extent ; but scarcely for the

pearance of all signs of an atmosphere and oceans at all resembling those of our own earth.

On the whole, I am disposed to think that these features of our moon which have been regarded as indicating the former existence of oceans—as, for instance, the darkness of the low-level regions called seas, the existence of regions lying like alluvial deposits, and so on—may be regarded as indicating the existence of regions which remained liquid long after the rest of the moon's surface had solidified. I would not deny the possibility, or even the probability, that in these regions there formerly have been considerable

Nay, they may possibly have been entirely sea-covered. But it certainly has not yet been proved that they ever were so.

In the course when the moon's surface was partially solid or even merely plastic or partially liquid, all the liquid matter would seek the lower levels. The plastic surface only would retain the marks of meteoric downfalls: that is, the marks of the fall of those many thousands of large masses which we have must have struck the moon during the plastic era. Where the liquid surface existed, no such traces could be retained, any more than the marks of a sea can be retained by the surface of a sea.

On the one hand, then, if we suppose the atmosphere of the moon in remote times exceedingly tenuous and the seas limited in extent, the effects of denudation would be utterly insignificant compared with those which we recognise on the earth; so that we do not expect the signs of meteoric pits to be very little disturbed during the comparatively short era of the moon's existence as a habitable world. On the other hand, we could not expect any marks of meteoric downfall to remain in the low-lying regions to which the liquid portions of the moon's surface formerly flowed. Only when this liquid matter had either solidified or been gradually drawn into the moon's interior, could irregularities be formed, retained, and recognised in these regions.

These *à priori* considerations are all that would be found—first, that the level regions of the moon would be

marked by multitudinous small craters of all dimensions, from the minutest which the most powerful telescope could recognise to craters a mile or two in diameter; secondly, that the low-level regions would present a different color, and, as it were, texture, being formed of different matter which, retaining its liquidity longer, had necessarily come to form the lower lunar levels; thirdly, that comparatively few craters, and those mostly small ones, would be found over these low-lying regions. To these probable features may be added, but with less antecedent likelihood, this—that in the arrangement of the smaller lunar craters, peculiarities might sometimes be recognised indicating the occasional fall of a flight or string of meteors such as we sometimes see travelling athwart our skies even in these times when the supply of meteoric matter is all but exhausted by comparison with the wealth of meteors formerly existing.

Now let us see how these anticipations accord with the facts. To avoid all possibility of prejudice I will take the account of lunar details from a work written by an official astronomer, one therefore not likely to consider even, far less to be prejudiced in favor of, speculations respecting the past history of the heavenly bodies (any more than a land surveyor or a civil engineer would be likely to dwell upon geological speculations respecting the soils or surfaces with which he has officially to deal). I must admit that Professor Newcomb, to whom I refer, differs entirely from most European official astronomers in this respect, as do others of his countrymen. In writing his treatise on astronomy he does not seem by any means to have thought it essential to eschew all consideration of the physical significance of observed facts. I would therefore have taken a description of the moon by some one else, some official astronomer of the purely surveying order; but unfortunately the descriptions of the moon in their writings are too incomplete to be of interest or value; and any thoughts as to the moon's probable conditions, either now* or in the remote past or

* Not long ago, a picture which some ingenious artist had painted to represent a lunar landscape, was sent to the Astronomical Soci-

future, would be sought in vain. Let us hear, however, how Professor Newcomb describes the features of the moon which specially concern us here.

'As the moon is now seen and mapped,' he says, 'the difference between the light and dark portions is due merely to a difference in the color of the material, much of which seems to be darker than the average of terrestrial objects. . . . Galileo saw that the brighter portions of the disc were [are] broken up with inequalities of the nature of mountains and craters, while the darker parts were [are] for the most part smooth and uniform. . . . It is very curious that the figures of these inequalities in the lunar surface can be closely imitated by throwing pebbles upon the surface of some smooth plastic mass, as mud or mortar. . . . There is no more real smoothness in the regions of the supposed seas than elsewhere. The inequalities are smaller and harder to see on account of the darkness of color, but that is all.'

As to peculiarities of arrangement, Webb remarks on the tendency to parallel direction among craters, and local repetitions: 'Two similar craters often lie north and south of each other, and near them is frequently a corresponding duplicate. Two large craters occasionally lie north and south, of greatly resembling character, the southern usually three-fourths of the northern in size, from eighteen to thirty-six miles apart, and connected by ridges pointing in a south-west direction. Several of these arrangements are the more remarkable, as we know of nothing similar on the earth.'

If the views above considered are just—and it seems to me very difficult to controvert them—the multitudinous small craters would be due to external action, and they would be earlier formations in the main than the larger craters

ety, for exhibition at one of the evening meetings. Many remarks were made on the probable accuracy or inaccuracy of various features of this fanciful but attractive painting. (In some respects it was decidedly inaccurate.) At last the chief official astronomer rose, and many expected that remarks of considerable interest would be addressed to the meeting respecting the lunar landscape. His actual speech was simply as follows: 'Mr. Chairman, I move that this picture be demitted to the floor.'

due to the reaction of the moon's interior upon the contracting crust. Thus we might expect to find regions covered with small craters affected by the results of contractive processes and internal resistance to such contraction, in such sort that all the small craters would be distorted and all similarly. Beer and Mädler describe a lunar feature corresponding with what we should thus expect, speaking of 'small craters entangled in general pressures, and squeezed into an oval form,' the effect being 'like that of an oblique strain upon the pattern of a loosely-woven fabric.'

It will be understood that I do not consider the larger features of the moon as necessarily or probably due to external action. I cannot see how the crust of the moon while plastic can have escaped being marked by multitudes of small craters; and I do not think it likely that the pitting thus caused would be obliterated by subsequent processes of denudation. Thus I regard the crowded small craters which exist on the higher regions of the moon's surface as most probably due to meteoric downfall. But the crust thus pitted externally would, during later stages (or possibly contemporary stages) of the moon's progress, undergo changes resembling those which have affected our earth's crust.

First, the crust contracting more rapidly than the nucleus, because parting more rapidly with its heat, would be exposed to tremendous strains, corresponding precisely with those which would result from the expansion of a nucleus within an unchanging shell. It would probably be to this stage of the moon's development that we must refer the systems of radiating streaks which form so marked a feature of the lunar globe.

Secondly, the crust having cooled with comparative rapidity (though millions of years were probably required for this process), the nucleus would in its turn begin to cool more quickly than the crust, having more heat to part with. Accordingly spaces would form between the nucleus and the crust, were it not that the action of gravity would compel the crust to follow up the contracting nucleus. From this process two things would follow: first, massive corruga-

would form on the surface of the moon; in other words, mountain ranges of all orders of ridge-shaped irregularity. Secondly, the heat resulting from a mechanical process would, as in the case of our own earth even to this day, be volcanic explosions, and result in the formation of mighty craters.

But with these stages of the moon's development I am not at present concerned. It is with the multitudinous craters which cover all the higher parts of the moon that I have sought to deal. It appears to me that whether we consider what must have happened as soon passed through the plastic and plastic stages of her existence, or whether we consider the evidence derived from the actual condition of the moon's surface, we are alike led to the conclusion that the innumerable small craters which cover the higher lunar levels have been caused chiefly by meteoric downfall. I first advanced this theory (in 1852) I had not yet fully recognised the force both *à priori* and *à posteriori* in its favor. I said then that 'I should not only not care to *maintain* it as the theory of the origin of the small craters,' though I pointed out that 'as no plausible theory has been urged

respecting this remarkable feature of the moon's surface.' I now view the subject differently. The evidence in favor of the meteoric theory of the small craters is much stronger than I at first supposed, the difficulty of forming any other plausible theory much greater. I may even go so far as to say that it would be a problem of extreme difficulty to show how a body formed like the moon, exposed to similar conditions, and for the same enormous time-intervals, could fail to show such markings as actually exist on the moon. A theory of which this can be said stands on a somewhat strong basis. But, after all, I believe no amount of abstract reasoning will do so much to indicate the probability of this explanation as a brief study of the moon's surface with a good (not necessarily a very powerful) telescope. If this essay should lead some thus to examine the moon who have never yet done so, not only will it have subserved a useful purpose, but the pleasure they will derive from the novel experience will be deemed, I am satisfied, a sufficient reward for whatever time and attention they may have given to the reading of this paper on the smaller craters of our satellite.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DISCLOSURE.

AND now he was all eagerness to brave the first dragon in his way—the certain position of this proud old lady at the Dare. No doubt she would be aghast at the mere mention of a thing; perhaps in her sudden intuition she might utter sharp words which would rankle afterwards in the memory. In any case he knew the struggle would be long, and bitter, and tiring; and he had not the skill of a man to persuasively bend a woman's will.

There was another way—impossible!—he had thought of. If only he could have taken Gertrude White by the hand—and if only he could have led her into the hall, and presented her to his

mother, and said, "Mother, this is your daughter: is she not fit to be the daughter of so proud a mother?"—the fight would have been over. How could any one withstand the appeal of those fearless and tender clear eyes?

Impatiently he waited for the end of dinner on the evening of his arrival; impatiently he heard Donald, the piper-lad, play the brave Salute—the wild shrill yell overcoming the low thunder of the Atlantic outside; and he paid but little attention to the old and familiar *Cumhadh na Cloinne*. Then Hamish put the whisky and the claret on the table; and withdrew. They were left alone.

"And now, Keith," said his cousin Janet, with the wise grey eyes grown cheerful and kind, "you will tell us about all the people you saw in London;

and was there much gaiety going on—and did you see the Queen at all—and did you give any fine dinners?”

“How can I answer you all at once, Janet?” said he, laughing in a somewhat nervous way. “I did not see the Queen, for she was at Windsor; and I did not give any fine dinners, for it is not the time of year in London to give fine dinners; and indeed I spent enough money in that way when I was in London before. But I saw several of the friends who were very kind to me when I was in London in the summer. And do you remember, Janet, my speaking to you about the beautiful young lady—the actress—I met at the house of Colonel Ross of Duntorme?”

“Oh yes, I remember very well.”

“Because,” said he—and his fingers were rather nervous as he took out a package from his breast-pocket—“I have got some photographs of her for the mother and you to see. But it is little of any one that you can understand from photographs. You would have to hear her talk, and see her manner, before you could understand why every one speaks so well of her, and why she is a friend with every one——”

He had handed the packet to his mother, and the old lady had adjusted her eye-glasses, and was turning over the various photographs.

“She is very good-looking,” said Lady Macleod. “Oh yes, she is very good-looking. And that is her sister?”

“Yes.”

Janet was looking over them too.

“But where did you get all the photographs of her, Keith?” she said.

“They are from all sorts of places—Scarborough, Newcastle, Brighton——”

“I got them from herself,” said he.

“Oh, do you know her so well?”

“I know her very well. She was the most intimate friend of the people whose acquaintance I first made in London,” he said simply; and then he turned to his mother: “I wish photographs could speak, mother, for then you might make her acquaintance, and as she is coming to the Highlands next year——”

“We have no theatre in Mull, Keith,” Lady Macleod said, with a smile.

“But by that time she will not be an actress at all: did I not tell you that before?” he said, eagerly. “Did I

not tell you that? She is going to leave the stage—perhaps sooner or later, but certainly by that time; and when she comes to the Highlands next year with her father, she will be travelling just like any one else. And I hope, mother, you won’t let them think that we Highlanders are less hospitable than the people of London.”

He made the suggestion in an apparently careless fashion; but there was a painfully anxious look in his eyes. Janet noticed that.

“It would be strange if they were to come to so unfrequented a place as the west of Mull,” said Lady Macleod somewhat coldly, as she put the photographs aside.

“But I have told them all about the place, and what they will see; and they are eagerly looking forward to it; and you surely would not have them put up at the inn at Bunessan, mother?”

“Really, Keith, I think you have been imprudent. It was little matter our receiving a bachelor friend like Norman Ogilvie; but I don’t think we are quite in a condition to entertain strangers at Dare.”

“No one objected to me as a stranger when I went to London,” said he proudly.

“If they are anywhere in the neighborhood,” said Lady Macleod, “I should be pleased to show them all the attention in my power, as you say they were friendly with you in London; but really, Keith, I don’t think you can ask me to invite two strangers to Dare——”

“Then it is to the inn at Bunessan they must go?” he asked.

“Now, auntie,” said Janet Macleod, with her gentle voice, “you are not going to put poor Keith into a fix; I know you won’t do that. I see the whole thing; it is all because Keith was so thorough a Highlander. They were talking about Scotland; and no doubt he said there was nothing in the country to be compared with our islands, and caves, and cliffs. And then they spoke of coming; and of course he threw open the doors of the house to them. He would not have been a Highlander if he had done anything else, auntie; and I know you won’t be the one to make him break off an invitation. And if we cannot give them grand entertainments at

Dare, we can give them a Highland welcome anyway."

This appeal to the Highland pride of the mother was not to be withstood.

"Very well, Keith," said she. "We shall do what we can for your friends; though it isn't much in this old place."

"She will not look at it that way," he said eagerly. "I know that. She will be proud to meet you, mother; and to shake hands with you; and to go about with you, and do just whatever you are doing—"

Lady Macleod started.

"How long do you propose this visit should last?" she said.

"Oh, I don't know," said he hastily. "But you know, mother, you would not hurry your guests; for I am sure you would be as proud as any one to show them that we have things worth seeing. We should take her to the cathedral at Iona on some moonlight night; and then some day we could go out to the Dubh Artach lighthouse—and you know how the men are delighted to see a new face—"

"You would never think of that, Keith," his cousin said. "Do you think a London young lady would have the courage to be swung on to the rocks and to climb up all those steps outside?"

"She has the courage for that or for anything," said he. "And then, you know, she would be greatly interested in the clouds of puffs and the skarts behind Staffa; and we would take her to the great caves in the cliffs at Gribun; and I have no doubt she would like to go out to one of the uninhabited islands."

Lady Macleod had preserved a stern silence. When she had so far yielded as to promise to ask those two strangers to come to Castle Dare on their round of the western islands, she had taken it for granted that their visit would necessarily be of the briefest; but the projects of which Keith Macleod now spoke seemed to suggest something like a summer passed at Dare. And he went on talking in this strain, nervously delighted with the pictures that each promised excursion called up. Miss White would be charmed with this, and delighted with that. Janet would find her so pleasant a companion; the mother would be inclined to pet her at first sight.

"She is already anxious to make your acquaintance, mother," said he to the proud old dame who sat there ominously silent. "And she could think of no other message to send you than this—it belonged to her mother."

He opened the little package—of old lace, or something of that kind—and handed it to his mother; and at the same time, his impetuosity carrying him on, he said that perhaps the mother would write now and propose the visit in the summer.

At this Lady Macleod's surprise overcame her reserve.

"You must be mad, Keith! To write in the middle of winter and send an invitation for the summer! And really the whole thing is so extraordinary—a present coming to me from an absolute stranger—and that stranger an actress who is quite unknown to any one I know—"

"Mother, mother," he cried, "don't say any more. She has promised to be my wife."

Lady Macleod stared at him, as if to see whether he had really gone mad; and rose, and pushed back her chair.

"Keith," she said slowly, and with a cold dignity, "when you choose a wife, I hope I shall be the first to welcome her; and I shall be proud to see you with a wife worthy of the name that you bear; but, in the meantime, I do not think that such a subject should be made the occasion of a foolish jest."

And with that she left the apartment; and Keith Macleod turned in a bewildered sort of fashion to his cousin. Janet Macleod had risen too; she was regarding him with anxious and troubled and tender eyes.

"Janet," said he, "it is no jest at all!"

"I know that," said she in a low voice, and her face was somewhat pale. "I have known that. I knew it before you went away to England this last time."

And suddenly she went over to him, and bravely held out her hand; and there were quick tears in the beautiful grey eyes.

"Keith," said she, "there is no one will be more proud to see you happy than I; and I will do what I can for you now, if you will let me; for I see

your whole heart is set on it ; and how can I doubt that you have chosen a good wife ?”

“ Oh, Janet, if you could only see her and know her !”

She turned aside for a moment—only for a moment. When he next saw her face she was quite gay.

“ You must know, Keith,” said she, with a smile shining through the tears of the friendly eyes, “ that women-folk are very jealous ; and all of a sudden you come to auntie and me, and tell us that a stranger has taken away your heart from us and from Dare ; and you must expect us to be angry and resentful just a little bit at first.”

“ I never could expect that from you, Janet,” said he. “ I knew that was always impossible from you.”

“ As for auntie, then,” she said warmly, “ is it not natural that she should be surprised and perhaps offended——”

“ But she says she does not believe it—that I am making a joke of it——”

“ That is only her way of protesting, you know,” said the wise cousin. “ And you must expect her to be angry and obdurate ; because women have their prejudices, you know, Keith ; and this young lady—well, it is a pity she is not known to some one auntie knows.”

“ She is known to Norman Ogilvie, and to dozens of Norman Ogilvie’s friends, and Major Stewart has seen her,” said he quickly ; and then he drew back. “ But that is nothing. I do not choose to have any one to vouch for her.”

“ I know that ; I understand that, Keith,” Janet Macleod said gently. “ It is enough for me that you have chosen her to be your wife ; I know you would choose a good woman to be your wife ; and it will be enough for your mother when she comes to reflect. But you must be patient.”

“ Patient I would be, if it concerned myself alone,” said he, “ but the reflection—the insult of the doubt——”

“ Now, now, Keith,” said she, “ don’t let the hot blood of the Macleods get the better of you. You must be patient, and considerate. If you will sit down now quietly, and tell me all about the young lady, I will be your ambassador, if you like ; and I think I shall be able to persuade auntie.”

“ I wonder if there ever was any woman as kind as you are, Janet ?” said he, looking at her with a sort of wondering admiration.

“ You must not say that any more now,” she said, with a smile. “ You must consider the young lady you have chosen as perfection in all things. And this is a small matter. If auntie is difficult to persuade, and should protest and so forth, what she says will not hurt me, whereas it might hurt you very sorely. And now you will tell me all about the young lady ; for I must have my hands full of arguments when I go to your mother.”

And so this Court of Inquiry was formed ; with one witness not altogether unprejudiced in giving his evidence ; and with a judge ready to become the accomplice of the witness at any point. Somehow Macleod avoided speaking of Gertrude White’s appearance. Janet was rather a plain woman—despite those tender Celtic eyes. He spoke rather of her filial duty and her sisterly affection ; he minutely described her qualities as a house-mistress ; and he was enthusiastic about the heroism she had shown in determining to throw aside the glittering triumphs of her calling to live a simpler and wholesomer life. That passage in the career of Miss Gertrude White somewhat puzzled Janet Macleod. If it were the case that the ambitions and jealousies and simulated emotions of a life devoted to art had a demoralising and degrading effect on the character, why had not the young lady made the discovery a little earlier ? What was the reason of her very sudden conversion ? It was no doubt very noble on her part, if she really were convinced that this continual stirring up of sentiment without leading to practical issues had an unwholesome influence on her woman’s nature, to voluntarily surrender all the intoxication of success, with its praises and flatteries. But why was the change in her opinions so sudden ? According to Macleod’s own account, Miss Gertrude White, when he first went up to London, was wholly given over to the ambition of succeeding in her profession. She was then the “ white slave.” She made no protest against the repeatedly-announced theories of her father to the effect that an artist ceased to live for himself or

herself, and became merely a medium for the expression of the emotions of others. Perhaps the gentle cousin Janet would have had a clearer view of the whole case if she had known that Miss Gertrude White's awakening doubts as to the wholesomeness of simulated emotions on the human soul were strictly coincident in point of time with her conviction that at any moment she pleased she might call herself Lady Macleod.

With all the art he knew he described the beautiful small courtesies and tender ways of the little household at Rose Cottage; and he made it appear that this young lady, brought up amid the sweet observances of the south, was making an enormous sacrifice in offering to brave, for his sake, the transference to the harder and harsher ways of the north.

"And, you know, Keith, she speaks a good deal for herself," Janet Macleod said, turning over the photographs, and looking at them perhaps a little wistfully. "It is a pretty face. It must make many friends for her. If she were here herself now, I don't think auntie would hold out for a moment."

"That is what I know," said he eagerly. "That is why I am anxious she should come here. And if it were only possible to bring her now, there would be no more trouble; and I think we could get her to leave the stage—at least I would try. But how could we ask her to Dare in the winter-time? The sea and the rain would frighten her, and she would never consent to live here. And perhaps she needs time to quite make up her mind; she said she would educate herself all the winter through, and that, when I saw her again, she would be a thorough Highland woman. That shows you how willing she is to make any sacrifice, if she thinks it right."

"But if she is so convinced," said Janet doubtfully, "that she ought to leave the stage, why does she not do so at once? You say her father has enough money to support the family?"

"Oh yes, he has," said Macleod, and then he added, with some hesitation, "Well, Janet, I did not like to press that. She has already granted so much. But I might ask her."

At this moment Lady Macleod's maid

came into the hall and said that her mistress wished to see Miss Macleod.

"Perhaps auntie thinks I am conspiring with you, Keith," she said, laughing, when the girl had gone. "Well, you will leave the whole thing in my hands; and I will do what I can. And be patient and reasonable, Keith, even if your mother won't hear of it for a day or two. We women are very prejudiced against each other, you know; and we have quick tempers, and we want a little coaxing and persuasion—that is all."

"You have always been a good friend to me, Janet," he said.

"And I hope it will all turn out for your happiness, Keith," she said gently, as she left.

But as for Lady Macleod, when Janet reached her room the haughty old dame was "neither to hold nor to bind." There was nothing she would not have done for this favorite son of hers but this one thing. Give her consent to such a marriage? The ghosts of all the Macleods of Dare would call shame on her!

"Oh, auntie," said the patient Janet, "he has been a good son to you. And you must have known he would marry some day."

"Marry?" said the old lady, and she turned a quick eye on Janet herself. "I was anxious to see him married. And when he was choosing a wife I think he might have looked nearer home, Janet."

"What a wild night it is!" said Janet Macleod quickly—and she went for a moment to the window. "The *Dunara* will be coming round the Mull of Cantire just about now. And where is the present, auntie, that the young lady sent you? You must write and thank her for that, at all events; and shall I write the letter for you in the morning?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

LADY MACLEOD remained obdurate; Janet went about the house with a sad look on her face; and Macleod, tired of the formal courtesy that governed the relations between his mother and himself, spent most of his time in snipe and duck shooting about the islands—brav-

ing the wild winds and wilder seas in a great open lug-sailed boat, the *Umpire* having long ago been sent to her winter quarters. But the harsh, rough life had its compensations. Letters came from the south—treasures to be pored over night after night with an increasing wonder and admiration. Miss Gertrude White was a charming letter-writer; and now there was no restraint at all over her frank confessions and playful humors. Her letters were a prolonged chat—bright, rambling, merry, thoughtful, just as the mood occurred. She told him of her small adventures and the incidents of her every-day life, so that he could delight himself with vivid pictures of herself and her surroundings. And again and again she hinted rather than said that she was continually thinking of the Highlands, and of the great change in store for her.

"Yesterday morning," she wrote, "I was going down the Edgeware Road, and whom should I see but two small boys, dressed as young Highlanders, staring into the window of a toy-shop. Stalwart young fellows they were, with ruddy complexions and brown legs, and their Glengarries coquettishly placed on the side of their head; and I could see at once that their plain kilt was no holiday dress. How could I help speaking to them?—I thought perhaps they had come from Mull. And so I went up to them and asked if they would let me buy a toy for each of them. 'We dot money,' says the younger, with a bold stare at my impertinence. 'But you can't refuse to accept a present from a lady?' I said. 'Oh no, ma'am,' said the elder boy, and he politely raised his cap; and the accent of his speech—well, it made my heart jump. But I was very nearly disappointed when I got them into the shop; for I asked what their name was, and they answered 'Lavender.' 'Why, surely that is not a Highland name,' I said. 'No, ma'am,' said the elder lad; 'but my mamma is from the Highlands, and we are from the Highlands, and we are going back to spend the New Year at home.' 'And where is your home?' I asked; but I have forgotten the name of the place—I understood it was somewhere away in the north. And then I asked them if they had ever been to Mull. 'We have

passed it in the *Clansman*,' said the elder boy. 'And do you know one Sir Keith Macleod there?' I asked. 'Oh no, ma'am,' said he, staring at me with his clear blue eyes as if I was a very stupid person, 'the Macleods are from Skye.' 'But surely one of them may live in Mull,' I suggested. 'The Macleods are from Skye,' he maintained, 'and my papa was at Dunvegan last year.' Then came the business of choosing the toys; and the smaller child would have a boat, though his elder brother laughed at him, and said something about a former boat of his having been blown out into Loch Rogue—which seemed to me a strange name for even a Highland loch. But the elder lad, he must needs have a sword; and when I asked him what he wanted that for, he said quite proudly, 'To kill the Frenchmen with.' 'To kill Frenchmen with!' I said—for this young fire-eater seemed to mean what he said. 'Yes, ma'am,' said he, 'for they shoot the sheep out on the Flannan Islands when no one sees them; but we will catch them some day.' I was afraid to ask him where the Flannan Islands were, for I could see he was already regarding me as a very ignorant person; so I had their toys tied up for them and packed them off home. 'And when you get home,' I said to them, 'you will give my compliments to your mamma, and say that you got the ship and the sword from a lady who has a great liking for the Highland people.' 'Yes, ma'am,' says the elder boy, touching his cap again with a proud politeness; and then they went their ways, and I saw them no more."

Then the Christmas-time came, with all its mystery, and friendly observances, and associations; and she described to him how Carry and she were engaged in decorating certain schools in which they were interested; and how a young curate had paid her a great deal of attention until some one went and told him, as a cruel joke, that Miss White was a celebrated dancer at a music-hall.

Then, on Christmas morning, behold the very first snow of the year! She got up early; she went out alone; the holiday world of London was not yet awake.

"I never in my life saw anything more beautiful," she wrote to him,

n Regent's Park this morning, in a fog, with just a sprinkling of snow e green of the grass, and one great w mansion shining through the mist : sunlight on it—like some magnifi-distant palace. And I said to my-if I were a poet or a painter I would the common things, and show peo-e wonder and the beauty of them ;

believe the sense of wonder is a of light that shines in the soul of tist ; and the least bit of the ' deny-spirit '—the utterance of the word—snuffs it out at once. But then, Keith, I caught myself asking what to do with all these dreams, and theories that papa would like to talked about. What had I to do art ? And then I grew miserable ; ps the loneliness of the park—with those robust hurrying strangers ing, blowing their fingers and pull-heir cravats closer—had affected or perhaps it was that I suddenly l how helpless I am by myself. I

a sustaining hand, Keith ; and s now far away from me. I can do ing with myself of set purpose ; doesn't last. If you remind me one ought generously to overlook ults of others, I generously over-the faults of others—for five min-

If you remind me that to harbor isy and envy is mean and con-tilible, I make an effort and throw ll jealous and envious thoughts—for minutes. And so you see I got dis-nted with myself ; and I hated two who were calling loud jokes at each as they parted different ways ; and rched home through the fog, feeling r inclined to quarrel with somebody. e way, did you ever notice that you can detect the relationship between le by their similar mode of walking, hat more easily than by any likeness e ? As I strolled home I could tell of the couples of men walking be-me were brothers by the similar ing of the knee and the similar gait, when their features were quite un-

There was one man whose fashion alking was really very droll ; his knee gave a sort of preliminary : as if it was uncertain which way ot wanted to go. For the life of could not help imitating him ; and I wondered what his face would be

like if he were suddenly to turn round and catch me."

That still dream of Regent's Park in sunlight and snow he carried about with him as a vision—a picture—even amid these blustering westerly winds and the riven seas that sprung over the rocks, and swelled and roared away into the caves of Gribun and Bourg. There was no snow as yet up here at Dare ; but wild tempests shaking the house to its foundations ; and brief gleams of stormy sunlight lighting up the grey spindrift as it was whirled shorewards from the breaking seas ; and then days of slow and mournful rain, with Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman become mere dull patches of blurred purple—when they were visible at all—on the leaden-hued and coldly-rushing Atlantic.

"I have passed through the gates of the Palace of Art," she wrote two days later, from the calmer and sunnier south, "and I have entered its mysterious halls ; and I have breathed for a time the hushed atmosphere of wonderland. Do you remember meeting a Mr. Lemuel at any time at Mrs. Ross's ?—a man with a strange, grey, tired face, and large, wan, blue eyes, and an air as if he were walking in a dream ? Perhaps not ; but, at all events, he is a great painter, who never exhibits to the vulgar crowd, but who is worshipped by a select circle of devotees ; and his house is a temple dedicated to high art, and only profound believers are allowed to cross the threshold. Oh, dear me ! I am not a believer ; but how can I help that ? Mr. Lemuel is a friend of papa's, however—they have mysterious talks over milk-jugs of colored stone, and small pictures with gilt skies and angels in red and blue. Well, yesterday he called on papa, and requested his permission to ask me to sit—or rather stand—for the heroine of his next great work, which is to be an allegorical one taken from the *Faery Queene*, or the *Morte d'Arthur*, or some such book. I protested ; it was no use. 'Good gracious, papa,' I said, 'do you know what he will make of me ? He will give me a dirty brown face ; and I shall wear a dirty green dress ; and no doubt I shall be standing beside a pool of dirty blue water—with a purple sky overhead, and a white moon in it. The chances are he will make my hair a dull red ; and

give me gaunt cheeks like a corpse ; with a serpent under my foot, or a flaming dragon stretching his jaws behind my back.' Papa was deeply shocked at my levity. Was it for me, an artist (bless the mark !), to baulk the high aims of art ? Besides, it was vaguely hinted that, to reward me, certain afternoon-parties were to be got up ; and then, when I had come out of Merlin-land, and assured myself I was human by eating lunch, I was to meet a goodly company of distinguished folk—great poets, and one or two more mystic painters, a diletante Duke, and the nameless crowd of worshippers who would come to sit at the feet of all these, and sigh adoringly, and shake their heads over the Philistinism of English society. I don't care for sickly mediæval maidens myself, nor for allegorical serpents, nor for bloodless men with hollow cheeks, supposed to represent soldierly valor ; if I were an artist I would rather show people the beauty of a common brick wall when the red winter sunset shines along it. But perhaps that is only my ignorance, and I may learn better before Mr. Lemuel has done with me."

When Macleod first read this passage, a dark expression came over his face. He did not like this new project.

"And so, yesterday afternoon," the letter continued, "papa and I went to Mr. Lemuel's house, which is only a short way from here ; and we entered, and found ourselves in a large circular and domed hall, pretty nearly dark, and with a number of closed doors. It was all hushed and mysterious and dim ; but there was a little more light when the man opened one of these doors and showed us into a chamber—or rather, one of a series of chambers—that seemed to me at first like a big child's toy-house, all painted and gilded with red and gold. It was bewilderingly full of objects that had no ostensible purpose—you could not tell whether any one of these rooms was dining-room, or drawing-room, or anything else ; it was all a museum of wonderful cabinets filled with different sorts of ware, and trays of uncut precious stones, and Eastern jewellery, and what not ; and then you discovered that in the panels of the cabinets were painted series of allegorical heads on a gold background ; and then perhaps you stumbled

on a painted glass window where no window should be. It was a splendid blaze of color, no doubt ; one began to dream of Byzantine emperors, and Moorish conquerors, and Constantinople gilt domes. And then—mark the dramatic effect!—away in the blaze of the further chamber appears a solemn, slim, bowed figure, dressed all in black—the black velvet coat seemed even blacker than black ; and the mournful-eyed man approached, and he gazed upon us a grave welcome from the pleading, affected, tired eyes. He had a slight cough, too, which I rather fancied was assumed for the occasion. Then we all sat down, and he talked to us in a low, sad, monotonous voice ; and there was a smell of frankincense about—no doubt a band of worshippers had lately been visiting at the shrine ; and, at papa's request, he showed me some of his trays of jewels, with a wearied air. And some drawings of Mantegna's that papa had been speaking about ; would he look at them now ? Oh, dear Keith, the wickedness of the human imagination ! As he went about in this limp and languid fashion, in the hushed room, with the old-fashioned scent in the air, I wished I was a street-boy. I wished I could get close behind him and give a sudden yell ! Would he fly into bits ? Would he be so startled into naturalness as to swear ? And all the time that papa and he talked, I dared scarcely lift my eyes ; for I could not but think of the effect of that wild 'Hi !' And what if I had burst into a fit of laughter without any apparent cause ?"

Apparently Miss White had not been much impressed by her visit to Mr. Lemuel's Palace of Art, and she made thereafter but slight mention of it, though she had been prevailed upon to let the artist borrow the expression of her face for his forthcoming picture. She had other things to think about now, when she wrote to Castle Dare.

For one day Lady Macleod went into her son's room and said to him, "Here is a letter, Keith, which I have written to Miss White. I wish you to read it."

He jumped to his feet and hastily ran his eye over the letter. It was a trifle formal, it is true ; but it was kind, and it expressed the hope that Miss White and her father would next summer visit

Castle Dare. The young man threw his arms round his mother's neck and kissed her. "That is like a good mother," said he. "Do you know how happy she will be when she receives this message from you?"

Lady Macleod left him the letter to address. He read it over carefully; and though he saw that the handwriting was the handwriting of his mother, he knew that the spirit that had prompted these words was that of the gentle cousin Janet.

This concession had almost been forced from the old lady by the patience and mild persistence of Janet Macleod; but if anything could have assured her that she had acted properly in yielding, it was the answer which Miss Gertrude White sent in return. Miss White wrote that letter several times over before sending it off, and it was a clever piece of composition: the timid expressions of gratitude; the hints of the writer's sympathy with the romance of the Highlands and the Highland character; the deference shown by youth to age; and here and there just the smallest glimpse of humor, to show that Miss White, though very humble and respectful and all that, was not a mere fool. Lady Macleod was pleased by this letter. She showed it to her son one night at dinner. "It is a pretty hand," she remarked critically.

Keith Macleod read it with a proud heart. "Can you not gather what kind of woman she is from that letter alone?" he said eagerly. "I can almost hear her talk in it. Janet, will you read it too?"

Janet Macleod took the small sheet of perfumed paper and read it calmly, and handed it back to her aunt. "It is a nice letter," said she. "We must try to make Dare as bright as may be when she comes to see us, that she will not go back to England with a bad account of the Highland people."

That was all that was said at the time about the promised visit of Miss Gertrude White to Castle Dare. It was only as a visitor that Lady Macleod had consented to receive her. There was no word mentioned on either side of anything further than that. Mr. White and his daughter were to be in the Highlands next summer; they would be in the neighbor-

hood of Castle Dare; Lady Macleod would be glad to entertain them for a time, and make the acquaintance of two of her son's friends. At all events the proud old lady would be able to see what sort of woman this was whom Keith Macleod had chosen to be his wife.

And so the winter days and nights and weeks dragged slowly by; but always, from time to time, came those merry and tender and playful letters from the south, which he listened to rather than read. It was her very voice that was speaking to him, and in imagination he went about with her. He strolled with her over the crisp grass, whitened with hoar frost, of the Regent's Park; he hurried home with her in the chill grey afternoons—the yellow gas-lamps being lit—to the little tea-table. When she visited a picture-gallery she sent him a full report of that even.

"Why is it," she asked, "that one is so delighted to look a long distance, even when the view is quite uninteresting? I wonder if that is why I greatly prefer landscape to figuré subjects. The latter always seem to me to be painted from models just come from the Hampstead Road. There was scarcely a sea-piece in the exhibition that was not spoiled by figures, put in for the sake of picturesqueness, I suppose. Why, when you are by the sea you want to be alone, surely! Ah, if I could only have a look at those winter seas you speak of!"

He did not echo that wish at all. Even as he read he could hear the thunderous booming of the breakers into the giant caves. Was it for a pale rose-leaf to brave that fell wind that tore the waves into spindrift and howled through the lonely chasms of Ben-an-Sloich?

To one of these precious documents, written in the small neat hand on pink-toned and perfumed paper, a postscript was added: "If you keep my letters," she wrote, and he laughed when he saw that *if*, "I wish you would go back to the one in which I told you of papa and me calling at Mr. Lemuel's house, and I wish, dear Keith, you would burn it. I am sure it was very cruel and unjust. One often makes the mistake of thinking people affected when there is no affectation of any sort about them. And if a man has injured his health and made

an invalid of himself, through his intense and constant devotion to his work, surely that is not anything to be laughed at. Whatever Mr. Lemuel may be, he is at all events desperately in earnest. The passion that he has for his art, and his patience and concentration and self-sacrifice, seem to me to be nothing less than noble. And so, dear Keith, will you please to burn that impertinent letter?"

Macleod sought out the letter and carefully read it over. He came to the conclusion that he could see no just reason for complying with her demand. Frequently first impressions were best.

CHAPTER XXX.

A GRAVE.

IN the bygone days this eager, active, stout-limbed young fellow had met the hardest winter with a glad heart. He rejoiced in its thousand various pursuits; he set his teeth against the driving hail; he laughed at the drenching spray that sprang high over the bows of his boat; and what harm ever came to him if he took the short-cut across the upper reaches of Loch Scridain—wading waist-deep through a mile of sea-water on a bitter January day? And where was the loneliness of his life when always, wherever he went by sea or shore, he had these old friends around him—the red-beaked sea-pyots whirring along the rocks; and the startled curlews, whistling their warning note across the sea; and the shy duck, swimming far out on the smooth lochs; to say nothing of the black game that would scarcely move from their perch on the larch-trees as he approached, and the deer that were more distinctly visible on the far heights of Ben-an-Sloich when a slight sprinkling of snow had fallen?

But now all this was changed. The awfulness of the dark winter-time amid those northern seas overshadowed him. "It is like going into a grave," he had said to her. And, with all his passionate longing to see her and have speech of her once more, how could he dare to ask her to approach these dismal solitudes? Sometimes he tried to picture her coming, and to read in imagination the look on her face. See now! how she clings terrified to the side of the big open packet-boat that crosses the Firth of Lorn; and

she dares not look abroad on the howling waste of waves. The mountains of Mull rise sad and cold and distant before her; there is no bright glint of sunshine to herald her approach. This small dog-cart now—it is a frail thing with which to plunge into the wild valleys, for surely a gust of wind might whirl it into the chasm of roaring waters below? Glen-More: who that has ever seen Glen-More on a lowering January day will ever forget it—its silence, its loneliness, its vast and lifeless gloom? Her face is pale now; she sits speechless and awe-stricken; for the mountain-walls that overhang this sombre ravine seem ready to fall on her, and there is an awful darkness spreading along their summits under the heavy swathes of cloud. And then those black lakes far down in the lone hollows, more death-like and terrible than any tourist-haunted Loch Coruisk: would she not turn to him and with trembling hands implore him to take her back and away to the more familiar and bearable south? He began to see all these things with her eyes. He began to fear the awful things of the winter-time and the seas. The glad heart had gone out of him.

Even the beautiful aspects of the Highland winter had something about them—an isolation, a terrible silence—that he grew almost to dread. What was this strange thing, for example? Early in the morning he looked from the windows of his room; and he could have imagined he was not at Dare at all. All the familiar objects of sea and shore had disappeared; this was a new world—a world of fantastic shapes, all moving and unknown—a world of vague masses of grey, though here and there a gleam of lemon-color shining through the fog showed that the dawn was reflected on a glassy sea. Then he began to make out the things around him. That great range of purple mountains was Ulva—Ulva transfigured and become Alpine! Then those wan gleams of yellow light on the sea?—he went to the other window, and behold! the heavy bands of cloud that lay across the unseen peaks of Ben-an-Sloich had parted, and there was a blaze of clear, metallic, green sky; and the clouds bordering on that gleam of light were touched with a smoky and stormy saffron-hue that flashed and

amid the seething and twisting of the fog and the mist. And he turns to the sea again—what a ship is this that appears in mid-air, apparently moving when there is no wind? He hears the sound of the huge vessel turns out to be the boat of the Gometra men going to the lobster traps. The yellow of the glassy plain waxes stronger; objects appear through the shifting mist until at last a sudden opening reveals a wonderful thing far away—truly at the very confines of the land and awful in its solitary splendor. It is the distant island of Staffa; as caught the colors of the dawn; and the cold greys of the sea it is a pale transparent rose.

He would like to have sent her, if he had any skill of the brush, some brief reminder of that beautiful thing; but he could not, and in any case, that was sort of painting she seemed to do just then. Mr. Lemuel, and his son of Art, and his mediæval saints, that not, which had all for a time been barred from Miss White's letters, now to monopolize a good deal of her time; and there was no longer any pertinent playfulness in her letters, but on the contrary a respectfulness and veneration that occasionally almost lent enthusiasm. From hints more numerous Macleod gathered that Gertrude had been made much of by people frequenting Mr. Lemuel's.

She had there met one or two men who had written very fine about her in the papers; and highly distinguished people had been good enough to send her cards of introduction; and she had once or twice been persuaded to read some piece of her poetry at Mr. Lemuel's after-dinner parties; and she even suggested that Mr. Lemuel had almost as much as said that he would like to paint her portrait. Mr. Lemuel had also offered her that he had refused to accept—a small marvellous study by Pinturicchio, most people considered the gem of his collection.

Macleod, reading and re-reading these many a time in the solitudes of Mull, came to the opinion that it must be a good deal of amusement to be in London. And was it not

natural that a young girl should like to be petted, and flattered, and made much of? Why should he complain when she wrote to say how she enjoyed this, and was charmed by that? Could he ask her to exchange that gay and pleasant life for this hybernation in Mull? Sometimes for days together the inhabitants of Castle Dare literally lived in the clouds. Dense bands of white mist lay all along the cliffs; and they lived in a semi-darkness, with the mournful dripping of the rain on the wet garden, and the mournful wash of the sea all around the shores. He was glad, then, that Gertrude White was not at Castle Dare.

But sometimes, when he could not forbear opening his heart to her, and pressing her for some more definite assurance as to the future, the ordinary playful banter in which she generally evaded his urgency gave place to a tone of coldness that astonished and alarmed him. Why should she so cruelly resent this piteous longing of his? Was she no longer, then, so anxious to escape from the thralldom that had seemed so hateful to her?

"Hamish," said Macleod abruptly, after reading one of these letters, "come now, we will go and overhaul the *Umpire*, for you know she is to be made very smart this summer; for we have people coming all the way from London to Dare, and they must not think we do not know in Mull how to keep a yacht in ship-shape."

"Ay, sir," said Hamish; "and if we do not know that in Mull, where will they be likely to know that?"

"And you will get the cushions in the saloon covered again; and we will have a new mirror for the ladies' cabin, and Miss Macleod, if you ask her, will put a piece of lace round the top of that, to make it look like a lady's room. And then, you know, Hamish, you can show the little boy Johnny Wickes how to polish the brass; and he will polish the brass in the ladies' cabin until it is as white as silver. Because, you know, Hamish, they have very fine yachts in the south. They are like hotels on the water. We must try to be as smart as we can."

"I do not know about the hotels," said Hamish scornfully. "And perhaps it is a fine thing to have a hotel; and

Mr. M'Arthur they say he is a ferry rich man, and he has ferry fine pictures too ; but I wass thinking that if I will be off the Barra Head on a bad night—between the Sgriobh Bhan and the Barra Head on a bad night—it is not any hotel I will be wishing that I wass in, but a good boat. And the *Umpire* she is a good boat ; and I hef no fear of going anywhere in the world with her—to London or to Inverary, ay, or the Queen's own castle on the island—and she will go there safe, and she will come back safe ; and if she is not a hotel, well, perhaps she will not be a hotel, but she is a fine good boat, and she has swinging-lamps whatever."

But even the presence of the swinging-lamps which Hamish regarded as the highest conceivable point of luxury, did little to lessen the dolorousness of the appearance of the poor old *Umpire*. As Macleod, seated in the stern of the gig, approached her, she looked like some dingy old hulk relegated to the duty of keeping stores. Her topmast and bowsprit removed ; not a stitch of cord on her ; only the black iron shrouds remaining of all her rigging ; her skylights and companion-hatch covered with waterproof—it was a sorry spectacle. And then when they went below, even the swinging-lamps were blue-moulded and stiff. There was an odor of damp straw throughout. All the cushions and carpets had been removed ; there was nothing but the bare wood of the floor and the couches and the table ; with a matchbox saturated with wet ; an empty wine bottle ; a newspaper five months old ; a rusty corkscrew ; a patch of dirty water—the leakage from the skylight overhead.

That was what Hamish saw.

What Macleod saw—as he stood there absently staring at the bare wood—was very different. It was a beautiful, comfortable saloon that he saw, all brightly furnished and gilded, and there was a dish of flowers—heather and rowan-berries intermixed—on the soft red cover of the table. And who is this that is sitting there—clad in sailor-like blue and white—and laughing as she talks in her soft English speech ? He is telling her that, if she means to be a sailor's bride, she must give up the wearing of gloves on board ship, although, to be

sure, those gloved small hands look pretty enough as they rest on the table and play with a bit of bell-heather. How bright her smile is ; she is in a mood for teasing people ; the laughing face—but for the gentleness of the eyes—would be audacious. They say that the width between those long-lashed eyes is a common peculiarity of the artist's face ; but she is no longer an artist ; she is only the brave young yachtswoman who lives at Castle Dare. The shepherds know her, and answer her in the Gaelic when she speaks to them in passing ; the sailors know her, and would adventure their lives to gratify her slightest wish ; and the bearded fellows who live their solitary life far out at Dubh-Artach light-house, when she goes out to them with a new parcel of books and magazines, do not know how to show their gladness at the very sight of her bonnie face. There was once an actress of the same name ; but this is quite a different woman. And to-morrow—do you know what she is going to do to-morrow ?—to-morrow she is going away in this very yacht to a loch in the distant island of Lewis ; and she is going to bring back with her some friends of hers who live there ; and there will be high holiday at Castle Dare. An actress ? Her cheeks are too sun-browned for the cheeks of any actress.

"Well, sir ?" Hamish said at length ; and Macleod started.

"Very well, then," he said impatiently, "why don't you go on deck, and find out where the leakage of the skylight is ?"

Hamish was not used to being addressed in this fashion ; and he walked away with a proud and hurt air. As he ascended the companion-way, he was muttering to himself in his native tongue—

"Yes, I am going on deck to find out where the leakage is, but perhaps it would be easier to find out below where the leakage is. If there is something the matter with the keel, is it the cross-trees you will go to look for it ? But I do not know what has come to the young master of late."

When Keith Macleod was alone, he sate down on the wooden bench, and took out a letter, and tried to find there some assurance that this beautiful vision

would some day be realized. He read, and re-read it; but his anxious eyes only left him the more disheartened.

He went up on deck. He talked idly in a perfunctory manner, and the smartening up of the *Umpire* appeared to have lost interest in that way.

Then again he would seek relief in hard work, and try to forget whether this hated time of enforced idleness. One night word was brought to him that the typhoid fever had broken out in the ill-drained cottages of the island, and he said at once that next morning he would go round to Bunessan to ask the sanitary inspector there to be so kind as to inquire into this matter, and see whether something could be done to improve these hovels.

He was sure the Duke does not know of this, Keith," his cousin Janet said, "but we would have a great alteration

made. It is easy to make alterations," said he, "but it is not easy to make the poor people take advantage of them. They are in such good health from the sea air that they will not pay attention to ordi- nary cleanliness. But now that two or three of the young girls and children are sick, it is a good time to have things done."

That morning, when he rose before it was daybreak, there was every promise of a fine day. The full moon was set behind the western seas, lighting up the clouds there with a dusky yellow; in the east there was a wilder glare of blue high up over the intense redness on the peaks of Ben-an-Sloich; the morning was still, for he heard, only piercing the silence, the whistle of a curlew, and that became more and more remote as the unseen bird lifted its flight far over the sea. He lit his candles, and made the necessary arrangements for his journey; for he had a message to leave at Kinloch at the foot of Loch Scridain, and he was going round that way. By-and-by the morning light had increased so much that it blew out the candles.

He was sooner had he done this than his sudden sight of something outside startled him. It seemed as though clouds of golden-white, all ablaze with sunshine, rested on the dark bosom

of the deep. Instantly he went to the window; and then he saw that these clouds were not clouds at all, but the islands around glittering in the "white wonder of the snow" and catching here and there the shafts of the early sunlight that now streamed through the valleys of Mull. The sudden marvel of it! There was Ulva, shining beautiful as in a sparkling bridal veil; and Gometra a paler blue-white in shadow; and Colonsay and Erisgeir also a cold white; and Staffa a pale grey—and then the sea that the gleaming islands rested on was a mirror of pale green and rose-purple hues reflected from the morning sky. It was all dream-like, it was so still, and beautiful, and silent. But he now saw that that fine morning would not last. Behind the house, clouds of a suffused yellow began to blot out the sparkling peaks of Ben-an-Sloich. The opal colors of the sea were troubled with gusts of wind until they disappeared altogether. The sky in the north grew an ominous black; until the snow-clad shores of Loch Tua were dazzling white against that bank of angry cloud. But to Bunessan he would go.

Janet Macleod was not much afraid of the weather at any time, but she said to him at breakfast, in a laughing way—

"And if you are lost in a snow-drift in Glen Finichen, Keith, what are we to do for you?"

"What are you to do for me?—why, Donald will make a fine Lament; and what more than that?"

"Cannot you send one of the Camerons with a message, Keith?" his mother said.

"Well, mother," said he, "I think I will go on to Fhion Fort and cross over to Iona myself, if Mr. Mackinnon will go with me. For it is very bad the cottages are there, I know; and if I must write to the Duke, it is better that I should have made the inquiries myself."

And indeed, when Macleod set out on his stout young cob, paying but little heed to the cold driftings of sleet that the sharp east wind was sending across, it seemed as though he were destined to perform several charitable deeds all on the one errand. For, firstly, about a mile from the house, he met Duncan the policeman, who was making his weekly

round in the interests of morality and law and order; and who had to have his book signed by the heritor of Castle Dare as sure witness that his peregrinations had extended so far. And Duncan was not at all sorry to be saved that trudge of a mile in the face of those bitter blasts of sleet; and he was greatly obliged to Sir Keith Macleod for stopping his cob, and getting out his pencil with his benumbed fingers, and putting his initials to the sheet. And then, again, Macleod had got into Glen Finichen, and he was talking to the cob and saying—"Well, Jack, I don't wonder you want to stop, for the way this sleet gets down one's throat is rather choking; or are you afraid of the sheep loosening the rocks away up there, and sending two or three hundredweight on our head?"—when he happened to look up the steep sides of the great ravine, and there, quite brown against the snow, he saw a sheep that had toppled over some rock, and was now lying with her legs in the air. He jumped off his pony, and left Jack standing in the middle of the road. It was a stiff climb up that steep precipice, with the loose stones slippery with the sleet and snow; but at last he got a good grip of the sheep by the back of her neck, and hauled her out of the hole into which she had fallen, and put her, somewhat dazed but apparently unhurt, on her legs again. Then he half slid and half ran down the slope again; and got into the saddle.

But what was this now? The sky in the east had grown quite black; and suddenly this blackness began to fall as if torn down by invisible hands. It came nearer and nearer, until it resembled the dishevelled hair of a woman. And then there was a rattle and roar of wind and snow and hail combined; so that the cob was nearly thrown from its feet, and Macleod was so blinded that at first he knew not what to do. Then he saw some rocks ahead; and he urged the bewildered and staggering beast forward through the darkness of the storm. Night seemed to have returned. There was a flash of lightning overhead; and a crackle of thunder rolled down the valley, heard louder than all the howling of the hurricane across the mountain sides. And then, when they had reached this place of shelter, Mac-

leod dismounted, and crept as close as he could into the lee of the rocks.

He was startled by a voice—it was only that of old John Macintyre the postman, who was glad enough to get into this place of refuge too.

"It's a bad day for you to be out this day, Sir Keith," said he, in the Gaelic, "and you have no cause to be out; and why will you not go back to Castle Dare?"

"Have you any letter for me, John?" said he eagerly.

Oh, yes, there was a letter; and the old man was astonished to see how quickly Sir Keith Macleod took that letter, and how anxiously he read it, as though the awfulness of the storm had no concern for him at all. And what was it all about—this wet sheet that he had to hold tight between his hands, or the gusts that swept round the rock would have whirled it up and away over the giant ramparts of Bourg? It was a very pretty letter; and rather merry; for it was all about a fancy-dress ball which was to take place at Mr. Lemuel's house; and the people were to wear a Spanish costume of the time of Philip IV.; and there were to be very grand doings indeed. And as Keith Macleod had nothing to do in the dull winter-time but devote himself to books, would he be so kind as to read up about that period, and advise her as to which historical character she ought to assume?

Macleod burst out laughing—in a strange sort of way; and put the wet letter in his pocket; and led Jack out into the road again.

"Sir Keith, Sir Keith," cried the old man, "you will not go on now!"—and as he spoke another blast of snow tore across the glen, and there was a rumble of thunder among the hills.

"Why, John," Macleod called back again, from the grey gloom of the whirling snow and sleet, "would you have me go home and read books too? Do you know what a fancy-dress ball is, John? And do you know what they think of us in the south, John—that we have nothing to do here in the winter-time—nothing to do here but read books?"—

The old man heard him laughing to himself, in that odd way, as he rode off and disappeared into the driving snow;

heart was heavy within him, and filled with strange forebodings. A dark and an awful glen—this fine that led down to the solitary Loch Scridain.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OVER THE SEAS.

No harm at all came of that reck-
through the storm; and in a
two's time Macleod had almost
himself into the belief that it was
rational for a young girl to be fasci-
those new friends. And how
protest against a fancy-dress
he himself had gone to one on
visit to London? And it was
of her confidence in him that
led to take his advice about her

he turned to other matters; for,
two weeks went by, one eagerly
to look for the signs of the
spring might occasionally detect
freshness in the morning air, or
a little bit of the whitlow-grass
among the moss of an old wall.
Major Stewart had come over to
see or twice; and had privately
told Macleod and her niece such
satisfying accounts of Miss Gertrude
at the references to her forth-
right ceased to be formal and ben-
ignly and matter-of-course. It
was, however, that Keith Macleod
used her name. He did not seem
for any confidant. Perhaps her
share enough.

On one occasion Janet Macleod
came with a shy smile—

"I think you must be a very patient
woman, Keith, to spend all the winter
without another young man would have
to go to London."

"I would go to London too!"
he suddenly, and then he stopped.
Somewhat embarrassed. "Well,
I tell you, Janet. I do not wish to
be any more as an actress; and she
is better that I do not go to Lon-
don—and, you know, she will soon
be an actress."

"Why not now," said Janet Mac-
leod some wonder, "if she has
ever disliked for it?"

"I do not know," said he some-
owily.

But he wrote to Gertrude White, and pressed the point once more—with great respect, it is true, but still with an earnestness of pleading that showed how near the matter lay to his heart. It was a letter that would have touched most women; and even Miss Gertrude White was pleased to see how anxiously interested he was in her.

"But you know, my dear Keith," she wrote back, "when people are going to take a great plunge into the sea, they are warned to wet their head first. And don't you think I should accustom myself to the change you have in store for me by degrees? In any case, my leaving the stage at the present moment could make no difference to us—you in the Highlands, I in London. And do you know, sir, that your request is particularly ill-timed; for as it happens I am about to enter into a new dramatic project of which I should probably never have heard but for you. Does that astonish you? Well, here is the story. It appears that you told the Duchess of Wexford that I would give her a performance for the new training-ship she is getting up; and, being challenged, could I break a promise made by you? And only fancy what these clever people have arranged—to flatter their own vanity in the name of charity. They have taken St. George's Hall; and the distinguished amateurs have chosen the play; and the play—don't laugh, dear Keith—is *Romeo and Juliet*! And I am to play *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of the Honble. Captain Brierley, who is a very good-looking man, but who is so solemn and stiff a Romeo that I know I shall burst out laughing on the dreaded night. He is as nervous now at a morning rehearsal as if it were his debut at Drury Lane; and he never even takes my hand without an air of apology, as if he were saying, 'Really, Miss White, you must pardon me; I am compelled by my part to take your hand; otherwise I would die rather than be guilty of such a liberty.' And when he addresses me in the balcony scene, he *will not* look at me; he makes his protestations of love to the flies; and when I make my fine speeches to him, he blushes if his eyes should by chance meet mine, just as if he had been guilty of some awful indiscretion. I know,

dear Keith, you don't like to see me act ; but you might come up for this occasion only. Friar Lawrence is the funniest thing I have seen for ages. The nurse, however—Lady Bletherin—is not at all bad. I hear there is to be a grand supper afterwards somewhere ; and I have no doubt I shall be presented to a number of ladies who will speak for the first time to an actress and be possessed with a wild fear ; only, if they have daughters, I suppose they will keep the fluttering-hearted young things out of the way, lest I should suddenly break out into blue flame, and then disappear through the floor. I am quite convinced that Captain Brierley considers me a bold person because I look at him when I have to say—

" O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully !"

Macleod crushed this letter together, and thrust it into his pocket. He strode out of the room and called for Hamish.

" Send Donald down to the quay," said he, " and tell them to get the boat ready. And he will take down my gun too."

Old Hamish, noticing the expression of his master's eyes, went off quickly enough, and soon got hold of Donald the piper-lad.

" Donald," said he, in the Gaelic, " you will run down to the quay as fast as your legs can carry you, and you will tell them to get the boat ready, and not to lose any time in getting the boat ready, and to have the seats dry, and let there be no talking when Sir Keith gets on board. And here is the gun, too ; and the bag ; and you will tell them to have no talking among themselves this day."

When Macleod got down to the small stone pier, the two men were in the boat. Johnny Wickes was standing at the door of the store-house.

" Would you like to go for a sail, Johnny ?" Macleod said abruptly—but there was no longer that dangerous light in his eyes.

" Oh yes, sir," said the boy eagerly ; for he had long ago lost his dread of the sea.

" Get in, then, and get up to the bow."

So Johnny Wickes went cautiously down the few slippery stone steps, half

tumbled into the bottom of the great open boat, and then scrambled up to the bow.

" Where will you be for going, sir ?" said one of the men, when Macleod had jumped into the stern and taken the tiller.

" Anywhere—right out !" he answered carelessly.

But it was all very well to say " right out !" when there was a stiff breeze blowing right in. Scarcely had the boat put her nose out beyond the pier—and while as yet there was but little way on her—when a big sea caught her, springing high over her bows and coming rattling down on her with a noise as of pistol-shots. The chief victim of this deluge was the luckless Johnny Wickes, who tumbled down into the bottom of the boat, vehemently blowing the salt water out of his mouth, and rubbing his knuckles into his eyes. Macleod burst out laughing.

" What's the good of you as a lookout ?" he cried. " Didn't you see the water coming ?"

" Yes, sir," said Johnny, ruefully laughing too. But he would not be beaten ; he scrambled up again to his post and clung there, despite the fierce wind and the clouds of spray.

" Keep her close up, sir," said the man who had the sheet of the huge lugsail in both his hands, as he cast a glance out at the darkening sea.

But this great boat, rude and rough and dirty as she appeared, was a splendid specimen of her class ; and they know how to build such boats up about that part of the world. No matter how staggering a plunge she went down into the yawning green gulf—the white foam hissing away from her sides—before the next wave, high, awful, threatening, had come down on her with a crash as of mountains falling, she had glided buoyantly upwards, and the heavy blow only made her bows spring the higher, as though she would shake herself free, like a bird, from the wet. But it was a wild day to be out. So heavy and black was the sky in the west that the surface of the sea, out to the horizon, seemed to be a moving mass of white foam with only streaks of green and purple in it. The various islands changed every minute as the wild clouds

whirled past. Already the great cliffs about Dare had grown distant and faint as seen through the spray; and here were the rocks of Colonsay black as jet as they reappeared through the successive deluges of white foam; and far over there, a still gloomier mass against the gloomy sky told where the huge Atlantic breakers were rolling in their awful thunder into the Staffa caves.

"I would keep her away a bit," said the sailor next Macleod. He did not like the look of the heavy breakers that were crashing on to the Colonsay rocks.

Macleod, with his teeth set hard against the wind, was not thinking of the Colonsay rocks more than was necessary to give them a respectful berth.

"Were you ever in a theatre, Duncan?" he said—or rather bawled—to the brown-visaged and black-haired young fellow who had now got the sheet of the lug-sail under his foot as well as in the firm grip of his hands.

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," said he, as he shook the salt water away from his short beard. "It was at Greenock I will be at the theatre; and more than three times or two times."

"How would you like to have a parcel of actors and actresses with us now?" he said, with a laugh.

"Deed, I would not like it at all," said Duncan seriously; and he twisted the sheet of the sail twice round his right wrist, so that his relieved left hand could convey a bit of wet tobacco to his mouth. "The women they would chump apout, and then you do not know what will happen at all."

"A little bit away yet, sir!" cried out the other sailor, who was looking out to windward, with his head close to the gunwale. "There is a bad rock off the point."

"Why, it is half a mile north of our course as we are going now!" Macleod said.

"Oh yes, half a mile!" the man said to himself; "but I do not like half miles, and half miles, and half miles on a day like this!"

And so they went plunging and staggering and bounding onwards, with the roar of the water all around them, and the foam at her bows, as it sprung high into the air, showing quite white against

the black sky ahead. The young Duncan was clearly of opinion that the master was running too near the rocks of Colonsay; but he would say no more for he knew that Macleod had no knowledge of the currents and eddies of this wild coast than any man on the mainland of Mull. John Cameron, the second mate, kept his head down to the gunwale, his eyes looking far over the horizon at the waste of sea; Duncan, his young brother, had his gaze fixed on the brown breadth of the sail, harried at by the gusts of wind; while the boy at the bow, that enterprising youth had got a rope's end, and was endeavoring to strike at the crest of the huge wave as it came ploughing in its resistless strength.

But at one moment the boat gave a heavier lurch than usual, and the succeeding wave struck her badly. A great rush of water that then ran along the side, Macleod's startled eye saw catch a glimpse of something something blazing and burning in the waste of green, and almost the next glance showed him there was no time to the bow! Instantly, with just time to arrest the attention of the men, he slipped over the side of the boat, and an otter slips off a rock. The two were bewildered but for a second sprang to the halyards, and down came the great lug-sail; the other got to the oars, and the might of the long oars, and the might of the men as if he would with one sweep turn the head round. Like two madmen they pulled; and the wind with them, and the tide also; but, nevertheless, when they caught sight—just at that moment—of some object behind them that was a terrible way away. Yet there was no time, they thought, or see the object, to think, to hoist the sail again; a small dingy attached to the boat had been swamped in a second, so there was nothing for it but the desperate struggle with those immense breakers against the heavy resisting mass of the boat. John Cameron looked back again; then, with an oath, he put his oar across the boat.

"Up with the sail, lad!" he shouted, and again he sprang to the halyards.

The seconds, few as they were, were necessary for this operation,

ages ; but no sooner had the wind got a purchase on the breadth of the sail than the boat flew through the water, for she was now running free.

"He has got him ! I can see the two !" shouted the elder Cameron.

And as for the younger ? At this mad speed the boat would be close to Macleod in another second or two ; but in that brief space of time the younger Cameron had flung his clothes off, and stood there stark-naked in the cutting March wind.

"That is foolishness !" his brother shouted in the Gaelic. "You will have to take an oar !"

"I will not take an oar !" the other cried, with both hands ready to let go the halyards. "And if it is foolishness, this is the foolishness of it : I will not let you or any man say that Sir Keith Macleod was in the water and Duncan Cameron went home with a dry skin !"

And Duncan Cameron was as good as his word ; for as the boat went plunging forward to the neighborhood in which they occasionally saw the head of Macleod appear on the side of a wave and then disappear again as soon as the wave broke—and as soon as the lug-sail had been rattled down—he sprung clear from the side of the boat. For a second or two, John Cameron, left by himself in the boat, could not see any one of the three ; but at last he saw the black head of his brother, and then some few yards beyond, just as a wave happened to roll by, he saw his master and the boy. The boat had almost enough way on her to carry her the length ; he had but to pull at the huge oar to bring her head round a bit. And he pulled, madly and blindly, until he was startled by a cry close by. He sprang to the side of the boat. There was his brother drifting by, holding the boy with one arm. John Cameron rushed to the stern to fling a rope ; but Duncan Cameron had been drifting by with a purpose ; for, as soon as he got clear of the bigger boat, he struck for the rope of the dingy, and got hold of that, and was safe. And here was the master too, clinging to the side of the dingy, so as to recover his breath ; but not attempting to board the cockleshell in these plunging waters. There were tears running down John Cameron's

rugged face as he drew the three up and over the side of the big boat.

"And if you wass drowned, Sir Keith, it wass not me would have carried the story to Castle Dare. I would just as soon have been drowned too."

"Have you any whisky, John ?" Macleod said, pushing his hair out of his eyes, and trying to get his moustache out of his mouth.

In ordinary circumstances John Cameron would have told a lie ; but on this occasion he hurriedly bade the still undressed Duncan to take the tiller, and he went forward to a locker at the bows which was usually kept for bait, and from thence he got a black bottle which was half-full.

"Now, Johnny Wickes," Macleod said to the boy, who was quite blinded and bewildered, but otherwise apparently not much the worse, "swallow a mouthful of this, you young rascal ; and if I catch you imitating a dolphin again, it is a rope's end you'll have, and not good Highland whisky."

Johnny Wickes did not understand ; but he swallowed the whisky, and then he began to look about him a bit.

"Will I put my clothes round him, Sir Keith ?" Duncan Cameron said.

"And go home that way to Dare ?" Macleod said with a loud laugh. "Get on your clothes, Duncan, lad ; and get up the sail again ; and we will see if there is a dram left for us in the bottle. John Cameron, confound you, where are you putting her head to ?"

John Cameron, who had again taken the tiller, seemed as one demented. He was talking to himself rapidly, in Gaelic ; and his brows were frowning ; and he did not seem to notice that he was putting the head of the boat—which had now some little way on her, by reason of the wind and tide, though she had no sail up—a good deal too near the southernmost point of Colonsay.

Roused from this angry reverie, he shifted her course a bit ; and then, when his brother had got his clothes on, he helped to hoist the sail, and again they flew onwards and shorewards, along with the waves that seemed to be racing them ; but all the same he kept muttering and growling to himself in the Gaelic. Meanwhile Macleod had got a huge tar-

paulin over-coat, and wrapped Johnny Wickes in it, and put him in the bottom of the boat.

"You will soon be warm enough in that, Master Wickes," said he; "the chances are you will come out boiled red, like a lobster. And I would strongly advise you, if we can slip into the house and get dry clothes on, not to say a word of your escapade to Hamish."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said John Cameron eagerly, in his native tongue, "that is what I will be saying to myself. If the story is told, and Hamish will hear that you will nearly drown yourself, what is it he will not do to that boy? It is for killing him, he will be."

"Not as bad as that, John," Macleod said, good-naturedly. "Come, there is a glass for each of us; and you may give me the tiller now."

"I will take no whisky, Sir Keith; with thanks to you," said John Cameron; "I was not in the water."

"There is plenty for all, man!"

"I was not in the water."

"I tell you there is plenty for all of us!"

"There is the more for you, Sir Keith," said he stubbornly.

And then, as great good luck would have it, it was found, when they got ashore, that Hamish had gone away as far as Salen on business of some sort or other; and the story told by the two Camerons was that Johnny Wickes, whose clothes were sent into the kitchen to be dried, and who was himself put to bed, had fallen into the water down by the quay; and nothing at all was said about Keith Macleod having had to leap into the sea off the coast of Colonsay. Macleod got into Castle Dare by a back way, and changed his clothes in his own room. Then he went away up-stairs to the small chamber in which Johnny Wickes lay in bed.

"You have had the soup, then? You look pretty comfortable."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, whose face was now flushed red with the reaction after the cold. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"For tumbling into the water?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here, Master Wickes. You chose a good time. If I had had trousers on, and waterproof leggings

over them, do you know where you would be at the present moment? You would be having an interesting conversation with a number of lobsters at the bottom of the sea, off the Colonsay shores. And so you thought because I had my kilt on, that I could fish you out of the water?"

"No, sir," said Johnny Wickes. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well, you will remember that it was owing to the Highland kilt that you were picked out of the water; and that it was Highland whisky put life into your blood again; you will remember that well; and if any strange lady should come here from England and ask you how you like the Highlands, you will not forget?"

"No, sir."

"And you can have Oscar up here in the room with you, if you like, until they let you out of bed again, or you can have Donald to play the pipes to you until dinner-time."

Master Wickes chose the less heroic remedy; but, indeed, the companionship of Oscar was not needed; for Janet Macleod—who might just as well have tried to keep her heart from beating as to keep herself away from any one who was ill or supposed to be ill—herself came up to this little room, and was very attentive to Master Wickes, not because he was suffering very much from the effects of his ducking, but because he was a child, and alone, and a stranger. And to her Johnny Wickes told the whole story; despite the warnings he had received that, if Hamish came to learn of the peril in which Macleod had been placed by the carelessness of the English lad, the latter would have a bad time of it at Castle Dare. Then Janet hastened away again; and, finding her cousin's bedroom empty, entered; and there discovered that he had, with his customary recklessness, hung up his wet clothes in his wardrobe. She had them at once conveyed away to the lower regions; and she went with earnest remonstrances to her cousin, and would have him drink some hot whisky-and-water; and when Hamish arrived, went straight to him too, and told him the story in such a considerate way that he said—

"Ay, ay, it wass the poor little lad! And he will mek a good sailor yet. And it was not much dancher for him when Sir Keith wass in the boat; for there is

no one in the whole of the islands will sweep in the water as he can sweep ; and it is like a fish in the water that he is."

That was about the only incident of note—and little was made of it—that disturbed the monotony of life at Castle Dare at this time. But by-and-by, as the days passed, and as eager eyes looked abroad, signs showed that the beautiful summer-time was drawing near. The deep blue came into the skies and the seas again ; the yellow mornings broke earlier ; far into the evening they could still make out the Dutchman's Cap, and Lunga, and the low-lying Coll and Tiree amid the glow at the horizon, after the blood-red sunset had gone down. The white stars of the saxifrage appeared in the woods ; the white daisies were in the grass ; as you walked along the lower slopes of Ben-an-Sloich the grouse that rose were in pairs. What a fresh green this was that shimmered over the young larches ! He sent her a basket of the first trout he caught in the loch.

The wonderful glad time came nearer and nearer. And every clear and beautiful day that shone over the white sands of Iona and the green shores of Ulva, with the blue seas all breaking joyfully along the rocks, was but a day thrown away that should have been reserved for her. And whether she came by the

Dunara from Greenock, or by the *Pioneer* from Oban, would they hang the vessel in white roses in her honor ; and have velvet carpetings on the gangways for the dainty small feet to tread on ; and would the bountiful heavens grant but one shining blue day for her first glimpse of the far and lonely Castle Dare ? Janet the kind-hearted was busy from morning till night—she herself would place the scant flowers that could be got in the guests' rooms. The steward of the *Pioneer* had undertaken to bring any number of things from Oban ; Donald the piper-lad had a brand-new suit of tartan, and was determined that, short of the very cracking of his lungs, the English lady would have a good Salute played for her that day. The *Umpire*, all smartened up now, had been put in a safe anchorage in Loch-na-Keal ; the men wore their new jerseys ; the long gig, painted white with a band of gold, was brought along to Dare, so that it might, if the weather were favorable, go out to bring the Fair Stranger to her Highland home. And then the heart of her lover cried—"O winds and seas—if only for one day—be gentle now !—so that her first thoughts of us shall be all of peace and loveliness, and of a glad welcome, and the delight of clear summer days !" —Good Words.

THE RUNIC STONE.

HEINE.

I sit by the sea on the Runic Stone,
Half dreaming and half waking ;
The sea-mews cry, the wild winds moan,
And the wandering waves are breaking.

I have loved full many a maiden kind,
To many a friend have bound me ;
Where are they now ? Wild moans the wind,
And the wandering waves break round me.

Temple Bar.

SAINTE-BEUVE'S CRITICAL METHOD.

MEN have frequently imagined themselves wrecked on a desert island, for the purpose of inquiring how they would, under such circumstances, beguile the

tedium of existence. They have further assumed that the works of only one writer could be saved from the wreck, and that their insular library would consist of the

actions of one mind. Persons of a
ous turn have, it goes without say-
pronounced a verdict in favor of the
; apparently forgetting that it is the
uction of various intellects, or per-
considering that, as it is all inspired,
authorship may fairly be regarded as
e. Others, again, have selected
speak as their one literary com-
on; and I suppose some people
d declare for the collected speeches
the politician they happen to agree

onfess my choice would be the works
ainte-Beuve; and I should be satis-
to be restricted to the *Causeries du*
ti, bargaining, of course, that I
t have the "new series" as well as
rst one. I could dispense with the
ies Complètes, though, were the great
still alive, I would not say so for
ds, for fear of touching the one sore
e in his existence that never healed.
shared the first infirmity of noble
ls. He began life by wanting to be
et. But it is easier for the most ill-
gated bark to enter Corinth, than for
best directed talents to secure an ori-
place in the Hall of the Muses, un-
hey be to the manner born. Sainte-
e, Frederick the Great, Riche-
Earl Russell, Lord Beaconsfield,
er Lytton—the list might be almost
initely lengthened—suffered from
same unsatisfied craving. It is
ching circumstance. To be rejected
ve is esteemed a hard fate; but to
happy in one's first, which is said
e likewise one's last love, is inex-
sibly pathetic. The great Lessing,
was also deeply infected with this
rous passion, had the manliness to
t that he had been an unsuccessful
r. "I am not a poet," he bravely
"though I wish I were. My
ghts are canalised; they do not
e bubbling from a native source, and
ling where they will." The moral
ation of that modest confession
d alone entitle Lessing to the lofti-
f pedestals, and the homage of man-
Sainte-Beuve frequently alludes,
with hesitation and almost in a
ettish tone, to his efforts in verse.
must have known, fine critic that he
that he had many gifts, but not the
divinior; but he nowhere deliberately
nders the bays. "I have made my

collection of poems," he says, in notic-
ing M. Crépet's *chefs-d'œuvre* of French
poetry; "and you see I have returned
to what was long while my love. For
all of us bearers of burdens, is it not
natural that a weight, even though in
reality fully as heavy, should seem
lighter, if what we carry be roses?"

As a fact, however, Sainte-Beuve
passed under the "door of humility,"
and became a prose writer and a critic
pure and simple. In that capacity, he
did, it seems to me, work that of its kind
is unequalled in interest and merit. He
is the best companion I know; and oral
conversation should indeed be good to
wean us from his *Causeries*. He is an
unrivalled talker—with his pen. You
will say it is monologue, which, as By-
ron observed speaking of his father-in-
law, "old gentlemen mistake for conver-
sation!" But Sainte-Beuve has nothing
of the old gentleman about him, in
Byron's sense. He is the perfect gentle-
man of later middle-life, when judgment
and manner are at their best, and when
experience comes to the aid of good
breeding, and weds abundant matter to
a courtly air. Neither are Sainte-
Beuve's "talks" like the talk of
Macaulay or Lord Brougham. He
never dogmatizes. It is you who are
listening, rather than he who is talking;
and a man must be amazingly fond of
hearing his own voice or expounding his
own opinions, who wants to put in his
oar when Sainte-Beuve is evenly and
equably skimming along, making no rip-
ple, leaving no trail. If I am asked to
describe his style, I cannot. He is
almost the only good writer I know who
has not got one. Good conversation has
no style; and neither has Sainte-Beuve.
He is, what he describes himself, a
talker. For this specially is to be noted
in him, that he never—or at any rate
very rarely—soliloquises. You are
always before him, and he talks to you,
but never at you. He is no rhetori-
cian; no good talker ever is. He never
argues; no good talker ever does. I
was not thinking of justifying my choice
of Sainte-Beuve, as the author I would
decide to have on a desert island. I
was only trying to describe him as he is.
But I perceive I have arrived at an ac-
count of him which at any rate explains
my preference. On a desert island the

most unsociable person would infallibly crave for a companion, and for a companion that would talk. Here is an author who does nothing but talk. There are some writers — writers, no doubt, far greater than Sainte-Beuve can profess to be—who transport you out of this world and above this world, and, as it were, apotheosize the loneliness of your spirit, by taking you into the pure ether of thought and sentiment. Reading Sainte-Beuve one can never feel alone. More than that. It is not only that he talks to you, the individual reader of the moment; he addresses all intelligent and well-bred people, on subjects that interest intelligent and well-bred people, and in a manner that satisfies intelligent and well-bred people. Reading him on a desert island would be the nearest possible equivalent to moving in the best society.

Such is his manner, his style, if you will, though I just now said that he has none. His matter, I submit, equally justifies my imaginary decision. Quite apart from its supernatural advantages, the Bible is a work of stupendous interest. But though it deals with the very beginning of things, it suddenly breaks off eighteen hundred years ago; and a good deal has happened during the last eighteen hundred years which must be pronounced to be exceedingly interesting to the modern mind. One has a great esteem, and a profound reverence for one's grandfather; but one would hardly elect to live with him exclusively and always. Living with the Bible only, would be living with ancestors remoter even than one's grandsires. Shakspeare, no doubt, is for all time. But Shakspeare makes a considerable demand upon his reader. He takes us up to empyrean heights; where we dwell with rapture for awhile, and then confess that we want to descend. He has "taken it out of us;" and the carnal mind needs repose. He confers pleasure such as it is given only to the master-spirits to confer. But master-spirits cannot be our constant companions. Shakspeare himself would have found "always Shakspeare," could there have been a second, a great bore. Sainte-Beuve is neither ancient history, nor finely-touched. He is essentially modern, and, using the word in not too literal a sense, homely. He

talks about things and people that everybody cares about, in a manner everybody can appreciate. In fact, his manner would escape them, in their attention to what it is he says. Like Wordsworth's perfect woman, he is not too good for daily food, on a desert island or off it. He never gets away into the air, like Ariel, and bids us follow him, if we would hear him singing. He is an honest pedestrian, though not in the current sense of going ever so many miles an hour. On the contrary, he is essentially a loungeur and saunters up and down the gravel paths of thought and observation at a leisurely pace, his arms crossed behind his back, not swinging at his sides.

I have said he is essentially a modern. But when does modern life begin? No doubt that is rather like the question, Where is the North? which Pope answers so capitally in the *Essay on Man*. or like Sainte-Beuve's own question, on which he has written a charming "Lundi," "Qu'est-ce qu'un Classique?" Still though no one would now-a-days dream of writing down a date—though poor old Rollin would have done so—and saying all this side of it is modern, and all that side ancient history, every one feels there are ancient writers and modern writers, conquerors of old and captains of to-day. Marlborough is a modern, and so is Montaigne. So that we get tolerably far back, even under our nomenclature of modern. Sainte-Beuve has a *Causerie* upon almost every Frenchman or Frenchwoman of eminence in any department of literature or action, since France was properly France, say since the days of Louis XI. What a host of subjects, what a multitude of people are thus given him to discourse about, kings, ministers, poets, soldiers, orators, beauties, great men scarcely yet appreciated, little men who have not even yet found their level, saints, heroes, brilliant impostors, devotees, dramatists, lyrists, satirists, writers of memoirs, memoirs of writers; and there they all are, Monday after Monday, fifty-two of them in every year, for year after year. If you were thrown on a desert island, how long would you like to live? Say, thirty years. Sainte-Beuve ought to amuse you for all that time. Of course if you gobble up a book as though it were a newspaper or a novel, you might get to the

end of him in a year or two. But I fancy Sainte-Beuve would soon cure the reader of the worst and most confirmed of bad habits, of this greedy trick of bolting mental pabulum. His own pace is so measured, that you necessarily end by imitating it. He is a writer to be read slowly, and one "Lundi" ought to be enough for a day. Let us suppose that the whole course was exhausted at the end of five years. Where is the man who could not begin and read them all over again? Fortunately the power of modern memory is limited, and we are not all Macaulays. A "Lundi" not perused for five years, or for even a shorter period than that, is a new "Lundi." At a second reading, moreover, the desert island might discard the plan of his first reading, which was to read "straight on end," and might dip into the good array of volumes at will. There is matter for all tastes. For it is not only French history, French reigns, French memoirs, French poetry, French wits, coxcombs, and philosophers, that are handled and dissected. Nearly all that Germany has produced in literature worth notice, and much that England has developed, of the same sort, come within the scope of this Monday interlocutor. Thackeray would have it that men of letters are week-day preachers; and certainly most of them are as long-some as any pulpiteer. Some, too, are wearisome, addicted to preaching sermons, as though one day in the week was not enough to be specially set apart for that purpose. Sainte-Beuve never sermonizes; and I doubt if a page of his ever sent the dullest reader to sleep. He is always short, never obscure, and ready to finish sooner than you are. My only fear is that, were one wrecked with him on this supposititious island and had him alone for company for a dozen years, the cry "a sail, a sail!" would come too late; and we should be restored to the tongues of men only to find them vulgar and tiresome.

But what has all this got to go with Sainte-Beuve's critical method? Something, as you would find out, were you left with all his "Causeries" on a desert island. For he has, or thinks he has, a critical method, though I confess I never found it out till he told me of it himself. I do not speak of any special

confidence. He has described this method in one of the "Nouveaux Lundis," and it is abundantly evident that, modest writer as he ostensibly is, he greatly piqued himself on it. I may say at once that I do not set a much higher value on it than I believe one need do on Wordsworth's laws for writing poetry. When Wordsworth wrote beautiful poetry, as we know he continually did, he did so by flinging to the wind what he calls his laws of metrical composition. Sainte-Beuve does pretty much the same with his critical method, and with the men, women, and books he criticises. There is nothing in the world more unsatisfactory and inconclusive than men's explanations about themselves. A living English painter, who, more than all his contemporaries, deserves the designation of a man of genius, when asked to explain how he paints his pictures, is said invariably to answer, "I really don't know how I do them." That may be exaggeration, and perhaps, to some extent, affectation. But an artist of any sort had better leave explanations of his method to other people.

"I have often," says Sainte-Beuve, "heard modern criticism, and mine in particular, reproached with having no theory, with being altogether historical, altogether individual. Those who treat me with the greatest amount of favor have been pleased to say that I am an excellent judge, but that I am without a code. I have a method, nevertheless, and though it may have had no pre-existence in my own mind, and may not at first have arrived at the condition of a theory, it has shaped itself with me, by practice, and a long series of applications of it has only confirmed its value in my eyes."

This is exceedingly precise, and justifies us in inquiring what this method is. Sainte-Beuve does not set it forth with all the exactness the foregoing sentences would cause one to anticipate. But he is, as usual, thoroughly intelligible; and I will endeavor briefly to explain what he designates his system.

Literary production, then, according to Sainte-Beuve, is not something distinct or separable from the writer that produces it and his organisation. One can taste of a work, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to judge it, independently of a knowledge of the man himself. One

must say, such a tree produces such fruit. "L'étude littéraire me mène ainsi tout naturellement à l'étude morale."

I am sorry to interrupt the synopsis of Sainte-Beuve's method at this early stage. But is it not necessary to inquire already whether, even in the foregoing few sentences, two assertions are not made, perfectly distinct, with one of which we must necessarily agree, from the other of which we may possibly be compelled to dissent. The man and the work unquestionably are one; just as the man and the fingers, or the man and the eyes, are one. No one would dream of contesting that point. But is it wise, or is it even fair, to judge the work in all, or in part, from the man? *Ex pede Herculem*, it is said; but I dare say there have been some Hercules that had small feet. Far from being able to allow that it is difficult to judge a book of consequence, "independently of one's acquaintance with the man himself," I should rather be disposed to say that this latter knowledge renders it difficult to judge the work "independently." If this were not so, how comes the proverb, that no one is a hero to his own valet? Mr. Carlyle's proffered explanation that it is not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet, though ingenious and delightfully epigrammatic, will not hold water. No one knows a man so well as his valet, if the valet has been long enough with him, whether the master be a hero or the reverse.

Thus, on the threshold, I, who have the privilege of remaining anonymous, or the controversy would seem too arrogant, and, were Sainte-Beuve alive, too unequal, venture to raise an objection. Sainte-Beuve himself was perhaps not insensible to the fact that it might be raised, for he takes care to allow that, where ancient writers are our theme, we are without the means of observation requisite for the employment of his method. That seems to me to be a considerable, not to say a fatal concession. To get hold of the man, he allows, book in hand, is nearly always impossible in the case of the great writers of antiquity, and the utmost our scrutiny can command is a half-broken statue. All that can be done under such circumstances is "to comment on the work, to admire it, and

to 'rêver l'auteur et le poète à travers.'" I should have thought that was quite enough, and I confess I hardly seem to be reading Sainte-Beuve, or even a critic at all, but rather—shall I say?—some sonorous, plausible, but shallow word-compeller of the type of M. Victor Hugo, when he passes away from the difficulty with a majestic wave of the hand, and the following pretty phrase: "A mighty river, and rarely fordable, separates us from the great men of old. Let us salute them across the stream!" That is very nice. But had anyone else written it, Sainte-Beuve would have been the first man to observe that it is neither "l'étude littéraire" nor "l'étude morale." It would have been more logical and more pertinent to say that we cannot properly estimate the value of the great works of antiquity. But it would not have been true, however much in keeping with "critical method." Were it true, Shakspeare would be the English author whose merits Englishmen would feel the greatest difficulty in deciding.

Sainte-Beuve then goes on to say that he looks forward to the advent of a time when, science having greatly progressed in its career of conquest, there will be formed great families of character, whose principal divisions will be known and determined. In other words, psychology will do for men and women what the conchologist does for shells, though of course not quite so accurately, and subject to greater risks of error; and human society will be one great classified museum, though we presume we shall not be compelled to live in glass cases. Sainte-Beuve, for himself, disclaims any such complete powers of classification; he makes only simple monographs. But he indicates the road, and follows it to the best of his ability.

How, then, whilst waiting for the completion of this magnificent psychological system, which is ultimately to divide us all off into convenient sections and sub-sections—whereby any intelligent critic will be able to tell at a glance what we are, and what our books necessarily must be—is the intelligent observer to arrive at a proper measure of some superior personage who has written a volume of poems? How is one to proceed, asks Sainte-Beuve, if one is to rid oneself of old-fashioned rhetorical judgments, and

as little as possible the dupe of es, of words, of pretty convention, and the rest?

know the man himself is, as we seen, of the utmost importance. Our familiarity with him must not ere, nor, indeed, even begin here. must first find out, if we can, what birthplace, and what his race. Is Saxon descent, or of Norman? Is Dane, or is he a Fleming? It is possible that he may be any two of or, indeed, all four; and we suppose the psychology of the future, as by mathematics and quantitative is, will be able to tell us to a nicety at proportions he is compounded these elements. So much will be ded for the influence of a grand; so much for that of a great-grand-er. "One recognises," says Sainte-; "and infallibly finds afresh this or man, in part at least, in his ts, his mother more especially; parent," he adds, with truly Gallic on, "which is the more direct and ore certain of the two; in his sisters in his brothers, in his children

"Clearly Dickens was not so a judge of character as he imagined, he evidently had not got hold of a method; for he complained bit that when, on one occasion, he ad a pertinacious American, who ards served as excellent "copy," erview him, the stranger rushed to indow, flung it open, and called o the people in the street, "You ll come up, and bring your aunts ncles with you."

"cela est très-délicat," Sainte-Beuve ves, "et demanderait à être éclairci les noms propres, par quantité de particuliers," and he proceeds to at he will illustrate his method by ples. That, at any rate, is a partly fair method of procedure. He the instance of Châteaubriand, who itutes a peculiarly interesting case, hom perhaps, I ought to add, e-Beuve did not greatly love. I am sinuating that Châteaubriand was timable or lovable character, for as not. But I doubt if Sainte-; or anybody, would be in a better on for taking a fair measure of the y value of that writer's produc-

tions, after becoming thoroughly acquainted with, and minutely dwelling upon the mean and repugnant features in his character. Sainte-Beuve, however, having certain theories respecting Châteaubriand, no doubt in the main sound enough, pounces upon his sisters, and says, "This same Châteaubriand, of whom we were speaking, had a sister who possessed imagination, as he himself said, *sur un fond de bêtise*. There was another sister, who enjoyed an exquisite sensibility, with nothing to correct it. She died mad and killed herself." It is obvious that such sisters as these lend themselves kindly to constructive criticism, and assist a man greatly in applying his method. Sainte-Beuve applies it remorselessly, and no doubt vastly enjoyed doing so in this instance. "The elements which Châteaubriand combined and associated at least in his talent, and which kept up a sort of equilibrium, were separately and disproportionately divided between his sisters." There could not be a politer way of saying that Châteaubriand was an imaginative person, half bête, half-lunatic. But we think Saint-Beuve would have arrived at this conclusion concerning him without any assistance from his sisters.

Sainte-Beuve expresses his regret that he did not know the sisters of Lamartine. But he appears to think that his "method" is greatly fortified by citing an accidental *mot* of Royer-Collard, who did know them, and who spoke of them, when in the beauty of their youth, as something charming and melodious, like a nest of nightingales. That is a very pretty idea; but we fear the sisters of poets are not always nightingales, nor the brothers of a nest of nightingales always poets. Madame Surville, the sister of Balzac, and who resembled him in appearance to a striking degree, might almost have justified people, observes Sainte-Beuve with complimentary tartness, in their extravagant admiration for the novelist himself. Beaumarchais, too, it would appear, had a sister of the most sprightly wit, which she pushed to the very limits of decency. Sainte-Beuve accepts all this on the testimony of another, and draws the dashing conclusion, "C'était bien la sœur de Figaro, le même jet et la même sève." If meth-

ods could be formed and defended on such evidence as this, we could all afford to have our methods.

Other examples follow, and they are just as interesting and just as inconclusive as those we have quoted. "Has it not been the same," asks our critic, "in our time, with certain daughters of poets, who have helped me better to comprehend and represent the poet their father? At times I have thought to catch in them again the enthusiasm, the warmth of soul, some of the leading paternal characteristics in fine, in a condition of purity and integrity, and, so to speak, embalmed in virtue." Charmingly gallant, all that; and it is only in a fit of gallantry towards the female sex that we should find this sober and unenthusiastic Frenchman thus expressing himself. But he seemed to be aware that such language, though highly agreeable, is not particularly critical; and he hastened to add: "C'est assez indiquer ma pensée, et je n'abuserai pas." It seems to me that this is as such as to say, "There is something in my method, is there not? but perhaps not very much."

But Sainte-Beuve's critical method has not yet been fully set forth. A distinguished writer must be studied not only in his grandmother, his sisters, or his daughters; we must examine him in his comrades, in his rivals, in his chosen adversaries, in the people he admires or dislikes. Moreover, we must scrutinize him in his dawn, in his full mid-day, and, alas! in his decline. Here we seem to get upon somewhat safer ground, for we are dealing with the man himself and not with his relatives. No doubt it is eminently characteristic of a man what associates he chooses, what foes he selects, for this is all his own doing; but no one chooses his own grandfather or even his own offspring. Probably, if men could be said to choose their own wives—"avec pleine connaissance de cause"—the wives of great men would be the most instructive comment on their characters. Unfortunately, like other mortals they choose a pair of eyes, a well-turned head, a Juno-like figure, or a tender voice; and their spouses may have a host of qualities peculiarly distasteful to them. Upon safer ground, too, we seem to be standing, when Sainte-Beuve tells us that a critic may

reap a world of instruction concerning an author by noticing, firstly, whom he imitates; and, secondly, who imitate him. Indeed, what he says upon this point is so admirable and so much in his best manner, that I will take the liberty of translating the passage:—

"One may, up to a certain point, study certain talents in their moral posterity, in their disciples, and natural admirers; it is a last means of easy and convenient observation. Affinities openly proclaim or subtly betray themselves; genius is a king that calls into being its own people. Apply that to Lamartine, to Hugo, to Michelet, to Balzac, to Musset. Enthusiastic admirers are somewhat of accomplices; they are worshipping themselves, their own virtues and their own defects, in their great representative. Tell me who admires you and whom you admire, and I will tell you what you are. But it is indispensable to discern, in the case of each famous author, his true natural public, and to separate this original nucleus—which bears the stamp of the master—from the *banal* public and that mob of vulgar admirers who go about repeating everything said by their neighbor. The disciples who imitate the style and taste of their model in composition are very curious to note, and the most fit in their turn to throw light upon him. As a rule, the disciple overloads or parodies his master without suspecting it. If the school be an elegant one, he enfeebles him; if it be picturesque and crude, he travesties him and exaggerates his manner to excess. The mirror is a magnifying one. There are days, too, when the disciple is warm and sincere, and when one might easily deceive oneself and be tempted to exclaim—parodying the ancient epigram, 'O Châteaubriand! O Salvandy! which of the two has imitated the other?' Change the names and put in their stead yet more modern ones if you like, but the epigram is eternally true. When the master is negligent and when the disciple is careful and dresses himself in his best, on those days when Châteaubriand works amiss and Marchand does his best, they wear a false aspect of each other. A little way off, behind and by moonlight, one may be excused for mistaking them."

This is excellently well said, and I

ure Sainte-Beuve diverted himself in writing it, for it combines the profound ill-nature with the most intimate good-breeding. Satisfied, ever, with launching this penetrating he straightway recurs, with his fertile dexterity, to more amiable utterances. Disciples, he says, are not necessarily copyists; and, even literature pure and simple, there are those who improve upon their master.

The admiration which an author excites in certain minds affords many hints to the judicious critic, the dislike and anxiety he arouses in others is, says Sainte-Beuve, equally instructive. There is a natural antagonism between certain classes and groups of intellect, and families and groups. "How precise? It is in the blood, in the temperament, in the first line taken up—often does not depend on the man who makes it. When it is not a matter of mere envy, it is an affair of race. How oblige Boileau to admire Fontenelle, to hold Boileau in esteem, and Joseph de Maistre or Voltaire to feel affection for Vol-

taire will be seen that Sainte-Beuve does not tick very rigorously to his text, it will be remembered, was his critical method or code; but he is, nevertheless, all the more agreeable and interesting in consequence. Indeed, it is only in citing each sentence in this remarkable exposition with the most exact care that he perceives both the drift of his argument and its weak points. See with apparent negligence he slips in the following sentences just before those I have cited:—

Nothing serves better to mark the sphere of some particular talent, to ascribe its sphere and its domain, than to know the exact point at which it commences; that in it is piquant to watch and observe. As it is often detested in the world of letters all his life, without ever being

understand if Sainte-Beuve was aware of the important bearing of this last observation, at once so shrewd and so upon the principles of his criticism. I will endeavor to show briefly how it seals its condemnation.

For any man is hated all his life in

the world of letters, without ever having been seen." Quite so. But why? For two reasons, it seems to me. Firstly, because the world of letters, like any other world, resents an exhibition of indifference to itself and its existence, and is quick to ascribe what may be only a noble passion for solitude and meditation to a haughty disdain for others. It has been justly observed that you had better do a man a serious injury than wound his vanity. It is with the world, and any particular world, as it is with men. Worlds, and the world of letters in a striking degree, are exceedingly touchy, and will not stand being ignored. For an author of distinction never to be seen is for him to be infected with a host of faults which will always be believed precisely because they cannot be verified. No doubt, if he mixes freely with his kind, he will be sure, if he be a man of any consequence or strength of character, to make a certain number of enemies; and these will malign him, and will be as little particular in discerning whether he really be the detestable fellow they affirm as though they had never seen him. But he will, at the same time, secure to himself an equal number of friends, who will perhaps be more active and more successful in maintaining his reputation than his enemies in assailing it. Thus, his being seen, to use Sainte-Beuve's phrase, will be of advantage to him, unless he be a really and irrevocably detestable person.

These are the two reasons which render the observations I have cited, and affirm to be so important, both shrewd and true. But I venture to ask if it follows from them, that a man's works can be more fairly estimated when he himself is known and seen? It is perfectly true that a man's poems, or whatever they are, will not be fairly weighed, and will, perhaps, scarcely be weighed at all, so long as he is alive, but refuses to live in the midst of the weighers. They will be fairly weighed, let me add, when he is no longer seen, because he is dead and can no longer be seen, and the vainest and most sensitive of critical circles can no longer be angry because he does not appear before them. But whilst he yet perambulates this egotistical and exacting planet, is it not plain that his daily appearance among his contemporaries

will operate as a continual bias, in one direction or the other, upon those who sit in judgment on his works? How often is it that the just judge is found, who, though he detests the author, belauds the work, or loves the writer and damns his book? On two separate occasions, the writer of this paper "hinted a fault" in the performances of men whose intimacy was much prized by him. His candor nearly cost him two of his most valued friends. I suppose human nature is like that; and there's an end on't. Men—men living together, dining together, clubbing together—cannot afford to tell the truth about each other in print. Of course, if they dislike each other, and, what is pretty certain, each other's works as well, they can afford to say so in terms of as much exaggeration as they like to employ. But that is not telling the truth, either. The late Lord Lytton was not far wrong when he said:—"All public praise is private friendship!" He might have supplemented the observation with the remark, "All public detraction, when it goes beyond a certain point, is private malignity."

I submit, therefore, that the more a man is known as a man and an individual, the less chance is there of his works being fairly measured. The man himself—or what is supposed to be the man himself—is being continually thrust into the page, to discolor its sentiments, to distort its meaning, to obscure its patent drift. If the critic be a friend, he will find each passage heightened in beauty and merit by the recollection of the man who wrote it. If he be other than a friend, each metaphor will become confused, and each simile trite, in the darkening shadow of their objectionable author.

But perhaps the author's grandmothers, sisters, aunts, and nieces can help us here? To put the question is to answer it. They can help in the same sense that all facts help a man who has got a theory, and has not the smallest intention of surrendering it. If one grandmother will not do, perhaps the other will; and if the miscreant poet had a sister who deserved to be canonized, perhaps he had another who broke all the commandments, the eleventh included. The more convenient sister of the two will be taken, and the other left;

or should both have been models of propriety, the methodical critic will indeed be unfortunate if a niece or a cousin cannot be hunted up somewhere to corroborate a foregone conclusion.

And this is the critical method of, in my opinion, the greatest and most delightful of modern critics. "Save me from my friends," is a common observation. "Save me from myself!" would be yet more to the purpose. Happily, Sainte-Beuve saves himself; for just as Wordsworth, when duly inspired, forgot all about his principles of poetic composition, so Sainte-Beuve, in all, or nearly all, his great critical judgments, ceases to potter among uncles, and aunts, and grandchildren, and goes straight to the author's nearest and truest relatives, his works themselves.

For this, I submit, is the true critical method, and the only sound and secure one. If a critic happens to know anything personal about his author, let him try to forget it. Happy Virgil! Happy Shakspeare! We know nothing about either of your great-grandmothers and precious little more about yourselves. Possibly one was a bit of a courtier, and the other no end of a sad dog. But we don't know; and accordingly we read of the praises of Augustus, and Mæcenas, and Marcellus with charmed ears; and we peruse *Romeo and Juliet*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Venus and Adonis*, and even the *Sonnets* themselves, without turning up the whites of our eyes and wishing it was always Sunday. The best criticism, like the best poetry, is objective. I would say to the critic, as I would to the poet, "Mind you don't analyse over much. Look straight at the object, and tell us about it, just as it is, without too much subtle sentiment or too much recondite reasoning. Leave the man's grandmother alone, and his wife, and even his neighbor's wife. The loves of the poets may be very interesting; but the most interesting thing about them, at least to the robust and candid mind, is what they have said, and how they have said it! To keep before you eternally all that gossip and detraction, and envy, and even strict truth, have ransacked concerning the poet, is to hamper and cloud your judgment concerning the poem. And as of poems, so of all other productions—his

philosophies, statues, pictures, and struggle to be candid. That is the only system, the only critical method, worth a rush."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON PLANTS.

is now an ascertained fact that as a no organised being in the world its alone by the nourishment which orbs, either in the form of food or nospheric air ; it has also need of and light. Light is the creator of arming colors, the sweet perfumes, exquisite flavors which we gain from egetable kingdom. But how these ellous operations are accomplished, are the rules of the dispersion of erness and its multiplied refractions, ot yet thoroughly determined. Let nce at what has been already de- ned.

nts are nourished by absorbing gh their roots certain substances in oil, and by decomposing through green parts the carbonic acid gas ined in the atmosphere. They de- ose this gas into carbon, which is ilated, and into oxygen, which exhale, and return to the atmos- for the use of animals. This, may be called the respiration of s, cannot be performed without the of the solar rays. Charles Bonnet, well-known philosopher of Geneva, he first in the last century to verify ruth. He remarked that all plants ertically, and stretch towards the whatever position the seed may been planted. We have all noticed plants in dark places direct their to the place whence a ray of light . He also discovered that when ed into water they disengage bub- or gas under the sun's influence. own Dr. Priestley took up the sub- nd gained another step ; he burned t in a closed space until it went shewing that the oxygen had been med, and that in consequence the ad become unfit for maintaining ution. Into the space he intro- l the green parts of a plant, and ten days the air was so purified he candle would burn once more. er words he had proved that plants substitute oxygen for carbonic acid

gas. If some water-cress, for instance, be grown in water, and exposed to sun- light, the presence of the oxygen gas given off by the leaves may be demon- strated by the rekindling of a paper the lingering spark of which is introduced into the vessel in which the plant is con- tained.

Dr. Ingenhousz further explained this interesting fact. He observed that plants have the power of correcting impure air in a few hours ; and that this marvellous operation is due solely to the influence of the sun upon plants. This influence only begins when the sun has risen some little time above the horizon ; the ob- scurity of night entirely suspends the operation, as do also high buildings or the shade of trees. Towards the close of day the production of oxygen relaxes, and entirely ceases at sunset.

When these facts had been estab- lished, the explanation was soon discov- ered : the impure gas which was ab- sorbed and decomposed during the day was nothing but the carbonic acid which is freely given out from the lungs of every breathing animal, the pure gas re- sulting from the decomposition being oxygen. But the diurnal respiration of most plants is exactly the inverse of the nocturnal, for the gas which they emit during night is the unwholesome car- bonic acid. It was discovered also that mere heat could not take the place of light in these operations. There was another point which required elucida- tion ; this was, the relation that existed between the amount of carbonic acid ab- sorbed and of oxygen exhaled. Another Genevese citizen, De Saussure, main- tained that the latter is always the smaller quantity, and that at the same time a portion of the oxygen retained by the plant is replaced by nitrogen ; whilst Boussingault shewed that the volume of carbonic acid decomposed was equal to that of the oxygen produced. There is a wonderful rapidity and en- ergy in the performance of these func-

tions by the green parts of plants, as was proved by placing an earthen vessel in the sun filled with vine-leaves. Through this a current of carbonic acid was passed, and when it came out it was pure oxygen. It is calculated that one single leaf of the water-lily thus exhales during the summer about three hundred quarts of oxygen. Indeed there are some peculiarities about aquatic plants which make them more valuable in clearing the atmosphere than others, for during the night they are inactive and disengage no carbonic acid, whilst they act as others do in the daytime. It is easy to shew the direct action of the sun on vegetable respiration by placing some leaves of the *nayas* in a vessel filled with water saturated with carbonic gas; as soon as this is exposed to the sun, an infinite number of little bubbles of almost pure oxygen will be seen rising to the surface. The shadow of a cloud crossing the sky suffices to lessen this action, which is again resumed with sudden activity when it has passed. By intercepting the solar rays with a screen, the changes of quick or slow production of gas-bubbles may be clearly observed.

So far these remarks apply only to white light, that is the mixture of all the rays which the sun sends us; but this light is not simple; it is composed of seven prismatic groups of colors, the properties of which are quite distinct. This prismatic group further prolongs and extends itself by invisible radiations. Beyond the red there are radiations of heat; beyond the violet, chemical radiations. The first act on the thermometer; the second determine energetic reactions in chemical compositions. What is their influence on vegetation? Does the solar light affect plants through its color, its chemical properties, or its heat?

Many experiments have been tried to solve this question, but it is still a matter of doubt. If plants are placed in colored glasses, less oxygen is disengaged than under the influence of white light. Young plants grown in comparative darkness, and consequently pale as to color, have been exposed to different rays of the spectrum, the effect being that in three hours and a half they assumed a green tint under the action of yellow light; whilst an hour longer was

required for orange, and sixteen hours for blue. It is evident from this that the energy of solar action on plants corresponds neither with the maximum of heat, which lies in the red rays, nor in the maximum of chemical intensity which is at the other extremity of the spectrum, that is the violet.

If blades of grass are put into tubes filled with water charged with carbonic gas, and exposed to colored rays, and the quantity of oxygen gas disengaged is measured, it will be found that the largest quantity is in the tubes which have been acted on by yellow and green light; afterwards those influenced by orange and red. Just as aquatic plants send out gaseous bubbles under white light, so do they to nearly the same extent under orange light, but twenty times less if placed under blue glass. These experiments would seem to prove that it is the *luminous* rays only, and principally the yellow and orange, that act upon plants. To this may be added, that green light produces much the same effect as darkness on vegetable respiration; thus explaining why there is such a slow lingering growth under the shade of large trees or forests, where the ground beneath is bathed in emerald light.

The sun also assists in the transpiration and constant renewal of the moisture essential to the tissues of plants. Like the human being, when there is no evaporation, the plant becomes dropical, and the leaves fall because the stem is too weak to bear their weight. This imperious need and love which they have for light shews that the solar rays are really the essence which gives color. The corollas of those flowers which grow on mountains at a great elevation have a deeper hue than those which blow in lowlands. The sun's rays pass more easily through the transparent atmosphere which bathes the higher peaks. Certain flowers vary with their altitude; thus the *Anthyllis vulneraria* passes from white, through pale red, to an intense purple. Well-lighted and cleared tracts of land are much richer in color than those shaded by high hedges and trees; and some flowers are observed to change during the day, owing to the direct action of the sun. The *Hibiscus mutabilis*, for instance, blooms white in the morn-

becomes red at noon-day ; the buds of the *Agapanthus umbellatus* white at early dawn and afterwards acquire a blue tint ; the *Cheiranthella* changes from white to lemon and then to a red violet. If a plant be taken as it is coming out of its soil and wrapped in black paper, so as to intercept the light, it remains white but recovers its color when exposed to the sun. Nor are fruits any exception to this rule ; the beneficial action of daylight is necessary to their development, and to all those principles which communicate taste and scent to different parts.

Another part of this interesting study leads to the mechanical action which exercises, as shewn in the sleep of plants, the inflection of the stems, and their inclination towards the great luminary. Pliny speaks of the sunflower always facing the sun and turns with it ; a delicate sensibility which the poet Moore has beautifully expressed in words and music. The same is another instance, which indicates its diurnal revolution the hour of day to the laborer. The stems of plants as a rule turn towards the side of the light, and bend to drink it in. This constitutes what is known as 'heliotropism.' If cress be grown in darkness on a moist cotton-wool, and then placed in a room lighted on one side, the stems bend and incline very much towards it ; the higher part only remains the lower remaining upright. But if placed in a room lighted by two sides, a fresh observation will be made.

Supposing they are on the same side and admitting an equal amount of light, the stem bends in the direction of the angle formed by the light, whilst if one window allows more light to penetrate into the room than the other, the stem turns to it. When the light is opposite there is no deviation from the straight line.

There are some curious facts regarding climbing-plants ; their stems generally grow from left to right round the support for support ; others follow a particular direction ; while to some it seems to be a matter of indifference. Darwin has concluded that light is the principal cause. If plants of this kind be placed in a room near a win-

dow, the stem requires more time to perform the half-revolution during which it is turned away from the light, than for that which is towards the window. In one case the whole circle was completed in five hours and twenty minutes ; of this the half in full light only required an hour ; whilst the other could not traverse its part in less than four hours and twenty minutes—a very striking variation. Some Chinese ignamas, *Dioscorea batatas*, in full growth were placed in a completely darkened cave, and others in a garden ; in every case those which were in darkness lost the power of climbing round their supports ; those exposed to the sun were twisting, but as soon as they were put in the cellar they grew with straight stems.

The sleep of plants, which certainly has a connection with light, is another curiosity in nature. Flowers and leaves of some growths seem to fade at particular hours, the corolla being closed, which after a state of lethargy blows out afresh ; in others, the flower falls and dies without having closed. In the case of the convolvulus the flower is drawn up at noon. Linnæus noted the hours in which certain plants blow and fade, and thus composed a floral dial ; but science has not yet been able to explain these curious relations to light.

The green coloring of leaves and stems is owing to a special matter called chlorophyll, which forms microscopical granulations contained in their cells. These grains are more or less numerous in each cell, and it is to their number as well as to the intensity of their color that the plant owes its particular shade of green. Sometimes they are found pressed together and cover the whole internal surface of the cell ; whilst at other times they are smaller in quantity and do not touch each other. It has recently been observed also in the latter case, that under the influence of light the green corpuscles undergo very curious changes of position ; in certain plants they crowd to the part of the wall of the cells exposed to the action of the sun—a phenomenon which does not take place in darkness or under red rays only.

There might be given many other very interesting effects of light on plants, not usually noticed. The truth is, the direct

rays of the sun exert a potent influence on every living thing, whether plant or animal. Sunlight, fair and full upon you and upon your dwelling, might be called the greatest blessing in nature; but on this branch of the subject we will not at present expatiate.—*Chambers's Journal*.

DRIFTING DOWN: A THAMES BARCAROLLE.

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY.

DRIFTING down in the gray-green twilight,
 O, the scent of the new-mown hay!
 Soft drip the oars in the mystic shy light,
 O, the charm of the dying day!
 While fading flecks of bright opalescence
 But faintly dapple a saffron sky,
 The stream flows on with superb quiescence,
 The breeze is hushed to the softest sigh.
 Drifting down in the sweet still weather,
 O, the fragrance of fair July!
 Love, my love, when we drift together,
 O, how fleetly the moments fly!

Drifting down on the dear old river,
 O, the music that interweaves!
 The ripples run and the sedges shiver,
 O, the song of the lazy leaves!
 And far-off sounds—for the night so clear is—
 Awake the echoes of bygone times;
 The muffled roar of the distant weir is
 Cheered by the clang of the Marlow chimes.
 Drifting down in the cloudless weather,
 O, how short is the summer day!
 Love, my love, when we drift together,
 O, how quickly we drift away.

Drifting down as the night advances,
 O, the calm of the starlit skies!
 Eyelids droop o'er the half-shy glances,
 O, the light in those blue-gray eyes!
 A winsome maiden is sweetly singing
 A dreamy song in a minor key;
 Her clear low voice and its tones are bringing
 A mingled melody back to me.
 Drifting down in the clear calm weather,
 O, how sweet is the maiden's song!
 Love, my love, when we drift together,
 O, how quickly we drift along!

—*London World*.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NEXT to that of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, the name most prominently brought into notice by the late Russo-Turkish war was that of the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army of the Danube. The Grand Duke is the third son of the Czar Nicholas, and was born on the 8th of August, 1831. He received a thorough military education, has never shown any

ition to engage in political life, is sergeant to the backbone, and at t combines in his person four of ghest military offices in Russia, General of Engineers, Inspector al of the Cavalry, Commander-in- of the Imperial Guards, and of the y district of St. Petersburg. His the army, however, is understood e been owing entirely to the right ority, as he was always reputed to most 'stupid and dull of all the s of the imperial house. His r Constantine would have had y over him if the former had not ough up as a sailor and a states- and placed at the head of the e and the Council of State. "His rs," says a writer in *Harper's y*, "always made fun of Nicholas rt, and spread the most uncomplir- y stories about him. Even Alex- himself, before he became emperor, not resist the impulse to play jokes i stupid brother. His marriage is plain and unattractive second , the Princess of Oldenburg, into he was forced by his father, was a of great vexation to the Grand

He was then a handsome man, -five years of age, and the pres- of a little red-haired, red-faced, ooking woman by his side did cer- not contribute to increase his pres- For a few years the Grand Duke

tried, however, to make the best of this match. He had two sons born to him, purchased large farms in the vicinity of the capital, and gave all his spare time to cattle and poultry, the breeding of which was always a favorite pursuit of his wife and of all the members of the Oldenburg family. These domestic occupations rendered him still more ridiculous in the eyes of the Russian aristocracy."

The Grand Duke probably owed his appointment as commander-in-chief of the principal army of invasion in the late war to the same causes that raised him to his other military positions—the fact that he was the senior military prince of the empire. As a matter of course, the ultimate success of the invading army reflected much lustre upon the commander-in-chief; but he is not thought to have displayed any of the higher qualities of generalship; and there were times when the preponderance of numbers and the splendid fighting qualities of the Russian army were almost defeated by the inefficiency of its leaders. After the signature of the armistice and the posting of the Russian lines close to Constantinople, the Grand Duke was superseded by General Todleben, chiefly, it was said, because it was feared that his impulsive and haughty temper might betray him into steps which would thwart the pacific intentions of the St. Petersburg Cabinet.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John ey. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

ese short books," says the publishers' ctus, "are addressed to the general with a view to stirring and satisfying rest in literature and its great topics in nds of those who have to run as they An immense class is growing up, and every year increase, whose education ve made them alive to the importance masters of our literature, and capable lligent curiosity as to their perform-

The series is intended to give the of nourishing this curiosity to an ex- at shall be copious enough to be profit- r knowledge and life, and yet be brief i to serve those whose leisure is "

, concisely but clearly expressed, is the

aim of the series, and the method in which it is proposed to carry it out is not less praise-worthy. Besides a general supervision of the work by Mr. Morley, each volume is to be prepared by a scholar selected with special reference to his skill as a writer and his familiarity with the particular field assigned him. The names of the authors who have already promised to co-operate would alone be a sufficient guarantee of the literary excellence of the series; and the reader could hardly be blamed who should form very high expectations of such a list as the following: Johnson, by Leslie Stephen; Gibbon, by Prof. J. C. Morison; Scott, by R. H. Hutton; Spenser, by the Dean of St. Paul's; Hume, by Professor Huxley; Bunyan, by J. A. Froude; Goldsmith, by William Black; Dickens, by Thomas Hughes; Milton, by Prof. Mark Pattison; Wordsworth, by Goldwin

Smith; Swift, by John Morley; Burns, by Principal Shairp; Shelley, by J. A. Symonds; Byron, by Professor Nichol; and Defoe, by W. Minto.

Of this list the first three volumes have already appeared, and will enable us to apply a practical test to the usefulness of the series. To Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose "Hours in a Library" have won him a recognized place as one of the most competent and sympathetic of critics, has been assigned what is at once the most inviting and the most difficult task of all, that, namely, of following in the footsteps of "the inimitable Boswell;" and if the manner in which he has discharged it can meet with only a qualified approval, it may be said with confidence that there are very few who would have been willing to undertake it at all, or, having undertaken it, would or could have performed it half so successfully. The truth is that to one who has really enjoyed Boswell the idea of providing *any* substitute for him must always appear somewhat grotesque—scarcely less so than the idea of providing a literary substitute for Shakespeare. His book, with its vast array of notes and commentary, is twice or three times too long, but any process which eliminates Boswell himself deprives his narrative of at least half its charm. Nor can the difficulty be met, as Mr. Stephen himself confesses, by restricting one's self to the use of Boswell's materials. The effectiveness of Boswell's pictures and anecdotes lies as much in their "setting" as in the pictures and anecdotes themselves; and, though highly interesting and entertaining reading, the chapters in Mr. Stephen's book which abridge Boswell's narrative and bring together its "gems" are the least satisfactory portions of the work. With all his skill as a delineator of character and reporter of conversation, however, Boswell was no critic, and consequently was hopelessly incapable of defining Johnson's position and qualities as a writer. Now just here, happily, lies Mr. Stephen's chief strength; and the critical portions of his book, and especially the admirable chapter on Johnson's writings, give it an independent value, and should secure it a permanent and prominent place in the Johnsonian literature. It should be said, too, that Mr. Stephen gives us a more rounded and complete, and also a more pleasing, conception of Johnson's character than we obtain from Boswell. This is done by emphasizing that humane and gentle side of Johnson's temper which is commonly overlooked, and which is certainly far from conspicuous in Boswell's report of his "talk."

In his life of Gibbon Professor Morison has had a much easier task, and has produced a thoroughly satisfactory work. What is known

of Gibbon's life is no more than enough to fill such a volume, and the narrative is probably as full as it could have been made without actual padding—is much fuller, indeed, than the well-known Autobiography. As in Mr. Stephen's book, too, the critical portion of the work is of exceptional excellence and usefulness, and there are few readers but will obtain some fruitful ideas from the two chapters on the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

"Sir Walter Scott," by R. H. Hutton, is more nearly a simple compilation than either of the preceding volumes, but it should be said in explanation of this that Lockhart left no room for a subsequent gleaner in his field. He gathered into the ten generous volumes of his *Life of Scott* every thing that could even tend to illustrate Scott's life and times, and all that any one can now do is to sift and recombine his materials. The freshest feature of Mr. Hutton's monograph is his treatment of the relations between Scott and the Ballantynes, which have never before been discussed with such insight and candor. Lockhart, if not consciously unfair, was obviously biassed; and this portion of his work has been more criticised than any other, and is recognized as its greatest blemish. Mr. Hutton's critical comments are somewhat desultory, but are always helpful and suggestive.

THE COSSACKS: A Tale of the Caucasus in 1852. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Cossacks" is in several respects a very remarkable work, but few readers will be found to accept Turgeneff's estimate when he pronounces it the finest and most perfect production of Russian literature. Nor is it necessary to be deeply versed in Russian literature in order to dissent from this opinion. An acquaintance with two or three of Turgeneff's own stories will suffice to convince one that he has been far too sweeping and generous in his tribute to the merits of a brother-novelist, and that he either feels, as is often the case with authors, an exaggerated admiration for methods different to his own or has chosen to ignore his own universally recognized pre-eminence. To our mind Turgeneff's novels belong to an altogether higher plane of art. Compared with their homogeneous, closely-knit, and artistic construction, "The Cossacks" is a series of crudely-joined or disconnected sketches; and though Tolstoy's character-studies are profound and striking, they are typical rather than individual, and do not impress us with that actuality of existence which Turgeneff always secures for even the minor personages

of his better stories. There is no *necessary* connection between the characters and the events and outcome of the story—so that the one flows naturally and as it were inevitably from the other—and throughout the author himself is the almost visible *deus ex machina*.

The chief charm of "The Cossacks"—and it is a very great charm—lies in its picturesque and romantic delineation of Cossack life and character, and in the manner in which their primitive simplicity is contrasted with the more complex motives and aims of so-called civilized life. This contrast is effected by causing us to look at the Cossacks and their customs through the eyes and mind of Olenin, a tenderly-bred youth, who, under the impulse of a sudden and somewhat unaccountable freak, determines to leave the luxury and dissipations of Moscow and seek adventure and a more wholesome life on the remote frontier. The descriptive passages are exceedingly fine, and the situations throughout are highly interesting; but as a whole the story is not a pleasing one, as the Cossack qualities are not of a kind to provoke any very enthusiastic admiration, and Olenin himself is what Dr. Johnson would have called a "futile fellow."

The translation appears to have been somewhat hastily done, and the book has been published without adequate revision; but these are minor faults, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Schuyler will feel encouraged to render accessible others of Count Tolstoy's works, especially "Anna Karenina," a novel of contemporary Russian life, which he mentions in his preface.

A PRIMER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Charles F. Richardson. Boston: *Houghton, Osgood & Co.*

The aids to the study of American literature are so few that a brief sketch which should perform the same service for it that Mr. Stopford Brooke in his *Primer* has done for English literature would possess an even greater value. We are sorry to say that if Mr. Richardson aimed at this in the present work, he has failed utterly. As a critical survey of the literature (if that is what it was intended to be) his "Primer" is worse than worthless—his opinions where they are not meaningless are nearly always either mistaken or insufficiently stated; as an historical sketch it is too inadequate for us to feel any confidence in the inference that that is what the author designed to make it; and even as a list of authors and books it is curiously incomplete and insufficient. It seems to be the outcome of no prolonged study or special familiarity with the subject, but is altogether such a work as an experienced compiler might put

together at a week's notice from Duykinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature" and a collection of the more recent publishers' catalogues. If it be really the product of wider research and deeper reflection, we can only say that the author has done himself injustice, for the *Primer* itself is a harsher commentary upon his competency to the task he has undertaken than any depreciatory criticism of it could be.

PLAYS FOR PRIVATE ACTING. Translated from the French and Italian by members of the Bellevue Dramatic Club, of Newport. Leisure Hour Series. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Among the things which they do better in France than elsewhere, the writing of dainty and graceful parlor comediettas is one of the most noteworthy, and it was a happy thought of the publishers of the Leisure Hour Series to select a volume from a somewhat extensive collection of such plays which has appeared recently in Paris. The selection includes pieces ranging in scope from regularly constructed comedies with seven characters (the majority contain only three or four) down to monologues; and prior to reading them one would hardly realize that such trifles can be made so brilliant, sparkling, and amusing. The wit is polished, the vivacity unflagging, the tone refined and graceful; and in most of the pieces the interplay of events and incidents is kept duly subordinate to the delineation and interpretation of character. In nearly every company of young men and women there are two or three with considerable dramatic aptitudes which can seldom be made tributary to the general entertainment for lack of a proper medium. In all such cases, these plays will furnish exactly what is wanted; for while many of them are quite good enough and complete enough for rendition on the regular stage, there is scarcely one which amateurs could so bungle that it would fail to prove entertaining.

Among the names attached to the comedies as writers are those of men so eminent in letters as MM. Gustave Droz, E. Legouvé, Prosper Merimée, André Theuriet, E. d'Hervilly, Jules Guillemot, Charles Monselet, Charles Cros, and Count Sollohub. The translators acknowledge that in adapting the plays for American acting they have taken many liberties with the text—chiefly, we imagine, in the way of changing the names and localizing the incidents.

POEMS OF PLACES. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Asia. Three volumes. Boston: *Houghton, Osgood & Co.*

That "the whole extent and vast domain of

Asia" should fill so small a space in comparison with Europe in Mr. Longfellow's "Poems of Places" is not so surprising as the fact that appropriate material could be found to fill three volumes, and to fill them in such a manner as to make them among the most enjoyable of the series. The wide reading and tireless industry of Mr. Longfellow have seldom been exhibited so impressively as in these volumes, which, besides the original productions of the leading English and American poets, include translations from the Greek, Hebrew, German, French, Italian, Portuguese, Persian, Hindoo, and Japanese. As in the previous issues of the series, the slenderest thread of association suffices to link a poem with a place, and very many pieces are included which can hardly be said to have any local habitation at all; but it is already evident that the series will form one of the most comprehensive and copious anthologies yet made, and it may now be fairly said of it that while it contains much verse of inferior quality, it also contains nearly all the really good descriptive and lyrical poetry in the language.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press have agreed to bring out a Concordance to the Septuagint.

THE Italian Government, on the occasion of the inauguration of a statue to Giordano Bruno, proposes to republish all the works of this illustrious philosopher.

THE Secretary of the Académie Française has been authorised to accept a legacy of 40,000 francs, bequeathed by M. Lelevain to found a yearly prize for wisdom, virtue, and probity.

THE Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott is preparing a book which will contain a short history of the monasteries and religious houses of England before the Dissolution by Henry the Eighth.

RAIKA, "the Queen of the Bulgarians," whose sad story was told by Mr. McGahan in one of the earliest of his letters to the *Daily News* on the Bulgarian atrocities, has lately published a pamphlet on her sufferings. She now resides in Russia.

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL & Co. have in the press a work on Mount Etna, by Mr. G. F. Rodwell, Science Master in Marlborough College. It contains topographical and geological maps, and gives a detailed history of the mountain and of its eruptions.

THE great literary success of the day in France is Victor Hugo's *Histoire d'un Crime*.

The sale of the people's edition at two francs has reached 150,000; and a new and still cheaper edition is to appear with illustrations, published at two sous the number. *Le Pape* has likewise passed through half a score of editions.

A RECENT number of the *République Française* gives an account of the great publishing house of Hachette & Co. According to the writer this firm has the largest bookselling business in the world, turns over some fifteen million francs, publishes a book a day, employs 5000 persons, and exports yearly 200,000 packages.

DR. MORITZ BUSCH has in the press a most interesting book on the Franco-German War, founded on his diary, with the title of 'Graf Bismarck und seine Leute während des Kriegs mit Frankreich,' in two volumes. Dr. Busch, as is well known, was one of those who was admitted to the close *entourage* of the German Chancellor.

THE Rev. Isaac Taylor is preparing a book on the various alphabets, beginning with the Aramaic character of the papyri and the Phœnician of the Moabite inscription, and coming down to our current writing. There will also be a chapter on the history of the numerals.

PROF. HAECKEL, of Jena, has answered Prof. Virchow's famous speech delivered at Munich at the meeting of German naturalists and physicians. The title of his pamphlet is *Freie Wissenschaft und freie Lehre*, the motto *Impavidi progrediamur*. Virchow had denied that evolution could ever change an ape into a man. Haeckel re-asserts the possibility, and more than possibility, of that change, and represents Virchow as the ally of the Jesuits.

THE Russian Government lately gave its sanction to the proposal for founding a new university in Siberia. Tomsk is the town chosen for this new seat of learning. At present the donations for this establishment amount to 430,000 roubles. The *Russische Revue* suggests that the year 1882, the third centenary of the Russian possession of Siberia, would be the right time for opening the new university.

THE second part of König's *Deutsche Literaturgeschichte* (History of German Literature) has just been published. This volume embraces the period in German literature between the latter half of the fifteenth century and the latter half of the eighteenth. Part III. will complete the work, and will, it is expected, be published in September next. The book will possess more of a popular character than the works of Koberstein and Vilmar on the same subject. It contains brief biographies

of the authors, and short sketches or outlines of each of their works.

At the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations there was, this year, an increase of twenty-five per cent in the number of candidates, who were, as usual, mostly women. More than three-fourths of them were in the first, or literature and history, group. Nearly one-quarter of these failed in simple arithmetic, but only one per cent failed in English composition. One-fourth of the distinctions awarded were gained by candidates who had attended lectures provided by the Cambridge Association. Either the religious knowledge group is not so attractive as formerly, or the examination does not suit the candidates; only two-fifths entered for it this year, and two-fifths of these failed. In the language group French is still the favorite. Mathematics beyond arithmetic as yet commands very few candidates; only two (Cambridge students) gained a first class. The group including political economy, advanced history, and logic is more popular, as are also the science subjects. Geology and botany are preferred to zoology and chemistry. Henceforward there is to be a change in the examination, by which any of the groups can be taken at any time. The amount of literature and history required of candidates in order to pass in the first group is to be reduced. In science two new subjects will be added, physics and physiology. The scholarships offered in connection with the Cambridge Association for the Higher Education of Women will be increased in value by the aid of the Cloth-workers' and Drapers' Companies. Mrs. Sidgwick, Hill Side, Chesterton Road, Cambridge, will give all information.—*Athenæum*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

MEDICAL USES OF THE TELEPHONE.—We have already recorded various experiments and suggestions with reference to the medical uses of the telephone. It has been in use in the house of a medical man during the last few weeks to enable a member of the family suffering from an infectious exanthem to communicate with her family and friends, and this application we would recommend as very practical to the managers of fever hospitals and asylums. In the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* we read that its utility in the class demonstration of auscultative signs of disorder of the chest is being studied with good promise of success. Professor da Costa made a preliminary trial in March last at the Pennsylvania Hospital of a Bell's telephone, constructed by Dr. W. B. Hopkins, a former resident. It

was tested by cases of cardiac murmurs and different varieties of respiration; and while the results obtained were not fully satisfactory, it was believed to be demonstrated that a slight modification in the construction of the instrument, enabling it to respond to more delicate impulses, would fit it for the purpose, and make it an almost indispensable adjunct to the clinical amphitheatre.—*British Medical Journal*.

OUT-DOOR PHOTOGRAPHY SIMPLIFIED.—An invention which simplifies photography out of doors may be said to have claims on the attention of tourists and travellers, as well as of professional photographers. To carry the bottles, liquids, and other appliances at present required necessitates troublesome baggage; but Mr. Chardon of Paris shows that all this may be avoided by the use of his "dry bromide of silver emulsion." This preparation, a mixture of collodion and the bromide, will keep an indefinite time in bottles excluded from the light, and does not suffer from varying temperatures. Specimens carried to China and back, by way of the Red Sea, underwent no alteration; an important consideration for travellers and astronomers who wish to take photographs in tropical countries. When required for use, the bromide is mixed in certain proportions with ether and alcohol; the plates are coated with this solution, and as soon as dry are ready for the photographer. They require no further preparation, and retain their sensibility through many months. The image may be developed immediately, or after some weeks, according to circumstances; in proof of which photographs taken at Aden have been developed in Paris. But a very small quantity of water is necessary, and the image may be transferred to a film of gelatine or a sheet of paper at pleasure, which lessens the risk of breakage, and the plates may be used for fresh pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOR.—Announcements of photographic pictures representing not merely light and shade but color also have hitherto proved somewhat premature. It is reported from Munich that a method of attaining this desirable result has been devised by a gentleman well versed in practical science. The process consists, it is said, of photographing and printing the three primitive colors of a picture by three distinct operations. One photograph is taken on a plate chemically prepared so as to be sensitive to yellow rays only, and the negative of this plate is printed by a photo-lithographic process in yellow ink. In the same way a second plate will be subjected to the action of the blue rays, and the negative printed over in blue ink, to be followed in due course by the complementary red; all three colors uniting to produce the infinite variety of tints

and gradations which may come within the range of the camera. The real secret of the invention consists, it seems, in the means to be adopted for thus rendering plates equally sensitive to any one of the three primitive colors, and one only. If this has really been done as reported, what a revolution there is likely to occur in the photographic world! It is right to add, however, that so far as we know, the shop-windows in Munich have not yet displayed any sun-pictures, colored by the new process.

THE MICROPHONE IN MEDICAL PRACTICE.—Medical practitioners have caught at the notion that an instrument so delicate as the microphone may be used with advantage in auscultation. It might be important to hear distinctly obscure sounds within the body; but so far as experiments have yet been carried they do not succeed better than with the stethoscope. But it is now proved by experiment that the microphone may be turned to good account in surgical operations. If the existence of a stone in the bladder is suspected, it can be verified by the microphone: when the surgeons 'sound' (instrument) touches the concretion, however small, a distinct click is heard. In like manner the smallest fragments may be detected after an operation for lithotripsy. The presence of a bullet or pieces of bone in a wound, or of a buried stump in the gums, could also be discovered. Another notion is that some way may be found to assist the hearing of deaf people by microphonic means.

STAR-GAUGING.—If the speculations respecting the real distribution of the stars in the universe are to be built up on a firm foundation, it is necessary that our knowledge of the apparent distribution of the stars of various magnitudes on the surface of the sphere should be greatly increased. At present we possess in the atlas of the *Bonner Durchmusterung* a complete and trustworthy representation of the stars of the northern hemisphere down to the ninth or the 9.2 magnitude of the scale there adopted, and an incomplete representation of a great many stars below that magnitude. Sooner or later the wearisome task will have to be taken in hand of ascertaining by proper observations with a powerful telescope the actual number of stars of different magnitudes, down to the faintest, in each small portion of at least a great part of the sphere. If only the numbers of all stars visible in each small portion are counted without distinction of brightness, telescopes of various apertures for various limits of visibility will have to be employed. Argelander, when comparing the numbers of stars visible to the naked eye of those observed in the telescope of the *Durchmusterung*, and the estimated numbers of

those seen by the Herschels in their gauges, pointed out the uncertainty of the conclusions arising from the great leap between the small telescope of only three inches diameter employed in the observations for the *Durchmusterung* and the eighteen-inch telescope employed in the gauges, and he recommended observations with telescopes of intermediate size. The recommendation has been followed at the observatory at Milan by Prof. Celoria, who, by the advice of Prof. Schiaparelli, has for some years past been engaged upon a series of gaugings with a telescope of Píssal of nearly four inches aperture. The first results of his labors, referring to the zone between the equator and the sixth degree of northern declination, have been recently published in a paper "Sopra alcuni scandagli del cielo eseguiti all' osservatorio reale di Milano, esulla distribuzione generale delle stelle nello spazio." The zone being subdivided into twenty-one sub-zones, each 17' broad, the numbers of stars are given in each sub-zone for every space of 10 m. in right ascension, and also for every hour. The results are exhibited graphically by a series of curves, a separate curve being first given for every sub-zone, and then the whole breadth of six degrees being represented by a general curve, which is made comparable with the corresponding curves representing the results of Argelander's *Uranometria*, of the *Durchmusterung*, and of Herschel's gauges. There is a fair agreement in the chief features of these curves, the influence of the Milky Way being well marked, though the degree of this influence is of course conspicuously strong in the curve representing the results of the most powerful telescope. The continuation of Prof. Celoria's *Scandagli* is very much to be desired.

HOW TO MAKE A MICROPHONE.—A correspondent of *The English Mechanic* gives the following simple instructions for making a microphone: "Go to a toyshop and buy a child's toy tambourine. Take a thin piece of white pine wood, say 2 in. by 1½ in. With a pair of scissors cut a piece of thin sheet copper about ½ in. broad, 2 in. long. Keep one end broad, cut the other, by taking off the corners, to a blunt point, drill a hole towards the broad end large enough to take a small brass screw; at the other end another hole, but only large enough to receive the end of a small copper wire. Place this piece of copper thus shaped in a hand vise, and turn up to a right angle the pointed end to the height of half an inch. Now take another piece of copper plate the same breadth, a little short of an inch in length, and turn one end up in the same way. Bore a hole in this to take a brass screw, get a piece of carbon, file it to 1 in. long, ½ in. broad, ¼ in. deep; drill hole

gh it for screw. Now place this piece of n across the larger piece of copper plate, crew it firmly on to the board, passing, urse, through the plate. Take the other of copper and screw it to the board at her end. Two very small blocks of wood ow be cut, into which fix binding screws. coaguline fix these one at each edge of mbourine, and then by the same process board in the centre, with its two ends ds the binding screws. When thoroughly bring a thin copper wire twisted into a through the hole in the upright and d firm to that hole. Bring the other end the screw of the binding screw, and it well down upon it. You have thus ction with the carbon plate. Take a file and cut a nick in the centre of the it at the other end of the board, just ough to carry a piece of stout brass

Connect the copper in the same way as aer to the binding screw, in a line with distance between the two copper plates board being about half an inch. You nly now to cut a piece of stout brass which, falling into the nick, shall by r nick in itself so balance, that one end, a knife edge, shall just touch the edge carbon. This is a long story to tell of hen seen, is very simple. As to the although I have purchased some micro- s from well-known makers, and found ery good, for a large field, for fly walk- c, the tambourine I find far the best. tambourine was supported on four of oak I think it would improve it."

TASIMETER.—Mr. Edison has applied inciple of his carbon telephone to a strument, which is said to be a measurer itesimal pressure. The principle is riation of the electric resistance of a button due to variation of pressure, e instrument is said to be an extremely e thermoscope. Some account of it is n *Nature*, which states that "pressure inappreciable and undiscoverable by eans is distinctly indicated by this in- nt. Mr. Edison proposes to make ap- on of the principle of this instrument iberless purposes, among which are e thermometers, barometers, and hy- ers. He expects to indicate the heat tars and to weigh the light of the sun." e instrument, remarks the *British Medi- cal*, is likely to have numerous appli- to physiological, and probably also to , research.

RE FOR NETTLES.—Foreign journals re- at experiments have been made at schwalbach, in Prussia, with a view to

utilize the fibre of the common nettle. It was found that when treated in the same way as hemp, the fibre came out as soft as silk and as strong as linen; and this result being regarded as encouraging, a large plantation of nettles has been made to provide material for experiments on a larger scale.

VARIETIES.

SHELLEY'S LAST DAYS.—Until the small cluster of real sympathizers gathered round Shelley the last year of his life, he was a forlorn outcast—a Pariah, as he often called himself. The Shelley family forbade his name to be spoken in their house, and held no communication with him for the last five years. His early friends had no sympathy with his writings; the press denounced him, and his wife remonstrated with him. His poetry was the pure outpourings of his inward mind. His convictions were so strong that he was pursuing the right course that he was deaf to all adverse counsel. Having completed the task of burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams, I returned to Pisa. On going to Mrs. Shelley's house I found in the drawing-room with her Vacca, the Professor of Anatomy at the College, and Leigh Hunt. I showed the heart to Vacca, and also some fragments of his skull, which Vacca remarked was very thin, and then I offered the heart to Mrs. Shelley. After a fitful glance on the black and charred piece of flesh, she was too shocked to touch it. Leigh Hunt was standing by her side, and she said to me, "As you are going to ride to Rome to-morrow, give it to Hunt to take care of;" which was done—and then I narrated to her and to those present an account of the ceremony. Mrs. Shelley said, "I have written to Miss Curran at Rome to give you the portrait she did of Shelley; it is unfinished, but there is no other, and I am very anxious to have it." After a pause she added, "There is one of me, too, but now no one will value that." I said, "Yes, I do." "You can have it, but it is unfinished, and she has made a great dowdy of me; I care nothing about it; my only earnest desire is to have Percy's and that you will take the greatest precautions to convey safely to me; that is the only treasure I have, and I know you will take care nothing happens to it, for you loved him. They are both unfinished; we were to have sat again, but we did not." I executed this commission. From this time Mrs. Shelley never saw her own portrait, nor expressed any wish to see it until fifteen or twenty years after. She then asked, or wrote, that she wished I would let her have it, as a particular friend of hers was very anxious to

see it. To this, verbally or in writing, I refused, and she never afterwards alluded to it. Mr. Garnett states as a proof of Mrs. Shelley's tolerance that she restored the omitted notes to "Queen Mab." She had other reasons to do so besides her toleration.—*J. W. Trevelyan, in Athenæum.*

HISTORIC SLANG.—How common is the expression, "Oh, she is down in the dumps"—that is, out of spirits. This is a very ancient slang phrase, and is supposed to be derived from "Dumpos, King of Egypt, who built a pyramid and died of melancholy;" so that the thieves and gipsies are not all to blame for having given us a few expressive words! We next come upon a word full of pathetic meaning for many of us: it is the ghost that haunts us at Christmas time, and pursues us more or less throughout the new year—it is the word "dun." It is a word of consequence, for it is at once a verb and a noun, and is derived from the Saxon word "dunan," to din or clamor. It owes its immortality—so tradition says—to having been the surname of one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln in the reign of Henry VII., who was so active and dexterous in collecting bad debts, that when anyone "became slow to pay," the neighbors used to say, "Dun him," that is, send Dun after him. "Draw it mild" and "come it strong" have their origin in music, being the terms used by the leader of an orchestra when he wishes his violin players to play loud or gently. From this they have passed into synonyms for exaggerators and boasters, who are requested either to moderate their statements or to astonish their audience. The word "coach" in these days is a painfully familiar one, as parents know who have to employ tutors to assist their sons to swallow the regulation amount of "cram" necessary for competitive examination. The word is of university origin, and can boast of a logical etymology. It is a pun upon the term "getting on fast." To get on fast you must take a coach; you cannot get on fast in learning without a private tutor—*ergo*, a private tutor is a coach. Another familiar word in university slang is "a regular brick," that is, a jolly good fellow; and how the simile is logically deduced is amusing enough. A brick is "deep-red," so a "deep-read" man is a brick. To read like a brick is to read until you are deep "read." A deep-read man is, in university phrase, a "good man;" a good man is a "jolly fellow" with non-reading men; *ergo*, a jolly fellow is a "brick."—*Chambers's Journal.*

GOLD LACE.—Gold lace is not gold lace. It does not deserve this title, for the gold is applied as a surface to silver. It is not even silver lace, for the silver is applied to a foundation of silk. The silken threads for making

this material are wound round with gold wire, so thickly as to conceal the silk; and the making of this gold wire is one of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable. In the first place the refiner prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he heats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold leaf, burnishes this down, applies another coating, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is about one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. Then the rod is subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire; it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill; but the most remarkable example ever known was brought forward by Dr. Wallaston. This was an example of solid gold wire without any silver. He procured a small rod of silver, bored a hole through it from end to end, and inserted in this hole the smallest gold wire he could procure; he subjected the silver to the usual wire-drawing process, until he had brought it to the finest attainable state—being, in fact, a silver wire as fine as a hair, with a gold wire in its centre. To isolate this gold wire he subjected it to warm nitrous acid, by which the silver was dissolved, leaving a gold wire one-thirty-thousandth of an inch in thickness—perhaps the thinnest round wire that the hand of man has yet produced. But the wire, though beyond all comparison finer than any employed in manufactories, does not approach in thinness the film of gold on the surface of silver and gold lace. It has been calculated that the gold on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness, that is, not above one-tenth thickness of ordinary gold-leaf.—*Hatters' Gazette.*

A HINT.

Our Daisy lay down
In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gain.
Then foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.
There close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried;
She lifted her golden crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why that's why I kiss you," she said.

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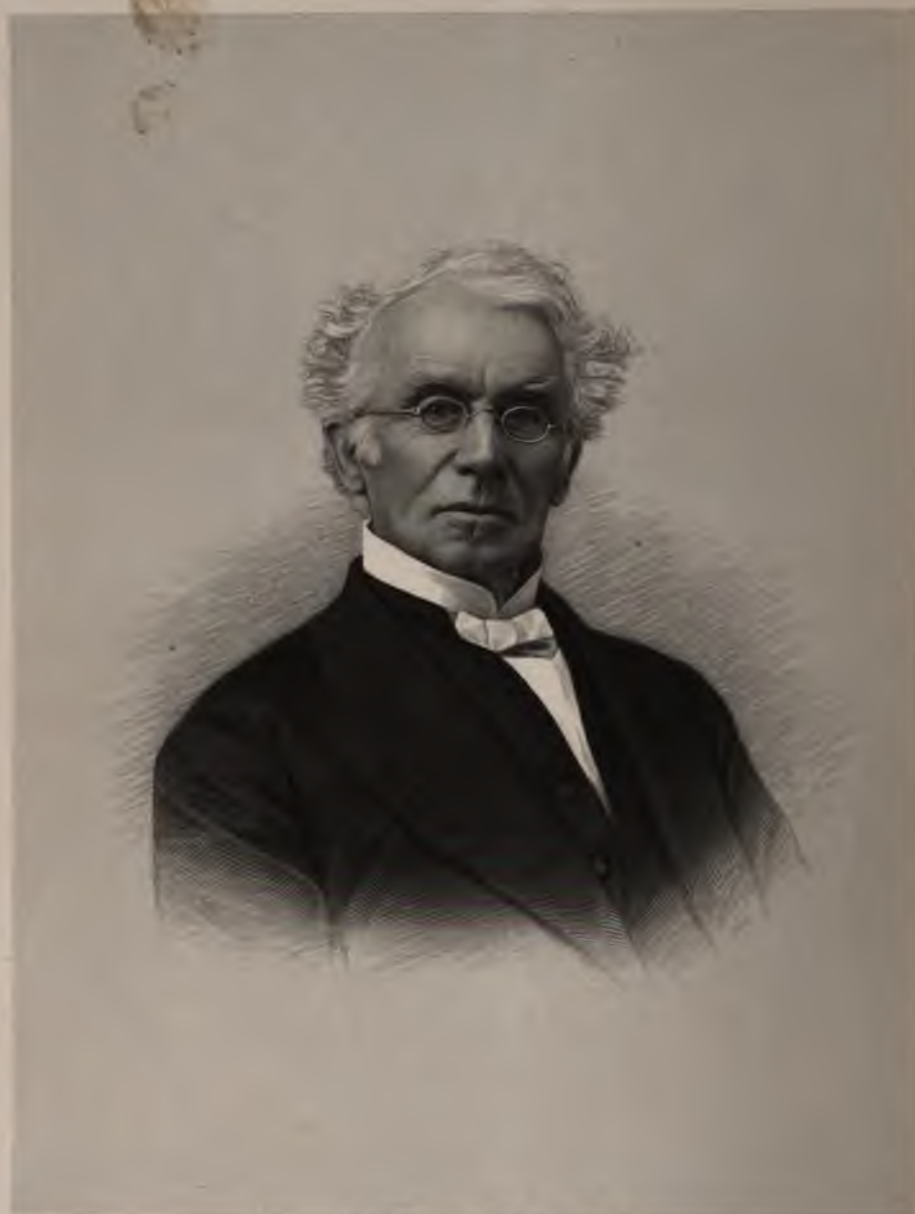
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REV. W. H. ADAMS, D. D., LL. D.



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cessity of a new religion, harmonising with the new astronomy. It was much as if Voltaire had preceded Newton, and had so treated astronomical questions as to create an inseparable association in the clerical and common mind between a revolution in science and a revolution in religion and morals.

Galileo has been accused by all the apologists of his ecclesiastical persecutors of having gratuitously mixed up questions of science with questions of religion; and his imputed invasion of a province, which he had no legitimate motive to meddle with, has been described as having provoked that papal crusade against modern astronomy which has damned Urban VIII. and his Holy Office to everlasting fame.

Not a word of all this is true of Galileo. Every word of it is true of Giordano Bruno. Unlike as were the characters and careers of Bruno and Galileo—in every respect but irrepressible intellectual activity, however differently directed—it is difficult to avoid the impression that the destinies of the former may have very considerably and unhappily influenced those of the latter. The Roman Inquisition successively pounced on both, though not, it must be admitted, with equal excess of severity. It burned Bruno, and never certainly had it lighted on human fuel more manifestly predestined, in that age, to burning. It only intimidated Galileo into solemn and deliberate perjury, into abjuration of truths he had clearly demonstrated and continued to hold, which his persecutors perfectly well knew that he continued to hold, and therefore, by extorting verbal abjuration of them from a harassed and infirm old man, made themselves mainly responsible for the hollow and hypocritical performance of what can only be designated as a most impious and sacrilegious farce.

Giordano Bruno's is one of those names which, in the course of centuries, have gathered round them a sort of darkened glory. If he had fallen upon another age and another country—instead of being burnt at Rome, he might have shone brightly, as a professor of philosophy, at Berlin or Munich. He might have lectured, like Schelling, on 'The Absolute' and 'The point of indifference between extremes,'—a position identical

with the *coincidentia oppositorum* of Bruno—or, like Hegel, on 'the Unity of Existence and Thought,' and 'the Perpetual Evolution of the Idea.'

It is mentioned amongst the multifarious mental occupations of the late Baron Bunsen, that he had studied Giordano Bruno with peculiar interest and with deep sympathy. 'The work of Bartolmæss of Strasburg,' he said, 'gave me occasion of becoming more nearly acquainted with that strange, erratic, comet-like spirit, marked by genius, but a *Neapolitan*, whose life was but a fiery fragment.*

A fiery fragment, literally consumed in fire at last. Not the less characteristic of that unparalleled era of intellectual renascence in Italy, which commenced in classicism, was closed by Jesuitism; which was cradled in the Platonic academy founded at Florence by the first illustrious chiefs of the Medicean line, and was entombed in the Holy Office instituted at Rome by Pope Paul III.; which had for its first martyr of modern philosophy Giordano Bruno, for its second confessor Galileo.

The character and career of Giordano Bruno furnish the most signal example of all that was irregular and anarchical in that immense intellectual as well as æsthetic movement, the transition of the sixteenth century in Italy. The character and career of Galileo exemplify all that was genuinely scientific, and really religious, in that movement. We should be disposed to regard the unbridled license on all subjects, which so singularly and strangely distinguished Bruno, as a natural reaction, on the one hand, against the complete self-prostration of intellect dogmatically demanded by the Church of Rome, and, on the other, as a natural product of the entire emancipation of intellect practically encouraged by the universities, in those free disputations *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, which were thrown open by time-honored usage to all academic speakers and all hearers. It was only on submissive minds that monastic discipline produced its designed effects: the reaction therefrom, in restless and inquisitive spirits like Bruno's, could scarcely fail to drive them from implicit acceptance of

* 'Memoirs of Baron Bunsen,' vol. ii. p. 254.

oned rule to indiscriminate revolt
ll rule. What the Church had af-
ds to condemn she may seem to
erself generated. Bruno was the
l child of Dominicanism, as Vol-
f Jesuitism. He may be said to
anticipated the most 'advanced'
ns of all questions which he chose
sider open. And he chose to con-
all questions open. He may be
upon as the last of those stray phil-
ers, in quest of fame and of bread,
d formed, in the Middle Ages, a
international republic of letters,
of all the universities of Europe
recognised as component parts,
tion in one of which opened all the
lectures and disputations *de omni*
ni by their itinerant members.

Let us begin at the beginning of
yward and erratic career of the
those representatives of the nas-
modern mind in Italy, whom M.
as made the subjects of his suc-
studies.

Other Giordano Bruno, who was
out 1550 and baptized by the name
Philip—but, on entering a religious
followed the usual ecclesiastical
te of giving himself a new name—
high or low descent (he himself
d the former) seems not very clear-
tained. So much however is clear,
was of rather poor parentage, and,
the whole course of his errant ex-
of philosophy, he had to live upon
s—on the money contributed by
litors attracted to his disputations
tures. He had donned the relig-
ress at the age of fifteen, in the
ican convent at Naples, and before
piration of his novitiate he had
sed himself slightly to a fellow-
about a mystical manual, which
nd him reading, on the subject
seven beatitudes of the Virgin.
! 'he asked, 'would you not find
ading of the lives of the Holy
s more edifying?' Young Bruno
oreover, cleared out his cell, by
away all the images it contained
ts, male and female, keeping only
fix. Upon these indications the
r of the novices' commenced for-
ceedings against the boy heretic,
d the good sense or good feeling to
hem. Bruno's next outbursting,
r, in the like direction, was fol-

lowed by more serious consequences.
Before he was eighteen, says his biog-
rapher, he had begun to doubt of the
principal dogmas which the Church
imposes on the belief of the faithful.
Finally, after taking orders, at twenty-
three, he gave still fuller and more un-
bridled scope to his heterodox opinions.
Thus, at each successive stage of out-
ward ecclesiastical progression, he devel-
oped and disclosed an inward state of
mind at variance with it. Proceedings
were again taken against the young Gior-
dano—this time by higher authority;
and there could be no doubt about the
peril of the position in which he had
placed himself. He took flight from Na-
ples, and found a temporary halting-
place at the Dominican convent of the
Minerva at Rome; but soon, finding that
the charges brought against him at Na-
ples had been duly forwarded to Rome,
he took flight from thence also, throwing
off his monastic habit, and went forth
into the world, as the fairy tales say, to
seek his fortune.

On escaping from Rome, our philoso-
pher-errant had resumed his baptismal
name of Philip, and, as we have already
stated, had cast off his garb of Domini-
can monk. With his usual inconsistency
of conduct, he very soon resumed that
garb, but without any further attempt to
re-enter the Order. In those times this
was nothing new or unusual. Botta, the
historian of Italy, states that there were
then some forty thousand Italian monks
living outside the walls and rules of their
convents. On his arrival at Geneva,
after experiments of living in Italy,
which seem to have all failed, Bruno was
counselled by a distinguished Italian re-
fugee once more to divest himself of his
monastic habits, these being quite out of
fashion in the city of Calvin. Accord-
ingly, he converted portions of them into
hose, and his Italian fellow-refugees gave
him a hat and cloak. Those refugees
had, some years previously, espoused the
creed of the Evangelical Church; and
their recognised leader, who had first ac-
costed Bruno on his arrival at Genève,
bore one of the highest patrician names of
Naples. This was Galeazzo Caracciolo,
Marquis of Vico and nephew of Pope
Paul IV., who, to the deep disgust of
his family, had embraced the creed of
Calvin.

But Bruno had shot far past Calvin and Beza in his views of a new theology. And, as he avowed afterwards, in his examinations before the Inquisitions of Venice and Rome, he could neither adopt a religion, the basis of which was faith without works, nor reconcile to his mind a scheme of Church-government, which empowered the State to punish with the sword all who dared to avow dissent from its doctrines. Formularies and confessions of faith were then the prevailing fashion, whether at Rome or Geneva. The Italian refugees had been compelled (much against their philosophical conscience, their leanings having been commonly Arian) to subscribe a rigidly Calvinistic confession. There was no rest or place for religious revolvers from Rome, who would not restrict themselves within the rigid bounds of the theology of Geneva; and revolvers, like Bruno, from one theocracy could not bring themselves to acquiesce in another. 'Lutheranism,' observes our biographer, 'was, in this respect, more to their minds than Calvinism.' Bruno, in particular, very soon found that there was as much wood for burning heretics at Geneva as at Rome and Naples.

At Geneva our philosopher-errant was treading on ground which had shortly before been strewn with the ashes of Servetus. At Toulouse—where he obtained a Professorship, notwithstanding his antecedents (which were perhaps unknown), and lectured on Aristotle's three books 'On the Soul'—he was again treading on ground shortly afterwards to be strewn with the ashes of Vanini. During two years and a half (for him an unusual interval of repose) there must have been either a lull in the intolerant spirit of his audiences, or a pause in the indulgence of his own heretical impulses. It was during that interval that he held some conferences, which came to nothing, like those he afterwards held with the papal nuncio at Paris, as to what means could be used to enable him to re-enter the Order he had quitted. But it was fated that poor Bruno's Dominican frock never should be put on again, save to be stripped off, as preliminary to its wearer being burned at the stake.

'Our Giordano,' says M. Berti, in relating his first sojourn and lectures in

Paris, 'was the true type and ideal of the free Professor of those times. In Toulouse, in Paris, in London, in Oxford, in Wittemberg, in Prague, in Zurich, in Frankfort, he took the Professor's chair, and gave lectures, without seeking protection or favor in any quarter. He migrates from University to University, opens school against school, and when he encounters any opposition or obstacle he turns his steps elsewhere.' In his examination before the Venetian Inquisition, Bruno says of himself, 'I went to Paris, where I set to work lecturing to make myself known.' The substance of his teaching seems to have had for its main ingredient the Lullian art of memory, mixed up with the physical, metaphysical, and astronomical novelties which he never failed of introducing into all his lectures, and which never failed to produce scandal and to create a disturbance. On every subject his powers of improvisation carried his hearers by storm. 'He promised,' says his biographer, 'great things in vague and mysterious language, well calculated to excite curiosity and attention in his audience. Whatever in his utterances was purposely obscure, was clear, fluent, and impassioned. Whatever the intrinsic value of his lectures, they gained him great fame in delivery.' Everyone would like to be shown a royal road to knowledge; and royalty itself, in the person of Henry III. of France, showed a desire, which seems to have been not less fleeting than his other caprices, to make acquaintance with this all-promising Professor of occult science. Bruno, as he was sparing of invectives on opponents, so failed not to repay in flattery the capricious favors of a patron so far from respectable as the French King of the ruins, by extolling him to the skies as 'the magnanimous, great, and potent prince, the echoes of whose fame extended to the ends of the earth.'

The first, and it might be said the last, real and substantial patronage (except that of the worthy Frankfort booksellers) ever obtained by poor Bruno, was that which he enjoyed in the family of the French ambassador in London, Castelnau de Mauvissière, whose military and political Memoirs have made him known to posterity. About 1583 Bruno had brought royal letters of introduction to that im-

portant personage, whose house furnished him, for the first time, an easy and tranquil resting-place, after all the troublous storms which had tossed his private state, and had rendered literary leisure unattainable, if not 'life unsweet'—for he seems to have rather liked living in hot water. All Bruno's best works were written on the banks of the Thames, under the hospitable roof and liberal protection of the French ambassador—the more truly liberal, as M. de Mauvissière was a devout Roman Catholic, and had no sort of sympathy with Bruno's free-thinking and heretical proclivities. There must have been, after all, something that attracted personal regard to our poor philosopher-errant, or he could not have made himself an acceptable inmate in the house of an experienced soldier and statesman, with an accomplished wife and a cultivated and amiable family. Bruno was excused from attending daily mass in the Ambassador's house, on the plea that, for the present, he regarded himself as excommunicated; and he must certainly have restrained his polemical and profane sallies in the house of a man who emphatically disapproved the theological Conferences held about that time, in France and elsewhere, with the forlorn hope of putting an end to religious differences. Religion, said M. de Mauvissière, 'ne se peut bien entendre que par la foy et par humilité,' and it was therefore not likely to be learned by disputation.

Bruno liked London little, with its mud, mobs, and 'prentices—Oxford less. If he presented himself to the notice of the Heads of that royally endowed University in his hose, already commemorated, stitched together out of his old Dominican habits, and in the charitably contributed hat and cloak which completed his outfit at Geneva, he must have made a figure anything rather than commendatory to an honorary degree in the eyes of the magnificent Dons of that day, whom he describes as follows:—

'Men arrayed in long robes, attired in velvet, with hands most precious for the number of rings on their fingers, which look as if they could belong only to the richest of jewellers, and with manners as void of courtesy as a cow-herd's.'

To these maligned magnates, however, Bruno addressed a letter, through their

Vice-Chancellor, in which he announced himself as teacher of 'a theology more exquisite, and a philosophy more refined, than any that had commonly been professed or delivered.' He added, in language not less vain-glorious, that he was 'the awakener of the slumbering, and the effectual tamer of stubborn and presumptuous ignorance.' He attained his object of getting the gates of the sanctuary of science on the banks of the Isis thrown open to him for the delivery of a course of lectures on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' and the 'Quintuple Sphere.' His lectures had their usual success of scandal, and soon had to be closed. Bruno's report of Oxford students (*lucus a non lucendo*) was not more favorable than of the Oxford Dons of his day.

'The scholars,' he says, 'were idle, ignorant, unmannered, undevout, occupied in no studies but drinking and duelling, *toasting* in alehouses and country inns, or graduating in the noble science of defence. In short, they took their ease everywhere, whether in lecture-rooms or in taverns.'

The Oxford masters and scholars, whom Bruno encountered on the banks of the Isis, are contrasted with the English gentlemen he met on the banks of the Thames:—

'Men loyal, frank, well-mannered, well versed in liberal studies, men who may bear comparison for *gentilezza* with the flower of the best educated Italians [of course according to Bruno, the natives of his beloved Naples] reared under the softest skies, amidst the most smiling scenery, and richest nature of the world.'

The ladies of England came in for their share of honor from the Nolan philosopher; though not for that ardent homage which had lately been lavished on their gracious attractions by Erasmus. Such fervors were reserved by Bruno for Copernicus, Raymond Lully, and Albertus Magnus. Though he sometimes boasted of his *bonnes fortunes*, as of most other things, he had not much of the troubadour or votary of the Court of Love in his composition, and he betrayed some scorn of the Tuscan poet, languishing for his Laura on the banks of the Sorgue. Yet he had lyrical tributes for some of those English ladies, 'the honor of the female sex, all-compact of celestial substance.' By Erasmus those *nymphae divinis vultibus, blandæ, faciles*, had been much more warmly extolled.

especially for a fashion now only observed on extraordinary and solemn occasions, or under the mistletoe.

'Always and everywhere,' wrote Erasmus, 'they receive you with kisses. They kiss you when you meet them, when you part with them, when you return. If you come back, the sweet kisses begin again; if they leave you, there is a fresh distribution of kisses. Whichever way you turn, you will find everything embellished by their tender commerce. O Faustus, if you had once tasted the delicate perfume of their presence, you would wish to travel—I do not say ten years, as Solon did—but all your life, and to travel always in England!'

Bruno's 'Wander-jahre' may be said to have comprised all the years of his active life—if a life can be called active which was passed wholly in talking and writing—in teaching Raymond Lully's boasted science of discoursing on all subjects without having studied any. It was the science of the old Athenian sophists all over again. Such a situation, with his natural independence of spirit and fiery temper, threw him only too frequently on the dire necessities of quackery. He had to blow his own trumpet wherever he went, mysteriously to adumbrate arcana to be more fully imparted only to the initiated, and to start paradoxes chiefly aimed at astonishing the ears of the groundlings. The worst fate that could have befallen his paradoxes would have been to have scandalised nobody. 'What did the learned world say to your paradoxes?' asked the Vicar of Wakefield of George Primrose. 'Sir, the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes—nothing at all, Sir!' The learned world were less unkind to Giordano Bruno. The University-world especially said a good deal to his paradoxes, though not much to their advantage. Wherever he lectured, or wherever he challenged disputations, he could always boast at least of a success of scandal. He made successively Geneva, Paris, London, Oxford, Wittemberg, Helmstadt, Prague, Padua, and Venice, too hot to hold him.

Poor Giordano courted the favor of certainly a curious succession of patrons: Henry III. of France, who asked him whether the art of memory professed by him was an art practised by the aid of nature or of magic; Queen Elizabeth of England; Sir Philip Sidney; the Catholic University of Prague; the Protestant

University of Wittemberg; the booksellers of Frankfort-on-the-Main, a city which he found friendly and hospitable, and where he would have done well to have stayed, had he been capable of staying quietly anywhere; and, finally, a young patrician of Venice, Giovanni Mocenigo, who seems to have combined strong intellectual ambition with weak intellectual capacity, and with moral ability still weaker. Having read one of Bruno's mysterious treatises on his occult science, this idle young nobleman could not be content without luring to his palace in Venice the possessor of all those boasted secrets of the Lullian art of memory, which formed the charlatan part of poor Bruno's philosophical stock in trade. Teacher and pupil soon got tired of each other: the former failed to teach, and the latter to learn, an universal science which had little else than a merely chimerical existence. Bruno, besides, while he made a great mystery of his occult science, made no mystery at all of his open and scoffing heterodoxy. Mocenigo's conscience became alarmed by his confessor, when he exhorted his penitent—who was ready enough to obey the injunction—to denounce the teacher, of whom he was tired, to the Inquisition.

'Even independently of his heresy of inhabited worlds innumerable,' observes M. Berti, 'sentence of death would have been passed upon Giordano Bruno. He came before the Holy Office charged with far graver crimes than Paleario, who was strangled and burned for denying the doctrine of Purgatory, disapproving burial in churches, satirising his fellow monks, and attributing justification to Faith alone. Giordano Bruno was condemned as an apostate, having deserted the order in which he had been consecrated priest—as relapsed, having been the subject of repeated proceedings, without having been thereby reclaimed to a religious life. The relapsed, even when they had shown signs of repentance, were nevertheless delivered over to the secular arm, and were almost always sentenced to perpetual imprisonment: even such of them as had performed acts of penitence were sometimes condemned capitally. Bruno besides was chargeable with the heaviest of all crimes—that of impenitence—almost always punished with fire. The obstinate heretic, whom no office of Christian charity has availed to lead to conversion, shall not only [say the text-books on the subject] be given over to the secular arm, but burnt alive. It was added "*Quando isti pertinaces vivo igne cremantur, eorum lingua alliganda est, ne, si libere loqui possint, astantes impiis blasphemis offendant.*"'

* 'Arsenale o Pratica del Sant' Offizio.'

anything conspired with Bruno's of temper and recklessness of conduct in life, which could alone enabled him to steer safely through the mazes of religious discord, to prepare for the fate which he had voluntarily earned to his country to meet. He was an enthusiastic Platonist, at a period when Aristotelianism was the sole savant, in the eyes alike of dogmatic and alarmed sacerdotalism. He was an Aristotelian atmosphere.

as Mr. Leslie Stephen says of the Law, 'can no more flourish than the vine plant transplanted to the Low-

* The rampant Aristotelians of those days would have no Platonic in their Lowlands; or, if any such there, were presently minded to burn the wood of them. 'It will be remembered,' says M. Bartolmess, 'under circumstances Bruno's death took

It was in the midst of an epoch of reaction against Plato and Copernicus' epoch when Cardinal Bellarmine ordered Clement VIII. not to tolerate teaching of Platonic philosophy in the Church.' 'That philosophy,' said the learned Cardinal, 'has too much an affinity with Christianity, not to excite in some minds may be alienated from religion, and attach themselves to nominalism.'

The sixteenth century in Italy may be divided pretty equally into two halves; the first of which preserved the Platonic elements of the Florentine Academy, and the second stiffened into exclusive Aristotelianism and intolerant orthodoxy. In the latter there was an ecclesiastical absorption into medieval Scholasticism under the double influence of the zeal for internal reform in the Papacy of Rome, and of the external influence of Spanish preponderance over Italian Governments, which, as in itself, worked mainly through the ecclesiastical machinery. At the beginning of the century, the cultivated of Italy, in the highest places of Church and State, had become all philo- and more than half heathen. Poets wrote plays, and patronised the dramatic and poetic art on any rather sacred subjects. Nay, Clement

VII. and his Court sat out the performance of Machiavelli's 'Mandragola,' the last scene of which (the midnight soliloquy of a priestly pander) is the keenest and bitterest satire ever penned by the wit of man on sacerdotal hypocrisy, or self-delusion, at its highest and most comic pitch. All that was changed, however, as far, at least, as appearances went, when the Church had to set her house in order against Luther and Calvin.

'The anger of the elder Cato against the Greek philosophers was even exceeded,' says M. Bartolmess, 'by the exasperation of the new censors against free thought. The degree of independence, which had been enjoyed by Cusa and Pomponatio, was refused to Campanella and Vanini. Cosmo III. of Florence prohibited the printing of the fine translation of Lucretius by Alexander Marchetti, as an impure manual of Epicureanism. What science demanded was to march unshackled, to live and speak unconstrained. The Church, on the other hand, dreading lest dogma should be sapped by science, naturally strove to suppress it. Thus arose a combat *d'outrance* between two interests alike dear to man, but equally exasperated against each other. But for that fatal conflict, to what an elevation might not Italian philosophy have attained! Accordingly, these two half centuries exhibit a complete contrast. In the career of Bruno that contrast manifests itself from the most various sides. That imprudent speaker and writer carried on to the close of the century those traditions of free utterance, which had enjoyed tolerance, and even protection, at its commencement.'

It must be admitted that Bruno used and abused to the utmost a 'liberty of prophesying,' the most moderate exercise of which had ceased to be safe in Italy. What Voltaire wrote of Vanini was equally true of Bruno: 'Il voyagea pour faire fortune et pour disputer; mais malheureusement la dispute est le chemin opposé à la fortune; on se fait autant d'ennemis irréconciliables qu'on trouve de savans ou de pédans contre lesquels on argumente.' *

But Bruno's crowning imprudence was his habit of satire and invective on the Church to which he still considered himself as in some shape belonging, and which, unfortunately, still considered him as belonging to it, at least for penal animadversion. Bruno had not only been baptized a Catholic, but ordained a priest; and he was thus doubly amenable to Church discipline, when, in his

English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, i. p. 158.

* 'Dictionnaire Philosophique,' article 'Athéisme,' sect. iii.

comedy 'Il Candelajo,' he indulged his ribald humor on the most cherished objects of Italian popular veneration: '*Chi vuole agnus Dei, chi vuol granelli benedetti?*' &c. &c., together with a burlesque catalogue of Catholic relics of saints, which our Protestant decorum forbids our reprinting.

'Bruno,' says M. Bartolmèss, 'at Wittemberg could not but make his obeisance to the statue of Luther. But did he forget that Catholic Ingolstadt was but a few miles distant? His panegyric on Luther was meant for publication, and, without reflecting on the consequences, he seems to have striven to surpass, in expressions of contempt and hatred for the Papacy, the most passionate and the most unmeasured utterances of Luther himself. "Who is he," demanded Bruno, "whose name I have hitherto passed in silence? The vicar of the tyrant of hell, at once fox and lion, armed with keys and sword, with fraud and force, hypocrisy and ferocity—infecting the universe with a superstitious worship, and an ignorance worse than brutal? None dared oppose themselves to that devouring beast, when a new Alcides arose to restore this fallen age, this degraded Europe, to a purer and happier state."'

And it was this same Bruno who, in the last years of his life which he spent at liberty, proposed to lay his revised and corrected works at the feet of his Holiness Clement the Eighth, who, as he says, he has heard loves *li virtuosi*: to lay before him his case, and seek to obtain absolution at his hands for his past excesses, and permission to resume his clerical habits, without returning under regular religious discipline!

It would be unjust to the memory of the unfortunate Nolan precursor of Galileo to leave the impression on those who have not read his writings (and who in England has?) of a mere itinerant, esurient, and irreverent, not to say scurrilous and blasphemous sophist. Such injustice (since Bayle) Giordano Bruno has not suffered from continental critics. Germany has given him no undistinguished place in her voluminous histories of philosophy, and German philosophy itself has owed some of its rapidly and incessantly dissolving views to his writings. Bruno's distinguishing faculty, as a child of the southern Italian sun, was imagination. That faculty, in the sixteenth century, in Italy, had matter to work upon unequalled in after times; but which, in Bruno's time, proved perilous stuff for philosophic handling. And Bruno's imagination was rather that

of a poet than of a philosopher. He carried all sail and no ballast: little wonder if he made shipwreck. His sympathetic but discriminating biographer, M. Bartolmèss, draws his character in very impartial traits as follows:—

'Endowed with a talent essentially spontaneous, Bruno seems to lose his power and thrown off his balance, on all occasions where patient and silent meditation is indispensable where the main point is to ascertain, to verify, to demonstrate—not merely to affirm confidently, and conclude precipitately. Though highly instructed, he was audacious rather than studious, speculative rather than observant; prone rather to draw on his own ideal stock and deal in *a priori* reasonings, than to collect data for well-grounded conclusions from experience, and from these, with due circumspection, deduce rules and principles. He did not always care to confront the results of his speculations with the observable phenomena which compose the history of nature and society. He dreaded, or rather disdained, to apply to his own speculations that severe criticism, that unsparing revision, without which the most prolific brains produce in philosophy only ephemeral opinions. Science profits by the lights struck out—the sallies hazarded—by geniuses of that kind, but cannot be said to owe to them its substantial and permanent acquisitions. The most solid and real service such a genius as Bruno can render, is to inflame the soul with a generous ardor for ideal truth.'

It is a noticeable coincidence, that the same Doge of Venice, Pasquale Cicogna, who signed the decree, on the part of the Venetian Government, for the extradition of Giordano Bruno to the authorities of Rome, had signed, a few months before, the appointment of Galileo Galilei as Professor of Mathematics in the University of Padua. Neither signature, at the time it was affixed, might seem of much moment; but the proceedings which were taken against Bruno by the Roman Inquisition paved the way for those afterwards taken by the same tribunal against Galileo. One and the same principle was involved in both cases: that principle was the assumed right of the Church to control the march of Science. And certainly never was science laid more open to censure by its imperfectly qualified representative than in the case of Bruno. So far as burning Bruno went, the Church proved its power. Rome proved her power a second time by condemning the Copernican doctrine in the unexceptionable shape in which that doctrine was presented by Galileo. But by so doing, she discredited for ever her au-

thority in the domain of intellect by the despotic abuse of that authority at the dawn of an era which would no longer confound articles of faith with laws of science.

Giordano Bruno had been burnt at Rome in the sight of the multitude flocking to the Eternal City from all parts of Europe to celebrate the jubilee year 1600. Thirty-two years afterwards Galileo was forced from under the feeble protection of the young Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany before the Roman Holy Office, to answer for his stubborn adherence to the discoveries of modern Astronomy, by which that tribunal told him he had made himself vehemently suspected of heresy. The treatment of Bruno, as we have already seen, had been, in a manner, provoked (if that could have justified it) by the multiplied indiscretions of the Nolan knight-errant of philosophy. Of the treatment of Galileo Rome herself has become ashamed.

For more than two centuries 'the starry Galileo, with his woes,' has engaged the world's sympathies; yet it is only within the last few years that proper pains have been taken to place before general readers the plain tale of his trials.

The most impartial review of the relations of Galileo with Rome is found in the pages of his thoroughly conscientious and liberal Roman Catholic biographer, Henri Martin, to whom we are also indebted for the fullest estimate of the scientific labors of his life. 'If Bacon,' says Sir David Brewster,* 'had never lived, the student of nature would have found in the writings and labors of Galileo, not only the boasted principles of the inductive philosophy, but also their practical application to the highest efforts of invention and discovery.'

Galileo's great glory was his resolute rebellion from time-honored tradition, and his signal inauguration of the spirit and methods of modern science.

'Galileo,' says M. Henri Martin, 'laid it down as a principle always to ascend from exact and mathematically precise observation of effects to positive knowledge of causes and laws. Long before 1637 [the date of Descartes' 'Discours de la Méthode'], long before 1620 [the date of Bacon's 'Novum Organon Scientiarum'], Galileo had introduced by precept and

example this complete and definitive method of the physical sciences. He had, in so doing, to struggle against the modern Peripatetics, against the *à priori* method, handed down from Aristotle, in the study of nature. In his "Saggiatore" [Assayer], in his "Dialogues on the Two Principal Systems of the World," and more especially in his "Dialogues on the New Sciences"—his last and most finished work—Galileo, in demonstrating the legitimacy and efficacy of his method, lays special stress on that part of it which Bacon had neglected, and without which that method would have been impotent to regenerate the study of physical science. This indispensable part of the experimental observation of physical facts is the *measure of quantities*.

'Galileo knew that all physical objects are extended, and consequently by their nature and essence measurable, though they may not always be measurable by the methods and instruments we possess;—that all physical phenomena take place in periods susceptible of measure—that physical phenomena must be reducible to movements, some perceptible, others inappreciable by our senses. As regarded all these phenomena, he held that the right method was to measure all that was measurable, and to endeavor to render measurable all that was not already directly so. All who have proceeded *à priori*, from Aristotle to Descartes downward, have arrived at results the falsity of which suffices to condemn their method. Neither ancients, indeed, nor moderns made any mistake about the first principles of pure mathematics, since those first principles, being necessary and evident of themselves, have nothing to fear from any correction in application. But those who have sought to arrive at the first truths of mechanics by the *à priori*, instead of the inductive method, have always deceived themselves with regard to many of those truths.'

In a letter addressed, but not sent, to the Peripatetic professor, Fortunio Liceti, dictated by Galileo, at the age of seventy-seven, the year before his death, he observed (and the observation comprises the whole substance of his own scientific teaching):—

'If the true philosophy were that which is contained in the books of Aristotle, you would, in my mind, be the first philosopher in the world, since you seem to have every passage of that author at your fingers' ends. But I verily think that the book of philosophy is the book of Nature, a book which always lies open before our eyes.'

The real cause of quarrel between Galileo and the authorities of his age was, that the latter sought their philosophy in books, while he sought his in facts. A blind faith in Aristotle deprived men of the use of their own eyes. Certain ultra-Aristotelians went the length of affirming that Galileo's telescopes were so constructed as to show

* 'Martyrs of Science.'

things which in reality had no existence. He offered a reward of 10,000 scudi to any one who could make such clever glasses as those. Some stubbornly refused to look through his telescopes at all, assured as they were beforehand that they never, by their aid, should see anything that Aristotle had said a word about. And it was not only a few Peripatetic philosophers, unversed in astronomy, who talked in this way. Such language was repeated by the able astronomer Magini, Professor at Bologna, and at first, also, by the learned Father Clavio, who died at Rome in 1610, but died converted to the faith (by sight) of Jupiter's satellites, the phases of Venus, and the inequalities of the moon's surface. Cremonini at Padua, and Libri at Pisa, refused all credence to Galileo's discoveries, demonstrated as those discoveries were by his telescopes. Libri died at Pisa without having ceased to protest against Galileo's absurdities, or deigned to look through Galileo's telescopes: upon which the latter wrote (10th December, 1610) that, as the deceased Professor would not look at Jupiter's satellites here, he might, perhaps, take a view of them in his way to heaven.

It has often been asked—it was asked, indeed, by Galileo himself—how it happened that a storm of imputations of constructive heresy burst on his head, after having left unvisited that of the first great founder of modern astronomy, Copernicus. Galileo could not, as he said, anticipate that it would be believed at Rome—as it seemed to be believed by Monsignor Gherardini, Bishop of Fiesole—that the doctrine of the earth's motion had been first started by a living Florentine, not by a Polish canon who had been dead seventy years, whose book had been published by special desire of Cardinal Schomberg, and dedicated by express permission to Pope Paul III. But it is not difficult to discern the causes of the different reception, by the reigning philosophical and ecclesiastical authorities at successive epochs, of identically the same scientific truths. Copernicus lay already paralysed on his death-bed when his work was intrusted to Osiander for publication, and he was therefore in no condition to overrule the timid precautions which his above-named pupil thought requisite in order to avert

the wrath of the orthodox theologians and Peripatetic philosophers of the day. Osiander's anonymous preface in no manner expressed the mind of his master, who was convinced as firmly, as was afterwards his illustrious Florentine successor, of the solid foundation of his system in the facts of the natural universe, and who would probably have been no more disposed than Galileo was to handle it as a mere working hypothesis, which need not be received as true, or even probable, but as framed solely to facilitate the calculation of astronomical phenomena. The subterfuge was a childish one, but it passed muster with those childish minds of mature growth, then occupying papal or professorial chairs and pulpits. Had Copernicus lived to wield the powers of Galileo's telescope, he, instead of Galileo, might have stood forth the protagonist, and have suffered as the protomartyr, of modern astronomy. The conflict with the spiritual power, which Galileo did not court, but found forced on him, was the 'unshunned consequence' of the scientific revolution effected by aid of his telescopic discoveries. The question between the two world-systems, Ptolemaic and Copernican, as Herr von Gebler justly remarks, had hitherto been exclusively one for the schools. Neither the less known precursors of Copernicus nor Copernicus himself had ever adventured openly to declare war against the Aristotelian philosophy, or to overthrow, by the unanswerable evidence of observed facts, the hollow fabric of physical science founded on that philosophy.

'They had fought with the same weapons as the Ptolemaic doctors; those of the school logic. They did not possess direct evidence of astronomical facts, as they did not yet possess the telescope. But Galileo, with his system of demonstration founded on ocular evidence of the actual facts of Nature, was too formidable an antagonist to obtain tolerance from the schoolmen. The Peripatetic philosophers had no armor of proof to parry the blows of arguments addressed to the understanding on the direct evidence of the senses; and their adherents accordingly, if they would not give up their cause as lost, must call in aid other allies than those of the schools. They caught accordingly at the readiest means within reach. To reinforce the tottering authority of Aristotle, they invoked the unassailable authority of Scripture.'

'We must not ascribe this mainly to mere party spirit, or mere personal malevolence. The bulk of the learned class, which still ad-

the old world-system, and had hitherto regarded Copernicus, with his new apparently unsupported by visible as a mere dreaming speculator, now at least as Galileo's telescopic discoveries, apparently threatened to overthrow all hitherto been believed. The learned, more the half-learned, world of Italy solid ground shaking beneath their feet, threatened downfall of Aristotle's authority three thousand years must, it seemed draw after it the overthrow from the foundation of all that had hitherto been truth in physics, mathematics, philosophy, religion.'

Galileo had been content with making rare-show of his telescopes, where lucrative trade in them, he had been petted and patronised on account of the chapter at Rome, as he was at Venice and Florence. He had incurred no risk of persecutions, truths he might have forborne to state. But he would have missed the scope of his life, which was to demonstrate those truths. What his critics really make matter of is his manly frankness and sincerity. Having a plain tale to tell, he reasons why he should not plainly say. Having no 'heretical pravity' at all, he too sanguinely anticipated could engage the Roman hierarchy in the pure interest of scientific

is ecclesiastical rather than physical favor that Galileo felt he had need to conciliate. It was the which might be formed at Rome views of the Copernican system, which he was most solicitous: would Rome prove hostile, he knew that it would be difficult or impossible for him to exercise with free function of an expounder of views in Italy.

ario Vinta, secretary of the Grand of Tuscany], says M. Berti, 'wrote to that so soon as the truth of his speculation the Medicean planets [the satellites of Jupiter, which Galileo had so named in common to his Tuscan patrons] should be constant Rome, the new constitution of the might be said to be established for all time, and would be assured of obtaining concurrence of all mathematicians and all philosophers. This assent of Rome Galileo felt such moment [that he was prepared to try effort to obtain it. He assiduously maintained friendly relations with the cardinals, signori, the prelates. But the quarter chiefly aimed to conquer opinion was at the Collegio Romano, as well because there

were amongst its members not a few men well versed in science, as because it constituted a sort of theologico-philosophical tribunal.'

The prospects of success for the new science at the metropolis of Latin Christendom seemed at first promising.

'Would we form an idea,' says M. Berti, 'how Galileo was appreciated and courted at Rome, we must figure him to ourselves in the vigor of life, at the age of forty-seven, with ample forehead, grave countenance, expressive of profound thought, fine figure and very distinguished manners, clear, elegant, and pleasing, and at times imaginative and vivid in discourse. The letters of the time superabound in his praise. Cardinals, patricians, and other persons in authority, vied with each other for the honor of having him in their houses, and hearing him discourse. A choice society of men, eminent for learning or high public office, were in the habit of assembling round Cardinal Bandini in the palace of the Quirinal. In the gardens of that palace, which commanded a great part of the city of Rome, and the view from which extends over a vast horizon, Galileo, in the fine evenings of April, exhibited through his telescope the satellites of Jupiter, and discoursed on the subject of his discoveries. It seems that some of the Fathers of the Collegio Romano came also to these meetings; and by day Galileo, in these and other places, directed observation to the spots in the sun. Federico Cesi, the young president of the Academy of the Lincei [lynx-eyed], lavished on him the most affectionate tokens of esteem and friendship. Contemporary writers relate with admiration the sumptuous dinner given by Cesi to Galileo at his villa of Malvasia, on the summit of the Janiculum, not far from the gate of St. Pancrazio, and at which the most distinguished persons in Rome were present. Towards the end of dinner, Galileo having pointed his telescope in the direction of St. John Lateran, the guests were enabled to read the inscription over the portico, three [Italian] miles off, and then, turning the telescope to heaven, they descried to their full satisfaction the satellites of Jupiter, with other celestial marvels. On that occasion, Galileo, to satisfy the curiosity of the guests, took the telescope to pieces, and allowed every one at discretion to examine the construction, and to take the measure of the lenses.

'A number of eminent men in learning and science used to assemble nightly at the Tuscan ambassador's, where Galileo at that time resided, to look through his telescope at Venus, and the "tricornal" Saturn. One evening, when the clouds interrupted their view of the stars, they began disputing, as their nightly wont was, on the subject of light. Galileo said to Lagalla, that he would let himself be immersed in ever so dark a dungeon, and kept there ever so long a time on bread and water, if only, on coming out, it were granted him to understand the nature of light.'

This conversation, and others of the like description, are recorded in contemporary narratives of the first sojourn of

Galileo in the Eternal City in 1611. He was to revisit it on four later occasions—in 1615, 1624, 1630, and 1633—the first three of these latter visits being voluntary, the last compulsory, on the peremptory and reiterated summons of Pope Urban VIII. to present himself in person for examination before the Holy Inquisition.

Amongst the figures which we find crossing the stage during Galileo's first visit to Rome, was that of Cardinal Bellarmine, then full of years and honors. On the 19th of April, 1611, Bellarmine wrote to the Reverend Fathers of the Collegio Romano, to ask if in any manner there had been brought under their cognisance the celestial observations, which an able mathematician had been making by means of an instrument called *cannone* or *occhiale*, by which means he [Bellarmine] himself had seen some marvellous sights in the Moon and Venus. Clavio, a recent and zealous convert to Copernicanism, Griemberger, Oddo Malcotio, and Paolo Lembio, replied officially, on the 24th of the same month, that they had themselves verified all the celestial marvels to which his letter referred.

'Although,' says M. Berti, 'we are ignorant for what reason Bellarmine addressed that question to the College, we shall probably not be far from the truth in supposing that the reply requested in such solemn form, and in writing, was not asked of the College solely for his own information, but for that of his colleagues of the Inquisition.'

What, we may ask on our part, had Galileo come to Rome for, but to get the stamp of authority put by the Collegio Romano on his virtual adhesion to the Copernican system in his *Nunzio Sidereo*? The 'able mathematician' had been desirous of bringing his new and strange views especially before that college, as containing other able mathematicians, who could speak from chairs of authority. And this end, which Galileo had expressly aimed at, he fully attained. The favorable answer returned by the Collegio Romano to the demand thus made of them was no sooner published, than Galileo's friends at Rome hastened to make it known farther, exulting in the belief that the stamp of orthodoxy had now been set authentically upon the master's most startling as-

tronomical innovations, and that they might henceforth freely discuss his discoveries and the questions raised by them. Monsignor Dini confidentially intimated to Cosimo Sassetti that the Jesuits were great friends of Galileo. The Tuscan 'Orator' [Ambassador] at Rome presented Galileo to the Pope [Paul V.], who received him most graciously, not suffering him to say a word before him in a kneeling posture. Encouraged by these favorable indications, and taking occasion from the opposition to his discoveries stirred up by some Perugian monks, Galileo addressed a letter to Monsignor Dini, not only exposing with all the force of logic, and all the keenness of sarcasm, the fallacy of the argumentations attempted by his monkish opponents, but putting in the clearest light the principles of criticism in their application to science. From Galileo's highly obnoxious proposition, that *the Earth was a planet*, his simple or subtle opponents sought to fasten on him the gratuitous inference that all the other planets must be inhabited by beings of our own species. It was then asked whether these had descended from Adam, and whether they had embarked with Noah.

The first open war on Galileo's astronomical innovations was declared by monkish ignorance. The irregular-regular monastic militia of Papacy were the first to beat the 'drum ecclesiastic,' and essay to rally round them the great army of blockheads in a new crusade against light and knowledge. On the fourth Sunday of Advent, 1614, Caccini, a Dominican monk, preached a sermon in the church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, on the astronomical miracle of Joshua, taking his text from the Vulgate—'*Veni Galilæi, quid statis aspicientes in cælum*'? This punning text was followed by a furious sermon against all mathematics, which the preacher declared were an invention of the devil, and against all mathematicians, who, he said, should be excluded from all Christian states. Father Maraffi, a Dominican friend and admirer of Galileo, immediately wrote to him to express his disgust at this abuse of the pulpit—the more so, he said, as its author was a brother of his own order, and he should have to share the responsibility of all the stupidities (*tutte*

italità) which might be, and were, omitted by thirty or forty thousand ks.

either Caccini, instead of being censured or punished, was invited to Rome, master and bachelor at the convent of a Maria della Minerva; and another member of the same order, Father Lorini, wrote to the Roman Holy Office, expressly naming Galileo, but deciding the Galileists, who affirm that earth moves, and the sun stands still. Father Lorini declares that the Galileists in assert an opinion visibly contrary to points to Holy Scripture, that they place under foot the entire philosophy of Aristotle, and vent a thousand imperfections only to show their wit. He alludes by quoting the sermon of Lorini against 'the Galilæans,' which is the sure way to get the Father summoned as a witness before the Holy Office—as he accordingly was, and add a quantity of second and third-hand say, the greater part of which was worthless to find favor even with the Inquisitorial tribunal, and the rest irrelevant to the charges in course of collision against Galileo by the underhand agencies of the Holy Office of e.

Henri Martin here abruptly asks—'at was it these Cardinals of the Inquisition really meant?' Maffeo Barberino, Del Monte, Bellarmine, were all wishers to Galileo personally. They did it, in a word, to spare the man, stifling the system. This was not, however, what Galileo wanted, or would willingly submit to. In letters to Monsignor Dini, he avowed that the earth's heliocentric movement was for him, as it had been for Copernicus, a serious and positive doctrine, not a mere hypothesis, and might be regarded as false or invent. In a justification of himself, written up by Galileo at the period before it got for publicity, but for communication 'to some wise and just persons,' ks—

What could be expected to be the consequence of an authoritative condemnation of the heliocentric system? Such a condemnation would not convince men of learning and science who do not feel themselves at liberty to do the contrary of those truths of Nature, which observation and experiment enable them, in any manner, to see with their eyes, and touch with their hands. It would, therefore, be nec-

essary to prohibit all study whatever of astronomical science—that is to say, all study of those works of Nature in which the power and wisdom of God display themselves with most magnificence.'

It has been assumed in some quarters, and the assumption is endorsed by M. Martin, that Galileo's second visit to Rome (at the close of 1615) was not quite voluntary, as had been his first in 1611. According to these reports, he had been secretly summoned to present himself before the Inquisition. Galileo's own account, given to the Inquisitors themselves in 1633, as well as in all his letters to his friends, was, that this second visit, like his first, was made by him entirely of his own accord. Now, setting aside for the moment all reliance on Galileo's habitual frankness and veracity, is it credible that he should make a false statement on such a point to his judges, who had immediate means of checking it by referring to the records of their own office? It is not improbable, however, that he may have been invited by his friends in the congregation to come to Rome to defend his writings in person against the more serious of the charges which were brought against them. We may here remark that it was always on the provocation and challenge of his assailants, that Galileo meddled at all with theological controversy. What excited their anger was, not that he was heterodox in theology, but that he warned off theology from ground which was not properly her domain. His counsels to Theology to leave Science unmolested were precisely such as might be addressed, in our own age, by rational believers to irrational zealots. Unfortunately, the sincere or pretended zealots in the days of Galileo, when Aristotle was cited, with such grotesque audacity, in support of Scripture, were too strong for the small minority of enlightened students of nature, whose religion was scientific, and whose science was religious.

Galileo's second visit to Rome appeared afterwards to have been the crisis of his fate; the turning-point of all his after-life from prosperous to adverse fortunes. The great mistake he made did not consist, as Sir David Brewster would have it, in any wanton disregard or defiance of 'the laws of the Church,' nor

'bold and inconsiderate expression of his opinions' through the channel of the press (the two documents, addressed, the one to Father Castelli, the other to the Dowager Grand Duchess of Tuscany, which gave his enemies the first handle taken against him, were not printed at all);—his great mistake was his too sanguine persuasion that he could get those who wielded the highest powers of the Church at that epoch to see that neither her laws nor her honest interests were concerned in the question whether the sun moved round the earth, or the earth round the sun. Such was Galileo's own intimate and sincere conviction; and it was his sublime confidence in the force of truth that inspired his efforts to bring round Popes and Cardinals, who had other objects in view, to share that conviction. Sir David Brewster, following Mallet Du-Pan, and other such untrustworthy authorities, and taking no note of the facts, which were not then in their entirety before the world, affirms that Galileo, to be safe, needed but to have abstained from turning a philosophical into a theological question; and that, had he concluded his 'system of the world' with the sage peroration of his apologist Campanella, and dedicated it to the Pope, it might have stood in the library of the Vatican, beside the cherished, though equally heretical, volume of Copernicus.

'The cherished, though equally heretical, volume of Copernicus!' Why the volume of Copernicus was put on the Roman Index by a decree dated the 5th of March, 1616, and remained on the Index till the 16th of August, 1820! The doctrine contained in that work, of the sun being the centre, and the earth not being the centre of our system—the mobility of the latter and fixity of the former in that system—had been declared, in February, 1616, by the Cardinals of the Roman Inquisition to be 'absurd, heretical, and contrary to Holy Scripture.' *That* was the position on which Rome took her stand at the epoch of Galileo's second visit. No other ground could be assigned for any admonitory (not to say penal) procedure against Galileo, than the ground laid in the secret passing of that decree of the Inquisition, since no other offence could be imputed to him than that he had

founded his theory, in his recently published Letters on the Spots in the Sun, on that of Copernicus. With similar secrecy, the decree of the Inquisition condemning the Copernican doctrine was communicated to Galileo by Cardinal Bellarmine, and a promise was exacted from him that he would, in future, neither *hold* nor teach that doctrine in any shape. Bellarmine himself, and Maffeo Barberini, afterwards Pope Urban VIII., were personal friends of Galileo; they had no sympathy with the ignorant or hypocritical zealotry of the Caccinis and Lorinis; and, at the time we are speaking of, they inspired the Inquisition with their own friendly dispositions, so far as regarded the person of the philosopher who had alarmed their orthodoxy. Accordingly, Galileo's name was not even mentioned in its decree condemning Copernicus, and Cardinal Barberini afterwards, when Pope, in 1633, complained vehemently of ill-usage and ingratitude on the part of Galileo after he had helped him, as he said, out of his scrape in 1616. That Galileo could not be content to hold his tongue, petted and pensioned as he was both by a Pope and by a Grand Duke, was a mystery of iniquity and perversity that his too gracious Holiness could not have anticipated, and could not be expected to pardon.

Those who censure Galileo for failing to keep his secret promise to Bellarmine, seem to forget that, for sixteen or seventeen years, he kept as much of that promise as could well be expected—that is to say, he forbore, though it was pain and grief to him, from further publications on the obnoxious and tabooed subject. It was not till his friend, Maffeo Barberini, had climbed to the highest place in the Roman hierarchy with a diplomatic dexterity only equalled by his autocratical arrogance when he had once reached it, that Galileo, by a second sanguine mistake, supposed he might give himself license to evade the inhibition which had secretly been laid on him at so great a distance of time. He had hastened to Rome, on the urgent advice of his friend Prince Cesi, the President of the Lyncæan Academy, to congratulate Maffeo Barberini on his elevation to the papal chair, and was received by the new Pope with an eager cordiality which—

might well inspire confidence. The Florentine philosopher, in his single-minded devotion to his main object in life, had not sufficiently studied the character of the man he had now to deal with. Everything depended with Urban on hitting his humor or caprice of the moment. 'No Pope,' says Ranke,* 'ever raised such arrogant claims to personal respect.' And nothing that he could deem disrespect to aught he had ever dictated was likely to be viewed by the new Pontiff in any other light than that of 'contempt of court'—and of himself as the supreme head of that court—to which, and to whom, were to be submitted with implicit deference all matters bearing on its sovereign spiritual authority, whether directly or indirectly. Pope Urban had said to Cardinal Hohenzoller—who repeated to Galileo—that *the Church* had not condemned this system (the Copernican system), and that it should not be condemned as heretical, but only as rash; and he added that 'there was no fear of any one undertaking to prove that it must necessarily be true.'

In half-a-dozen audiences, which his Holiness had vouchsafed to grant Galileo, this very subject of the Copernican system had been discussed between them with perfect freedom; and it was natural to infer from the Pope's expressions to Hohenzoller, that he would be disposed to tolerate the like freedom of discussion in print, provided it were pushed to no positive or decisive conclusion. Upon that hint Galileo wrote and printed. Papal vengeance pursued him to the last hour of his life.

If Galileo misunderstood his patron, it is only charitable to believe that Urban understood no better his protégé, soon to become his victim. How, indeed, should they have understood each other? The personal characters and aims were as widely different as the personal positions of the two men, who came thus suddenly and unexpectedly in collision. Galileo was solely intent on extending the empire of science—Urban on asserting the authority and enlarging the Estates of the Church. While the former sought worldly means so far only as they

were indispensable to obtain leisure for his researches, the latter mainly (that we may not say solely) made use of his spiritual power and prestige to promote the temporal aggrandisement of his See and his family, which had indeed become the all but exclusive object of the Popes for two centuries.

It has been supposed that Urban took personal offence at the imagined application to himself of the name of Simplicio, which Galileo had given to the Ptolemaic champion in his Dialogues on 'The Two Principal Systems of the World.' The other two interlocutors bore real names—those of the Florentine Salviati and the Venetian Sangredo, friends of Galileo, the former of whom personates the true (*i.e.* Copernican) philosopher in the discussion, and the latter intervenes as an umpire between the combatants. The Pope had, indeed, sycophants enough about him, capable of suggesting the injurious idea that the third Ptolemaic interlocutor was meant for himself. But he would have well deserved the name of Simplicio, if he could really have believed this when he found leisure, which was probably not at first, to read the Dialogues. What was however true, and scarcely less calculated to exasperate his imperious Holiness, was that Galileo had put—and could not help putting—into the mouth of Simplicio arguments which Urban had held to himself in apology for the old astronomy. Galileo had, however, carefully guarded against seeming to give those arguments as Simplicio's, but made him cite them as those of 'a man of great learning and of high eminence.' Personal offence there was none in such a citation; but offence to papal infallibility, and to the rules of good courtiership there certainly was, in the fact that, instead of accepting Urban's arguments as unanswerable, Galileo made his Salviati answer them. *Hinc illa ira.* Urban VIII. was no stiff Aristotelian. A Pope who had 'forced the songs and apophthegms of the Old and the New Testament into Horatian metres, the song of praise of the aged Simeon into Sapphic strophes,'* certainly was not chargeable with taking grave matters in too solemn earnest.

* Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' vol. ii. p. 559.

* Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' vol. ii. p. 558.

And, it must be added, such matters, whether theological or philosophical, were those which formed the smallest portion of his mental concerns, either before or after his elevation to the papal chair. He was, while rising to power, above all an accomplished courtier and diplomatist : when he had reached its summit, he was the most imperious and unscrupulous of priestly princes. What was true he had little or no leisure to investigate : what was expedient he regarded solely from a secular point of view. Maffeo Barberini's stepping-stone to papal sovereignty had been through the court of France ; his policy as Pope was framed on the model of Richelieu's, and was no less cynically indifferent to Catholic interests than that of his great master. It is impossible to credit him with any other species or semblance of zeal for the Church than that which consisted in flaunting her banners and parading her cause, while fighting his own battles. 'His favorite notion,' says Ranke,* 'was that the States of the Church must be secured by fortifications and become formidable by their own arms.' This was the man whom Galileo had hoped to interest in scientific star-gazing, and to find open to conviction on points he had once determined, not by thought, but by will.

The Pope, it is said, did not immediately get a copy of the new-published 'Dialogues,' which had been printed in Florence by a stroke of something like Machiavellic diplomacy, after the Roman censorship had been coaxed or cajoled into an *imprimatur*. It may be doubted whether he immediately found time to read them. But he saw at once, or was made to see by those round him, an affront to his authority in the attempt, in any shape, at any further discussion of a subject, on which he considered Galileo, by his promise to Bellarmine, as having, in a manner, been bound over to keep the peace. His indignation, says M. Berti, was aroused so strongly, 'that the book and its author would both have been brought without delay before the Holy Office, if the intercession of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the urgent representations of his "Orator" at Rome, had not prevailed with Urban to

nominate, in the first instance, a special commission to examine and report on the book before taking further proceedings.' But *le diable n'y perdait rien*. The Commission, of course carefully packed, made a report soon after to his Holiness, in which it accumulated all the matters of charge that could be brought against Galileo, as well for the act of publication of the obnoxious 'Dialogues,' as for the manner in which the question broached therein were handled. On receiving this report, Urban lost no time in ordering the Inquisition of Florence to intimate his Holiness's command to Galileo to appear in person not later than the month of October (the rescript issued in September), before the commissary-general of the Holy Office in Rome.

This imperious summons struck Galileo with consternation, and was highly displeasing to the young Grand Duke Ferdinand, who had just succeeded Galileo's old patron Cosmo. The Venetian Republic would have opposed a front to Rome on such a demand ; Ferdinand was young and irresolute, the Duchess and Dowager Duchess had been thoroughly indoctrinated by the spiritual directors against all 'vain knowledge and false philosophy.' Galileo's infirm health had furnished excuse for delay in obeying the papal mandate but that mandate was repeated in still more peremptory terms, and finally the Pope sent orders to the Inquisitor of Florence that, so soon as Galileo's physical condition permitted, he was to be brought in irons to Rome. Ferdinand wrote to him from Pisa on the 11th of January, 1633, that it had become necessary for him to obey the papal summons, but that he would place at his disposal one of the grand-ducal litters and a trustworthy guide, and would allow him to take up his residence at the Tuscan embassy in Rome. No Italian prince that period, says Herr Gebler, would have acted otherwise. No one of them would have had the courage or independence to meet with a veto the Pope's demand for the extradition of an eminent subject. Venice alone would have acted on the axiom laid down by Paul Sarpi on the sovereign power of the State, and would have asserted that power against all sacerdotal pretensions to set that of

* 'History of the Popes,' vol. ii. p. 554.

arch over it, and to execute ecclesiastical justice on the subject of an independent dominion.

There was a sad contrast between Galileo's first and last visit to Rome—the triumph, the last a torture, moral and physical. There was a sad contrast within a much briefer period, between the countenance turned towards Urban on his accession, and that same pontiff so soon averted in visible wrath on the first umbrage given by the philosopher to the Pontiff's power and of wisdom more than

truth appears to be that Urban in the persistent animosity he bore against Galileo (while professing while to retain friendly sentiments to him), was a good deal moved as by the instigations of intolerant persons as by the consciousness of having gone too far previously in the direction of tolerance. He had lavished most ostentatious patronage on the independent philosopher. He had expressed opinion that the Copernican system should not be condemned as heretical only as rash. And now he was the representative man of that system again rushing with redoubled speed into print, substantially, though unwisely, as its apologist.

In the mean time, those who had the ear had persuaded him that its retention was in a high degree perilous to the Church. Urban VIII., like Louis XIV., was ready at any time to exclaim, '*L'Église, c'est moi !*' He states that, 'if it was proposed to take counsel of the college, he thought that he understood more than all cardinals put together.'* He had, therefore, precluded himself from proceeding by direct means against Galileo as offender against the laws of the Church. He had himself conceded that the Copernican system could not be condemned as heretical. The very person which and whose author he had resolved to crush, had received the sanction of his own censors of the Holy Office at Rome. The only course open was to employ his *âmes damnées* of the Inquisition to say and do for him what he deemed necessary to be

said and done to intimidate Galileo and his Copernican sectaries into submission and silence. Accordingly, as we have seen, he summoned Galileo to appear before the Holy Office, but took care not to affix his papal signature to any of their proceedings, though he presided in person at several of their sittings. No wonder if, among the ten men selected to do this dirty work for him, three—amongst them the Pope's nephew, Francesco Barberini—withheld their signatures from the sentence. That sentence, as a specimen of the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, is perhaps unparalleled even in Roman ecclesiastical Latin. It is given *in extenso* at page 143 of M. Bertini's Appendix, and sums up as follows:—

'Dicimus, pronunciamus, judicamus et declaramus, te Galilæum supradictum, ob ea quæ deducta sunt in processu scripturæ, et quæ tu confessus es ut supra, te ipsum reddidisse huic Sancto Officio vehementer suspectum de hæresi, hoc est quod credideris et tenueris doctrinam falsam et contrariam Sacris ac Divinis Scripturis, Solem videlicet esse centrum orbis terræ, et eum non moveri ab Oriente ad Occidentem, et Terram moveri, nec esse centrum Mundi, et posse teneri ac defendi tanquam probabilem opinionem aliquam, postquam declarata ac definita fuerit contraria Sacra Scriptura; et consequenter te incurrisse omnes censuras et poenas a Sacris Canonibus et aliis Constitutionibus generalibus et particularibus contra hujusmodi delinquentes statutas et promulgatas.'

It is characteristic of inquisitorial justice in all ages, that 'vehement suspicion of heresy' is here regarded as equivalent to proof of heresy; and that Galileo, having been stated to have come under that suspicion, should be assumed to have 'incurred all the censures and punishments appointed and proclaimed against such delinquents.' Without dwelling on that assumption—*by whom*, may we ask, had the Copernican theory been 'declared and defined to be contrary to Holy Scripture?' By the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra* for the Church Universal? No such thing; but by the Congregation of the Inquisition—a body incompetent to declare or define anything of the sort.

It was Pope Urban throughout that urged the Inquisition to exercise its utmost rigor against Galileo. He was not more intent on seizing with the secular arms of horse, foot, and artillery the territories of his neighbors to enrich his nephews, than on stretching his spiritual

story of the Popes,' vol. ii. p. 556.

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authority to the utmost to frighten or coerce a defenceless philosopher into restoring the sun's motion and arresting the earth's—so far as words could do it. Much has been said, with something less than justice, about the abjectness of Galileo's abjuration. His Roman Catholic biographer, M. Henri Martin, handles the matter, in our judgment, more equitably. We make no apology for rather a long extract :—

'The submissive language and attitude of Galileo before the Inquisition were enjoined upon him by his feeble protector, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and were likewise counselled by all his friends, of whom we have letters. Niccolini, the friendly Tuscan ambassador at Rome, relates in his correspondence with his court the prolonged and deep dejection in which Galileo was plunged, after reluctantly giving his promise to comply with these counsels. We may add that, in the submissive attitude he assumed throughout his trial, he conformed also to the counsels of the Venetian Fra Micanzio, the friend and successor of Fra Paolo Sarpi. Such was the pliability of the firmest characters in Italy of the seventeenth century.

'Far from imagining with *Sir Brewster* that the danger for Galileo lay in submission, we must not suppose that he yielded to a vain fear. He knew how two condemned heretics had been treated at Rome, the one only thirty-two years, the other only eight years before his trial. He must have had in recollection Giordano Bruno, burned alive at Rome under Clement VIII. in 1600, and Marco Antonio de Dominis, who died in imprisonment before trial in the Castle of St. Angelo, but was condemned after death, and whose exhumed body was burned with his writings at Rome under Urban VIII., in 1624. Galileo was no heretic like Bruno, an ex-Dominican monk, who had openly renounced Catholicism at Geneva, and had publicly taught not only the system of Copernicus and the plurality of worlds inhabited by men, but the doctrine of metempsychosis and a sort of pantheism. Galileo was not a relapsed heretic like the learned mathematician and physical philosopher Dominis, ex-Archbishop of Spalatro, and afterwards Protestant canon at Windsor, who returned to the Catholic Church, but was again accused of Protestant doctrine. Nevertheless the sentence passed in 1633 against Galileo, without exactly giving him, as a ground of condemnation, the designation of a relapsed heretic, implied that designation in the preamble of the sentence and in the act of abjuration; so as, in effect, to stigmatise Galileo's doctrine as a heresy, declared such in 1616, and Galileo himself by consequence as a heretic, who had received a secret personal warning in 1616, had relapsed afterwards into heresy in 1632, and was now pardoned solely on condition of abjuration and penance. If Galileo had refused to abjure a doctrine thus described as heretical, he would have had to fear that the designation of relapsed and impenitent heretic would have been applied in his case as

in that of Bruno, drawing like consequences after it. I am convinced, indeed, that he would not have undergone the last punishment for his pretended crime; neither Urban VIII. nor his inquisitors would have gone quite that length. But he would have been shut up for all the rest of his life, as a dangerous and incorrigible innovator, in the prisons of the Holy Office.'

The illusory pardon vouchsafed by Rome to Galileo, in consideration of his not less illusory abjuration, is described in all its detail of petty and minute vexations in the several works before us, each of which is, in its own way, worth study. What Rome did to Galileo is now before the world in its minutest circumstances. Let her have full credit for what, by special grace and favor, she left undone. An infirm old man of seventy, stricken with grievous maladies, whose labors and discoveries had done honor to Italy in every realm of Europe, was neither burned at the stake, nor thrown into the dungeons of the Holy Office, nor stretched on its rack. In other respects the sentence of condemnation passed on Galileo formed no exception to the rule again laid down in principle by the Infallible Head of the Infallible Church in the age we live in,* and is no longer carried into execution by its secular arm, because the secular arm is no longer at Rome's disposal.

The nine years of life, which remained for Galileo after his abjuration, were employed to good purpose in bringing out his '*Dialoghi delle Nuove Scienze*,' which has been generally considered, as it was by himself, his *chef-d'œuvre*, though keeping entirely off the vexed question of his great astronomical discoveries. Watched as he was by all the eyes of papal espionage, till his own were closed in total blindness, Galileo contrived to effect the republication, in Holland and Germany, of those condemned discoveries which Rome had done her best, or worst, to suppress, but of which she only, for the moment, succeeded in robbing Italy of the full honor, though to Italy belonged the genius that made them. Galileo lived to his last hour a Martyr, that is to say, an unceasing and unrelenting Witness to Sci-

* The foregoing observations were written before the accession of the present Pope, and refer, of course, to the too notorious *Encyclicals* of his predecessor.

and Rome may be 'thankful that not directly die her martyr. But ought his grey hairs with sorrow grave, pursued him to death, and leath, with the vindictive vigilance Inquisitorial emissaries ; and only ot, because she could not arrest, life remained, the workings of that itable and irrepressible intellect.

cannot conclude without some notice of the two most recent transcripts of the Vatican MSS. containing excessive procedures in the case of o, which have been published since preceding pages were written.

transcripts were made in the of last year, 'almost simultaneous but without concert—apparently, l, without the one writer having at knowledge of what the other was —by M. Henri de l'Epinois, who st in the field in the independent igation of these documents, so far as 1867, and by Herr von Gebler, ose previous publication, entitled eo Galilei und die Römische 'we have been indebted for much le material on the subject of our t review.

recent history of these Vatican is curious. Early in the present y, during the French occupation ne under the first Napoleon, they bstracted from the secret archives : Vatican, and brought to Paris, they remained (to borrow M. Bertra-classic style) 'for eight lustres ore'—that is to say, for nearly half ury. The French autocrat at first ed to print them, but he either ed his mind from some motive con- with the tangled web of his policy ls the Holy See, or else he adopted inion expressed by the historian a, that they contained nothing printing. After the Bourbon Reson, Pius VII. commissioned the late gnor Marini to reclaim these MSS. al property ; but he had to return ome empty-handed, and without ; been even able to ascertain where uments were deposited. Under Philippe, and just after the acces- f Pius IX. to the papal chair, a skilful or more successful diplomat- llegrino Rossi, who enjoyed equal- favor of the courts of Rome and nce, and whose assassination, some

two years afterwards, cast so deep a stain on the ephemeral Roman Republic of 1848, procured the restoration of the precious MSS. to the Vatican archives. The first use made of the restored documents in the way of publication (their publication having been promised to the French Government) was made by the late Monsignor Marini, their custodian, who produced, in 1850, a little brochure, entitled 'Galileo e l' Inquisizione Romana. Memorie storico-critiche.' This was a piece of mere *ex-parte* pleading, composed for the purpose of showing that the Holy Office had condemned—not the Copernican doctrine—but the theological notions which Galileo had mixed up with its exposition. Such an assertion was a rare specimen of effrontery ; the documents being in their falsifier's hands, and staring him in the face. If Monsignor Marini supposed that the secret archives of the Vatican would never be opened to any one more studious of the truth of history than himself, he reckoned without his host. The Papal Government subsequently allowed access to those archives, first to a French author, M. Henri de l'Epinois, who published at Paris, in 1867, in the 'Revue des questions historiques,' an essay entitled 'Galiléo, son procès, sa condamnation, d'après des documents inédits,' secondly to M. Berti, whom Father Theiner, the learned and liberal archivist of the Vatican, allowed to consult and take copies of them. A third restorer of the text of the proceedings against Galileo is Herr von Gebler, who, like M. de l'Epinois and M. Berti, has been allowed free access to the MSS.

The three writers above cited, who have now placed before the public each his own transcript of the official records of this too famous procedure, have played the part of inquisitors over each other, in a sort of emulation of the Holy Office. M. Berti took the lead by criticising the first partial reproduction of the original documents which had been made in the earlier essay of M. de l'Epinois. M. de l'Epinois rejoined by acknowledging and accounting for the imperfections of his own previous publication, and supplying a fresh transcript of those documents, with critical comments on the errors and inaccuracies of M. Berti's edition. And Herr von Gebler brings out a third, with

corrections of both the others. One result, at least, of the researches of all three critical inspectors and copyists, who have taken so much pains to be right, and to set their rivals right where wrong, will be to render impossible the exercise of any pious frauds for the future in disguising or distorting any of the main facts of the case. As to the manner in which those facts should be re-

garded, modern opinion has unanimously pronounced already, and M. de l'Épinois, who, following after M. Henri Martin, labors to reconcile the fair and full exposition of the case of Galileo with the vindication of the character of his Church against the 'attacks of ignorance,' adduces no facts or arguments of any force to alter that opinion.—*Quarterly Review*.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

NO. III.—THE IDEA OF HOME.

THE assertion that "languages are the expression of the genius of nations" is accepted by many of us as a vaguely approximate truth. We incline to recognise that national forms of speech are likely to be more or less indicative of national forms of character, and that the configuration of thought in different countries may possibly present some sort of connexion with the shape of the talk employed to disclose that thought. Yet, though we may own that this notion is admissible in principle, very few people would probably be inclined—if they knew their own mind—to go beyond a somewhat doubting adhesion to such a rule; and scarcely any of us would consent to accept the theory advanced by some enthusiastic philologists and historians, that language can be regarded as a reliable guide to the study and the determination of national tendencies and capacities. Who would seriously admit, for instance, after consideration, that because certain words are the exclusive property of certain languages, the ideas which those words convey must consequently be a similarly exclusive property of the nations which employ those languages? The fact of the existence of the words supplies, it is true, a *prima facie* proof that they were required, in the lands in which we find them, in order to express a local thought; but the absence of equivalent words in other lands cannot reasonably be taken to constitute valid evidence of any corresponding absence of a similar thought elsewhere. We may perhaps safely assume, from the presence or absence of particular words in the dictionaries of certain peoples, that the need of a concrete and

specific definition of particular sentiments has, from some endemic cause, been felt and been satisfied by one race and not by another; but surely we cannot grant more than that; for would it not be altogether contrary to our actual experience of the relative composition of national characters, to infer that the want of a word must necessarily imply any want of a correlative sentiment? The purely moral faculty of feeling a sentiment is, manifestly and uncontestedly, independent of the purely material faculty of demonstrating that sentiment by one word. To prove this, we have but to look at some of the most ordinary examples which lie before our eyes. Who would venture to pretend that the French are unable to distinguish between the feeling of "love" and the feeling of "like" because their language contains but one word to express both? Who would proclaim that no people but the Germans are capable of realising the delightful notion of *gemüthlich* because they alone amongst the nations possess the word? Who would assert that because we English can only say "new" and "number" we are therefore incompetent to see our way to the varying senses of *neuf* and *nouveau*, of *nombre* and *numéro*? Who would affirm that marriage exists entirely in England, but that it is practised only partially in France, and is utterly unknown in Germany, for the reason that we alone in these three countries possess the two special words "husband" and "wife" to describe the married state; while the French can only say *mari* and *femme* husband and woman; and the Germans are reduced to the wretched epithets

Mann and Frau—man and woman? No—it cannot be seriously argued that reality of perception has any consanguinity with concision of definition, or that earnestness of sensation is in any way related to precision of description. On the contrary, it may be said, without exaggeration, that the most intense and the most emotional impressions of which human nature is susceptible, are precisely those which it is the most difficult to expound in specific terms.

These considerations are surely reasonable, and yet our practice is not always in accord with them. Notwithstanding their apparent truth, we are not unfrequently disposed, in daily life, to let them get out of sight, and to think and to talk as if they had no existence. Are not a good many of us often confidently asserting, for instance,—and this brings us to the subject which we are going to look at here—that “Home” is an essentially English idea, because we fancy, in the negligence of our prejudices, that “home” is an essentially English word? Yet, in indulging this particular impression, we are not only acting in contradiction to the general principles which have just been indicated, but, furthermore, we are committing a material error, and are perpetrating a flagrant injustice: a material error, because the word “home” exists in the Teutonic and Scandinavian tongues as completely as it does in English; a flagrant injustice, because the idea of “home” is felt and realised, in varying degrees and forms, throughout a large part of the earth.

But if, recognising our error and our injustice, we were to attempt, honestly, to repair the one and to atone for the other; and if, with that double object, we were to begin to look about us, outside our own shores, for other “homes” to which we could address excuses for having carelessly and impertinently forgotten their name and their existence, we should at once discover that several other nations besides ourselves are committing identically the same error, are perpetrating identically the same injustice, and are living, self-admiringly, in precisely the same unfounded, egotistical persuasion that they alone know “home.” Throughout the German earth, in Holland, Denmark, Sweden,

Iceland, we should find convictions on the question as fervent as our own. In all these lands an ineradicable popular belief exists that the indigenous word alone is capable of adequately expressing the deep, sweet, earnest thought it tells of, and that the thought itself is cherished and carried out there with a perfection which no other soil can imitate. Whether the word be *heim*, *hiem*, *hem*, or *heimr*, the faith in its unapproachable merit is equally profound; whatever be the latitude in which it is employed, the confidence in the exceptional completeness of its local form of application is equally unshakeable. Each of the nations which are handling these rival nouns, is almost more convinced than even England is, that its own word, and its own realisation of it, are the only worthy ones, and that all emulative candidatures—if indeed any such be possible at all—are mere paltry shams and empty imitations. Half-a-dozen countries claim a monopoly in the matter, just as we ourselves do; and this fact supplies some sort of excuse for our own prejudices, for it proves, at all events, that we are not alone in entertaining them.

But the fact does a good deal more than this. In showing us that we are surrounded by races which, like the English, insist that they alone can properly baptise and can thoroughly feel “home,” they furnish striking evidence of the vast value which the people of those races attach to the idea which the word conveys. On that part of the subject they and we are unanimous; we all demonstrate, by the eagerness and the enthusiasm of our claim to be first, that we long with special fervor for victory in the competition.

It must, however, be borne in mind, that—so far as the mere word is concerned—that competition, ardent as it is, is limited to a relatively small area. Neither the Slav nor the Latin races take part in it, for the excellent reason that their tongues contain no term equivalent to “home.” The word itself—the true word, the precise word—is the exclusive property of the British, German, and Scandinavian nations. Elsewhere there are but shadows of it. But though it is solely in the north-western corner of Europe that we can detect the word, it is

not there alone that we can discover the idea which the word represents. The quarrel as to whether *heim* or "home," or any other similar or dissimilar sound, expresses best the full meaning of the thought, is, after all, an idle one. It rests on nothing, and can lead to no good end whatever. The true interest of the subject is not there. It lies, not in the relative merits of analogous syllables, but in the comparative intensities with which the sentiment itself is exhibited by different peoples. On this point, also, wide differences of opinion will be found all round us ; but there are distinct facts to guide us, and discussion, consequently, becomes possible and useful.

The first of those facts which strikes us is that, though in its completest and highest material manifestations, "home" is, like the denomination which expresses it, an essentially Northern product, the *notion* of home, as distinguished from its practice, is discernible in almost every land. That notion is not, and probably never has been, a product of cold or heat, of latitude or climate, of rank or wealth, of any natural or artificial cause, or of any accident of country or position. It is the resultant of an almost universal need, the fruit of an almost universal yearning. And again, this need and this yearning must be as ancient as they are deep and general, for the word "home" was invented and used long before the time had come for the fulfilment of the idea which that pregnant word was destined one day to convey. All the designations of home which have been enumerated here are old—older certainly, by far, than any of the conditions on which the realisation of the idea at present depends. We may presume from this that the longing for a home of some kind, however insufficient, was so inborn in men, that they took at once what they could get, and called it, in their trustful ignorance, by the admirable title which we now apply to a very different development of the same thought. Our actual perception of the meaning of the word is essentially modern ; for "home" cannot be realised, as we have learnt to view it now, without the aid of certain conditions which modern life alone has created. It probably existed, in the sense of which it was then susceptible, even when

men had no lodging-place but a hollow tree or a hole in a rock ; but its meaning has indeed changed since, for, in its full, present import, it signifies security, permanence, habit, comfort, and, furthermore, almost a sentiment of property. So long as those various components could not be grouped together, there could have been no "home" in our existing use of the word ; there was a state which was described by the same name, but it was not the same state. Home—our home of to-day—cannot have had being while war and slavery were habitual accompaniments of life ; it cannot have begun to assume a form until men had not only placed a solid roof over their heads, but had also ceased to fear either that enemies might burn that roof next day, or that masters might expel them from its cover. Some animals, perhaps, like bees and ants and beavers, may have always profoundly understood the real capacities of "home ;" but humanity cannot have even suspected that the modern "home" was possible so long as durability and safety were unattained. Freedom and peace have been its father and mother. Those two conditions still constitute everywhere the essential foundations of "home ;" but they are no longer sufficient by themselves ; the present world wants more ; the superstructure must be built with additional and different materials. So far, probably, everybody will agree with everybody else ; but here we reach a point at which we shall cease to be unanimous, for each of us has his own idea of the precise nature of the additional materials required. When once liberty and safety are secured, our desires begin to vary largely ; each one of us has, more or less, to make his home for himself, according to his temperament and his means of action, and most varying are the shapes which the results present.

Their varieties are not, however, products of individual fancies exclusively ; national influences have also a large share in their formation. The first great grouping into classes is indeed the work of national action alone ; the division, by personal peculiarities and habits, into genera and species, comes in the second line. Different conceptions of the idea of "home" are expressed as national

onies by the races of Europe, each : itself, with a clearness which per- : to recognise the part which is es- ly impersonal and public, in con- ion to what is individual and spe- each case. The evidence in the is everywhere so abundant, that eavor to determine the shape and ter of the national practice of e," as applied in any particular y, ought not to be very difficult y out. For instance, regarding estion, in each land, as a great hole, and putting aside all shadings l accidents, it is surely just to de- the English home, in its main out- as a massive fortress which its oc- s defend against all comers ; the n home as a woman's laboring which offers but weak attractions ; and the French home as a com- round of union, where all the mem- of a family, and each of their , find a seat awaiting them. are exceptions everywhere in quan- but who that knows and can com- he daily life of the English, the ns, and the French, will deny the l accuracy of these rough defini-

idiosyncrasies of the French home ne true typical French home, that e, taken as a whole, the most ade- in Europe. Of course there eak points in them. Of course re defects in the French system. urse there are in France, as else- a mass of stupid, gloomy fire- of all ranks, of all shades, and degrees, which are animated by e, which present no interest or , which offer neither character nor . But those are not the represen- homes of France ; those are not ative examples of the idea of home ionally realised in the land : those e exceptions, not the rule. The al type of home, the national sen- of home, the national use of are other. Nationally, amongst ench, home is a general meeting- or cheeriness and affection. How, l, could it be anything else with aracter of the race? Home in e is made what it is by the temper- of the people, and by their special ition to use and enjoy in common e elements of satisfaction which

they can accumulate by joint subscrip- tion. In England, the sharp severance into classes destroys the possibility of collective social action. In Germany the same difficulty exists, though in an- other form ; and furthermore, women and men live virtually apart from each other there ; each sex composes associa- tions for itself in itself, and society, in its true sense, is a privilege of a limited upper category, and is nationally unknown. But in France there seems to be a vast unconscious partnership throughout the land for the rendering of life pleasant—a federation which includes all persons—an alliance which unites all interests—a coalition which amalgamates all opinions—a league which utilises all agencies, which profits by all accidents, which works indoors and out of doors, which uses the homes as it uses the streets. Society, as it is conceived and realised in France, admits no obstacles to the demands of its all-comprehending activ- ity ; it accepts no refusals ; it stands for- ward in its force as a recognised public necessity, as a valued public right ; it knocks imperiously at all doors ; it calls on the entire people to come out and participate in the common work ; it in- sists that each and all shall aid in the universal labor, and shall contribute to the general end. And it does all this without the faintest notion that it is do- ing it. Under such conditions society in France most naturally denies to home the character of a special refuge or a fa- vorite hiding-place ; it contemptuously refuses to see in it a citadel for defence or a prison for enclosure ; it indignantly despises it as a traitor to the common cause, if it persists in keeping its shut- ters closed. In the eyes of society home is but one of its workshops—a factory in which the tools are family affections and fireside ties, in which the materials fashioned are manners, thought, and lan- guage, and of which the special function is to produce implements adapted to so- cial needs.

Sociableness is probably the most strik- ing of the various characteristics of the French home ; but it is surrounded by others which stand forward in almost equal evidence. The eager action of the women, the intensity of family union, the love and the constant pursuit of sensa- tions and emotions, contribute largely to

the end attained. Created and supported by causes so prolific as these, home exercises an enormous power in France : no other place competes with it ; all classes recognise its influence ; neither the wine-shop nor the club attracts the Frenchman away from it ; he goes to it with a convinced contentment which is one of the marks of its value. But he does not enter it to shut himself up in it with his wife and children ; he regards it, just as society does, not as a personal exclusive property of his own, in which no one else has a right to share, but as part of a collective social whole, and he, consequently, is unable to conceive that he would properly use it if he barred it up and wrote " No Admission for Strangers " on the gate. It might, indeed, be argued, without much exaggeration, that his disposition to unshroud his home to others as other homes are set before himself, is precisely one of the causes of the attraction which his own home exercises over him ; its openness bestows upon it as many brightnesses and provides it with as many contacts as he can discover elsewhere,—and for that very reason he likes it and is proud of it. His home life is substantially identical, in character, in objects, and even in society, with all that life elsewhere can offer him ; so, though he goes much elsewhere, he neither abandons nor despises home, for comparison shows him nothing better. He wishes it to be a hive in movement, adorned with all that animation, gaiety, and good-fellowship can do for it ; but he sees in it neither a sanctuary nor a stronghold.

And if the men view home after this fashion, the women regard it in the same light more clearly still, for the making of it is essentially their work. The men accept it, utilise it, and rejoice in it, but it is the women who construct it ; and in no other of her functions does the typical character of the Frenchwoman exhibit itself more clearly, in no other of her efforts is her influence on her nation more easily discernible. The peculiar restlessness of her spirit finds a limitless field of action in her efforts to extend the influence of her home ; her keen inventivity is unceasingly employed in the composition of new results from old causes, and in the obtaining of varied pleasures without expenditure of money. Her demonstrative affectionateness re-

ceives abundant satisfaction from the community of her life with her relations and friends. As she usually abhors calm, and instinctively regards it as synonymous with stupidity, she naturally excludes it from her home, on the principle that any emotion is better than the absence of emotion. She regards activity and fertility of impressions as the indispensable basis of home life ; she proclaims that *ennui* is the most dangerous enemy of that life ; and what is *ennui* but " an afflicting sensation for want of a sensation " ? So she takes especial care that there shall be no such want around her, and she establishes as the foremost principle of her action that both duty and interest oblige her to provide sensation for herself and for those who share her home.

This situation is so absolutely unlike that which exists in England, that it may be useful to remember, in partial explanation of the difference, that, nationally, we English do not amuse ourselves ; that, though our upper strata absorb pleasures in prodigious quantities, and with an intensity of eagerness for which no parallel can be found elsewhere, the people, as a whole, know scarcely anything of amusement, and contemplate it from afar as a class privilege which is beyond their reach. It could scarcely, indeed, be otherwise ; for we regard amusement as a distinct and special process, as an operation requiring outside aid, as the evident result of a recognisable cause, and, more than all, as a product unattainable without a direct or indirect disbursement of money. Amusement in England has become, in its main aspects, a thing to be bought ; it needs time, organisation, and cash ; so—for want of those conditions—the mass of the nation has to do without it. But in France, on the contrary, amusement is a universal birthright. In France it is not a process, it is a state ; it is not an active operation, it is an instinctive sentiment ; it is not the result of any cause whatever, it is a true example of spontaneous generation. The French need amusement, so they have it ; it springs up everywhere around them ; everything is a possible occasion for it ; its sources abide in the nature of the race, its elements are in the people themselves ; it is an internal capacity, not an external

creation. And in this capacity lies the main explanation of the general brightness of their homes : it is it which enables the women to provide the abundant decoration of gaiety that ornaments the life of France ; it aids to throw over the land the delightful aspect of social oneness which, in spite of class divisions, of political hates, of poverty and wealth, and of all the differences of characters and tendencies, is still so striking and so evident to the foreign looker-on. The common necessity and the common capacity of amusement, and the universal disposition to extract amusement from the simplest and the most easily utilisable causes, create a bond which holds the entire race together.

With such a force at work in almost every house, it is but natural that all French homes should be very much like each other ; that the same pattern should be reproduced in them abundantly ; that their tone and objects should be substantially identical throughout the land ; and that for this reason, again, in addition to those which have been already indicated, they should present a marked and recognisable national type. And the vividness of that type is rendered clearer still by two other causes—the intensity of the family tie, and the constant longing for emotional sensation. Allusion has been already made to each of them ; but they merit further notice, for they contribute almost as much as the mutuality of association and of amusement to the building up of the French home.

Family union is generally felt and practised with such thoroughness in France that it constitutes one of the great levers of the life of the people. It is a union which includes all sorts of connections within its elastic grasp ; which shuts out neither aunts nor brothers-in-law ; which neglects neither collaterals, nor agnates, nor cognates ; which puts forward attachment between persons of the same kin as a natural pleasure as well as a natural duty ; and which—more wonderful than all—does not repudiate even poor relations. Its effect on homes is both to hold them together and to open them out ; to extend the circle of their composition, and, simultaneously, to deepen the earnestness of their action. And, naturally, it adds largely to the national physiognomy of those homes by

bestowing on them an amplitude of composition and a variety of ingredients which are but rarely found outside of France, and by creating in them, consequently, a particular effect of largeness and comprehensiveness. This does not mean, of course, that one single roof habitually covers all the members of a family (though there are innumerable examples of accumulations of three generations in the same house), but that the separate homes of each of those members are regarded by them as a sort of joint possession in which the home sentiment is instinctively felt by each of them towards the others. And it is not pretended that the conditions which have just been indicated are universal, but only that they are general, and that they apply to the majority of cases. There are in France, as elsewhere, sons who quarrel with their fathers, brothers who hate their sisters, and husbands who abhor their wives ; but still, the aspect of French hearths, as a whole, is one of striking unity and of wide-spreading, much-embracing sympathy.

The desire for sensation, which is common, in almost equal degrees, to both men and women, imports into the subject another characteristic of a still more local kind, for nowhere is the enjoyment and the research of sensation carried so far as it is in France. Indeed, its introduction into homes, its maintenance there as a useful and even a necessary aid of daily life, its employment as a dispeller of monotony and as a creator of constant novelties of impression, are so absolutely peculiar to France, that of all the elements which enter into the composition of the idea of home there, this one is, perhaps, the most exclusively national. Elsewhere emotions are usually regarded as somewhat out of place in homes ; tranquillity of perception, and a certain unchangeableness of thought, are supposed, in other countries, to be inherent to home life. But in France the contrary system is applied. In France the danger of stupidity is so keenly felt, the destructive nature of its action on social intercourse is so distinctly recognised, that constant battle is kept up against every manifestation of its presence. The horror of dullness, of inertness, of impassibility, of silence, is so intense, that, by mere re-

action from it, the admiration of susceptibility, of vivacity, of excitability, which is inborn in the race, is rendered stronger and deeper still.

Each of these forces, acting separately, would produce a marked influence on the life of the people; but as they are all working permanently and vigorously together, with harmony and without friction, the effect has become both universal and irresistible. The collective operation, on the most extended scale, of agencies of such a nature, has shaped the homes of France into the essentially national and local type which they present.

That type is singularly full of merits—of such rare and real merits that all unprejudiced observers will recognise and proclaim them. But beside them stands the first of the defects of the system—the want of calm. Excitement is in the character of the race: we find it, in varying degrees, all over France, and in almost everything that the French do; but it strikes us with especial force when it glares at us in homes, because it is not possible to conceive the perfect idea of home without a certain quantity of repose, without occasional respite from ambitions, animations, and perturbations, without the sweet refreshment which is induced by tranquillising contacts, by soothing affections, by stilling thoughts. Such rest would be easy to obtain in French homes, for, in almost all of them, its elements lie about in luxuriant abundance; but the nation's life and the nation's nature are hostile to the development of those elements, and only permit them to continue to exist on condition of hiding themselves, of remaining latent, of not presuming to struggle against the outside, and of never showing themselves in action excepting on rare occasions when the outside has consented, for an instant, to withdraw.

And yet this insufficiency of interiority, this non-realisation of the notion of retreat, this perpetual sentiment of relationship with the world, which seem to foreigners to be so general in French homes, are not perceptible to the French themselves. For them, with their needs and habits, their homes are precisely what they ought to be. The French see nothing in their system that can be improved; and if they are satisfied, we

have certainly no right to call upon them to change.

It is not, however, either with their eyes or with our own that we are looking, for the moment, at their homes. We are trying to consider them from an abstract point of view,—to apply to them an imaginary measure, and to determine, not whether they are defective for the French (we see clearly that they are not), but how far they come short of theoretical perfection—how far they fail to realise the ideal model. They reach so much nearer to it than any of their competitors, that it is mournful to see them fail to quite attain it. The homes of France possess, in the brilliant and attaching potentialities which have just been indicated, a larger perfection than we can discover elsewhere of the particular qualifications which enable the greatest number to participate in the greatest joy. Gaiety, intelligence, and joint action are applied in them to the pursuit of happiness for all. Dulness, sadness, and all the forms of stupidity and *ennui* are combated in them. They offer a strangely wide development of family affections. And surely—whatever be the prejudices of other races in favor of other forms and of other functions of home—it cannot fairly be pretended either that similar capacities exist, or that similar results are attained in other lands.

Against these superiorities we have to set off two grave deficiencies, the want of calm being the foremost of them. And if a balance could be struck by simply measuring out the merits of joy and calm in their application to home, we might, each one of us, work out that part of the calculation according to our individual notion of psychological arithmetic. But the inquiry contains other elements. The entire theory of the modern home is engaged in it. The whole principle of the objects and the uses of home depends upon the reply which we may give to it. Should home be essentially a place of joy, or should it be essentially a place of rest?

The answer which most of us would incline to make is, probably—it should be both together, or each alternately, according to our shifting tempers and varying needs. But can it be so? And

if the French have failed to render it so, is it possible that any other race can succeed where they, with all their powers, have left the work undone?

This question brings us face to face, in one bound, with the action of nationalities on home; for what are joy and rest in such a case but manifestations of a national idea, but expressions of a national need? What are they, to take a rough example, but echoes of the voice of France calling laughingly for the one, and of the speech of England asking gravely for the other? And these echoes lead us to the strange reflection that, as in France, the homes seem to reflect the dispositions of the women, so, in England, they appear to indicate the desires of the men. It is certainly the women who, in their hot pursuit of sensation, drive out calm in the one case, and, almost as assuredly, it is the men who claim it in the other. This exercise of the home-forming influence by one sex in France, and by the other sex in England, puts directly before us one of the reasons why the realisation of the national idea of home differs so largely in the two countries.

The English side of the subject is not, however, under discussion here; its French aspects alone concern us; and furthermore, no contrast is needed to bring them into light, for they stand out clearly by themselves in the vigor and the strikingness of their local character, in the unmistakableness of their nationality. They are what they are because they are French. They contribute an altogether special contingent to the idea of home, and they furnish one more testimony to the unvarying action of French nature on all that it touches. But this particularism cannot justly be regretted, for a certain proportion of it is indispensable to the actual conception of home. Cosmopolitanism and international unity would be in direct contradiction with that conception. In the present case, indeed, regret lies in the opposite direction; for the very intensity of the national influence which provokes this marked specificness, manifestly weakens and diminishes the operation of all the multiform personal forces whose agency is needed to create individuality in homes. Without their aid, neither the lights and shades which bring about

variety, nor the movements of expression, nor the shiftings of color, which indicate the presence of fancy and of originality, are likely to be called into existence; and it is precisely because they are frequently wanting in France that we detect there, in spite of brilliancy and gaiety, so much uniformity of outline, so much monotony of tendency and of object in all the homes of the land. The nation does too much, and individuals do too little. And herein lies a second grave defect of the French ideal. The fact that the self-same defect exists elsewhere does not render it less real in France; the tyranny of majorities is not peculiar to that country, but we find there a vigorous example of it in the case before us.

And yet it is strange that such a tyranny should be able to display itself in a land where social liberty is developed to the extent which it reaches in France. The faculty of doing as you like, without occupying yourself about the opinion of your neighbor, constitutes one of the particular charms of life there; but in this matter of the organisation of homes we see but little trace of it. French homes are about as much like each other as English homes are, and for the same reason. Everybody fashions them as everybody else does. Scarcely any one throws into them individuality, or what philosophers call the "Me." The appearance of nationalism becomes of course more marked in consequence of the absence of personality; but, from the ideal point of view, there is no advantage in that, for, as has been already said, it is difficult to conceive a perfect home unless individual intervention is superadded in it to national action.

In France individual intervention is rarely perceptible, except, indeed, in the arrangement of the material elements of home. But the demonstration of self in furniture is of little importance in the matter, for whatever be the merit and the value of surroundings which satisfy the eye, whatever be the contentments induced by them, the leverage of home as a governing power in life depends on conditions of mind, and not on the color of tapestries or the shape of sideboards. Furthermore, in a national measurement of home the state of the entire people must be looked at; no se-

lections can be made ; it is from the mass (which possesses neither tapestries nor sideboards) that experience and arguments should be drawn. And if we observe that the mass lives uniformly—if we recognise that the units who compose it have ceased to be producers of new things—if we see that they accept a model and apply a rule, that they bring to work no perceptible inventivity,—then, evidently, it may be urged that they have abdicated the right of applying their own preferences, and that they yield to the pressure of a dominating national type.

But how curious it is that they should yield to that pressure in the matter of home, and that they should resist it in everything else. No people are more personal than the French ; individuality is everywhere amongst them ; it is often, indeed, carried so far that it inflates itself into mannerism and pretension. But in this one case of the composition of home it makes no attempt to assert itself. The result is that, with all the gaiety and brightness of French homes, we are frequently disappointed in them by a want of the vigor which is obtainable only by the use of personal forces, and by a frequent cropping up of blank spaces in the midst of the vivid coloring which is proper to the land.

It is strange, also, that the two great defects of the French system should be of natures so antagonistic to each other. How is it possible that the absence of calm and the absence of color can co-exist in the same people ? The exactly opposite result might have been confidently looked for. It might have been expected that the very same pursuit of sensation which drives out repose would have necessarily and inevitably provoked a variety of personal vigors and of individual fertilities. But it is not so. However much French temperaments may be personal, French homes remain national.

Yet, notwithstanding their evident faults and their seeming contradictions, what incomparable homes they are ! Where else is anything like them to be found ? How admirably they realise the ideal of what family life may be in all its tender, eager, loving, sunny attributes ! If French homes are not perfect, they approach, at all events, much nearer to perfection than any other homes do,

precisely for the reason that they contain the largest proportion of the components that produce happiness in its active living forms. It cannot be denied that the sort of gladness which results from quick movement of the sensibilities, from developed responsiveness, and from eager use of the perceptive faculties, is a brighter state, both intellectually and susceptively, than the passive contentment engendered by the absence of emotion. Great as are the merits of occasional repose, indispensable, indeed, as it is to well-ordered existence, it is, after all, a negative condition ; it implies, more or less, a suspension of life. The French avoid that suspension as much as possible ; they do all they can to maintain themselves in the positive shapes of wellbeing ; they have organised their home system in that intent, and that is why it stands so high amongst its fellows.

And furthermore, it must be remembered that the faults which foreigners may see in French homes are invisible to the dwellers in those homes. Custom blinds them, just as it blinds us English. Their judgment on the question is like our own, a result of prejudice ; it is based exclusively on the teaching of their own habits, without comparisons ; but as the topic is one on which they, like all other people, feel with enthusiasm, it is unlikely that they will ever be led to admit defects in their system. As was said at the beginning of this article, each nation believes that it alone is right in the matter ; so that if we claimed the faculty of disapproving the French, they might, with equal justice and effect, insist on judging us in return, and would, doubtless, find occasion to say a good deal against our ways. We should do well to remember, as regards this part of the case, that the subject of homes is a very large one, and that it includes, not only an extensive collection of national types, but also, in addition, a varied series of exceptional cases and conditions in which we can scarcely refuse to recognise the reality of the existence of new phases and new species of home. And this necessity for admitting into the group a good many outside elements which did not seem, at first sight, to form part of it, should render us generous and liberal towards the French and

foreigners. Can we, for instance, with justice, that a lighthouse is a home to the keepers who dwell in it? at the snow huts of the Esquimaux homes to them during their eight months of winter? or even that the vagabond tents of Asia, the wandering roofs in or woven hair, are homes to the nomads they shelter? They are not homes according to the rules applied in France or England; but it would be an illogical unfairness to assert that they are not susceptible of becoming homes to their inmates. And look at another example, more striking still than any of these: look at monks and nuns, who live in circumstances which seem, in our view, to exclude all possibility of home-sentiment, but who create for themselves thoughts and hopes which pervade into their barren cells a meaning and a charm, and who, consequently, live in them a true and touching picture of home. In this frequent case it is not possible to doubt that ferocious and emotion provoke a sensation of peculiar contentment which gilds the bare walls, which softens the hardest tasks, which casts sweetness over nakedness. It is not our home, but is it a home? Again, in some strange circumstances, personal character alone, irrespective of all external conditions what may be supposed to bestow on the most unlikely resting-places a certain picture of home. May it not be suggested as an illustration, without too violent exaggeration, that Diogenes may have found a veritable home in his tub, Simplicius in his pillar, or even naked in the bottom of her well? It is evident that none of these cases correspond at all to the present perfect-European theory of home; but they show, at all events, that in considering the question as a whole, we have to take account of a good many conflicting elements, and that we should therefore do so in approaching it, to divest ourselves as far as possible of preconceived notions, and of the impression that our own rule is the only good one. The modern English doctrine appears, it is to have been applied by Horace in Sabine farm, which he described as the homely house that harbors quiet rest;—neither his testimony nor his author-

ity suffices to prove that "rest" is so indispensable in homes that the French are wrong for not possessing it. No particular method and no particular law can be applied to so elastic a subject. Each example must be left with its merits and its faults. The New Zealand system exhibits very few of the characteristics which we pursue in Europe, but it possesses individuality in a remarkable degree. A Maori hut is so sacredly personal a property of its owner, that when he dies no one is permitted to utilise it, and it is left, untenanted, to rot. No stronger illustration could probably be discovered, and yet it is not likely that it would lead the French to recognise that they are not sufficiently individual. Contrasts between parts of the subject are useless; comparison is serviceable only when applied to the whole—to the mass of advantages or disadvantages discoverable in each case; and even if we limit our criticism to general aspects and to aggregate forms, even if we avoid the temptation to frame an opinion on details, even then we need to exercise a good deal of toleration before we can arrive at a just result. But it happens that home is a subject on which we all feel deeply, and on which it is, consequently, particularly difficult for us to be tolerant. Toleration usually implies indifference; it is rarely a product of reason; it is incompatible with ardent faith; no enthusiast is capable of it: so, as every one of us is animated in some degree by the conviction that we alone are right, it is scarcely likely that any considerable number of persons will anywhere be found in a position which permits them to exercise toleration. And judicial impartiality, which is a higher form of toleration, will of course be still more unattainable; so that the subject is one on which conflict of opinion is inevitable.

The longing of the absent for their home, their own home and no other, is both a consequence and an evidence of this state of mind; and the universality of its existence shows how widely spread that state is. Whether it be called homesickness, or *heimweh*, or nostalgia, it is always the same "sadness to return;" and it furnishes, in all its applications, unceasing testimony to the intense exclusiveness of our thoughts of home.

And yet, in the case before us, in the idea of home as realised in France, there is so much that all of us must desire, so much that all of us must wish to appropriate, that, if the world is capable of making an exception in its non-admissiveness, it is surely in favor of France that the exception would be made. If there be on the earth a type of home which is capable of exciting a majority to vote for its adoption, it must be, assuredly, the bright home of France, with its joyousness, its carelessness, its laughter, and its faults.

Its faults are probably incurable ; they must be accepted (for the present at all events) as they are, for the sake of the merits which accompany them. But as the same judgment may safely be pronounced on all the other national types of home, there is no special reproach in it for France. This does not mean, however, that betterment is improbable in the general application of the idea of home ; on the contrary, the history of its march supplies such abundant evidence of its onward tendency that we may fairly expect its development to continue, and that our children, in France and elsewhere, will extract from home even more than we do. Still, though the law of progress obliges us to suppose that the world will continue to advance in this matter as in all else, it does seem, all the same, rather difficult to imagine that posterity will really be able to amend much what we already have. The actual homes of Europe are so highly wrought, they combine so many admirable constituents, that there scarcely appears to be any space left in them for further growth. Material and mechani-

cal expansions we may confidently look for ; but it is difficult to see how they are to add to the existing goodnesses of home. Even if our successors should invent some day the automatic service described in 'The Coming Race,' that perfecting will not render their homes more thorough, more graceful, or more charming than those which we bequeath to them. We have safety, permanence, the legal right of independence, undisturbed property, old associations, comfort, elegance, satisfaction of our habits, our tastes, and our affections. And in the case of France we have still more—for many joys and brilliancies are super-added there. The union of these conditions bestows on the French home of our period as much excellence as our ambition can covet or our imagination can conceive. If future generations are able to carry that excellence higher still, it will be probably because progress consists as much in the unceasing creation of new desires as in the easier satisfaction of old needs.

In France there may be a growth of variety, but there can scarcely be a development of intensity. The system may perhaps expand in width, but it is difficult to conceive that it can gain in profoundness, for it is based so essentially on deep feeling that its foundations seem incapable of being thrust still lower. They stretch into the heart-life of the people, they reach to the substratum of its spirit, they rest upon its fondnesses. Where else can they possibly be extended? The French idea of home stands forward in an eager brightness of its own ; it is true to say of it, "Its air is a smile."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE NEW PRINCIPLE OF INDUSTRY.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

To what chaos is industry tending? Its insurgency increases. Will its perturbations ever end? From being aggressive will trades unions become destructive forces? Will the proletariat finally take the field, and the capitalist have to fight for his life? Excited empty-handed labor seems on fire, and the political economist, albeit a damping creature, seems powerless to extinguish

it. Doctrinal streams of 'supply and demand' poured upon it act but as petroleum upon flame. Organised capital grinds industry as in the mystic mill of the gods—very small. The isolated laborer is frightened, and flees to combination for safety. No protest that capital is his friend reassures him. Terror has made him deaf, and experience unbelieving. Can the struggle of ages, made

ier now by increasing intelligence, ave by the despotism of the knife? man asks these questions to which is but one answer. A new principle entered Industry, which has slow-akened hope, and will surely bring rance. Its name is Cooperation.

y one sitting at a mid-story window Marina, St. Leonards-on-the-Sea, efore him no mean emblem of the ard industrial world, as most persons it. The great ocean lies before alive with tumultuous and ungov- le motion. It surges and roars, l and driven by the masterful . Its waters seem as though they ed the walls of the house from which atch them. The observer knows is unfathomable cruelty in its mur- s waves. It has swallowed armed

Vessels laden not merely with e squadrons, but with anxious emi- s or life-giving men of science, have sucked by it down to death. As the eye can see it covers the far- hing space before you, resembles boundless and awful beast. It : tear the town away as though it a toy, and leave no vestige, and a e age would dispute whether a ever existed upon that spot. If ector saw the sight without knowl- he would be filled with terror; e has no dread. He knows the of the sea. It comes up like de- tion, but it ebbs away at the shore. ho looks upon the restless ocean of y is alike unalarmed, if he has the ction which comes by the coopera- principle. He foresees the new he world of industry will take, and ene which was once a terror to him ow a mere spectacle. Society is ng with the turbulent unrest of etition more devastating than that : sea. Its remorseless billows wash the fruits of humble labor which be recovered no more. On the there is no bay or cavern where rty lies, but is guarded by capital- r traders, whose knives gleam if the ent are seen to approach it. The rator is not one of them. He es that the rapacity of insurgent and the tumult of greed will be l, as the principle of equity in in- y comes to prevail.

e reader who would understand the

nature of that movement which has been extending itself since 1821 in England, will know that the rise of stores and manufactories and increase of members and business, would be a story as ab- stract as the statistics of the Board of Trade, and as uninformative, without a comprehensive explanation of the princi- ples which have inspired the new indus- trial change and given it the force and distinction it has attained.

First, it is necessary to apprise the reader, if he has not observed it for him- self—and very few have—that coopera- tion is an old and familiar word, used now in an entirely new sense. Coopera- tion as the name of a modern industrial scheme, which the public so often hear of, is a very different thing from coopera- tion as defined in dictionaries. The term cooperation in literature merely means united action for the increase of mechanical power—as when several men join in moving a log or a boulder, be- cause one alone could not stir it. In this way a bundle of sticks bound to- gether presents a force of resistance which separately none could pretend to; and in this sense the sticks are as much cooperators as the men. But industrial cooperation, in the sense in which the word is used now, means not a union for increasing mechanical force, but for the purpose of obtaining the profit of the transaction and having it equitably dis- tributed among those who do the work. It is not noting this difference, or not knowing it well, which causes much con- fusing chatter, in the highest quarters in literature, about 'cooperation being as old as the world,' and 'which has been practised by every people.'

Mr. Gibbon Wakefield says: 'Co- operation takes place when several per- sons help each other in the same employ- ment, as when two greyhounds running together will kill more hares than four greyhounds running separately.* This is the nature of the cooperation chiefly known to political economists. But in- dustrial cooperation unites not merely to kill hares, but to eat them. The grey- hounds of Wakefield run down the hares for their masters; the new coopera- tive greyhounds, of whom I write, run

* C. G. Wakefield, note to Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, 1840.

down the hares for themselves. Industrial cooperation is not only union for creating but for dividing profits among all who have helped to make them. Politeness, as explained by that robust master of definition, Dr. Johnson, consists in giving a preference to others rather than to ourselves. In this sense cooperation may be defined as the politeness of industry; for it consists in giving, if not a preferential share, at least a proportionate share of its produce, to all who contribute to create it. Definition is as the geography of a system; it is the map of the roads taken by the projectors of it. The ways are many which at different times are pursued by the leaders of movements. These ways are different definitions of the end to be aimed at. Therefore to enumerate the leading definitions of the subject, is to explain the different and progressive conceptions of it entertained from time to time. Gradual and tardy were the steps taken in arriving at practical statements of it. Definitions are always vague at first, because in practical life very few people know what they mean; some are late in knowing it; and many never do know it, but if they know somebody who does know, they follow him. Still a good many people want to know where they are going to, and therefore those who invite the public to take a new path find it necessary to define the objects they propose.

Though cooperation as a social scheme began with Mr. Owen, he gave no definition of it. Though he founded at New Lanark the first store which devoted profits to educational purposes, cooperation was in his mind a paternal arrangement of industry, which could be made more profitable than the plan in which the employer considered only himself. The self-managing scheme under which working people create profits and retain them among themselves, Mr. Owen had not foreseen. His idea was to organise the world; cooperation attempts the humble work of organising the provision store and the workshop. This is the distinction between communism and cooperation, which public men, of no mean discernment, continually confound together. Von Sybel defines communists (1) as those who desired to transfer every kind of property to the

State; (2) those of similar pretensions, who, while they recognise the rights of private property, wish to give the State the actual disposal of it by indirect means.* These are the continental crazes of socialism, and have nothing to do with anything English. There never was but one conspiracy for the transfer of property to the State even in France—that of Babeuf—so the reader may dismiss the political hallucination from his mind. There was M. de Metz who founded a criminal community. M. de Metz was fortunate. He was a gentleman. He had fortune, and therefore he was not reviled. Had he been a workingman, he had been regarded as a Utopian, or as a hired agitator. He was as mad as any other social philanthropist. He believed in the radical goodness of little scoundrels, and that honesty could be cultivated as successfully as vice. A writer who has a cultivated contempt for social crazes, but who sees through things and is always fair (Mr. W. R. Greg), remarks:—

We have had republican societies like Plato's, Fourier's, and Babeuf's; hierarchical and aristocratic, like St. Simon's; theocratic, like the Essenes'; despotic, like the Peruvians' and Jesuits'; polygamist, like the Mormons'; material, like Mr. Owen's. Some recommended celibacy, as the Essenes; some enforce it, as the Shakers; some, like the Owenites, relax the marriage tie; † some, like the Harmonists, control it; some, like the Moravians, hold it indissoluble; some would divide the wealth of the society equally among all the members; some, as Fourier, unequally. But one great idea pervades them all—community of property, more or less complete, and unreserved common labor for the common good.‡

Both in England and France, the fundamental idea of socialism we take to be that of a fraternal union among men for industrial purposes, a working in common for the common good, in place of the usual arrangement of laborers and capitalists, employers and employed. §

When the Irish Land Bill was before the House of Commons, May 16, 1870, Mr. Gathorne Hardy said: 'It was not

* Von Sybel, *Hist. French Rev.*, vol. I. bk. II. p. 249.

† This is an unpleasant way of putting it. All Mr. Owen's disciples advocated was equal facility of divorce for poor as for rich.

‡ *Mistaken Aim of the Working Class*, by W. R. Greg, pp. 192-3.

§ *Ibid.* p. 231.

wise to endorse by the sanction of Parliament the principle that the ownership of land was a better thing than the occupation. He protested against the clause as socialistic and communistic. When a politician does not well know what to say against an adversary's measures, he calls them 'socialistic'—a phrase which, to employ Mr. Grant Duff's happy phrase, is a good 'working bugbear.' In former days when a clerical disputant met with an unmanageable argument he said it was 'atheistic,' and then it was taken as answered. In these days the perplexed politician, seeing no answer to a principle pressed upon him, says it is 'communistic.' He need give no reasons: the 'working bugbear' clears the field of adversaries, or prevents them being listened to. One thing may be taken as true, that the English, whether poor or rich, are not, as a body, thieves. Now and then you find some in both classes who have a predatory talent, which they do not hide in a napkin. Statesmen may sleep in peace. The working men, as a rule, will never steal knowingly, either by crowbar or ballot-box, nor will they be robbed if they know it. Of course they may be robbed without their knowing it, else neither Tories nor Whigs had ruled them so long as they have, and I think I have seen the Radical hand with marks about it, as though it had been in the people's pocket, doubtless in some moment of patriotic aberration. Nevertheless let not the honest statesman fear. The common sense of common men is against speculation, whether in theory or practice, whether done on principle or in error.

The *Cooperative Magazine* of 1826 declared happiness to be the grand pivot on which the cooperative system turned. 'Happiness' was explained as the 'full and vivid satisfaction of the mind,' as 'content and uninjurious enjoyment—that is, enjoyment not injurious either to oneself or to any other.' This, as the Americans say, rather wants 'grit.' The mind slides over it. A later advocate of some mark, Dr. King, of Brighton, defined cooperation as 'the unknown object which the benevolent part of mankind have always been in search of for the improvement of their fellow-creatures.' Plainly the object of a defini-

tion is to make the thing in question known, and we are not helped by being told it is the 'unknown.' There is, however, something dimly revealed in what he says of 'society,' which he derived from the Latin words *sanus*, sound or safe, and *cio*, to call together, the meaning of which was declared to be, to call together for safety. No doubt there is sense in this. Persons do require to be called together for safety, but what they are to do when so called is not clearly defined. A writer in the *Cooperative Miscellany* of 1830, signing himself 'One of the People,' saw his way to a clearer specification of the 'unknown' thing. He exclaims: 'What is cooperation some may inquire.' Certainly many did make the inquiry. The answer he gives is this: 'Cooperation in its fullest sense is the opposite of competition; instead of competing and striving with each other to procure the necessities of life, we make common cause, we unite with each other, to procure the same benefits.' This is rather a travelling definition; it moves about a good deal, and has no fixed destination. It does not disclose how the 'common cause' is made. A definition has light in it as soon as it discloses what a thing is not and names its contrary. We learn now that cooperation is not competition, but is the opposite. This writer gives an explanation of the method of procedure which is the earliest description of a co-operative store which I can trace. He says: 'A plan has been proposed whereby the working class may combine to establish shops for the sale of provisions, and accumulate profits made by economy, which will enable them to begin manufacturing and employ their own members in self-supporting industry.'

This passage describes very correctly the original conception of a cooperative society, and has the merit of intending to devote the profits of the distributive store to productive industry, and the self-employment of the members of the societies. After a lapse of near fifty years there is very little of this, the greater and more important part of the plan, realised. The educated cooperator has always borne it in mind, and it remains as the oldest tradition of cooperation that production and self-employment go together. Still definitions came like

ghosts, in very impalpable forms. Mr. Thompson, of Cork, the first systematic writer on industrial communities, never defined their object otherwise than to say that 'workmen should simply alter the direction of their labor. Instead of working for they know not whom, they should work for each other.' Such a definition could only be made intelligible by details, and these Mr. Thompson gave with so much elaboration that the reader wished the plan had never been discovered. As a student under Bentham, Mr. Thompson was sure to mean something definite; but the conditions under which men shall 'work for each other'—an essential feature of cooperation—he never otherwise brought into the compass of a definition. After Mr. Thompson, during many years, the definers were silent. The next writer of any mark who gave thought to this question was Miss Mary Hennell, who defined the 'principle of cooperation as including a common interest in the produce.' This was said chiefly of cooperative communities rather than of cooperative stores or workshops, which at that date had fallen from sight, and were without form and void; but it includes the essential idea that the produce is to fall to the producers. But how it was to be brought into their possession was never made generally plain.

The practice of cooperation grew out of joint-stock shopkeeping. At first a few persons with means supplied capital for the business, with the understanding that after interest was paid on their capital the profits should be devoted to the establishment of a community. The next conception of it was that of prescribing that each purchaser should be a member of the store, and should subscribe a portion of the capital; the profits, after paying interest, were to be kept by the shareholders. At this point cooperation stopped eighteen years. Nobody was known to have any conception how it could be improved. If everybody was a shareholder, and the shareholders had all the profits, nobody could have more than all, and nobody was left out of the division. There was no enthusiasm under this arrangement, and yet there was no apparent fault. In some cases there was great success. Shareholders had 10 and 15 per cent. for

their money, which, to a member who could invest 100*l.*, was a satisfactory profit to him. Nevertheless custom fell off, enthusiasm in the store abated, and many were given up. If any solitary cogitator proposed to divide profits on purchases, it was said, 'What is the good of that? If there are profits made, they appear in the interest. You cannot increase them by varying the mode of paying them.' Yet all the while this was the very thing that could be done. There lay concealed and unseen the principle of dividing profits upon purchases, which altered the whole future of cooperation from that day. A Glasgow artisan, who had been at the Orbiston community of Abram Combe, Mr. Alexander Campbell, proposed this plan to a cooperative society in Scotland in 1822, and advised its adoption in a society in Cambuslang in 1829. But on what grounds he rested his plan, or what advantages he predicted for it, are not known. No one appears to have been convinced to any substantial purpose. The plan made no way in Scotland, and is only to be found in practice at Meltham Mills, England, in 1827. In 1844 Mr. Charles Howarth rethought it out in Rochdale,* whence it has spread over the earth. What conception he formed of the new principle, or how he explained its operation as an improvement on the interest on capital plan, has not appeared in any records I have met with. One thing would strike most persons when they thought of it—namely, giving a profit to customers would increase them. No doubt many had seen that under the interest plan, while the shareholders who could subscribe 100*l.* got 15*l.*, the poorer member who could only put in 1*l.* obtained only 3*s.*; yet the large shareholder who received the 15*l.* may not have been a purchaser at all, while the poor member, if he had a family, probably contributed 50*l.* of capital to the business, if his purchases amounted to 1*l.* per week, and the

* Mr. Walter Sanderson, of Galashiels, informs me (1875) that the principle was introduced into that town about the same time by Mr. William Sanderson (founder of the building society there) without any connection with Rochdale. Came it from Cambuslang? Mr. Walter Sanderson gives no details; but he is a responsible correspondent, and his word may be taken as to the fact.

2s. in the pound which on the average can be returned to purchasers would give him 5l. a year besides his little 5 per cent. interest on his capital. Thus it could be shown that the customers contributed more to the profits of the store than the capitalist. This is a conceivable form of the argument. But no statement of it exists. In some form it excited interest and obtained force, and putting it into practice was the making of cooperation.

The purchaser, therefore, was taken into the partnership. Thus the mere form of distributing profits actually increased them. The interest of the purchaser revived. He became a propagandist. He brought in his neighbor. Business grew, profits augmented, and new vitality was infused into cooperation. The conception of it grew. The vague principle that the producers of profit should have it took a defined form, and the purchaser was henceforth included in the participation of store gains.

Definitions grow as the horizon of experience expands. They are not inventions, but descriptions of the state of a question. No man sees all through a discovery at once. Had Christ foreseen the melancholy controversies over what he meant which have since saddened the world, he would have written a book himself, and never have trusted the conditions of salvation to the incapable constructions and vague memories of an illiterate crowd. Foreseeing definitions, guiding cooperation at successive points, would have been a great advantage, but it had to wait for them. When it became clear that the purchaser must be taken into partnership as well as the capitalist, it did not occur to any one that cooperation was not complete so long as the servants of the store were left out. If profits were to be shared by all who contributed to produce them, the servants of a store must be included. The definition of the cooperative principle in 1844 had attained this form:—Cooperation is a scheme of shopkeeping for the working people where no credit is given or received, where pure articles of just measure are sold at market prices, and the profits accumulated for the purchasers. It was not until twenty-four years later—namely, 1868—that Rochdale attempted to extend the principle of co-

operation to manufactures. The obvious way of doing this was to divide profits with the artisan. Those who had discovered that the interest of the purchasers was worth buying were ready to admit that the interest of the workmen was also worth its price. Clerks, managers, whoever in any capacity, high or low, were engaged in creating or promoting the profits, were to be counted in the distribution. Fourteen years more elapsed before any published definition of cooperation contained this addition:—The main principle of cooperation now is that in all new enterprises, whether of trade or manufacture, the profits shall be distributed in equitable proportions among all engaged in creating it.*

At the Social Science Congress, held in Edinburgh in 1868, I asked Professor Fawcett to take occasion, in one of the Sections, to define cooperation as he conceived it, that we might be able to quote his authority in our societies. He did so in useful words, including the laborer as one who should share in the gains of labor. The most comprehensive statement of cooperation is that given by a master of definitions. It occurred in the first public speech Mr. John Stuart Mill was known to have made. A great cooperative tea-party of members of cooperative societies in London was held in the Old Crown and Anchor Hall, Strand, then known as the Whittington Club. Being acquainted with Mr. Mill, I solicited him to define the nature of cooperation, as he conceived it ought to be stated, for our guidance. The words he used were: 'It is not cooperation where a few persons join for the purpose of making a profit, by which only a portion of them benefit. Cooperation is where the whole of the produce is divided. What is wanted is that the whole of the working class should partake of the profits of labor.' This was a pillar of fire by night, showing the way to the wanderers in the wilderness of industry. The Cooperative Congress at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1873, agreed upon a floating definition of a cooperative society, stating that 'any society should be regarded as cooperative which divided profits with labor or trade, or both.' Prior to this I had taken some trouble to

* *Logic of Cooperation*, by the present writer.

show that if the purchaser from a manufacturing society should be placed on the same footing as the purchaser from a store, a similar extension of business and profits would be likely to arise in the workshop which had accrued in the store, and the costs of advertising and travellers and commissions would be greatly reduced. This led to a more comprehensive definition of the scope of the cooperative principle, which I ventured thus to express :—'Cooperation is an industrial scheme for delivering the public from the conspiracy of capitalists, traders, or manufacturers, who would make the laborer work for the least and the consumer pay the utmost for whatever he needs of money, machines, or merchandise. Cooperation effects this deliverance by taking the workmen and the customers into partnership in every form of business it devises.' In a yet briefer form I sought to indicate that the consumer must be kept in view, if cooperation is to be complete. These were the words used : 'Cooperation is a scheme by which profits can be obtained by concert and divided by consent, including with the producers the indigent consumer.'*

These definitions were written to show that the original and defensible purpose of cooperation is the better distribution of wealth throughout the whole community, including the consumer. Cooperation to benefit the capitalist at the expense of the workman, or to benefit the workman at the expense of the consumer, would still maintain a virtual conspiracy against the purchasing public. Such cooperation benefits two classes—leaves the third and larger class unprotected and unbefitted, save indirectly or temporarily. It creates new forces of organised competitors against the outlying community. Cooperation should aim to cancel com-

petition within its own range of action, and mitigate its presence elsewhere. The present general state of society is beyond our power of changing. The claim of cooperation is that it is a new force calculated to improve industrial society by introducing in distribution and production, wherever it operates, the principle of common interests instead of competition of interests.

All cooperators who have, as the Italians say, 'eyes that can see a buffalo in the snow,' will see the policy of counting the customer as an ally. Until this is done, productive cooperation will 'wriggle' in the markets of competition, as Denner says in *Felix Holt*, 'like a worm that tries to walk on its tail;' whereas, when the consumer finds his interest consulted, cooperation has a new and an assured future before it. It will tread as surefooted as a Behemoth, and, what is more, secure the distribution of wealth by making moderate competence possible to all who work. The production of undistributed wealth is already ample, and an affliction in society, rendering the poverty of the many sharper and more abject by the side of the splendid, evergrowing, bewildering, masterful, and aggressive opulence of the few, which menaces by endowing dreadful anarchy itself with the charm of change. There never was security, except by the sword, where the few have been rich and the many poor; but society will be secure without the sword when the condition is reversed, and the many have competence and only the few are indigent.

Audiences unfamiliar with the subject I have found to understand it by describing the three features of it which experience and growth have developed. Cooperation consists in : 1. Concert regulated by honesty, with a view to profit by economy. 2. Equitable distribution of profits among all concerned in creating them, whether as purchasers, service in distribution, or by labor, or custom in manufactures. 3. Educated common sense in propagandism. The general conception of cooperation by outside economical writers who have paid attention to it, is that given by Dr. Elder in his recent work entitled *Topics of the Day*, who says :—

In common use, the term cooperation is restricted to such organised combinations of indi-

* In the first volume of my *History of Cooperation in England*, I have spoken of the capital-lenders and labor-lender in a sense which may imply coequal participation in profits. In all definitions in this paper the term capital is intentionally absent. In the surveys I have had to make of the whole field of cooperation I have seen confusion everywhere from capital being treated as a recipient of profit. There never will be clearness of view in the co-operative field until capital is counted as an expense, and when paid done with. Labor by brain or hand is the sole claimant of profits.

viduals as are designed to relieve them, as far as practicable, of intermediates in productive industry or commercial exchange. Co-operation is partnership in profits equitably distributed in proportion to the severalities of capital,* labor, skill, and management. This is more exactly the description of those associations which are properly called 'Cooperative Labor Societies,' or partnerships of industrial producers. Another, and in natural order an earlier, form of cooperative business associations are partnerships of consumers, who purchase in gross such commodities as they require for ordinary use, and distribute them according to their several needs at the least possible cost of distribution, being jointly the owners and vendors, and severally the final purchasers, of the goods provided. . . . This form of the movement is known as 'Cooperative Stores.' There is a third form, the natural outgrowth of the two stages just noticed, which in Germany is styled the 'Credit Banking System.' The emphasis of the descriptive name falls properly upon the word *credit* in the title. They differ from the ordinary money banks mainly in this, that they lend only to the members or depositors, of whom each for all, and all for each, are virtually the endorers. By this provision of the organization credit is given to borrowers who can command credit nowhere else, nor on any other possible conditions. Here, in these three modifications of co-operation, we have provision made: 1st, by co-operative stores, for economy in the necessary expenses of subsistence; 2nd, retention and the equitable apportionment of all profits to the active partners in the production of commodities; and 3rd, the provision of credit and distribution of profits of money, as a money-maker, among those who furnish the capital stock. There are no more and no other branches of the economy of the individual and of the household than these.

The reader will see still recurring definitions of the cooperative principle, as they are needed to explain the successive steps taken in constructive progress. There is need of this. For principles like

Truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

The main idea that should never be absent from the mind of a cooperator is that equity pays, and that the purchaser at the store and the worker in the workshop, mill, or field, or mine, or on the sea, should have a beneficial interest in what he is doing. A soundly founded movement will grow marvellously if the

members act up to their principles. Of course the difficulty is there. A principle is a troublesome thing, and no wonder that so many persons have distaste for it. A principle is a distinctive sign or opinion, chosen and accepted. It is a mark by which a man is known. It is a profession of conduct; it implies a method of procedure; it is a rule of action, a pledge of policy to be pursued. To be a man of principle is to be known as a person having definite ideas. Such a one is regarded as a man who sees his way and has chosen it. While others are confused he is clear. While others go round about, he goes straight on. When others are in doubt he knows exactly what to do. But the majority are not of this quality. 'They see a principle for a short time, and then lose sight of it; and when they learn that it requires purpose and courage to act up to it, they do not want to see it again. They do not understand that a true principle is the best way of attaining the end they have in view; and if success presents any difficulty they are quite ready to try another way. Indolence or impatience, timidity or cupidity, suggests to them an easier, a safer, a quicker or more profitable way, and they are ready at once to set out on the new path. Some one may point out that the new paths lead to a point the very opposite of that they proposed to reach. This does not disturb them. Having no clear discernment of the nature of principle, or passion for it, they think one object as good as another—or better, if they see immediate advantage in it. These persons are not at all interested when you explain to them that they have 'lost sight of principle.' They give you to understand that all recurrence to principle is 'dry,' and if you propose to return to it they describe you as a 'theorist,' well intended but clearly 'unpractical.' There are others who readily adopt a principle and profess a willingness to carry it out; but when they are required to stand to it and stand by it against all comers, that is quite another thing. If you remind them that being pledged to one thing means that they are not to do the opposite thing, you find they have never thought of this. Many persons are willing to be regarded as men of mark, so long as no duties are

* Dr. Elder follows the old idea of including 'capital' in the 'severalities' entitled to profit. For reasons given in this paper, in definitions of cooperation, 'capital' is expressly excluded as a participant of profit. Capital takes payment, but not profit.]

exacted in support of the pleasant pretension. But to be held as committed to a special line of action is irksome to them. Principle implies self-control: it implies the subordination of miscellaneous passions and interests to one chief thing. Those who profess principle raise expectations, and as a rule people dislike having to fulfil expectations. Therefore, if principle is to prevail in any society, it has to be well explained, and the advantage of abiding by it has to be well inculcated; otherwise men of strong selfishness soon get uppermost—their ambition becomes their principle, their interest their policy, and they command the connivance or the acquiescence of the capricious feebleness around them; and feebleness is mostly begotten of confusion of thought. Clear action is only to be had from persons who have clear ideas, and the difficulty is to impart these. Unless there is some repetition, there will be no indelible impression; unless the statements include all aspects of the subject, the reader will not see all round the idea; and if there be much iteration he will grow weary of the matter and look at it no more. What is not seen clearly is this.

Mere copartnery in business, which some writers mistake for cooperation, lies outside of it. A copartnery which proceeds by hiring money and labor, and excluding the laborer from participation in the profit made, is not cooperation. In this country cooperation never accepted even Louis Blanc's maxim of giving to each according to his wants, and of exacting from each according to his capacity. This is too scientific for the English mind, and points to the organisation of society. English cooperation gives nothing to a man because he wants it, but because he earns it. His capacity, if he has any, is seen in his performance, and there needs no other investigation into it. There may be heard in Parliament, from politicians who hope to be regarded as statesmen, and who should use precision of speech, and make inferences from ascertained facts only, talk of the wildest kind, about men who aim at an equality which is to level everything. English people never aimed at levelling anything. Their sensible and moderate object has always been to raise the low to the height

of self-help, intelligence, and competence; and if there be equality in this, it is equality which has no terror in it, and which will take care of itself.

There is an unpleasant ring of infallible assumption in speaking of true and false cooperation. Cooperation is a definite thing, and it can always be spoken of as such. Cooperation is now capable of simple definition. Its principle and all its parts can be brought into view at once. Distributive cooperation is a union for saving money by economy in buying and selling and dividing the gain among all concerned in making it. Productive cooperation means union for creating profits and sharing them with labor and trade. Where the interest of the purchaser is not recognised in distribution, where the partnership of the workman is not recognised in production, there is no cooperation, and the assumption of the name is a mistake or an imposture, and in either case misleading; and whether the mistake be conscious or not, it comes under the head of 'trading under a false name.' Distributive cooperation, which takes in the purchaser and leaves out the servants of the store, is partial cooperation. Productive cooperation, which recognises the laborer and does not divide profits with directors, managers, and customers, is incomplete cooperation. That comprehensive form of industrial action which includes in the participation of profit all who are concerned in any way in the production of it, is complete cooperation, as understood in the constructive period. Cooperation, therefore, is a simple, distinct, definite, definable thing. It is equity in business. A trading society is cooperative, or it is not. There is no such thing as false cooperation. Cooperation is complete or partial. There is nothing else worth considering.

Where capital divides profit with shareholders only and as such, that is a mere money-making affair. It is mere joint-stockism. It is not a scheme that concerns laborers much. It does not care for them, except to use them. It does not recognise them nor appeal to them, nor command their sympathies, nor enlist their zeal, or character, or skill, or goodwill, as voluntary influences and forces of higher industry. And, to do the joint-stock system justice, it does not

or them. It bargains for what it gets. It trusts to compelling as service as answers its purpose. If by accident or arrangement all workmen are shareholders in a joint-company, this does not alter the plea. They are only recognised as holders—they are merely regarded as contributors of capital. As workmen, because of their work, they get and save their stipulated wages. They are still, as workmen, mere instruments of capital. As shareholders in the business in which they are engaged, they are more likely to promote the welfare of their company than otherwise; but not so much from interest, not from honor, but as a matter of profit rather than as a matter of principle. They are merely lenders—they are not recognised as having manhood. Joint-stock companies may have, and often do have, regard for their men, and no doubt more in many cases for their men than their workmen would have the right to do for themselves. But all this, even in the form of a largess, a gift, a gratuity, not as a right of labor—not as an equitable proportion of earnings of profit made by the men; and the consequence, therefore, have not the dignity, the distinction, the distinction of self-protection which labor should possess. If most workmen had a fund of capital and could hold sufficient shares in enterprises in which they were engaged for (quite a Utopian condition of things, not yet to be seen even dimly), it would be merely a capitalist class, regarding work not as a dignity or duty, or for so much an interest as a necessity. The study would soon be how to get on by the employment of others, how to desert work themselves, and subvert the needs of those less fortunate than themselves, to whom labor still an ignominious obligation. The cooperation proposes is that workmen should combine to manufacture, and go to distribute profits among themselves and among all of their own order they employ. By establishing the right of labor, as labor, to be counted vital, by dividing profits on labor, would give dignity to labor, make laborable; they would appeal to the goodwill, to the utmost capacity and honest pride of the workman, and

really have a claim upon him in these respects. But the opposite system has grown, it has not been invented, and has certain advantages in the eyes of a large class of persons, more than are imagined. It is quite conceivable that many working-men will yet for a long time to come, prefer the present independent relation of master and servant. Many a man who has the fire of the savage state in him, and whom civilisation has not taught by example or opportunity how much more happiness can be commanded by consulting the welfare of others than by considering only himself, prefers working on war terms, unfettered by any obligation. He prefers being free to go where he will and when he will. He has no sympathy to give, and he does not care that none is offered him. He would not reciprocate it if it was. He dislikes being bound by even interest. Any binding is objectionable to him. Hate, malevolence, spite, and conspiracy are not evils to him. He rather likes them. His mode of action may bring evils and privation upon others; but he is not tender on these points. And if he be a man of ability in his trade he can get through life pretty well while health lasts, and enjoy an insolent freedom. There are 'sentimental' cooperators who overlook this. All the nonsense talked about capital, and the imputations heaped upon it, which political economists have so naturally resented, have arisen from workmen always seeing its claws where it has mastery absolute and uncontrolled. No animal known to Dr. Darwin has so curvilinear a back, or nails so long and sharp, as the Capitalist Cat. Except its proper place and pacific moods, or as the master of industry, in generous hands, capital bites very sharp. As the servant of industry it is the friend of the workman. Nobody decries capital in its proper place except men with oil in their brains, which causes all their ideas to slip about and never rest upon any fact. Capital is the creator. It is nevertheless pretty often selfish when it takes all the profits of the joint enterprise of money and labor. It can be cruel in its way, since it is capable of buying up markets and making the people pay what it pleases. It is capable of shutting the doors of labor until men are starved into working on

its own terms. Capital is like fire, or steam, or electricity—a good friend, but a bad master. Capital as a servant is a helpmate and cooperator. To limit his mastership it must be subjected to definite interest. This was the earliest device of cooperators; but its light has grown dim in many minds of the last generation, and in the minds of the new generation it has never shone.

The definite cooperative principle—the one maintained throughout these pages—is that which places productive cooperation on the same plane as distributive, and which regards capital simply as an agent and not as a principal. In distributive cooperation the interest of capital is treated as a cost, and its expenses to be paid before profits are counted, and in productive cooperation the same rule must be followed. But on the way to the stage of production this idea has been practically dropped out. Yet capital must never be recognised as other than a cost. That this is consistent doctrine will be admitted by many who have never thought of acting upon it. In the minds, in the practice wherever they could induce it, of the best known living contemporaries of the older cooperators, this conception is clearly apparent, but it has not been made sufficiently apparent. It has not been explained in detail and made conspicuous as a principle. In tracing the steps of constructive cooperation in the history heretofore alluded to, it soon became evident that this omission has been the cause of the confusion of idea in every stage of development as to the place and claim of capital in the new industrial companies. Students of cooperation in other countries who have mastered the question have naturally directed their inquiries to this point. Almost the first question Mr. Roswell Fisher, of Montreal, put to me related to it. He had quite independently thought out the question from a commercial point of view. He regards the distributive form of cooperation, as seen in the operation of a store, as a form of capitalist commerce. The members of the store contribute the capital which it uses, and the profit they make on their sales is the profit derived from the skilful use of their capital, and is not made upon labor except so far as the directors,

manager, and servers of the store may be counted workers, and they are seldom as such accorded a share of the profit. Should they be included as participants in the profits, the proportion earned by their labor will always be small compared with the larger profits earned by the economical administrative use of capital employed in purchasing stores for sale. Store profits being mainly derived from the uses of capital, Mr. Fisher considers the store as a form of capitalist commerce, the store being an association of small capitalists who create an aggregate fund from which they derive a common profit.

But in England we do not apply the term cooperation to business in reference to the source of profit, but to the distribution of the profit. In a store, profit is not divided upon the amount of capital invested, but upon the amount of purchases by members. The purchasers are in the place of workers—they cause the profits and get them, while capital, a neutral agent, is paid a fixed interest and no more. On the other hand, productive cooperation is an association of workers who unite to obtain profit by their labor, and who divide, or should divide, profit on labor, just as in a store they are divided upon purchases. Mr. Fisher recognises what I take to be the true theory of productive cooperation—one which presents the advantage of the principle of dividing profits upon labor in a clear form. It is this:—

The workmen should subscribe their own capital, or hire it at the rate at which it can be had in the money market, at 5, 7½, or 10 per cent., according to the risks of the business in which it is to be embarked; then assign to managers, foremen, and each workman of adequate experience and capacity the minimum salaries they can command. Out of the gross earnings, wages, the hire of labor; interest, the hire of capital; all materials, wear and tear, and expenses of all kinds, are defrayed. The surplus is profit, and that profit is divided upon the labor according to its value. Thus, if the profits were 10 per cent., and the chief director had 20*l.* a week, and skilful workmen 2*l.*, the director would take 100*l.* of the profit, and the workmen 10*l.* each. The capital, whether owned by the workmen or

, would have received its payment, could have no claim upon the profits or.

the dangerous and ceaseless conflict between capital and labor arise capital not being content with the rent of its hire. When it has received interest according to its risk and according to agreement, there should be an end of its claims. Labor then should regard capital as an agent which it must pay ; but when labor has earned wages of capital and paid them, the account should be closed. Labor can do nothing, can earn nothing of itself ; but, employed by labor, capital and industry of workmen can make it productive. Capital has no power, and makes no exertions. When labor has received its interest, its claims are ended. Were capital content with this, there could be no conflict with it.

It is capital claiming, or taking advantage of the courtesy of claiming, the wages earned by labor, that produces the conflict. It is only cooperation that treats capital as one of the natural expenses of production, admitting its right to its proper price and no more ; by thus limiting its absorbing power it brings an end to the eternal conflict which everybody deplures and nobody terminates.

In cooperation labor does not seek a larger profit made until capital is fully employed for its aid. But that and all the costs of production being paid at proper rates, labor claims the residue as profit.

A distinguished French writer on socialism, M. Réclus, says, ' Give the laborer only one-third of the surplus product, and the worker two-thirds.' Edwin Hill replies :—

In countries like India, where capital is completely scarce, it can and will command terms in any agreement it may make with labor. Whilst in North America, where labor is abundant, labor can and will command completely high terms in its agreement with capital.

It would seem a monstrous violation of the contract principle that, whilst in order to buy a few guineas, a low-class agricultural laborer must work hard for two whole years, the capitalist should obtain such a sum for one day's work ! But so it is—or rather was ; and that that mere laborers are plentiful, whilst capitalists there was but one.

The argument of this paper is quite independent of these cases. Workmen

will buy capital at its price in the market, which will be ruled by the risks of the enterprise in which they employ it. That they propose to pay, whether at the laborer's rate or at the Jenny Lind rate. When capital came into this field of industry, men were necessitous and ignorant of its capacity for estimating its own services. Capitalists, therefore, hired labor, paid it its ordinary price, and took all profits. Cooperative labor proposes to reverse this process. Its plan is to buy capital, pay its full value, and itself take all profit. It is more reasonable and better for society and progress that men should own capital than that capital should own men. Capital is the servant, men are the masters, and when capital is in its proper place there will be no more discontent, no more conflicts of industry. In competition capital buys labor. In cooperation labor buys capital: the whole distinction of principle lies there. Capital is used in cooperation and honestly paid for ; but the capitalist is excluded. Capital is a commodity, not a person. The worker is the sole person concerned in cooperation. The capitalist sells his commodity to the workers. The capitalist has no position but that of a lender, no claim save for the interests for which he bargains, and, being paid that, he should not be permitted to reappear as a participant in the profits of labor. The capitalist being paid his proper interest, he has no more claim to any further payment than a landlord has to a second rent, or a coal merchant to a double discharge of his bill.

It is labor being imprisoned in the cage of wages, that has inclined its ear to the sirens of State Socialism. Ferdinand Lassalle, Karl Marx, and Lord Beaconsfield—three Jewish leaders whose passion has been ascendancy, and whose policy has been politics, have all sung in varying tunes the same song. Lassalle cried aloud to German workmen : ' Put no trust in thrift. The cruel, brazen law of wages makes individual exertion unavailing. Look to the State for help.' Marx exclaimed : ' Despise the dwarfish redress the slaves of capital can win.' Disraeli sent the Young England party to offer patrician sympathy, maypoles, and charity. Auguste Comte proposed confidence and a plentiful

trencher. The Emperor Napoleon told French artisans that 'Industry was a machine working without a regulator, totally unconcerned about its moving power, crushing beneath its wheels both men and matter.' They were all known by one sign—Paternal Despotism. They all sang the same song—'Abjure politics, party, and self-effort, and the mill of the State, which we shall turn, will grind you benevolently in a way of its own.' State Socialism means the promise of a dinner, and a bullet when you clamor for it. It never meant anything else or gave anything else. If the expression is allowable to me, I should say—God preserve working-men from the 'Saviours of Society.'

In constructive cooperation everything turns upon the conception of principle in the minds of those who are engaged in the work. The reader understands the whole thing when he understands the lines on which that principle moves. Every chapter in the history of association consists of illustrations of the efforts made to get on these lines, and narratives of the adventures or success or failure in building upon them. Equitable industry proceeds upon the eternal line on which humanity must proceed—that of well-understood self-interest. The explanation of what this is, is very simple. The self-interest—the mainspring of progress—which the better sort of artisans have at heart, is the self-interest of health, truth, generosity, justice, and moderate competence. The self-interest of man means, first, his health, of which temperance, not merely in diet but in pleasure, is the security; it lies next in truth, which means exactness of knowledge and expression, with-

out which he moves in the dark and misguides others. It lies also in generosity, which means liberality in disclosing truth and befriending helplessness, and self-effort of improvement in those who show signs of it. True self-interest is in justice, which gives all its force to the right and against the wrong act or the wrong judgment of others, lest self, losing force, sink under the patronage of charity. Industrial interest consists in the command of means of moderate competence by equitable association for the conduct of labor and division of profits, without which labor is a ceaseless strife, bringing the chance of splendor to the few and certain precariousness to the many—that danger and despair of every state which equity in industry alone can terminate. This new principle of equity has arisen without glamour, it has grown without friends, it has spread without conspiracy, and acquired power without injustice. Stronger than the sword, and loftier than charity, cooperation gives to labor an abiding grasp of its fruits, and supersedes benevolence by rendering the industrious independent of it. It seeks that organisation of labor and intelligence in which it shall be impossible for the industrious to be deprived, or mean, or poor, except by their own choice or their own act, which can bring no scandal and no remorse to society, which provides that neither baseness nor misery shall be any longer the necessity of their condition. All this cannot come soon, but it will come surely as thought and courage, patience and perseverance, shall put in force the new principle of industry.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

AGE OF THE SUN AND EARTH.

Raphael. The sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister stars in rival song,
His destined path observes, obeys,
And still in thunder rolls along.

Gabriel. The vex'd sea foams—waves weep
and moan,
And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,
And wave and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars in endless course.
—GOETHE.

WE have learned how small is our domain in space, but as yet we have scarce-

ly been willing to admit that man's duration in time is as utterly minute, and in a sense insignificant. Yet there is scarcely a feature of our recently acquired knowledge about the relations of the earth in space, which has not its parallel in known facts respecting time and the earth's relations thereto; while the mysteries of space, as yet unfathomed and unfathomable, have their analogues in the mysteries which a thoughtful mind

recognises in relation to time, as well in the remote past as in futurity.

In the infancy of human thought it was a sufficient explanation of the light and heat of the sun to suppose that a bright and hot body circled around the earth (or rather round the place inhabited by the observer), coming into view each day in the east, and passing over by the south towards the west. Rejoicing as a giant to run his course, never varying in his circuit round the earth, the sun was regarded either as himself a being of power, or else as representing the energy of a higher power, which had set this glowing mass in the sky, and had appointed its courses. But while on the one hand the sun was regarded as a smaller body than the earth, so unquestionably the duration of the sun was regarded as of necessity less than that of the earth. For ages this earth had endured, without form and void, cold and dark, before the sun was appointed to gladden her with his beams; and though the future was not so clear to men's minds, yet it was generally supposed that the end of the earth would not come while the sun and the moon endured.

The recognition of the vast superiority of the sun over the earth in size was not attained gradually, as some have asserted, but suddenly. The discovery came on men as a revelation. One generation had believed in a central earth, all-important in the universe, as well in space as in time. In the lifetime of the next generation the earth had descended from her high position to become one only and by no means the chief of several small bodies circling round the giant orb of the sun. No longer central in space, she could no longer be regarded reasonably as central in time; in other words, it was no longer reasonable to suppose that her formation however brought about, her progress however long lasting, and her final end however attained, either marked the beginning, progress, and end of time, or occupied a central position in all time. We do not find that men were as ready to accept this conclusion as they had been (no choice, indeed, being left them) in accepting the earth's non-central position in space. But the inference was undoubtedly the only reasonable and probable one. The earth's

history *might* no doubt occupy a central position in time, precisely as this day on which we write these lines may be exactly midway between the day when life first began on the earth and the day when life here will finally cease. Yet, while either proposition *might* be true, one is not more wildly improbable than the other.

With regard to the sun, which had now come to be recognised as exceeding the earth more than a millionfold in size, it was an equally reasonable inference that his duration also far surpassed that of the earth. Of course the substance of either might reasonably be regarded as existent during all time; but the fashioning of the mighty orb ruling over a family of which the earth was but a small member, might reasonably be supposed to have belonged to a far more remote epoch than that of the earth, and his continuance as a sun might, as reasonably be supposed likely to outlast not merely by many centuries, but many *times*, the continuance of our earth as the abode of living creatures.

Men had no positive evidence, however, on these points, so long as they considered only the dimensions of the sun and earth. It was natural to suppose—or rather it would have been natural, for as a matter of fact the supposition was not entertained—that as the duration of mankind far surpasses the duration of a nation, and as the duration of a nation far surpasses that of any individual man, so the duration of the solar system, and therefore of the ruler of the system, must far surpass that of any individual planet. But there was only one way (one general way involving many special methods) of determining whether this was actually the case or not; and the researches of men along this special line of research did not begin till long after the importance of the sun in size had been ascertained. We refer to the inquiry into the processes actually taking place in the earth, in the sun, and in the solar system, and into the evidence respecting the continuance and effects of such processes in the past. Men's ideas on some of these points were almost as vague at the beginning of the present century (nay, even much later) as had been the thoughts of the men of old times respecting the proportions of

the heavenly bodies and their orbits. We find Sir W. Herschel, for instance, adopting and enforcing a theory respecting the sun's condition, and the emission of solar light and heat, which would not account for one week's supply of such sunlight as we actually receive. Still later we find a man like Dr. Whewell, a skilful mathematician and an able physicist, who also, if not strictly speaking an astronomer, was well read in astronomy, maintaining in his *Plurality of Worlds* the theory that the fixed stars may be mere lights, not mighty masses like our sun—a theory which the modern discovery of the conservation of force shows to be utterly inconsistent with the steady emission of enormous quantities of intensely brilliant light during many thousands of years.

But now the student of science recognises in the sun's constant radiation of light and heat the existence of a store of energy which must have been in some way garnered up during long past ages. As certainly as the constant deflection of the earth from the direction in which she is moving at any moment indicates the existence of a force residing in the sun towards which body that deflection constantly takes place, so certainly does the emission of light and heat from the sun indicate the action of processes in the past by which the necessary energy has been stored up. We know that the sun cannot be the habitable orb girt round by phosphorescent cloud-masses imagined by Sir W. Herschel, any more than it can resemble the stars, as imagined by Dr. Whewell, in being a mere light without any considerable mass or substance. The working of a steam-engine does not more certainly indicate the consumption of fuel, and therefore the prior gathering together of fuel, than does the sun's radiation of light and heat imply the consumption of solar energy, and therefore the prior gathering together of stores of energy.

When this was first recognised, students of solar physics were content to inquire how the observed emission of solar light and heat could be accounted for in such a way as to explain the sun's appreciably unvarying size and mass. They perceived that to regard the sun as a mere mass of burning fuel would by no means suffice. We can measure the

quantity of heat that the sun constantly emits, because we can measure the amount received by our earth, which intercepts about one-2,300,000,000th part of all the light and heat emitted by the sun. We thus find that in every second of time the sun emits as much heat as would result from the combustion of 11,600 billions of tons of coal. In passing, it may be convenient to notice that each portion of the sun's surface as large as our earth emits as much heat per second as would result from the combustion of a billion tons of coal—a simple and easily remembered relation. Now it is easily calculated from this that if the sun's whole mass consisted of coal, and could burn right out to the last ton, maintaining till then the present rate of emission, the supply would not last more than 5,000 years. As the sun has most certainly been emitting light and heat for a far longer period than this, the idea that the solar fire is thus maintained is of course altogether untenable. There are, however, many other reasons for rejecting the idea that the sun is composed of burning matter, using the word "burning" in its proper sense, according to which a piece of coal in a fire is burning, whereas a piece of red-hot iron is not burning, though burning hot. In like manner we find ourselves compelled to reject the belief that the sun may be a body, raised at some remote epoch to an intense heat throughout its entire mass, and gradually cooling. For we find that in the course of a few thousands of years such a mass would cool far more than the sun has cooled (if he has cooled appreciably at all) even within the historic period; and we have evidence that he has poured his heat on the earth during periods compared with which the duration of the human race is but as a second amid centuries, while the duration of historic races is utterly lost by comparison.

This brings us to the consideration of evidence which has only in quite recent times been brought to bear on the question of the sun's age.

We know from records left by men of old times that the sun was in their time very much what he is now, though we cannot be altogether certain that he gave out exactly the same amount of light and heat, or even almost exactly the same. Again, from the remains of animals and

plants in the earth's crust we can deduce similar inferences. Those animals and plants could not have existed unless the sun had supplied light and heat as at present, though we cannot assert so confidently that he supplied the same amount of either. The possible range of variation may have been greater, so far as evidence of this kind is concerned, than in the case where we have human records for our guidance. But there is other evidence which, while less exact still as to the actual emission of light and heat, ranges over periods of time far greater than could be directly inferred from the examination of fossil fauna or flora. As yet we are not able to form satisfactory estimates of the periods of time necessary to bring about such and such changes in the various races of plants and animals; hence, although we may be quite sure that enormous time-intervals must have elapsed before the races whose remains only are found became changed into the races which are their modern representatives, we cannot definitely assign the duration of these time-intervals, or even at present make the roughest approximation to their length. But there are changes depending on the sun's action whose rate of progress we can satisfactorily measure. We know that processes of change are caused on the earth's surface by the downfall of rain and snow, by the action of frost and ice, of winds and waves, by chemical action, by processes of vegetation, and other causes, all depending on solar activity. Geologists no longer assign the existing irregularities of the earth's crust to causes other than those at present at work, or even suppose that, within the range of time over which their researches extend, causes such as these acted much more actively than they do at present. But it may be noted in passing, that, so far as those causes of change are concerned which depend on solar action, it will not greatly affect the argument now to be brought before the reader, whether we consider the activity of such causes to have been widely variable in the past, or to have been appreciably uniform. For it will be seen that the chief difficulty we shall have to encounter resides in the necessity of explaining the total amount of solar radiation in the past. If, in order to shorten the time-

intervals indicated by those features of the earth's crust which depend on causes of change due to solar action, we imagine those causes to have once operated far more actively than at present, we necessarily assume that the sun's action was far more intense then than now. We manifestly gain nothing so far as this special difficulty is concerned, if we have to enhance our conceptions of the solar radiation in the same degree that we reduce our estimate of the time during which his rays have been at work upon the earth.

But in reality we are not free to imagine any very noteworthy change in the conditions under which the earth's surface has undergone change during the greater part of the time over which geological researches extend. For there is evidence proving that the progress of changes in the past must have resembled that taking place at the present time. Consider, for instance, the evidence afforded by the various strata which have been deposited at the bottom of the sea. In these strata are the remains of creatures which formerly existed in the sea; and we find these remains in such a condition in many instances as to prove, beyond all possibility of doubt or question, that, unless those creatures were *much* more short-lived than their present representatives, the average rate of deposition must have closely resembled that now recognised in similar seas. As Lyell remarks: "When we see thousands of full-grown shells dispersed everywhere throughout a long series of strata, we cannot doubt that time was required for the multiplication of successive generations; and the evidence of slow accumulation is rendered more striking from the proofs, so often discovered, of fossil bodies having lain for a time on the floor of ocean after death before they were embedded in sediment. Nothing, for example, is more common than to see fossil oysters in clay, with serpulæ, or barnacles (acorn-shells) or corals, and other creatures, attached to the inside of the valves, so that the mollusk was certainly not buried in mud at the moment it died. There must have been an interval during which it was still surrounded with clear water, when the creatures whose remains now adhere to it grew to a mature state."

Nay, there are cases where we have evidence of still slower deposition than could be thus inferred. For we often find that the creature which has attached itself to the shells of defunct mollusks have not only grown to maturity before the shells were covered with deposited matter, but have in their turn died and their hard coverings have been slowly pierced by other creatures, while still the deposit had not covered the shell of the mollusk to half its thickness.

It may appear at first sight that evidence about the rate of deposition of mud at the bottom of the sea does not bear very obviously on the question of the sun's radiation of light and heat. But it must be remembered that this deposition of matter measures the rate at which matter has been carried away from the earth's surface above the sea-level; while the rate at which this process—or what is called “sub-aërial denudation”—takes place, depends on the downfall of rain and snow, the action of wind and storms, and other causes depending on the energy of the solar rays.

We may turn, then, with sufficient confidence to the evidence which the earth's crust affords respecting the time during which the solar radiation has continued. We certainly are not likely to obtain an estimate in excess of the truth, apart altogether from the consideration that there may have been, and most probably were, enormous periods of time during which the sun's rays were poured on the earth without producing any effects which can now be recognised, and most probably still more enormous periods before the earth had a crust at all, when the solar radiation was already intensely active.

The evidence derived from the earth's crust, however, will be found sufficiently striking, without our entering into the consideration of possibilities relating to preceding eras. “When we reflect,” says Mr. James Croll, whose researches into this and related subjects are full of interest, “that with such extreme slowness do these agents” (rain, snow, ice, running water, &c.) “perform their work, that we might, if we could, watch their operations from year to year, and from century to century, without being able to perceive that they make any sensible impression, we are necessitated to

conclude that geological periods must be enormous.”

Let us follow Mr. Croll in his consideration of a few of the many facts bearing on this point. (Much that immediately follows here is simply translated into popular language from a very interesting article by Mr. Croll in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for July, 1877.)

It is well known that many parts of the earth's surface which now show no marked inequalities were formerly the scene of great dislocations (not necessarily produced suddenly), when the surface on one side of the line of dislocation had been depressed hundreds or even thousands of feet below the surface on the other side of that line. On the present surface no signs of these tremendous displacements (whether produced by upheaval or by sinking, or by both) can now in general be recognised, the inequalities having been all removed by denudation. But to effect this levelling, a mass of rock must have been removed equal in thickness to the extent of the dislocation. If we can ascertain the full depth of the stratum thus removed, and also the average rate at which denudation takes place, we shall have a measure of the length of time required for the levelling process. Only, at the outset, we must remember, first, that an estimate thus formed is likely to fall far short of the truth, even as respects the particular process involved; and, secondly, that that process is in itself but one in a series of such processes. We learn from a fault, as a dislocation of this kind is called, how much more has been denuded on one side than on the other to restore the level; but not how much has also been taken from both sides. Again, where a fault of this kind occurs, the strata which have undergone the process of dislocation are commonly themselves the products of denudation from other surfaces existing, of course, long before the dislocation occurred. And these surfaces in their turn were probably the results of slow processes of deposition of matter denuded from still earlier surfaces.

To consider, however, a few examples of extensive faults.

Professor Ramsay, describing some of the remarkable faults in North Wales, states that near Snowdon there is a fault

where the displacement of the strata amounts to 5,000 feet, and in the Berwyn Hills one of 5,000 feet; in the Aran range occurs the Bala fault, with a downthrow of 7,000 feet. Between Aran Mowddwy and Careg Aderyn the displacement is between 10,000 and 11,000 feet. "Here we have evidence," says Mr. Croll, "that a mass of rock, varying from one mile to two miles in vertical thickness, must have been denuded in many places from the surface of the country in North Wales."

"Along the flank of the Grampians a great fault runs from the North Sea at Stonehaven to the estuary of the Clyde, throwing the old red sandstone on end sometimes for a distance of two miles from the line of dislocation." Professor Geikie concludes that the amount of displacement must be in some places not less than 5,000 feet.

But perhaps the most remarkable instance known is that of the great fault which crosses Scotland from near Dunbar to the Ayrshire coast. On the south side of this fault we find the ancient silurian rocks, north of it the less ancient rocks, the old red sandstone and carboniferous of North Scotland.* The amount of dislocation is in some places fully 15,000 feet, or nearly three miles. Now, it is to be observed that the dislocation is older than the carboniferous era. For originally the silurian rocks south of the fault must have been covered by the prolongation of the old red sandstone, afterwards completely removed by denudation. If the carboniferous strata had then existed, they, lying uppermost, would, of course, have been washed away first. But we find them on the south side of the fault, lying immediately on the old silurian floor, the old red sandstone which originally covered that floor having been entirely removed. Thus the "enormous thickness of nearly three miles of old red sandstone must have been denuded away

during the period which intervened between" its deposition and the subsequent accumulation of the carboniferous limestone and the coal measures now lying directly on the silurian rocks!

One other case to indicate the enormous periods required for the formation of some of the features of Scottish scenery.

Professor Geikie has shown that "the Pentlands must at one time have been covered with upwards of a mile in thickness of carboniferous rocks, which have all been removed by denudation." "Now," says Mr. Croll, "the Pentlands themselves, it can be proved, existed as hills in much their present form before the carboniferous rocks were laid down over them; and as they are of lower old red sandstone age, and have been formed by denudation, they must consequently have been carved out of the solid rock between the period of the old red sandstone and the beginning of the carboniferous age."

But, in order fully to appreciate the vastness of the periods required for these and kindred changes, it is necessary to recognise the extreme slowness with which such changes proceed.

The first calculations directed to the solution of this difficult problem were those made by Manfredi in 1736. In 1802 Playfair took up the inquiry. But the materials available at that time were so imperfect that these earlier calculations were not satisfactory. In 1850 Tylor, from a careful investigation of the evidence respecting the quantity of matter brought down by rivers into the sea, deduced the conclusion that 10,000 years would be required to raise the sea level by three inches. More recently Mr. Croll, from the latest measurement of the sediment transported by European and American rivers, calculated the rate at which the surface of the land is being denuded. "The conclusion arrived at in his able memoir," says Sir Charles Lyell, "was that the whole terrestrial surface is denuded at the rate of one foot in 6,000 years; and this opinion was simultaneously enforced by his fellow laborer, Mr. Geikie." This was in 1868.

It may be well, before considering the bearing of these researches on the subject presently before us—the obliteration of the effects of dislocations in the earth's

* It is absolutely necessary here, and in what follows, to use these technical geological terms. For the subject of our present inquiry it will suffice to say that the carboniferous rocks are later than the old red sandstone (at least in any given geological district), the old red sandstone later than the silurian, while the Laurentian rocks, mentioned further on, are older yet than the silurian. Of course the oldest rocks lie lowest.

crust—to quote the opinion of Sir Charles Lyell on this method of dealing with the general problem of terrestrial denudation. “It is evident,” he says, “that when we know the dimensions of the area which is drained, and the annual quantity of earthy matter taken from it and borne into the sea, we can affirm how much on an average has been removed from the general surface in one year; and there seems no danger of our overrating the mean rate of waste by selecting” (as Mr. Croll and Geikie had done) “the Mississippi as our example. For that river drains a country equal to more than half the continent of Europe, extends through twenty degrees of latitude, and therefore through regions enjoying a great variety of climate; and some of its tributaries descend from mountains of great height. The Mississippi is also more likely to afford us a fair test of ordinary denudation, because, unlike the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, there are no great lakes in which the fluviatile sediment is thrown down and arrested on its way to the sea. In striking a general average we have to remember that there are large deserts in which there is scarcely any rainfall, and tracts which are as rainless as parts of Peru; and these must not be neglected as counterbalancing others in the tropics where the quantity of rain is in excess. If then, argues Mr. Geikie, we assume that the Mississippi is lowering the surface of the great basin which it drains at the rate of one foot in 6,000 years, 10 feet in 60,000 years, 100 feet in 600,000 years, and 1,000 feet in 6,000,000 years, it would not require more than about 4,500,000 years to wear away the whole of the North American continent if its mean height is correctly estimated by Humboldt at 748 feet; and if the mean height of all the land now above the sea throughout the globe is 1,000 feet, as some geographers believe, it would only require 6,000,000 years to subject a mass of rock equal in volume to the whole of the land to the action of sub-aërial denudation. It may be objected that the annual waste is partial, and not equally derived from the general level of the country, inasmuch as plains, watersheds, and level ground at all heights remain comparatively unaltered; but this, as Mr. Geikie has well pointed

out, does not affect our estimate of the sum total of denudation. The amount remains the same; and if we allow too little for the loss from the surface of table-lands, we only increase the proportion of the loss sustained by the sides and bottoms of the valleys, and *vice versa*.”

We may note, in passing, that, adopting the estimated rate of denudation here indicated, the actual time required for the entire submergence of the present continents, if no vulcanian forces were at work to prevent submergence, would not necessarily be even approximately represented by the period of 6,000,000 years mentioned above. At the outset the rate of submergence would be greater than the mere rate of denudation, since every foot removed from the surface of the continents would cause a rise of about $4\frac{2}{3}$ inches in the level of the sea; so that at first the surface of continents would be lowered on the average not one foot only in 6,000 years, *with respect to the sea-level*, but 1 foot $4\frac{2}{3}$ inches. On the other hand, as the continents became greatly reduced in extent, it is probable that the average annual rate of denudation would be diminished, the portions still remaining above the sea-level being of harder and more durable material than those which had been removed. We need not inquire further, however, into the question here raised, which, though suggested by our subject, does not, strictly speaking, belong to it; moreover, in nature the process considered cannot take place, the earth's internal forces constantly restoring the balance between land and water by the upheaval of submerged regions.

For the purpose of our present inquiry the action of the earth's vulcanian energies need not be considered; because we are concerned only with the question how long would be the period of time required for the removal of a stratum so many hundreds or thousands of feet in thickness. We know, certainly, that, in the special cases we have to deal with, strata of such and such thickness were removed; and it matters little whether, as the process of removal went on, they were being steadily raised by the earth's subterranean action, or whether the original dislocation was followed by the sudden raising of the strata at one side

of the fault and their equally sudden lowering on the other side. However the difference was brought about, it is certain that the raised strata were worn down eventually by the steady action of the same causes which wear down the general surface of the large continents. Having ascertained the average rate at which these causes work, we can apply the result to determine how long they would be in producing the observed levelling down of the upraised strata in faults. There is no reason for supposing that in the remote past the process would go on more quickly than at the present time. And we have seen that even if it did, that would imply a greater activity in the solar energies to which these processes are all in reality due, so that our difficulty would be in no way diminished by any such assumption. The time required would be reduced by a few millions of years perhaps; but the difficulty we are dealing with is not a question of time at all. We are inquiring now into the amount of the total expenditure of solar energies in past ages; and the time-intervals indicated by the earth's crust are only of importance in so far as they show how vast that expenditure of energy has been. Doubtless, in considering other questions, the length of these time-intervals is a question of great interest, but it does not directly concern us here.

Let us, however, follow Mr. Croll in recognising the possibility that, in some of the cases we have to deal with, the rate of denudation may have been greater than the average rate inferred from the consideration of river drainage. To prevent the possibility of over-estimating the periods necessary to effect the observed denudation, let us assume the rate to have been double the average rate, or equal to one foot in 3,000 years.

At this rate a thickness of three miles which (*at the very least*) has been swept away in South Scotland since the old red sandstone period would require 45 million years!

But, older than the old red sandstone rocks, the silurian formations have been denuded in places to depths of thousands of feet before the old red sandstone strata were deposited. And these ancient formations were themselves deposited in the ocean by the slow denu-

dation of the Cambrian rocks. These in turn had been formed from the earlier Laurentian strata. And lastly (so far as the researches of geologists at present extend), the Laurentian rocks themselves were built up from the ruins of other rocks which were themselves sedimentary rocks, not the actual primary rocks of our globe. We should almost certainly under-estimate the period required for these processes of denudation preceding the old red sandstone era, if we assumed that it was only equal in length to the period which has elapsed since that era. But making this assumption, and assuming also (which is also almost certainly an under estimate) that the interval which has elapsed since the old red sandstone era is 45 million years, we find a total of 90 million years for the stratified rocks. In other words, we find at least 90 million years for the period during which rain has fallen on the earth as at present. During that time, therefore, the sun has poured his rays upon the ocean, raising up their waters by evaporation to be carried by winds (also generated by the sun) over the continents, and there discharged in the form of rain and snow.

It may be noticed, in passing, that Sir William Thomson infers, from the observed underground temperature of our earth, that the consolidation of the crust cannot have taken place less than 20 million years ago, or the underground temperature would have been greater than it is; nor more than 400 million years ago, or the underground temperature would have been less than it is. The limits are rather wide; but a value well within these limits would accord with Mr. Croll's estimate of 90 million years as the interval since the earliest stratified rocks were deposited.

Now, the difficulty thus raised is this:—At present we know of no way in which the sun could have emitted the same amount of heat as at present for anything like this period of 90 million years, without having shrunk to much smaller dimensions than he at present has.

It is generally admitted by physicists and astronomers that the solar heat has had its origin in the main, almost wholly in fact, in processes of contraction; and that it is maintained by such processes.

In other words, the gravitation of the sun's mass has given birth to all, or very nearly all, the heat which the sun has emitted in the past, and will continue to emit till the end of his career as a sun. It was once supposed that meteoric downfall on the sun's surface produced the chief share of the solar heat. The idea has now been generally abandoned for reasons into which we need not here enter. But, practically, it is of no importance whether we consider the sun's heat to have been generated by the downfall of masses on his surface (continually fed by such downfall) or by the gradual contraction of the entire mass now constituting his globe, till it had assumed its present dimensions. This is the accepted form of the gravitation theory of the solar heat.

But manifestly, the greatest possible amount of heat which could have been generated in this way would be that produced by the contraction of a great nebulous mass containing all the sun's present substance, from an original extension throughout an infinitely large space to the present dimensions of the sun. It might be supposed, perhaps, that the result of such a process of contraction would be the generation of an infinite amount of heat. But in reality this is not the case, any more than it is the case that a meteoric mass allowed to fall from an infinite distance upon the sun would strike his surface with infinite velocity (after a journey lasting an infinite time—which, however, is a mere detail). We know, on the contrary, the rate at which such a mass would strike the sun—namely, about 360 miles per second. And precisely as we can calculate the velocity of such a mass after being subjected to the sun's pull over an infinitely long journey, so we can calculate the total amount of heat which would result from the contraction of the sun's mass to its present dimensions from a former extension throughout infinite space. We find that it corresponds only to about 20 million years' supply at his present rate of emission.

Thus, while the earth seems to tell us that the sun has been pouring his rays upon her at the same rate as at present during at least 90 million years, the sun seems to tell us that he has not been

pouring out heat at that rate for more than 20 million years.

Even if we reject the earth's evidence, or if we endeavor to show that the rain-falls by which the earth's surface has been again and again denuded were not always due to solar heat, but may have been generated by the earth's own heat, we scarcely find our difficulty removed. For it seems utterly absurd to suppose that the mighty central orb of the solar system only attained its present activity during the comparatively recent years of the history of our earth, one of the smaller and shorter-lived members of the sun's family. Sir W. Thomson has shown, by the most satisfactory of the three methods he employed to *shorten* the estimates formed respecting the earth's duration, that more than 20 million years must have elapsed since her crust was formed—a time which certainly followed by many millions of years the actual genesis of the earth as a gaseous mass. Many physicists reject even the 400 million years given by Thomson as the superior limit, doubting whether the formulæ and data he employed could be relied upon as confidently as the various processes of mathematical calculation which he applied to them. But even if we accept his minimum result—certainly the very least which science will permit us to accept—it would still follow that the sun's present emission of light and heat could not have continued throughout the time of our earth's existence as a planet; *if* the sun's heat had its origin entirely or chiefly in those processes of contraction combined with meteoric indraught in which astronomers and physicists at present believe, *and if the space into which the sun's mass has contracted is really that which the sun we see appears to occupy.*

Mr. Croll, who passes over the latter consideration with the remark that if the sun's density increases towards the centre the supply of solar heat might be somewhat greater, suggests, as the true explanation of the difficulty, that the sun may have derived a portion of his energies in another way than merely through the process of contraction. "In proving that the antiquity of our habitable globe may be far greater than 20 or 30 million years, we prove," he

says, "that there must have been some other source in addition to gravity from which the sun derived his store of energy."

He goes back to the initial state of things conceived by Laplace in presenting what is usually called the nebular hypothesis of the solar system. According to this, the whole of the solar system was formerly a great gaseous mass; but whether cold or hot Laplace did not say. As Helmholtz remarks, "The chemical forces must have been present, and ready to act; but, as these forces could only come into operation by the most intimate contact of the different masses, condensation must have taken place before the play of chemical forces began: whether a still further supply of force in the shape of heat was present at the commencement we do not know." Mr. Croll, who regards the chemical forces as equivalent only to a few thousand years' supply of heat, and, therefore, as comparatively insignificant, thinks we may safely infer that the original nebulous mass was intensely heated, and that in such intense heat we may find the explanation of the problem before us. "It is evident," he says, "that if we admit that the nebulous mass was in a state of incandescence prior to condensation, it will really be difficult to fix any limit either to the age of the sun, or to the amount of heat which it may have originally possessed. The 20 million years' heat obtained by condensation may in such a case be but a small fraction of the total quantity possessed by the mass."

But then the question arises, Whence did the nebulous mass derive its heat? Mr. Croll considers that we may find a satisfactory answer to this question in the assumption that the nebulous mass was formed by the collision of two bodies, each of half the mass of the sun, rushing full tilt upon each other with the velocity of nearly 500 miles per second. Their concussion would generate enough heat to last more than 50 millions of years, which we should have to add to the 20 millions of years provided for by the subsequent condensation of the mass. He asks: "Why may not the sun have been composed of two such bodies? and why may not the original store of heat possessed by him have all been derived

from the concussion of these two bodies? Two such bodies coming into collision with that velocity would be dissipated into vapor and converted into a nebulous mass by such an inconceivable amount of heat as would thus be generated; and when condensation on cooling took place, a spherical mass like that of the sun would result."

It will be asked, Mr. Croll says (and certainly it seems likely), "Where did the two bodies get their velocity?" It may as well be asked, he answers, "Where did they get their existence?" It is just as easy to conceive that they always existed in motion as to conceive that they always existed at rest." At first sight it might seem a fair rejoinder to this to say that, if we are free to assign these enormous velocities to bodies in space, we must be free also to assign to them other properties such as matter can possess—heat, for instance: so that we might solve our problem at once by saying that the nebulous mass was originally supplied with enough heat to last fifty, a hundred, or a thousand millions of years. But there is a difference between motion and heat. Masses of matter might be rushing hither and thither through space for ever, without change, except when collisions occurred; whereas masses intensely hot must radiate their heat away. So that while we can, as Mr. Croll truly says, conceive the existence of bodies in motion for any length of time we please, we cannot conceive the constant existence of an intensely-heated nebulous or other mass. It *must* lose heat; whereas the bodies rushing about through space need not lose motion, and certainly would not do so unless they came into collision.

Nor is Mr. Croll's position affected by the argument that neither our own sun nor the other suns which people space are rushing about with anything like these velocities of four, five, or six hundred miles per second. For all the stars are glowing with intense light and heat, and therefore must be regarded as bodies which, like our sun (according to this theory), have been formed by mighty collisions, in which their motion was converted into light and heat. The stars, therefore, are bodies which have already lost the greater part of their original velocities, and the comparatively

small velocities left them are precisely what, according to this theory, we might expect.

Yet, while an answer may be found to some of the more obvious arguments against this startling theory, it must be admitted that the theory remains surrounded by difficulties of an almost insuperable nature.

Without entering into calculations which would be out of place in these pages, we may state that the imagined collisions of bodies rushing hither and thither, even with the enormous velocities suggested, through stellar space, would resemble in frequency, or rather in paucity, collisions between bullets in an engagement between two very widely scattered parties of skirmishers. At a rate of 500 miles per second (possessed by *each*), two bodies as far apart as our own sun and his nearest neighbor among the stars, would meet each other (if their motion were suitably directed) in about 700 years. Supposing a million stars, scattered as stars are now scattered, were to rush in a flight to meet a million stars similarly scattered, at the rate just mentioned, a million years or so would elapse before the two flights had rushed through each other, and the chances would be many millions to one against even a single collision occurring. Such bodies would have to be strewn far more densely through space than the stars are to make it probable that among several millions of them one collision would occur in a million years. As the supply of light and heat resulting from each collision would not last more than 50 or 60 millions of years on the average, only fifty or sixty stars would be visible at any given moment among all those millions of bodies. So that for each star shining in that region of space (and the same reasoning applies to the whole of the stellar universe) there would be millions of dark bodies. Of these a certain proportion, probably very small, would consist of orbs which had undergone collision, had shone for 50, 60, or say 100 millions of years, and were now dead suns. The rest of the dark bodies, outnumbering the visible stars millions of times, would be bodies which had not yet encountered others after the fashion which the theory requires. These would be dangerous fellows. They might at

any time come into collision either with each other, making new suns, or with suns already glowing, making these suns glow a great deal more brightly, and destroying the inhabitants of any worlds circling around them. Moreover, we ought, in the course of comparatively short periods, to see such new stars suddenly begin their existence as vaporous masses glowing with an intensely bright light. Now, nothing in the least corresponding to the process of sun-formation required by this theory has ever been observed. The so-called new stars are not at all what the theory requires. They have shone with intense brightness for a few months at the outside, and have then died out; but according to the theory we require stars which shall burn with steady fires for many millions of years. Now, we might reasonably expect that for some short time following its first formation, a new sun would shine much more brightly than afterwards. Mr. Croll, indeed, supposes otherwise, his line of argument as to new stars (presently to be noticed) assuming that after a collision a star would immediately begin the steady emission of light and heat at about the rate at which it would continue to emit them afterwards: but a collision in which the supply of heat and light for 100 millions of years was generated in a moment would unquestionably produce also a great temporary outburst. Those new stars, however, which astronomers have been able to observe since the spectroscope was invented, have not behaved in the required manner. (As a friend of ours is apt to say when observation does not accord with theory, "They didn't know, poor things, what they were expected to do.") One was found to be a star already recorded in star-maps, and has faded to its original lustre; the other, after shining for a while as a bright star, has faded into a faint nebula or star-cloud.

Mr. Croll reasons thus as to the probable number of new stars which would be formed according to his theory:—"The formation of a sun by collision is an event that would not be likely to escape observation if it occurred within the limits of visibility in space. But such an event must be of very rare occurrence, or the number of stars visible would be far greater than it is. The number of

stars registered down to the seventh magnitude inclusive, is, according to Herschel, somewhere between 12,000 and 15,000, and this is all that can possibly be seen by the naked eye. Now, if we suppose each of them to shine like our sun for (say) 100 million years, then one formed in every 7,000 or 8,000 years would maintain the present number undiminished. But this is the number included in both hemispheres, so that the occurrence of an event of such unparalleled splendor and magnificence as the formation of a star, or rather nebula—for this would be the form first assumed—is what can only be expected to be seen in our hemisphere once in about 15,000 years. The absence of any historical record of such an event having ever occurred can, therefore, be no evidence whatever against the theory." If, however, as may most reasonably be assumed, the formation of a sun in this way would be in the first instance accompanied by a most tremendous outburst of light and heat, far exceeding that which the body in its ultimate condition as a sun would emit, then we should be able to recognise the formation of any such sun within the region of space over which our telescopes range; and in that region of space there are more like a hundred million than twelve or fifteen thousand stars. An outburst ought to be recognised, on the average, about once a year; and certainly new suns are not entering on the first stage of their existence at this rate.

Moreover, apart from what we have mentioned above as to the duration of so-called new stars, what is known about one at least of the two new stars which have appeared during the last twelve years, by no means accords with what we should expect if the outburst were caused by the collision of two other suns, or of two dark masses rushing along at the rate of four or five hundred miles per second. One of them was found not to be a new star at all. It was simply a tenth-magnitude star which had suddenly acquired the brightness of a second-magnitude star. It rapidly lost its new lustre, returning to the brightness which it had had before the outburst. The other—the new star which appeared in the constellation Cygnus in November, 1876—did behave in a manner recon-

cilable in some degree with Mr. Croll's theory. For, while no star had been known to exist where this star suddenly appeared, the new star, after shining for a while with light resembling in character that emitted by other stars, gradually, as it lost its light, assumed a nebulous character, and is at this moment shining with light of precisely the same kind as is emitted by the gaseous masses called (from their appearance) planetary nebulae. It would be rather rash, however, to assume that here was a case where two orbs rushing through space had encountered full tilt, and after a certain time, during which the heat excited by their collision had been reducing their substance to vapor, the entire mass had become a nebula. If we are to suppose that dark, hard masses produce suns by their collision, we enormously increase the chances against collision, because we enormously reduce the dimensions of the bodies supposed to be travelling through space. Returning to our illustration from a battle-field, it is as though each bullet were reduced in size to the thousandth part of the smallest of small shot.

There is, moreover, this inherent difficulty in the theory thus presented, that if the heat resulting from collision vaporises the entire mass, making a mighty nebula out of which in the course of many millions of years a solar system is to form, by far the greater part of this heat will be radiated away into space while the nebula is passing through the mere beginning of the process of contraction, and ages before a single member of the future solar system has assumed the form of a habitable world. The total amount of energy corresponding to the collision, if it could all be kept in stock, so to speak, till the time that the members of the system were fully fashioned, might suffice for as many millions of years as we find that our earth has actually been exposed to the rays of the sun. But there is no conceivable way in which the supply could thus be reserved till it was wanted. While a nebulous mass was contracting, it would be expending most of the heat equivalent to each successive stage of contraction. Of course, as regards the contraction due to cooling—that is, to the emission of heat—every part of such contraction

would be exactly compensated by loss of heat. But the contraction due to gravitation, the only part of the process of contraction by which heat would in any sense be generated, would cause from the beginning a steady emission of heat; and whether the total rate of such emission were greater or less in the earlier stages than now, it is certain that the duration of those earlier stages would enormously exceed—say, rather, would exceed many hundreds of times—the period which has elapsed since first rain fell upon this earth, or winds blew over its surface.*

It appears to us that the true explanation of the difficulty (the first full recognition of which we owe to Mr. Croll) must be sought elsewhere. Apart from the fatal objection considered in the last paragraph, a theory involving the genesis of all the millions of existent stars from accidental collisions among millions of millions (for fewer would not suffice) of dark masses, constantly rushing through space at the rate of many hundreds of miles per second, is not one which can find acceptance among those who are acquainted with the actual present position of stellar research. But the difficulty indicated by Mr. Croll remains to be encountered. *Somewhere* the premises must be wrong which lead to an erroneous conclusion.

Now, we are not disposed to question the validity of the reasoning which Mr. Croll and other geologists have based on the condition of the earth's crust. The only way of diminishing our estimate of the time-interval necessary for the stratification of the earth is to assume (as we find Professor Kirkwood does) that in former ages the stratification proceeded more rapidly than at present.

* This paragraph was already written when we received from Professor Kirkwood of Bloomington, Indiana, U. S. (one of the most ingenious and original astronomers of the day), a paper in which he presents the same general argument. The conclusion at which he arrives is that much the greater part of the supply of heat "must have been radiated into space before the planets were separated from the solar mass, and consequently that the amount of geological time cannot to any great extent have exceeded the limits indicated by the researches of Sir W. Thomson." The latter inference, as will be seen, does not appear to us to be made out; but the former seems unquestionably correct.

But, as we have already seen, this amounts really to the assumption that in former ages the sun exerted a more powerful action upon the earth than at present; and we are in no way helped, because it is the totality of the sun's action on the earth with which we are in reality alone concerned.

We revert, then, to the original proposition of the difficulty, to see whether there may not be any other way of escape. It appears that if the sun has contracted into his present dimensions from a nebula originally extending far beyond the orbit of Neptune, the supply of solar heat would not have lasted anything near the time during which we know, from the study of our own earth, that the supply has lasted. We have assumed all along that the sun's dimensions are those which the sun actually presents to the eye. May not our mistake lie here? May not the sun—or, rather, the chief portion of his mass—have contracted in reality to far smaller dimensions than he appears to possess?

Not many years ago, a question of this sort would have appeared altogether fanciful. But facts have been ascertained in the last few years which have greatly altered our ideas respecting the sun. It is quite certain that the sun we see is not the whole sun. It is, in a sense, a mere accident that we see the sun as he actually appears. If our eyesight were of a somewhat different quality, we should see the sierra which surrounds the entire globe of the sun to a depth of five or six thousand miles; thus we should see a much larger sun. With a yet further change of visual power we should recognise the inner corona, and the sun would appear yet larger. And we can quite readily conceive the possibility of the outer corona being discerned; in which case the sun would not merely appear larger, but many times larger than he is at present. It would, indeed, be possible to see the sun thus enormously enlarged without any change in our visual powers, if our standpoint were somewhat altered and (a slight but necessary detail) if we could exist under the new conditions. From the moon's surface, an observer possessing visual powers such as ours, and capable of existing without air or water, would see all those solar appendages

which are concealed from our view (except during total solar eclipse) by a veil of sunlit air.

Now, precisely as it is conceivable that by a change in our visual powers or in the conditions under which we observe the sun, we might see him occupying (as he really does, for the corona is a part of him) a region of space many times larger than that occupied by the sun we see, so it is conceivable that the sun we see occupies a region of space many times larger than that occupied by the true mass of the sun. In the same sense in which we say now that the sun's volume is that indicated by the visible surface of the sun, because the mass of all which lies outside that surface is as nothing compared with the mass which lies within it, it may well be that the true globe of the sun lies far within the glowing surface we see, the entire mass of matter lying outside such much smaller true globe being insignificant compared with the mass forming that globe.

This is not a mere hypothesis, devised to meet the difficulty indicated by Mr. Croll. That it does meet that difficulty will be obvious if we consider that the difficulty depends entirely on the observed present largeness of the sun's diameter. If the diameter were one-half its supposed length, the estimated duration of the emission of heat would be doubled; if the diameter were one-third its supposed length, the duration of the emission would be trebled; and so on. The density of the solar globe would be increased in much greater degree. With a diameter reduced one-half, the density would be increased eightfold; while if the diameter were reduced to one-third its present (seeming) length, the density would be increased twenty-seven times. Now, whether it be permissible to assume that the sun's globe could have a mean density many times greater than that usually assigned to it, there can be no manner of doubt that this supposed mean density is very much less than the known conditions under which the sun's mass exists would lead us to expect. The mean density of the sun is only one-fourth the mean density of our earth, while the pressures existing in the sun's interior are thousands of times greater than those inside our earth. True, the

sun's temperature is enormous, and thus an expansive power exists throughout the sun's mass which would readily overcome such contractile forces as exist within the earth's frame. But the pressures produced within the sun by gravity are so tremendous that the elastic forces of the gaseous materials of the sun's globe must be quite incompetent to resist the contractile tendency. The proof that this is so is found in the constant emission of solar heat, which represents in reality the yielding of the solar mass to the influence of its own gravitating energies.

We approach here the consideration of relations such as we are entirely unable to understand or even conceive. No experimental researches we can make can throw any trustworthy light on the condition of the sun's interior, where pressures far surpassing any we are familiar with contend with temperatures equally surpassing the fiercest heat known to us on earth. It is probable that the entire mass of the sun, whatever its real extension, is gaseous; for the heat of all the materials of that mass is greater than the critical temperature of the densest elements—that temperature at which no pressure, however great, would liquefy or solidify them. If at this tremendous temperature and at the enormous pressures to which they are exposed the constituents of the solar globe were perfect gases, there would be no limit to the density they would attain in the sun's interior. But we have every reason to believe that after a certain density had been attained under pressure, these gases would no longer behave as perfect gases, their density increasing with pressure. And we find it difficult to imagine that gaseous matter could under any pressure, however great, acquire a density exceeding many times that of the elements we chiefly see in the solid form. Yet it would be unsafe to assume any limits to the density which might be attained under constantly increasing pressure by matter maintained always at so tremendous a temperature that it was prevented from becoming liquid or solid.

If we inquire what seems suggested by the actual available evidence respecting the sun's condition, inside that glowing globular surface which conceals from

us all that lies within, we find reason to believe that the sun's interior is thus enormously compressed. It can readily be shown that if the sun's mass is not thus compressed, then, rotating at the observed rate, his globe should be flattened to an extent which should be recognisable by the best methods of modern measurement. The flattening, be it understood, would still be very small. It might even escape observation, so small would it be; but the probability is that it would have been detected. On the other hand, if the sun's interior is exceedingly dense, then the flattening of his globe would certainly not be observable. Since, as a matter of fact, no flattening has been observed, the probability is that the sun is enormously compressed near the centre. It must be admitted that this part of the evidence is not very strong; but, such as it is, it bears in the direction indicated.

Strangely enough, we derive from a different orb the strongest evidence on this particular point. Jupiter's mean density is the same as the sun's, if we take the visible disc of Jupiter as indicating the true size of the planet. Now it has been shown by Mr. George Darwin (from a careful comparison of the motions of Jupiter's moons with those calculated on the assumption that Jupiter's mass is not greatly compressed at the centre) that Jupiter must be very much denser at the centre than near the visible surface of his globe. This agrees with all that is known respecting that planet. We have pointed out, on former occasions, in these pages, how utterly impossible it is to explain the phenomena presented by the giant planet, on the assumption that the disc we see and measure is the true globe of Jupiter. Mr. Darwin's reasoning proves in another way that this globe lies far within the apparent outline of the planet, which in reality represents probably the region where lie the feathery clouds forming his outermost cloud-layer. Within it lie other cloud-layers, and an atmosphere of exceeding depth. Nay, it is probable that the greater part, if not the entire mass, of each of the planets Jupiter and Saturn exists at so intense a heat (though the cloud-envelopes we see are not intensely hot) that solidification and liquefaction are impossible at

any pressure, however great. In this case the density of the internal parts of these planets, as of the internal parts of the sun, would be due to the vastness of the pressures exerted upon the nuclear regions.

Without insisting on this, let it simply be noted that in the case of Jupiter and Saturn it has been to all intents and purposes demonstrated that the condensation of the planet's mass is very much greater than we should infer from the apparent dimensions of the planet's globe. Since these planets are probably intermediate in condition, as they are in size, between our earth and the sun, we find another reason for inferring that the nuclear parts of the sun are exceedingly dense. If so, the difficulty which Mr. Croll has sought to deal with by imagining that not our sun only, but every sun peopling space, has been produced by the collision of formerly dark masses rushing hither and thither with inconceivable velocities, would no longer exist.

One circumstance, however, remains to be noticed. We have endeavored to explain the apparent age of our earth's strata by an assumption which in reality implies that the sun is a great deal older than he had been supposed to be. Not merely does our hypothesis require that he should be regarded as a great deal older, but, as it has not directly enhanced our estimate of his possible total duration, it assumes in fact that he is many millions of years nearer to his end as a living sun (so to speak) than has been commonly supposed. The process of contraction, on which his vitality as a sun depends, has gone on much farther, if our theory be sound, than if we suppose the globe of the sun, as we see it, to be of uniform or nearly uniform density throughout.

But it does not seem to us that the estimate of the sun's duration which would result from our theory, would fall short of that which astronomers had formed on the hypothesis that the sun is of uniform density. (We call our view a theory, because it is based on observed facts; the usual view an hypothesis, because no one has ever ventured to assert that any facts indicate its correctness.) On the contrary, according to the usual view, astronomers had recognised a certain limiting density not very

far removed from the present supposed density of the sun, beyond which the process of contraction could not probably compress his globe. According to the theory we have brought forward in explanation of observed facts, the elements composing a mass at so high a temperature and subject to such enormous pressure as the sun's may attain even in the gaseous form a density far greater than has hitherto been considered possible. Enormously though we suppose the process of contraction to have gone beyond the extent heretofore believed in, we no longer recognise as close at hand any limit beyond which that process cannot pass. For our own part, in fine, while we consider it quite possible that the nucleus of the sun may be so tremendously compressed as to correspond to a past emission of solar heat for many hundreds of millions of

years, we see no reason to believe that the process of contraction may not continue with the same emission of heat as at present for hundreds of millions of years to come. It appears to us as absurd to measure the probable amount of solar energy either already exerted in the past or available for the future, by considerations based on the behavior of the elements at the temperatures and pressures we can obtain experimentally, as it was of old times to estimate the proportions of the heavenly bodies on the assumption that the earth is the all-important body which they were made to serve, or as it is in our own time to estimate the duration of the heavenly orbs by the minute time-intervals corresponding to the various stages of our earth's relatively insignificant existence.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE POETIC PLACE OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MR. ARNOLD has just put forth a most fascinating little volume of selections* from his own poems,—with an exquisitely embellished title-page—and printed in the clearest possible print. Such a selection marks a certain maturity of stage in a poet's life and development, and reminds us that Mr. Arnold has really been so long familiar to us, that it is no longer difficult to form some estimate of what he has done, or even of what relative place he occupies, in our minds, among the other English poets.

What strikes one first about Mr. Arnold is that he, more perhaps than any poet who has ever used the English language, is a poet of precision. His language is chosen with the purity of taste and purity of feeling to which Dr. Newman alone of other English writers had full accustomed us. Nothing could be more different in many ways than the best poetry in the "*Lyra Apostolica*" and the best poetry in Matthew Arnold's volumes. Their tendency is, for the most part, opposite. Their subjects are usually very different. But in the finely-chiselled outline of the thought, in the delicate discrimination between the various associations carried by words, in the

curious lucidity, often rising into lustre, of the expression, we know nothing like Matthew Arnold outside the prose and poetry of Dr. Newman. Take Dr. Newman's marvellous description of David:—

"Twofold praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle-plain;
Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope and loneliness;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith and guilt and woe;
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated Power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years."

There is no other poet, living or dead, for whose work, so far as we know, that verse might possibly, and without ignominious blundering, be mistaken by one who did not know its author, except Matthew Arnold. The nearest thing we know to this in English poetry is Mr. Arnold's delineation of a very different figure, Goethe:—

"When Goethe's death was told, we said,
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said, *Thou ailest, here and here!*"

* Macmillan and Co.

He looked on Europe's dying hour
 Of fitful dream and feverish power ;
 His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
 The turmoil of expiring life,—
 He said, *The end is everywhere ;*
Art still has truth, take refuge there.
 And he was happy, if to know
 Causes of things, and far below
 His feet to see the lurid flow
 Of terror and insane distress
 And headlong fate, be happiness."

Or perhaps we might compare Dr. Newman's lines still more aptly to the picture of a physician of sick souls groping in vain for some remedy for spiritual decay and despair, in Mr. Arnold's beautiful poem, the "Scholar Gipsy." In speaking of those who await in vain "the spark from Heaven" which shall show them what to do, he wrote :—

"Yes, we await it ! but it still delays,
 And then we suffer ! and amongst us one,
 Who most has suffered, takes dejectedly
 His seat upon the intellectual throne ;
 And all his store of sad experience he
 Lays bare of wretched days ;
 Tells us his misery's birth and growth and
 signs,
 And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
 And how the breast was soothed, and how
 the head,
 And all his hourly varied anodynes."

In the predominance of language of precision, and yet language exquisitely pure and poetical, full of the light and air of poetry, Mr. Arnold has all the skill and delicacy and discriminating felicity of Dr. Newman.

But Mr. Arnold is not only a poetic sculptor in the exquisite clearness of his outlines ; he is also a poetic water-color painter of the purest school,—the school which regards what is technically called "body-color" as a sin, and aims at making transparency of effect almost as important as truth of effect itself. Here Mr. Arnold reminds us of the poet Gray, who paints with the same lucid touch, though certainly with much less richness of impression. There is a good deal in Mr. Arnold's poetry which reminds us, in its style of coloring, more of the celebrated "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" than of any other English poem. But the difference is, that Mr. Arnold is more original in his touches. Gray is full of beauty, but his pictures, both of humanity and of nature, are slightly conventional in their cast ; they are exquisitely painted, but painted without marking that

the poet's mind has ranged beyond the common horizon, though it has got a far more than common command over the instruments for calling up in others what he sees vividly himself. It is otherwise with Mr. Arnold. He hardly ever paints a lovely scene without some phrase which adds to your knowledge of its charm. This verse, for instance, is like Gray in style, but a good deal above Gray in originality of painting :—

"But on the stairs what voice is this I hear,
 Buoyant as morning, and as morning clear?
 Say, has some wet, bird-haunted English
 lawn
 Lent it the music of its trees at dawn?
 Or was it from some sun-flecked mountain
 brook
 That the sweet voice its upland clearness
 took?"

That is quite in Gray's style of painting, but the "wet, bird-haunted English lawn" is a touch too original and exquisite for Gray. As a painter in transparent water-colors, however, Mr. Arnold has perhaps never surpassed, though he has very often approached, the beauty of that contrast in "Thyrsis" between a stormy and a brilliant summer, which the June and July of the present year must have often recalled to Mr. Arnold's many admirers :—

"So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
 When the year's primal burst of bloom is
 o'er,
 Before the roses and the longest day,—
 When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
 With blossoms red and white of fallen May
 And chestnut flowers are strewn,—
 So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry
 From the wet field through the vext garden
 trees,
 Come with the volleying rain and tossing
 breeze :
 The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
 Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come
 on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and
 swell,
 Soon shall we have gold snapdragon,
 Sweet-William, with his homely cottage
 smell,
 And stocks in fragrant blow ;
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
 And open jasmine-muffled lattices,
 And groups under the dreaming garden
 trees,
 And the full moon, and the white evening
 star."

For purity and lustre of color, that pic-

as never been surpassed in English

It takes up the style of Gray, it a freshness and originality not going to Gray, while keeping all his coolness, and transparency. In fastidiousness, and grace Mr. Ar- s Gray's equal; in buoyancy, fresh- and lustre, greatly his superior.

while in clearness and sharp defi- of outline, and purity and delicacy lor, Mr. Arnold has rarely been ed by any of our English poets, it course, to be understood that his ts are limited to those which can ated with so fine a pencil and so arent a style as his. Thought is s uppermost in his mind. His ob- ion itself is always tranquil and full definiteness of intellectual discrim- n. He never breaks out into sing- : wailing, like Shelley. He never s his colors with the force and pas- of Byron. He never mixes his ; with the lavish hand of Tennyson, almost to bewilder you with the elicity and variety of impressions.

eps in one stratum, the intellectual ffective stratum, even in his narra- oems. He is animated by one minating emotion, the emotion of a f grandiose spiritual compassion.

as he has a clear affinity with any ; greater poets of England, it is is that his affinity is with Words- ; and that, though he has not sworth's rapture or Wordsworth's uity, he has learnt more from sworth than from any other, while is brought to the treatment of sworth's themes a more delicate nder workmanship, a greater rich- nd subtlety of intellect, a consider- arriative power of which Words- can hardly be said to have possessed he germs, and a much larger his- l and philosophical horizon. Still, sworth was and doubtless will con- o be recognised as a poet of much r weight of natural genius, of far hardy power, of far deeper im- . Mr. Arnold can hardly be called disciple of Wordsworth, deeply as s drunk at the spring of Words- s genius. It may be said of him e has been fascinated and charmed ordsworth's thoughts, without be- ily conquered by them; that he en diverted from his intellectual

troubles by Wordsworth, but has failed to be consoled. He says of Words- worth, in the beautiful memorial verses transferred to this little volume :—

“ And Wordsworth !—ah, pale ghosts, rejoice,
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
Since erst at morn some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades and the mournful gloom.

Wordsworth has gone from us,—and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we !
He, too, upon a wintry clime
Had fallen,—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round ;
He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth,
On the cool, flowery lap of earth ;
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease ;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again ;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth return'd ; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world.”

But that, eloquent as it is, is not the kind of way in which Wordsworth him- self would have wished to be commemorated. He would have regarded the faint classical hope expressed on behalf of the “ pale ghosts” as utterly removed from the school of his hardy and humble, though buoyant faith. He would not have desired his poetry to be looked upon as an alleviation of human lots,—as a sweet interlude in the iron course of human destiny—but rather as the announcement of one who had discerned with prophetic glance the ultimate divinity of this unintelligible world. He went about with deep exultation in his heart, not, like Mr. Arnold, with an exalted compassion and a serene fortitude. Where Wordsworth said ‘rejoice,’ Mr. Arnold says ‘endure.’ While Wordsworth's rapture was the rapture of illumination from the source of all Light, Mr. Arnold's is but an ambiguous and hesitating joy in the buoyancy of his own individual soul. The affinities of Mr. Arnold with Wordsworth, and the still graver contrasts between them, will not be adequately seen by the readers of this little volume of ‘Selections’ only. It is in such poems as “Resignation,” “The Youth of Nature,” and the two fine poems on the

author of "Obermann," that Mr. Arnold's true philosophy, — his rejection of Wordsworth, — his relegation of Wordsworth to the position of a poet who charms us chiefly by ignoring "the half of human fate," is to be found. Still, Mr. Arnold can never be understood by one who has not grasped his relation to Wordsworth, his deep delight in Wordsworth, his long study of him, and his fundamental rejection of him.

On the whole, we should say that Mr. Arnold will live in English literature as one who recalls Gray by his cool, pure, and delicate workmanship; Newman by the severe and lucid sharpness of his outlines; and who represents a survival from the school of Wordsworth, having carried off from it a good deal of its habit of thought and buoyancy of feeling, while rejecting its main current of meditative faith. In the delineation of human passion, Mr. Arnold has limited himself almost to a single phase of it, but

in the delineation of that phase he is supreme. No English poet ever painted so powerfully the straining of emotion against the reins of severe intellectual repression. In Mr. Arnold there is a deep love of excitement, and a deep fear of it, always struggling. He may be said to have gained his reputation as a poet by the vigor with which he paints the conflict.

"I staunch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain,"

might almost be transferred from one of his poems to the title-page, as the motto of his whole poetry, both narrative and reflective. As a selection of his poems for the popular taste, this little volume is almost perfect, with one exception. The "Sick King of Bokhara" should have been included. No poem of Mr. Arnold's is more perfectly characteristic, and no poem of his is likely to be more popular.—*The Spectator*.

THE OLD HOME.

O LITTLE house lost in the heart of the lindens,
What would I not give to behold you once more :
To inhale once again the sweet breath of your roses,
And the starry clematis that climbed round your door—

To see the neat windows thrown wide to the sunshine ;
The porch where we sat at the close of the day,
Where the weary foot trav'ler was welcome to rest him,
And the beggar was never sent empty away ;

The wainscoted walls, and the low raftered ceilings ,
To hear the loud tick of the clock on the stair ;
And to kiss the dear face bending over the bible,
That always was laid by my grandfather's chair !

O bright little garden beside the plantation,
Where the tall fleurs-de-lis their blue banners unfurled,
And the lawn was alive with the thrushes and blackbirds,
I would you were all I had known of the world !

My sweet pink pea-clusters ! My rare honeysuckle !
My prim polyanthus all of a row !
In a garden of dreams I still pass and caress you,
But your beautiful selves are forever laid low—

For your walls, little house, long ago have been levelled ;
Alien feet your smooth borders, O garden, have trod ;
And those whom I loved are at rest from their labors,
Reposing in peace on the bosom of God !

Temple Bar.

CYPRUS.

R. HAMILTON LANG, LATE BRITISH CONSUL FOR THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

FORMATION concerning the last added to the diadem of the Queen of England cannot fail to be of interest to the British public at the present moment. All are naturally asking what is this new member adopted into the British family—is he a hopeless renegade or a promising child? In the following remarks I venture to give a few details concerning this new possession of Cyprus, which may assist the British public in forming a sound judgment upon this interesting and most important question. I begin by saying that my information is the result of nine years' residence on the island, under circumstances the most favorable to obtaining an intimate knowledge of the country, its inhabitants, its capabilities, and its administration. I have wandered over the island from end to end, lived and talked with its people, both rulers and peasants, in the most unreserved manner, and have been associated with the fiscal administration of the country. It is in consideration of these exceptional advantages that I presume to write upon this subject.

A glance at any map will convince the incredulous of the advantageous position which Cyprus occupies both as a defence to the Suez Canal and a possible future Euphrates Valley Railway, as a starting-point and depot for any operations which in the future may become necessary for the defence of our interests in Asiatic Turkey. All the most aggressive dynasties of the world—Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Macedonian—all found the capture or subjection of Cyprus to be a first and necessary step in their approaches upon Egypt. Good reason then have we, so deeply interested in Egypt, to be satisfied that this important position should be in our possession. In proportion as it would be valuable against us in the hands of our enemies, so is it precious to us, as a barrier against the approach of any power which might menace our communications through Egypt. But this is not the only advantage which we may derive, or rather which the cause of prog-

ress may derive, from the unfurling of the British flag over Cyprus. To those who believe in the regeneration of Turkey by the hands of its present dominant race, the British position in Cyprus will be acceptable, as affording a near and practical example of the kind of justice and administration which all the Turkish provinces require; and just as it is easier to imitate than to initiate, so the task of the Sublime Porte will be immensely facilitated. Again, to those (unfortunately a very large number) who doubt of the possibility of Turkey's regeneration by Mussulman hands, and who consequently foresee in the near future a severe crisis through which the populations of Turkey must pass in order to attain their deliverance from fatal misgovernment, the British position in Cyprus will be valued as a powerful support to these struggling nationalities, and a wholesome check upon any outbreak of Mussulman fanaticism which may be dreaded as the last flicker of a dying light. Thus the moral influence of the nearer proximity of England—the lover of liberty and the noblest example of its triumphs—will be an immense aid to the elements in Turkey which are combating after progress, and will act as a discouragement to all the partisans of oppression and injustice.

But Cyprus, as a British possession, must become a model of good government, an oasis in the surrounding desert of unenlightened administrations. Yet, the truth must be plainly told, to attain this is not easy, and our first struggles after its attainment may be costly and humiliating. It is very easy to do as we did in Corfu, spend a lot of money, and thus create a kind of artificial prosperity at the cost of the mother country. But it ought to make us blush to think that, as far as concerns the material prosperity of the vital interests of the island, Corfu is just as well off to-day under the Greeks as it was when under the model government of the world. The fact is we are, as a nation, too insular, and, thinking nothing good but what is born in our contracted home-sphere, we im-

pose our British notions upon subjects brought up under entirely different circumstances. You cannot, except at the cost of great discomfort and considerable grumbling, put Oriental feet, accustomed to the simplest covering, into tight-fitting Western boots; nor will you ever in an Oriental clime find close-fitting Western boots a suitable covering. The progress towards Western standards must be gradual, and must especially go upon the line of steadily improving the systems of justice and administration which have been long current in the country, and thus by steady steps raise the Eastern conceptions to Western principles. During my first years in Cyprus I tried to introduce the Western system of agriculture, and for this purpose got out English ploughs, harrows, &c. But I was not long in finding out that much of what was good in the West was unsuitable to the East, and that if I wished to make full use of the materials for work around me, I must follow a system in which the natives could give me effective aid. In consequence, I abandoned my Western instruments, got the best models of the native plough, bought the best bullocks I could find in the country, adopted the native system of careful selection of seeds, and manured yearly as much as could be done at a moderate cost. The result was that the natives whom I employed exerted themselves to their utmost to accomplish the object which I kept before them as the only test of success—namely profit—and the results surpassed all my expectations. My control existed in a careful record of results, the efficacy of which my Mohammedan steward came to admire and even rely upon. Similar must be the principles of the local administration of Cyprus, if it is to be successful; for only in that way will the intelligence of the governed be able to keep in sympathy with the system which governs them. Suppose, as an example, that the system of taxation which from time immemorial has prevailed in Cyprus were to be rudely abolished, and new taxes, after western models—such as an income-tax—were substituted, the people might ultimately adapt themselves to the new order of ideas, but only after a long period of disbelief and of friction, detrimental to that sympathy which

ought to exist between the rulers and ruled. On the contrary, if we set to work at once to improve the prevalent system—to eradicate the numberless abuses which are patent to all; to lighten to the utmost the burden of payment by consulting the convenience of the payer; and, above all, by means of elaborate statistics, to bring to the light of day the result of every tax in its minute details—by so doing we shall have the intelligent approval of our new subjects, and the most gratifying comparisons instituted by them between the past system and the present. Our task must not be to turn Cypriotes into Englishmen, but to possess as subjects happy and prosperous Cypriotes.

Let us now examine whether the characteristics of the people and the capabilities of the island give us fair reason to hope that, if we go rightly about it, we may succeed in making the people happy and the island prosperous.

The population of the island is roughly estimated at 180,000 inhabitants. By statistics in possession of the Turkish authorities, the number of *contribuables* is 44,000, of whom a part represent unmarried men who have reached the age of maturity. Making the necessary deduction for these, and estimating the families as composed, on an average, of five individuals, it will be apparent that the estimate of 180,000 inhabitants for the whole island is fully justified. Of that population rather more than two-thirds are Christians, and rather less than one-third are Mohammedans. With the exception of a little colony of Maronites, numbering about a thousand, who came to the island a century ago, all the Christian population speaks Greek, and belongs to the Greek Orthodox religion.

The Cypriotes are generally classified under the name of Greek, but from the earliest pre-historic times to this day the characteristics of the people are essentially distinct from those of the Greeks. They are deficient in the liveliness and nervous activity of the Hellenes, and are not inspired by any Hellenic aspirations. They are docile in the highest degree, industrious and sober. Their love of home and family is very remarkable. So strong is the former characteristic that on several occasions I found it very difficult to induce men to leave their na-

tive village even for considerable pecuniary advantages. The continual care of parents is the settlement for life of their children, and for this purpose, as soon as their family comes to years of maturity, they portion out amongst its members their property and wealth, so that on the maturity of all their children the parents, in many cases, become simply recipients of their children's bounty. So common is this that a creditor is never satisfied with the signature of a father whose son is of age—the son must also sign the bond. This conduct encourages early marriages, and there is something touching and beautiful in the unselfishness with which the parents as it were sacrifice their individual existence for the good of their children. It is commonly thought that the morals of the Cypriotes are loose, but this is an entire mistake. The morals of the peasantry will bear most favorable comparison with the same class in England or Scotland, but it is singular how all the domestic affection, especially of the husband, is concentrated in the children. The wife is the unsentimental helpmeet, but the children draw out the affections of the heart. There is little fanaticism in the Mohammedan element. The majority speak Greek as well as Turkish, and live upon the most amicable terms with their Christian neighbors. Indeed, throughout Turkey this is invariably the case where the Mohammedan element is in the minority. In the country districts, polygamy is the exception, not the rule, and the children are in consequence strong and vigorous. By statistics which I collected from several villages in which the Mohammedan and Christian elements were combined, I ascertained that there were more male births among the Mohammedans than among the Christians, and that the proportion of male to female births was very high.

During recent years the increase of the Christian population has been greater than that of the Mohammedan, but this has in some measure been owing to the blood-tax, or conscription to the army, which hitherto has fallen upon the Mohammedans only. This disadvantage under which the latter labored will now be removed, and a great boon it will be felt. The Christian population is also

much more industrious than the Mohammedan, and for many years in the sales of land Mohammedans have been generally sellers and seldom purchasers. The Mohammedan is not, with rare exceptions, an intelligent agriculturist, and the seclusion in which he keeps his wife makes her a less valuable assistant to him than the wife of the Christian is to her husband.

Such is a brief description of the people whose future is confided to British care, and it will be acknowledged that they possess many encouraging characteristics.

From the earliest times the Greek Church of Cyprus has enjoyed an especial degree of independence. In the fifth century of our era, the growing importance and restless ambition of the See of Antioch menaced the independence of the church in Cyprus, but by a fortunate coincidence (perhaps sagaciously combined) just when the bishops of Cyprus were struggling to prevent their subjection to the Patriarch of Antioch, a shepherd discovered at Salamis the body of St. Barnabas, who, according to tradition, had been murdered there; and with the body a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew, written by the hand of the Cypriote saint. In gratitude for this precious relic, which was sent to Constantinople, the Emperor Zeno confirmed the church of Cyprus in its absolute independence, and conferred upon its head peculiar honors, which he still enjoys. Amongst these were the assumption by the Archbishop of Cyprus of purple silk robes, the insignium of a gold-headed sceptre, the title of Beatitude, and the privilege, only customary with the emperors, of signing in red ink. During my residence in the island the Archbishop was a most enlightened man, and an exemplary and devout Christian. The archbishop is nominated from among the bishops, and the bishops are nominated by the congregations from amongst the monks. The village priests are permitted to marry. It is to be hoped that the highest honors will be paid to these ecclesiastical dignitaries, and that, through them, a wholesome stimulus will be given to education in the island. No impediment is put by the Greek Church upon the free distribution of the Scriptures. After I left the island I had occa-

sion to recommend to the Archbishop of Cyprus the colporteur of an American Bible Society, and received in reply a most friendly letter, in which His Beatitude expressed the lively interest which he felt in the dissemination of the holy writings.

Unlike the Cretans, the people of Cyprus are very easily governed. Anything like brigandage is unknown in the island, and the Sublime Porte ruled it with hardly any military force. By a special concession, obtained many years ago through the influence of the late Mehemet Kuprusli Pasha, the conscripts raised in Cyprus remained in the island during their term of service, and formed the only military force at the disposal of the governor. Their complete inefficiency was conspicuous, the majority of them not having fired a shot; but their qualities were never tested by any serious work. As a proof of the general security which reigned, I had occasion to send all over the island bags of money for various purposes, which were entrusted to native muleteers without escort, and who gave no receipt for the valuable property which they received. During the Abyssinian War, I purchased for the British Government, in the course of a month, over two thousand mules, in all parts, even the most remote, of the island. The money went in English sovereigns into the interior by native hands before the animals came forward, but not a pound went astray, nor did one of the many agents to whom the purchases were entrusted defraud me of a farthing. The mules were officially reported to be the best which the Government obtained. They visited Magdala, and returned to the coast in good condition for sale.

And now as to the island itself. After Sicily, Cyprus is the richest and most fertile island in the Mediterranean. In shape it resembles a leg of mutton, the shank represented by a narrow promontory thirty-five miles in length and from ten to fifteen in breadth. The greatest breadth across the island is close upon sixty miles, and the greatest length a hundred and twenty. It is traversed by two mountain ranges, one along its northern coast from Cape Andreas to Cape Cormakiti, and the other on its southern coast. Between these

two ranges lies the fertile plain of the Messorie, extending from the Bay of Morpho to the Bay of Salamis.

To a practical mind the best criterion of what may be in the future is what has been in the past. Judged of by the past the future of Cyprus is full of hope. From the ninth to the seventh century B.C. the island had attained to great prosperity, and possessed during thirty years the dominion of the sea called by the Greeks "*thalassocrasia*." Her commerce was so active that she threw out several colonies into foreign parts, and particularly on the coasts of Macedonia, at Cyme in Asia Minor, and at the future site of Antioch in Syria. The climax of her prosperity seems, however, to have been reached in the Ptolemaic era, say from 300 to 100 B.C. About the latter date we read of its king, Ptolemy Lathyrus, raising in the island an army of 30,000 men, with which he victoriously opposed Alexander Jannæus, then king in Palestine. The fact of his being able to raise such an army for foreign service proves that the population was then very large, probably not less than a million. The prosperity of the island began to wane under the Byzantine Emperors, and suffered severely during the struggles which ended in the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. It is surely not vain to hope that under a beneficent British rule Cyprus may rapidly become as prosperous as it was under the wise administration of Ptolemy Soter. The elements of that past prosperity still exist to-day, and we will proceed to enumerate them.

The chief wealth of the island is agricultural, and the most important products are grain, wine, seeds, locust beans, cotton, madder roots, tobacco, silk, and salt.

The wheat produced is of good quality, small in grain, but possessing all the advantages of the hard wheats of Russia. Unfortunately the value of the grains of Cyprus is diminished in the European markets in consequence of the primitive manner in which they are threshed. The system of threshing is the same as it was in the days of Abraham, and the grain becomes mixed with small stones from the threshing-floor, which can only be separated afterwards at great trouble and expense. This defect is fatal to the

f the grain by nearly all the grind-
flour in England ; but it is a de-
which may easily be remedied. In
est lands of the chief plain of the
orie the yield per acre in a good
is as high as forty bushels of barley
thirty bushels of wheat.

e wines of Cyprus have long been
rated. The best quality, known
commanderia" wine, received its

from the Commandatore of the
hts Templar, and is highly appreci-
in France and Italy. It was from
as that the vine was introduced,
so much success, into Madeira,
during my residence in the island
vine shoots were applied for by the
ican Consul at Madeira in conse-
ce of the ravages of the grape dis-

The British public may therefore
at no distant date to drink their
ira from a British possession. The
on wine of the country is very
some, but has a disagreeable taste
the tar with which the vessels in
it is fermented are besmeared.
ost is about a penny per quart bot-
out in the opinion of competent
s it is a wine which, freed from its
taste, would be very valuable to
rade for mixing. The culture of
ine in Cyprus has been very seri-
affected by the excessive burdens
sed upon it by the Turkish Govern-

Like all other produce, an eighth
had to be paid to the Treasury, un-
te tax called " Dimes ;" but as the
ould not be taken in kind, seeing
he fresh grapes would not keep, it
onverted into a money value, fixed
by the local " medjlis," or mixed
al. The basis of this value was
arket price in the chief town of the
ct, instead of the value at the place
owth, and thus a tax which ought
o have exceeded twelve and a half
ent, in reality became one of over
y per cent. Nor was this all. The
s when converted into wine had to
n excise duty, which represented a
er tax of ten per cent. The natu-
nsequence of these excessive impos-
s was the diminution of a culture
which the island is particularly
ed. For many reasons it would
se to free this production from all
except a moderate export duty, and
sult will be an extensive develop-

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ment in this branch of culture, so profit-
able to the island and so advantageous
to the British consumer.

The exports of wine from the island
amounted in 1871 to 514,000 gallons,
shipped almost exclusively to the coast
of Syria and Alexandria. With im-
proved methods of preparation, it is
certain that the wine trade in Cyprus
may become very extensive ; for the pro-
duction of grapes may easily be increased
fifty-fold.

The island is capable of producing
most serviceable qualities of cotton
wool. During the American war Amer-
ican seeds were introduced into the
island, and proved a great success. It
was in connection with their introduc-
tion that I first interested myself in the
agriculture of the island, not as a busi-
ness but as a pastime. I found that
New Orleans seed was in several respects
more sure of success than the native,
and my produce was classified in Liver-
pool at only five per cent less than
" middling Orleans," produced in Amer-
ica. But the peasant cultivators found
a difficulty in the production of cotton
from American seed. The pod from
the latter seed opens up at maturity so
fully that unless the cotton contained in
it is at once picked it falls to the ground
and consequently deteriorates. Thus
the picking during the season requires to
be done almost daily, but this the tax-
gatherer, who had to receive his eighth
portion, would not allow, because he
could not be in daily attendance. The
pod from native seed (conveniently for
the tax-gatherer) never opens fully, and
may remain weeks in the field after ma-
turity. This circumstance alone suf-
ficed to prevent many native growers
from adopting American seed, although
they acknowledged its advantages. As
nearly all the cotton grown in the island
is exported, it would be much better to
collect any tax imposed upon the pro-
duce at the time of shipment, and not
when the crop is gathered. The ex-
ports of cotton in 1871 amounted to
770,850 lbs. weight.

The increased cultivation of cotton is
dependent upon increased means of irri-
gation, and this leads me to say that the
question of water supply deserves the
earnest attention of the new administra-
tion. I had in my possession a copy of

the opinion of the most eminent authority in France as to the probability of finding water in Cyprus by the artesian system. He indicated several localities where, judging by the geological chart of the island, there is considerable certainty of success in boring artesian wells. I recommended the matter to the Turkish Governor, and was authorised to treat with competent parties in England for the execution of experimental borings. Very moderate terms were arranged with a firm of engineers in London; but, as so often happens in Turkey, before the plans could be carried out, the Governor was removed. The value of water for irrigation in such a country as Cyprus is incalculable, especially if found with the power to raise itself to the surface of the ground.

Twenty years ago the production of tobacco in the island was very considerable, and the qualities grown in certain localities near Limasol were highly esteemed both in Syria and in Egypt. To-day the production does not represent a tenth part of the consumption of tobacco in the island. The cause of this anomaly is a very common one—the fiscal arrangements of the Turkish treasury. Every fresh effort at Constantinople to increase the revenues of the country led to the imposition of fresh taxes on tobacco, till at last the tax reached the exorbitant figure of six piastres per oke upon the most inferior qualities. As this represented about fifty per cent of the entire value of the produce, it is not to be wondered at that the culture of tobacco should have almost entirely ceased. But Great Britain has every interest in restoring this valuable culture to its former importance, and for this purpose will act wisely in freeing it for a time from all burden except that of a moderate export duty.

The fruit of the caroub-tree, called in commerce locust-beans, is an important article of export from the island. It is the pod referred to in the New Testament as the "husks which the swine did eat," and with which the prodigal son was content to appease the cravings of his hunger. The chief export of the bean from Cyprus is to Russia, where it is esteemed and eaten as a fruit. The article has however been frequently and

largely exported to England, and is employed as food for cattle and also in the manufacture of a kind of molass. The great obstacle to its larger consumption here has been the cost of freight, which represents about thirty per cent. of its price at the place of shipment. Now that British enterprise is especially directed to Cyprus, it is probable that means will be found to crush and manufacture it before shipment, and thus economise in large part the heavy cost of freight. The production is a very valuable one to the island, as it requires little labor and is largely remunerative. The present export from the island is about 10,000 tons annually. The natives manufacture from the bean a kind of sweet cake, which is highly esteemed and very nutritive.

The production of salt is a Government monopoly. There are two extensive salt lakes in the island, one near Larnaca, and the other near Limasol. During the rainy season these lakes are filled with fresh water, which the heat of summer evaporates. The soil is strongly impregnated with salt, which combines with the fresh water, and when the latter evaporates, a crust of pure salt is left upon the surface of the ground. This is gathered into mounds, and sold by the Government for local consumption, and for export to the coast of Syria. The only precaution necessary is to prevent the influx of more fresh water into the lakes than experience has proved that the sun's rays can evaporate during summer. The increase in the value of this revenue to the Government has been very remarkable. Forty years ago the salt lake of Larnaca was leased for an annual payment of 400*l*. To-day the same lake produces to the Government over 20,000*l*. net. The revenue may still greatly be increased by economising the charges of shipment, and thus successfully competing with the salt lakes of Tunis, which furnish a large part of the supplies required on the coast of Syria. The price fixed by the Turkish Government is twenty paras per oke, or about 3*l*. per ton. No effort is made to refine the salt. It was hopeless to expect such efforts from the Turkish Government, but they deserve to be made by British enterprise, and are certain of success

From the preceding remarks it will be sufficiently evident that the agricultural capabilities of Cyprus are very large, and when we add that not a tenth part of the land is under cultivation, and that the part now cultivated does not produce, owing to defective modes of culture, more than a half of what it might yield, we have said enough to prove the large field for intelligent development which the island presents. But it would be unwise to conceal the natural disadvantages under which the island has labored in the past, and with which we must contend in the future.

The first of these disadvantages which we would mention is one from which our possessions in India periodically suffer, namely drought. Before our era we have no record of the island being thus afflicted; but in the third century A.D. we read of Cyprus having been nearly depopulated by the continuance of drought during seventeen years. In the time of the Venetian domination mention is also made of great suffering from the same cause; and I myself had in 1869 the misfortune of being a witness of the disastrous results attendant upon a year of small rainfall. In that year the whole rainfall for twelve months amounted only to five-and-a-half inches, and, as may be readily conceived, the consequence was an almost total failure of the crops. In my own personal experience I did not even gather what I had sown, and my condition was even more fortunate than that of the majority around me. At all times the rainfall is small in Cyprus, and seldom exceeds one-third of the rainfall in Syria. The natural cause of this is to be found in the absence of high mountain ranges and in the paucity of wood. But on the other hand, the nature of the soil makes a large rainfall unnecessary. The peasants say that the grain-crops mature by the dews of heaven, which are usually heavy in the spring months of the year; and my observations during several years convince me that a rainfall of thirteen inches from October to June suffices to produce a fair crop of grain. It is the improvidence of the peasants, and the rapacity of the Government in good years, which make the results of a year of drought so disastrous. In my experience, able patiently to wait, without

falling into the hands of usurers or diminishing my operations, I found an ample compensation in the very abundant harvests of the succeeding years—the natural consequence of the forced repose which the land had enjoyed. But with the majority of native cultivators the case is very different. They fall behind in their financial position, become a prey to exacting usurers, are unable to replace the bullocks which they had not the means to maintain in life; in a word, as they themselves aptly express it, “the wheel of their operations gets broken,” and it requires long years of prosperity to restore their position. Hence the acuteness of their immediate suffering and the years of privation which follow. Much may be done, however, by a wise Government to obviate the frequent recurrence of drought, and in no way more surely than by encouraging the planting of trees in the island.

Another calamity from which Cyprus has suffered grievously in the past, and which is an important cause of its present low prosperity, is the scourge of locusts. Thanks to the intelligent efforts of Said Pasha, one of the few able governors which the island for too short a time possessed, the destruction of locusts was accomplished a few years ago, and the new administration has only now to watch with attention against their return. In one year 50,000 okes, or about sixty-two tons weight of locust eggs were collected and destroyed, and at that time some interesting facts connected with that destructive insect came to my knowledge. It was ascertained that on an average every bag of locust-seeds contains the germs of forty locusts, so that each female locust had deposited in mother earth, for future delivery, forty inveterate enemies of humanity. Every oke of locust-seed bags represents fully one million of locusts, so that in one year the island was delivered from 50,000 millions of locusts. I leave to the curious the calculation of what the numbers would have been in the following years had not Said Pasha appeared upon the scene.

Exposed as he thus is to disappointment from drought on the one hand, and to the ruthless ravages of the locust on the other hand, the wonder is, not that

the Cyprian peasant is at the lowest ebb of prosperity, but that the island is not one vast desolate waste. And if it is not, we owe it to the patience under suffering and the almost superstitious submission to a Divine will which are remarkable characteristics of the Cypriote character. During the summer of 1870 a large portion of the peasants lived chiefly upon roots of all kinds, which they dug up in the fields. It was sad to see the long lines of these poor people arriving daily at the market-places with their trinkets and copper household vessels for sale, in order to carry back with them a little flour for their famishing families. And yet there was no bitterness in their heart, no cursing of their sad fate. The exclamation which you heard from the lips of every man during these weary months of hardship was no other than—"O Theos mas lipitheë," May God have compassion on us! Never did I feel touched by, and never do I expect to join in, such a refrain of joy as when one morning, about two o'clock, the first blessed drops of rain fell which had been seen during twelve months; and when they increased to a torrential shower, men, women and children, with torches, in the dark of night, repaired to the mouth of the watershed to clear away every impediment which might delay the water in reaching their parched fields. It was a strange and touching sight. There was no drunken revelling, but the child-like gratitude in every heart was at every moment heard in the passionate "Doxa se O Theos!" The Lord be praised!

The horseleech which bleeds the peasant is the usurer from whom he is forced to borrow to pay his taxes, while waiting until his crop is matured. These advances cost him almost fabulous prices. Not only does he borrow at an interest of two and sometimes three per cent *per month*, but the lender insists upon being paid in kind, with invariably the following results. If the grain which the peasant delivers measures say, ten kilos, he may be thankful if he is credited for it as nine; and if the market value is ten piastres, the peasant will be exuberant in gratitude if he is accorded nine-and-a-half. With these deductions the cost of the advance exceeds forty per cent *per annum*. But

this is supposing the most honorable treatment. Unfortunately such treatment is the exception rather than the rule. The peasant keeps no account—signs what he is told, and takes no receipt. A bad year comes, he is ashamed to go near his Shylock; and when the first good year comes, he finds a debt of a few hundred piastres swollen fourfold. In this is the chief misfortune of the peasant, and a circumstance which morally deteriorates him. Unable to struggle with his Shylock, or to do without him, he resorts to all kinds of subterfuges, in the hope of diminishing his misfortunes. Hence the grain mixed with straw and earth which he delivers, the bale of cotton left for twenty-four hours in connection with a jar of water, and numberless other similar artifices. It is to be hoped that means will now be found, in a wise and prudent manner, to put capital at the disposal of the agriculturist, and if this be attained the immediate result will be a great extension in his operations, and an equal amelioration in his well-being.

So far I have only dwelt upon the agricultural wealth of the island, but its mineral wealth in ancient times was also very considerable. Its mines of copper were extensively wrought as late as the time of the Romans, and we read of their having been leased from the Roman Senate by Herod, Tetrarch of Judæa. No mining operations are now carried on in the island, but it is quite possible that scientific surveys may lead to the discovery of important mineral wealth. The principal copper mines were near the ancient Tamassus, about three hours' ride from Idalium. Scorite may still be found in the vicinity of the convent of St. Heraclidion. I have also some specimens of coal found near the ancient Soli.

No doubt many of my readers are anxious to put the question, "How is England to develop the riches of this new country?" The wise injunction of an eminent statesman, "Learn to be patient," appears to me excessively apt in the present instance. Mineral wealth is easily tapped, but not so agricultural. It is wisdom then to set to work with geological surveys at the earliest possible moment. I do not pretend to anticipate their conclusions, but there is sufficient

ground to justify the expenditure necessary for the best scientific investigations of the island. These will be the guides for future work, and will enable private enterprise to go surely in its undertakings. As early as the end of September competent men should be sent out to visit the localities from which minerals were extracted in ancient times and in which it is known that they still exist. The term, then, of the patience required by the British public in regard to the mineral wealth of Cyprus is not long. What public opinion may now do is to insist upon the employment of the most competent scientific men, for lack of discernment or careless execution may be the seeds of blighted hopes in the future.

But the development of the agricultural resources of the island must necessarily be comparatively slow. We may certainly anticipate a considerable colonisation from Caramania, the coast of Syria, and other parts of Turkey, where fiscal abuses are rife, but I can scarcely counsel the emigration of agricultural laborers from Great Britain, and certainly only under positive engagements contracted with their own countrymen. The extreme heat of summer, during which the principal agricultural operations must be performed, makes it very doubtful whether Englishmen will prove useful farm laborers in Cyprus. I conceive that the part which Englishmen have chiefly to play in the development of the agricultural resources of our new possession is as intelligent farmers, bringing their practical knowledge to guide operations carried out by natives, and possessing a sufficient amount of capital to undertake works upon a considerable scale. On this subject I may repeat the terms of an official report which I made during my residence in the island, and which I see no cause to change to-day. "The cultivation of grain, cotton, vegetables, and fruits of all sorts is largely profitable where economy and a moderate capital are combined with diligent effort. The climate is not unhealthy, but demands simplicity in diet and temperance in habits. Everywhere to a certain extent, but nowhere more than in the East, success depends upon individual character, and the qualifications most essential for agricultural

pursuits in this island are practical knowledge, economy, and temperance. Capital administered with these qualifications would certainly find a handsome return in agricultural enterprise in Cyprus."* There are many magnificent properties scattered over the island which in intelligent hands may produce very large profits, and would give ample scope to the enterprise of the individual. The assistance which British capital may also afford to the native cultivators is very evident. When the productions of the island present a greater volume, which they will do in a very few years, Englishmen will establish themselves as merchants in the chief towns of the island, and make advances to farmers upon moderate terms to secure the growing crops. The purchasing power of English capital will also be speedily felt in making property a valuable and easily-realizable security, so that the proprietor of land will find no difficulty in obtaining loans guaranteed by his estates. These two circumstances will alone produce a marvellous amelioration in the condition of the native cultivators, and suffice to increase the quantum of their operations. Much may also be done by the Government in a similar direction. It may be too much to expect that works of irrigation, such as the boring of artesian wells, be done at Government cost; but at least all preliminary expenses, such as surveying and experimental boring, should be undertaken under Government auspices, and the results freely made public. But in order that this pioneering work of the Government may be well and successfully performed, it ought to be entirely separated from the military organisation which must necessarily be established in the island. Indeed there ought to be an entire separation between what may be called imperial interests and those that may be called local. We must keep in view that two distinct objects are aimed at by our settlement in Cyprus. One exclusively imperial, which is the establishment of a military depot; the other the development of the riches of the island as a possession. The expenses incurred in the accomplishment of the first object

* Industrial Report of H. M. Consul, 1870, published in Blue-Book.

ought to be covered by special grants, and the carrying out of the operations connected with it, such as barrack accommodation, transport, &c., ought to be exclusively undertaken by and entrusted to the War or Indian Department. But if we would successfully attain the second object we must have a responsible administration, working side by side with, and yet entirely separate from, the military one just mentioned. An administration charged with the especial duty of the fiscal arrangements of the island, and which, assisted by a council containing a native, or at least a local element of representation, should determine, after reference to the Colonial Office, the nature and amount of taxation, the works of public utility to be undertaken; in a word, an administration which the British nation should hold responsible for the advancement of all Cyprian interests, and the well-being of the garden committed to its care. Only in this way can the British nation properly control the results of the twofold mission which it has undertaken, and avoid the dangers of thoughtless extravagance and inexperienced action. The civil administration would have a distinct object to attain, with clearly defined resources. Its fixed burden would be the annual payment of 130,000*l.* to the Porte, and from the outset it should be distinctly understood that our new possession should be no burden upon the Imperial Treasury. Unless this is done, the results obtained will lose their value, as examples for the imitation of the surrounding countries; for not only must we show that our Government is enlightened, but also that we are good and wise stewards. It would be folly to make of Cyprus an expensive toy; she must be made a worthy member of the busiest family in the world, honorably paying her own way, and yielding her quota to the general prosperity of the Empire.

Nor need we fear the burden of 130,000*l.* which we have engaged to pay to the Porte. The possession is cheap at that price, and if we make that burden, with the cost of administration, the basis of taxation, in a few years the people of Cyprus will be the most favored nation in the world. The cost of administration will not be great. There

is no need of many functionaries—the necessity is that they be experienced administrators and practical men. A civil Governor and a financial agent were all the superior functionaries which the Porte found necessary for the administration of the island, and it was abundantly sufficient where there was a will and a capacity for work. We shall also greatly err if we do not use to the utmost possible extent native functionaries in the administration. Plenty of perfectly capable men for subordinate offices can be found in the island, and under a strict control they will do their work conscientiously. "Like master like servant." When speculation and corruption are punished with dismissal and disgrace, they will soon disappear, and it is amazing how rapidly the moral purity of the source purifies the stream. But there must be no false economy in refusing to give *employés* the comfortable means of subsistence. This error is at the base of all the corruption in Turkey, and until it is rectified there is no hope of honesty in the administration. In increasing the salaries of *employés* we do not necessarily increase the cost of administration. My own experience, based on a considerable administration, has been that the cost of administration generally diminishes with the increase of pay. Fewer, but better paid *employés*, is the principle which requires to be put in practice in Turkey.

Had the limits of this article permitted, I would gladly have made some remarks upon the taxes which were levied in Cyprus under the Turkish Government, and the manner of their collection, but the subject is too large to compress into a few lines, and must be reserved for a future occasion.

In concluding my present remarks, I think it well to recommend caution to all who propose to embark in enterprises connected with Cyprus. The crowd of people whom we hear of as going from Malta, Syria, and Egypt are simply speculating upon the demands created by the arrival of 10,000 British troops and the generally profuse expenditure which is associated in the East with the British nation. In one of the many articles which have lately appeared in the public papers merely to be recommended to consult in Egypt and

as to the kind of goods which the
es of Cyprus would buy, so that the
ments might prove suitable. But it
not be forgotten that the native
dation of Cyprus has not yet in-
ed, and that a considerable time
elapse before any material increase
take place. It will be quite time
gh when fuller information reaches
o embark capital in shipments of
s for the people of Cyprus. There
ch new work to be done; but if it
be done well, it must not be done
pitately. I should say that the only
s to be undertaken at once are san-

itary works and barrack accommodation.
These ought not to be delayed a day,
for the lives of our soldiers and civilians
depend upon them. Nor ought any
time to be lost in getting a thorough
geological survey of the island—especi-
ally in reference to minerals and water
—because such a survey will be the
guide-book to the British capitalist in
his future movements. This done, and
done both thoroughly and quickly, we
may afford to wait for fuller light to di-
rect our further decisions.—*Macmillan's
Magazine.*

BROCKDEN BROWN.

BY GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

is no affront to our readers to as-
that to most of them the name at
ead of this paper is wholly unfamil-
Brockden Brown, as an American
has remarked, "is rarely spoken
ut by those who have an habitual
sity about everything literary, and
coming pride in all good writing
n appears amongst ourselves [Amer-
]." His works "have not met with
ual success of leaders in matters
te, since with all their admiration
have not been able to extend his
rity much beyond themselves."
of his novels have been republished
is country, but copies of these it is
difficult to meet with. Yet a pub-
hich so liberally admires Haw-
e, ought to know something about
iter of kindred and more potent
s. If Hoffmann's *Night-pieces* and
y *Pieces after the manner of Jacques*
t must rank first in the literature of
Veird, Brockden Brown comes sec-
and he adds to the weird such ele-
s of psychological subtlety as give
a place to which Hoffmann had no
in the literature of spiritual analy-

melancholy, and the pathos of an appar-
ently disordered mind, distinguish the
works of this author, and yet few men
were happier in their lives, or more pro-
foundly enjoyed the simple fact of exist-
ence. He coveted no complex pleas-
ures or recreations; his greatest solace
was Nature; and he extracted happiness
from those commonplace pursuits which
by most men of genius would have been
deemed monotonous and insupportable.
His creations are dire, astounding, ter-
rible—his life was sedate, tranquil, se-
rene.

a daring imagination—the most sin-
and flexible, perhaps, yet witness-
amongst American writers—Charles
den Brown united a placid tem-
ment and a contemplative intellect.
a combination of seemingly dis-
nt, and yet sharply defined quali-
is almost unique. Deep-rooted

This remarkable writer was born at
Philadelphia on the 17th of January,
1771. His ancestry, whom he could
trace back for a considerable period,
were natives of England, and suffered
persecution as Quakers. One of them
fled from the country on the same ship
with William Penn. By him the family
was established in America, and its tra-
ditions handed down. His weak con-
stitution debarring him from the sports
and amusements of other children, the
future novelist developed at a very early
age a passionate fondness for books.
Even when but an infant, his parents
knew that if they but gave him the so-
lace of a book, when he was left alone in
the house, he would remain contentedly
behind. When eleven years of age,
Brown received in the school of Robert
Proud (historian of Pennsylvania) the
rudiments of Greek and Latin. His
progress, however, which was very

great, was attained at the expense of his already enfeebled frame, and for a time he was compelled to abstain from study, and to make frequent excursions into the country for the re-invigoration of his health. As evidence of his early devotion to literary pursuits, as well as his ambition to excel therein, we may mention that before he had completed his sixteenth year, he had written much in prose and verse—certain of these efforts being concerned with the book of Job, the Psalms of David, and passages from Ossian. One year later he sketched plans of three distinct epic poems—one on the discovery of America, another on Pizarro's Conquest of Peru, and a third on Cortez's expedition to Mexico. With the warmth and ardor of youth, it seems that he regarded life as valuable only in that it would enable him to complete these great epics. He was not the first who has drawn his bow at the sun.

Brown's youthful activity in the pursuit of knowledge was almost unexampled. His acquaintance with geography was so thorough, that he was a walking chart at the age of ten; while a few years later he taught himself French by the aid of books, and invented for himself a system of shorthand by which he could speedily follow the most rapid speakers verbatim. These, and other facts cited, attest the extraordinary receptivity and spontaneity of his intellect, and were quite sufficient, to an observant spectator, to point to future distinction, in one or other branch of literature. The serious business of life, however, for a time checked the young student's aspirations, and he was called upon to choose a profession. He adopted that of the law, at once one of the most honorable and certainly the most lucrative of the professions in the United States. Mr. Dunlap, his biographer, states that he was thrown into the constant society of men who afterwards became the ornaments of their profession, men with whom he debated abstruse questions of law, yet even amongst these he was distinguished both for solidity of judgment and acuteness of investigation. In the discussions of the Belles Lettres Club, also, Brown excelled his companions both in composition and eloquence. In one of the earliest of his literary efforts—a poetical ad-

dress to Benjamin Franklin—published in an Edentown newspaper, the fledgling author was ludicrously unfortunate. It appears that the printer, "from his zeal or his ignorance, or perhaps from both," substituted the name of Washington for that of Franklin. The confusion may be imagined. As he afterwards wrote in his journal, "Washington stands arrayed in awkward colors. Philosophy smiles to behold her darling son; she turns with horror and disgust from those who have won the laurel of victory on the field of battle, to this her favorite candidate who had never participated 'in such bloody glory, and whose fame was derived from the conquests of philosophy alone. The printer by his blundering ingenuity made the subject ridiculous; every word of this clumsy panegyric was a direct slander upon Washington, and so it was regarded at the time." Authors frequently feel tempted to take the lives of printers, and in this case Brown might well have advanced the plea of *circonstances atténuantes*.

The profession of the law did not long retain its fascination for Brown, if indeed it ever really possessed any. He delighted in subtle argument, and in special and abstruse pleading, when these things were pursued in the abstract, as in the case of the debating society of which he was a member; but when it came to the actual drudgery of the law, he revolted from it. His dislike of the law afterwards found expression in his novel of *Ormond*, where he described it as "a tissue of shreds and remnants of a barbarous antiquity, patched by the stupidity of modern workmen into new deformity." His biographer observes that "as the time approached which rendered it necessary for him to pass from the office of his master to one of his own, to consider real instead of fictitious cases, and mingle in real debate as the champion of the really oppressed, the mind of Brown shrank from the scenes he saw preparing for him, and conceived an antipathy to the profession which he had voluntarily chosen, that neither the persuasions nor arguments of his friends, nor his own sense of duty, were sufficient to overcome." With many other sensitive men of genius, who have been

unable to reconcile the actualities of human life with their ideal state of existence, Brown shrank within himself, and wherever it was possible avoided contact with the world. The gloomy and unhealthful feelings thus engendered he described under the character of "A Rhapsodist," in a series of papers written for the *Columbian Magazine*. In giving up the law, there was no desire to escape from it because it was laborious, for Brown would have undertaken tasks as difficult as that of Sisyphus, from a conscientious sense of duty. Haunting the purlieu of the law, and giving himself up to the study of its technicalities and puerilities, was regarded by him as incompatible with an earnest striving after an imagined but unrealisable perfection. He was also perplexed with problems which, before and since his time, have agitated minds averse to the promiscuous advocacy which the practice of the law involves. "He professed that he could not reconcile it with his ideas of morality to become indiscriminately the defender of right or wrong; thereby intimating, if not asserting, that a man must, in the practice of the law, not only deviate from morality, but become the champion of injustice. He would demand, what must be the feelings of a lawyer if he had become an auxiliary in the cause of wrong and rapine? If the widow and the orphan were thus by a legal robbery deprived of their just and righteous claims through the superior artifice or eloquence of the advocate, was he not as criminal as the man who committed such felony without the sanction of a court of justice, and for which the same court would pronounce the severest punishment?"

Moved by these ideas—and sentiment will always have a deeper and profounder influence upon such natures as Brown's than philosophy—it was probably a wise step on his part to relinquish the law; for while his mental gifts and his chaste and vigorous eloquence eminently fitted him for forensic triumphs, he could have derived neither pleasure nor success from a profession whose practice seemed to him to be subversive of the bases of morality. Later in life, however, he would appear to have greatly modified, if not absolutely to have renounced,

the opinions he previously expressed with so much warmth.

It might naturally be supposed that a person who was afflicted with a delicate and sickly constitution, would (at certain periods, at least) give way to melancholy, and contrast his condition unfavorably with that of the rest of mankind. Not so our author; the enjoyments and pleasures of robust and energetic youth never moved him with envy; he regarded them with complacency, delighted at possessing, in the very frailty of his physical nature, an excuse for those habits of introspection and reflection in which his mind delighted. Even in physical defects he discovered gifts and blessings in disguise. We find that having learnt by accident that he was afflicted with a myopism, by putting on spectacles accommodated to such vision he concluded that he possessed a sight superior to that of ordinary men. "He has only to apply to his eyes what Dr. Rush calls the aid of declining vision, and he is ushered into a new and beautiful creation. He observes that it is in his power to make the sun, the stars, and all surrounding creation sparkle upon his view with renovated lustre and beauty. Not satisfied with this, he goes on to compare his situation with the situation of those who had ever beheld the sun in all his majesty and effulgence. To him he had been in all his glories a stranger; he had never been familiarly acquainted with so glorious a personage." If he perceived less of the beauty of the material universe than other men, the vision he enjoyed was of a keener description, and brought him a deeper and more enduring felicity.

A sad and almost despairing tone breathes in his letters written some time after the relinquishment of his intended profession. His extreme solicitude for the welfare of his relatives as well as for the retention of their good opinion, caused him ultimately poignant regret for the step he had taken, and which was now irrevocable. The disappointment of his friends, and their anxiety for his future, says Mr. Dunlap, preyed upon his spirits. So strongly was he moved that Brown wrote to a friend that were it not for his relatives and sympathising acquaintances he should long ago have

ceased either to exist, or to exist as an inhabitant of America. Yet though almost overwhelmed by personal regrets, nothing gave him so much delight as to hear of the doings of others—to share in their joys and sorrows. But as regards his own concerns he was most reticent. "His correspondence, therefore," we read, "with his most intimate friends, wears a most curious cast. On their side is the utmost frankness in the disclosure of all the little circumstances affording them pleasure; on his part he joins in their joy, and revels in their intellectual hilarity; presents these circumstances again in a more fascinating shape, and makes his page the depository of all the benevolent sympathies in which he so munificently indulges." Yet in return for all this frankness and confidence, he reveals nothing of his own condition; and when pressed to dilate upon the character and tenor of his life, he replies that "his own heart shall be the depository of its own gloomy sensations; and that when he cannot communicate pleasure he will communicate nothing. He represents afflictions as beyond the power of friendship to redress; and that it would be mean in him to excite sympathy so un-availing."

Yet this attitude of singular reservation and self-repression in Brown was not that of the mere misanthrope, for he keenly enjoyed the aspects and influences of nature, and the delights of human friendship. In the *Misanthrope* of Molière, Alceste exclaims—"All men are so odious to me that I should be sorry to appear rational in their eyes. I have conceived a terrible hatred for them. They are all alike; and I hate all men: some, because they are wicked and mischievous; others, because they lend themselves to the wicked, and have not that healthy contempt with which vice ought to inspire all virtuous minds." This is pure misanthropy, but of such darker sentiments there was nothing at all in Brockden Brown. He experienced a fervent satisfaction in the gladness of others; he labored for the good of those dear to him, with unwearied hand and brain; while the contemplation of the outward life in nature thrilled his being with the most grateful sensations. What seemed misanthropy was reserve,

whose barriers could not be broken down—a reserve due in the first instance to his sensitive temperament, but deepened by regrets over decisions precipitately acted upon, and his extreme shrinking from wounding the susceptibility of others.

Unable to shake off the burden of his anxiety, Brown left home for a time, and in New York made the acquaintance of Dr. Elihu Hubbard Smith, an able physician and a man of culture. The friendship which sprang up between the two had the happiest effects upon the mind of Brown. One seemed to furnish the necessary complement to the other. Smith appears to have been an economist, a great believer in system, precise in his person, appearance, and life, and endowed with all the ease and grace which belong to the finished man of the world. Brown was the opposite of all these; he would have been cramped and dwarfed by system; he cared as little for providing for the future as the fowls of the air; he was negligent of his personal appearance, and was distraught in mixed society. Yet the two harmonized perfectly, and were genuinely attached to each other until the bonds of friendship were severed by death. A literary society formed in New York, with the title of The Friendly Club, afforded Brown the opportunity of airing his opinions upon social progress and the amelioration of society. Like Hawthorne and the founders of Brook Farm, he speculated upon a Utopia which constantly changed its phases in his vision, but was always surrounded by a halo which was the result of his glowing imagination and his ardent desires for the accomplishment of his dream. Fragmentary references to these ideas and aspirations are to be found here and there in his earlier writings, but as years passed on they became less vivid, and finally were perceived to be altogether impracticable. The generous enthusiasm of youth became tempered by the wisdom of an enlarged experience.

Greatly averse to travel, our author contented himself with excursions into Connecticut and certain other of the American States, and he has left a very pleasant record of a jaunt to Rockaway. In the autumn and winter of 1797 he devoted himself to the composition of

his first published work. In it he discusses the matrimonial union, and puts forth, in an ingenuously manner, all the arguments that Godwin arrayed against it. In his *Paradise of Women*, extracted from *Alcuin*, we find the following objection: "My objections are weighty; says one of the parties to the dispute. 'I disapprove of it, in the first place because it renders the female a slave to man; it enjoins and enforces submission on her part to the will of her husband; it includes a promise of implicit obedience and unalterable affection. Sectarianism leaves the woman destitute of resources; whatever she previously possessed belongs absolutely to the man.'" "Why is marriage to condemn two beings to dwell together under the same roof, and to eat at the same table, to be served by the same domestics? This circumstance alone is the source of innumerable ills. Familiarity is the sure destroyer of reverence. Domestic bickerings and dissensions of all kinds flow from no other source than that of too frequent communication. How difficult is it to introduce a degree of sentiment, even on topics of importance between two persons? This difficulty is increased in proportion to the number and frequency of the connection with our private and domestic deportment, of these topics." In the dialogues of *Alcuin*, Brown introduced something in the shape of a piece, having acquired a powerful vogue from the works of Godwin, in his novel of *Caleb Williams* exercising singular fascination over him. His work was never finished, but what was left of it the writer afterwards published in a collection entitled, *and other American Tales and*

In the year 1793 he witnessed the depopulation of his native city of Philadelphia by pestilence. The yellow fever then wrought frightful ravages in America this year and several succeeding years. The whole of the Brown family was in the stampede from Philadelphia in time to escape the fever; but, Charles, having remained in Philadelphia until it was too late to fly, was an eye-witness to the terrible effects of the plague. The scenes which disfigured the disease were peculiarly

abhorrent. Writing from New York to his brother James, in August, 1798, he mentioned that he was preparing his novel of *Wieland* for publication, and he also referred to a project, which had been suggested, of a magazine for his benefit. The letter closed with allusions to the new epidemic of yellow fever that had broken out in the city, but he added, "You may be under no concern on my account, since my abode is far enough from the seat of the disease, and my mode of living, from which animal food and spirituous liquors are wholly excluded, gives the utmost security." His family, notwithstanding, wrote him many urgent letters, entreating him to fly from New York as they had fled from Philadelphia. Every day saw the fever cover a still wider area, till some of the finest streets in New York were completely depopulated. At length it effected a lodgment in Brown's own residence, one Scandella having been struck down by the disease. The sufferer was nursed by Brown's most intimate friend, the Dr. Elihu Smith of whom we have already spoken. Brown himself was subsequently attacked by the fever, but it yielded to treatment in the first stages; Scandella and Smith, however, perished. The latter had sacrificed himself in the endeavor to save others, and we are told of his melancholy ending, that "he saw the last symptom of disease, black vomit, pronounced the word 'decomposition,' and died." The scenes of which Brown was the unwilling spectator during this period fixed themselves indelibly upon his imagination.

At the close of 1798, proposals were issued in connection with Brown's new magazine. He was almost alone, amongst all the writers in the United States then living, in the resolve to make a livelihood from the profession of letters alone. *Wieland* was published in 1798, and the following year witnessed the appearance of *Ormond: or, the Secret Witness*. The author's restless mind was always projecting some new work. In 1799 he had the conception of no fewer than five novels, all of which were more or less in a state of progression. Of these, *Arthur Mervyn* and *Edgar Huntly* were completed, and published in the same year as *Ormond*. In the year

1800 appeared the second part of *Arthur Mervyn*, and in 1801 the novel of *Clara Howard*, which was republished in England under another name. These were all written during Brown's stay in New York. *Jane Talbot*, his last romance of the same character, was written after his return to Philadelphia. In April, 1799, was published the first number of *The Monthly Magazine and American Review*, and Brown continued this work until the close of the year 1800. In October, 1803, the first part of his new periodical, entitled *The Literary Magazine and American Register*, was issued. For five years the editor labored assiduously at this work, to which he contributed an immense number of sketches and papers. His energy apparently knew no diminution, and recognised no obstacles, for in this same year, 1803, Brown wrote and published the first of three political pamphlets with which his name is associated. This brochure was entitled, "An Address to the Government of the United States, on the cession of Louisiana to the French; and on the late breach of treaty by the Spaniards: including a translation of a memorial on the war of St. Domingo, and cession of the Mississippi to France, drawn up by a French Counsellor of State." In this pamphlet the writer (though assuming the character of a French Counsellor of State) demonstrates his patriotism as an American citizen. Looking back upon the devastations of the late war, he would be still willing to incur as terrible a visitation, if necessary, for the purpose of driving the foreigner from the land. The soil of the United States he regards as sacred and God-given, and the human race demands from its present legitimate owners the exercise of their rights. He deprecates the introduction of an active European power into Louisiana as inimical to American interests and progress. "All on fire to extend their own power," he observes; "fresh from pernicious conquests; equipped with all the engines of war and violence: measuring their own success by the ruin of their neighbors; eager to divert, into the channel of their own, the trade and revenue which have hitherto been ours; raising an insuperable mound to our future progress; spreading among us, with

fatal diligence, the seeds of faction and rebellion—what more fatal wound could befall the future population, happiness, and concord of this new world?"

Brown's second political pamphlet dealt with the British Treaty, and was inscribed, "To those Members of Congress who have the sense to perceive, and spirit to pursue, the true interests of their country." In the year 1809 appeared his third political pamphlet "An Address to the Congress of the United States, on the utility and justice of Restrictions upon Foreign Commerce, with Reflections on Foreign Trade in General, and the Future Prospects of America." From the constitution of his mind, as may have been already gathered, the political philosophy of Brown was Utopian, but over it there was thrown not only the charm of a fervid affection for his own country, but the glamor of a spirit of benevolence and solicitude that embraced all humanity.

Brown's last novel, *Jane Talbot*, was published in 1804. It is generally confessed that this is the least meritorious of all his works; indeed, had he not already acquired a high reputation, he could certainly not have achieved it by his last romance. In 1804, he married Miss Elizabeth Linn, the sister of an eminent Presbyterian minister in Philadelphia. Brown now settled down in his native city, and in domestic life found that deep happiness for which, as his biographer assures us, his nature eminently fitted him. Enjoying a period of quiet and repose, yet not having won material success by his romances, he conceived the more solid idea of an annual publication to be called the *American Register*. The first volume of this work appeared in 1806, and four others succeeded it before the death of the editor. In addition to presenting the annals of Europe and America, the Register embraced an abstract of laws and public acts, a review of literature, a chronicle of memorable occurrences, foreign and domestic scientific intelligence, American and foreign state papers, and miscellaneous articles. To the last Brown was much enamoured of geographical science, and he left unfinished a system of geography, general and particular, which would have been invaluable if completed. The late Mr. John Mur-

ray, who once had the manuscript in his possession, gave it as his opinion that if it had been finished and published, the great work of Malte Brun would never have been translated. Brown, also, executed a number of architectural drawings with such skill and care that they are represented as being more like the works of an engraver than the result of hand-labor.

But while he was devoting himself to his various literary undertakings with almost unexampled energy, his constitutional enemy was secretly gaining upon him. Nothing daunted by the symptoms of consumption, he pursued his labors with unabated courage and devotion, until the disease had made such alarming inroads upon his frame as to necessitate action on the part of his friends. They earnestly recommended a sea voyage, but this he would not listen to. At length, in the summer of 1809, he was prevailed upon to visit his friends in New Jersey and New York, for the purpose of recruiting his health. Writing to his wife from Hoboken, he asks, "When have I known that lightness and vivacity of mind which the divine flow of health, even in calamity, produces in some men? and would produce in me no doubt—at least, when not soured by misfortune. Never—scarcely ever—not longer than half an hour at a time since I have called myself man." Yet he persistently and unweariedly prosecuted his efforts on behalf of relatives who had been the victims of misfortune, and whom he had voluntarily taken under his own protection. On his return home, his illness assumed a more serious aspect, and from November 10th, 1809, till the 22nd of February, 1810—the day of his death—life was with him one prolonged agony. His age was thirty-nine.

Brockden Brown was unfortunately cut off at the very time when the results of his wide study might reasonably have been expected to be made of service to others. He had little of the spirit of adventure, and on one occasion said he would rather consort with a ploughman or an old market-woman for ever, than expose himself to the hundredth part of the perils which beset the heels of a Led-yard or a Park. He was careless of money, and slovenly in dress, but he was habitually careful in his diet. He ab-

stained from spirituous liquors long before temperance societies were established, and he wrote papers in one of his magazines on the deleterious effects of intemperance, and of the use of greasy articles of food.

Though nominally a Quaker, he had little sympathy with the sect. "The truth is," he said, "I am no better than an outcast of that warlike sect." He was as far removed from the ordinary orthodox believer as he was from the atheist. He believed in the common Father of the human race, but beyond that his religion was difficult to define, if, indeed, it recognised any precise dogmas. Finally, Brown differed from the great majority of men in indulging a very modest estimate of his own powers. "Though attached," says his biographer, "to the seclusion of the closet, though he would for hours be absorbed in architectural studies, measuring proportions with his compasses, and drawing plans of Grecian temples or Gothic cathedrals, monasteries, or castles; though addicted to every kind of abstracton, and attached by habit to reverie, he would break off with the utmost ease from these favorite occupations of his mind, and enter into conversation on any topic with a fluency and copiousness which approached to the finest eloquence. He was never dictatorial or intrusive; and, although pleased when holding discourse, and conscious of superior colloquial talents, he was, among men of the world, or loud and long talkers, generally silent, though not perhaps a listener. Though not imposing in personal appearance, and with great simplicity of manners, he was winning in his address, and made friends of both sexes wherever he felt that the object was worthy. A man of uncommon acquirements, superior talents, amiable manners, and exalted virtues."

Turning now to a consideration of the works of this writer, the one abiding impression left upon the mind after a perusal of his novels is that of a singular and abnormal imagination. We remember nothing exactly like them, either amongst English or American writers, and upon a first reflection they seem utterly out of harmony with the nature and disposition of the author himself. There is a fulness and spontaneity of

eloquence in some of these romances which can only be matched by Shelley in poetry ; and between these two minds there was not a little in common. Had Shelley written novels, we can well imagine that they would have been after the same type as Brown's—distinguished for a grand picturesqueness, and a bold and vivid imagination. One who knew Shelley well is reported to have said that "nothing so blended itself with the structure of his interior mind as the creations of Brown." Much has been said of the similarity that exists between Godwin and Brockden Brown, and yet they present as many points of difference as of concord. Undoubtedly, Brown was a close reader of the author of *Political Justice*, but the cast of mind and disposition of the two varied considerably. The English philosopher was to a great extent cold, calculating, precise, and diplomatic. Brown was the very reverse of all these ; he was calm and placid, not from lack of sympathy, of which he had abundance, but from his soft and childlike disposition. Then, too, he had moments of high poetic exaltation to which Godwin was a stranger. He has left on record, nevertheless, his sense of "the transcendent merits of *Caleb Williams*," a work which impressed him so profoundly as to cause him the deepest dissatisfaction with his own early literary efforts. But the one protracted horror of *Caleb Williams* differs altogether from the fearful and ghostly situations in Brown's best novels. Indeed there is another work by Godwin which must have remained upon Brown's memory as clearly as, if not more so than, the masterpiece of fiction just named. It is in *St. Leon* that we see a nearer approach to the class of mysterious and apparently supernatural incidents in which Brown revelled. Passion was finely and terribly depicted in *Caleb Williams*, but it was in *St. Leon* that Godwin endeavored to "mix human passions and feelings with incredible situations," to use his own language. The hero, St. Leon, becomes the depository of the two mighty secrets, the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir Vitæ. He becomes endowed with boundless wealth, and enjoys complete immunity from disease, weakness, and death. This strange romance, saturated

with improbability, must have exercised, equally with its predecessor, a wonderful influence over Brown. Accordingly, as the first important result of his traffic with the mysterious phenomena of nature, we have the novel of *Wieland: or, the Ventriloquist*. This title, however, conveys no notion of the exact character of the romance. To a reader of an unsympathetic or unimaginative mind, it must always appear a very unsatisfactory work. The invention is so bizarre, the machinery so fantastic and unexpected. The author claims that the incidents occurred between the conclusion of the French and the beginning of the Revolutionary war ; but the opinion of the reader will be that the age of miracles has indeed returned, if he be called upon to affirm his belief in the extraordinary events recorded in *Wieland*. We do not now refer to the conduct of the younger Wieland, for no deeds can be more strange, more cruel, or more revolting than those sometimes committed under the pressure of religious hallucination. The experience of Wieland in this direction is enough to appal the stoutest heart.

The Wieland family, doomed to premature extinction, consists of Wieland himself, his wife, and three children, his sister (who relates the story), a bosom friend named Pleyel, and an adopted daughter. The mysterious death of Wieland's father by self-combustion impressed the son very deeply, till he became reserved, grave, and the subject of religious previsions. Moral necessity and Calvinistic inspiration were the props on which he reposed. Carwin the bilquist, destined to be the spring of every evil to this happy family, contracted a familiarity with its members under the most singular circumstances. He first began to act with his secret and extraordinary powers upon Wieland himself. The wretched man having left his home one day, suddenly imagines he hears his wife's voice by his side. He converses with her, but on reaching home he is amazed to discover that she has never quitted the house. This becomes the first strong intimation to Wieland of that which he has always suspected since his father's death—that he is to be the direct subject of Divine communications. Pleyel is next informed, apparently by

the same supernatural agency, that his mistress, who is in Europe, is dead; and long afterwards it is shown that at this time she had given out a report of her own death for a special purpose. Wieland's sister next passes under the spell of Carwin. His first appearance before her made a vivid and indelible impression upon her, and in describing his person she says—"His cheeks were pallid and lank, his eyes sunken, his forehead overshadowed by coarse straggling hairs, his teeth large and irregular, though sound and brilliantly white, and his chin discolored by a tetter. His skin was of coarse grain and sallow hue. Every feature was wide of beauty, and the outline of his face reminded you of an inverted cone; and yet his forehead, so far as shaggy locks would allow it to be seen, his eyes lustrously black, and possessing, in the midst of haggardness, a radiance inexpressibly serene and potent, and something in the rest of his features which it would be in vain to describe, but which served to betoken a mind of the highest order, were essential ingredients in the portrait." But to describe the *character* of this most fatal of mankind she has no adequate language. When she calls up his image her blood is congealed, and her fingers palsied. Pleyel and Wieland's sister become the subjects of a mutual affection, but it is blasted when the former is an ear-witness to the assignations of the lady with another lover. The mystery deepens; it is in vain she endeavors to explain, and her arguments only convince Pleyel that she adds hypocrisy to dissoluteness, and he flies from the scene. It is Carwin who has wrecked their happiness by the exercise of his marvellous powers. She constantly hears mysterious voices, but they are rather directed towards her preservation than otherwise. Meanwhile the subjugation of Wieland to the Divine will—for such he takes to be the end of the manifestations of which he is the subject—proceeds in terrible stages. He also believes in the supposed fall of his sister from virtue. A friend who arrives at the house of the Wieland, assures the sister that Francis Carwin is a criminal who has escaped from Newgate prison—that he had been found guilty upon two indictments of robbery and murder.

A correspondent, speaking of Carwin, describes him in general terms "as the most incomprehensible and formidable among men; as engaged in schemes reasonably suspected to be in the highest degree criminal, but such as no human intelligence is able to unravel; that his ends are pursued by means which leave it in doubt whether he be not in league with some infernal spirit; that his crimes have hitherto been perpetrated with the aid of some unknown but desperate accomplices; that he wages a perpetual war against the happiness of mankind, and sets his engines of destruction at work against every object that presents itself." Wieland, carrying out, as he believes, the mandate of Heaven, first murders his wife. He had earnestly prayed for the substitution of some other victim, and would readily have given his own life; but the Divine fiat had gone forth, and he must obey it. After the deed had been perpetrated, he again heard the mysterious voice directing him as follows:—"Thou hast done well, but all is not done—the sacrifice is incomplete: thy children must be offered; they must perish with their mother!" And he forthwith takes the lives of his three innocents. He next endeavors to take the life of his sister, but fails. He is arrested, and thrown into prison. Endowed with superhuman energy and strength, he bursts all bonds, escapes, and once more appears at his own home. Carwin has just revealed to Wieland's sister the power of ventriloquism which he possesses; but when he is aware of the awful crimes which have resulted from his use of it, he professes his innocence of any intention to instigate these deeds, and expresses the utmost horror of them. He then relates his past history. Wieland returns during the recital, and thanks God when he perceives his sister, for she is to be the final victim of that holocaust whereby the Divine will shall have been completely fulfilled in his own person. He is proceeding to this last sacrifice, when his hand is arrested. She reveals to him that he has been acting under the instigation of Carwin—a fact which she herself firmly believed. Wieland is seized with a fearful trembling; he does not comprehend all; but he hears the voice again, this time to assure him that

he has acted not upon supernatural decree, but in obedience to the fanatical guidance of his disordered senses. He is transformed at once into the man of sorrows. His blissful visions are ended ; his eyes are without moisture, and gleam with the fire that consumes his vitals. He grasps the knife which lies upon the ground, plunges it to the hilt in his own neck, and his life instantly escapes with the stream that gushes from the wound. Thus ends the career of one whose mind, devoted to morbid introspection and religious delusions, was already prepared for the operations and impostures of Carwin.

Where the author will be regarded as having overstepped the bounds between the natural and the supernatural is in such incidents as that of the spontaneous combustion of the elder Wieland. It may or may not be that history furnishes a parallel case of the extinction of life and bodily decomposition ; but we require more evidence upon the question, and upon the process, than we find tendered here. But as an imaginary instance of that alleged awful and mysterious phenomenon of nature, self-combustion, the narration in this romance is at once graphic and enthralling. Having beheld a prelusive gleam, and witnessed other prognostications of his fate, the father of the hero is environed by a fiery cloud, and at last perishes ; "yet not till insupportable exhalations, and crawling putrefaction, had driven from his chamber and the house every one whom their duty did not detain."

The successive scenes in which the story of *Wieland* is worked out are instinct with dramatic power ; while the strange and incomprehensible appearances of Carwin excite alternate emotions of terror and disgust—emotions enhanced by the mystery which envelops his deeds, and the potent influence which he wields over his unsuspecting victim. Especially eloquent and impassioned is that chapter of the novel where Wieland is placed at the bar of justice to answer for his crimes, and he delivers a reply "with significance of gesture, and a tranquil majesty, which denoted less of humanity than godhead." We have not space to give the pathetic parts of Wieland's address, but we quote its opening passages as indicating the line

of his defence, and as showing the level of simple yet singularly impressive rhetoric attained by the author throughout the novel :—

"Theodore Wieland, the prisoner at the bar, was now called upon for his defence. He looked around him for some time in silence, and with a mild countenance. At length he spoke :—

"It is strange ; I am known to my judges and auditors. Who is there present a stranger to the character of Wieland ? Who knows him not as a husband—as a father—as a friend ? Yet here am I arraigned as a criminal. I am charged with diabolical malice ! I am accused of the murder of my wife and my children !

"It is true they were slain by me ; they all perished by my hand. The task of vindication is ignoble. What is it that I am called upon to vindicate ? and before whom ?

"You know that they are dead, and that they were killed by me. What more would you have ? Would you extort from me a statement of my motives ? Have you failed to discover them already ? You charge me with malice ; but your eyes are not shut ; your reason is still vigorous ; your memory has not forsaken you. You know whom it is that you thus charge. The habits of his life are known to you ; the treatment of his wife and his offspring are known to you ; the soundness of his integrity, and the unchangeableness of his principles, are familiar to your apprehension ; yet you persist in this charge ! You lead me hither manacled as a felon ; you deem me worthy of a vile and tormenting death !

"Who are they whom I have devoted to death ? My wife—the little ones that grew their being from me—that creature who, as she surpassed them in excellence, claimed a larger affection than those whom natural affinities bound to my heart. Think ye that malice could have urged me to this deed ? Hide your audacious fronts from the scrutiny of Heaven. Take refuge in some cavern unvisited by human eyes. Ye may deplore your wickedness or folly, but ye cannot expiate it.

"Think not that I speak for your sakes. Hug to your hearts this detestable infatuation. Deem me still a murderer, and drag me to untimely death. I make not an effort to dispel your illusion ; I utter not a word to cure you of your sanguinary folly ; but there are probably some in this assembly who have come from far. For their sakes, whose distance has disabled them from knowing me, I will tell what I have done, and why.

"It is needless to say that God is the object of my supreme passion. I have cherished in his presence a single and upright heart ; I have thirsted for the knowledge of his will ; I have burnt with ardor to approve my faith and my obedience. My days have been spent in searching for the revelation of that will ; but my days have been mournful, because my search failed. I solicited direction. I turned on every side where glimmerings of light could be discovered. I have not been wholly uninformed ; but my knowledge has always stopped short of cer-

tainty. Dissatisfaction has insinuated itself into all my thoughts. My purposes have been pure, my wishes indefatigable; but not till lately were these purposes thoroughly accomplished, and these wishes fully gratified.

"I thank thee, my Father, for thy bounty; that thou didst not ask a less sacrifice than this; that thou placedst me in a condition to testify my submission to thy will! What have I withheld which it was thy pleasure to exact? Now may I, with dauntless and erect eye, claim my reward, since I have given thee the treasure of my soul."

The accused then proceeds in vehement language to set forth the black catalogue of his crimes, with the method of their accomplishment.

What was the author's object in this story, which is a veritable *tour de force* of passion, misery, and terror? Some may object that the exceptional manifestations of Nature are not legitimate ground-work for the purposes of fiction; but there is no reason why that which is apparently beyond Nature, as well as that which in humanity strikes us with horror and awe, should not be taken by the artist whose genius has a special susceptibility in that direction. Brown used these things, and practically conveyed an indelible lesson against all superstition. Man is rebuked for his proneness to believe that he is worked upon by supernatural powers, and the crimes of Wieland are a protest against those hysterical religious feelings which may not always result in such dire calamities, but which—when cherished and brooded over—inevitably lead to the dethronement of reason. In the hands of a tiro, the materials of which *Wieland* is composed would have resulted in a melodrama of the commonest and most pinchbeck order; but being infused by the spirit and power of genius, they are transformed into a gloomy and awful tragedy, in which the reader forgets for a time the incredibility of the incidents and the impossibility of the situations.

Wieland, upon the whole, deservedly ranks as Brown's completest work of fiction. There is method in its composition, order in its development, and naturalness in its termination. In many of the author's efforts he appears to have devoted himself to the manipulation of particular phases of passion with an energy that has not served him throughout the work. Hence the fragmentary and unequal character of some

of his novels. The great charge against him is that he has departed from the realities of every-day life. Griswold defends him by affirming that "the most incredible of his incidents had parallels in true history, and the metaphysical unity and consistency of his novels are apparent to all readers familiar with psychological phenomena." Griswold appears to have accepted Brown's own statements of the alleged facts upon which his novels were based. Even his warmest defender admits that he disregarded rules and cared little for criticism. This attitude of superiority to the laws which are supposed to govern fiction has in several cases marred the effect of what is otherwise really fine and remarkable work. The plain truth is that all this talk about probabilities and possibilities is wholly beside the mark. It is senseless to criticise a fairy tale by the standard of the morning paper, and it is just as senseless and perverse to insist on cramping invention within the arbitrary limits of commonplace realities as seen through commonplace vision.

In *Ormond*, Brown again devotes himself to the development of individual character. All his strength is spent upon the delineation of the hero of the novel, who in some respects appears more diabolical than Wieland. An affinity has been traced between Ormond and Falkland, the hero of Godwin's celebrated romance. In the outset this affinity appears real and substantial, but as Ormond gradually unfolds himself, it is perceived that the affinity is only superficial. Both characters are conceived originally in the most amiable colors; they are the paragons of benevolence and moral excellence—but lines of divergence quickly appear. Falkland has been drawn into the commission of a solitary act which haunts him with fatalistic power; but his real sentiments are what they first appear to be. Ormond, on the contrary, is one of those beings who place before themselves supreme objects of good, and are prepared to commit wholesale crimes to compass these objects. He is an angel of light to Constantia Dudley at the very moment when he is plotting her ruin, and overwhelming her with obligations the more readily to lead to the accomplishment of his desires. Failing in all,

he endeavors to force her virtue, after having removed her father from his path. Here is a glimpse of the true character of this man, who to the world at large appears a second Bayard :

"The enormity of this deed (the murder of the heroine's father) appeared by no means incongruous with the sentiments of Ormond. Human life is momentous or trivial in our eyes according to the course which our habits and opinions have taken. Passion greedily accepts, and habit readily offers, the sacrifice of another's life ; and reason obeys the impulse of education and desire. A youth of eighteen, a volunteer in a Russian army encamped in Bessarabia, made a prey of a Tartar girl, found in the field of a recent battle. Conducting her to his quarters, he met a friend, who, on some pretence, claimed the victim. From angry words they betook themselves to their swords. A combat ensued, in which the first claimant ran his antagonist through the body. He then bore his prize unmolested away, and having exercised brutality of one kind upon his victim, stabbed her to the heart, as an offering to the manes of Sarsefield, the friend whom he had slain. Next morning, willing more signally to expiate his guilt, he rushed alone upon a troop of Turkish foragers, and brought away five heads, suspended by their gory locks to his horse's mane. These he cast upon the grave of Sarsefield, and conceived himself fully to have expiated yesterday's offence. In reward for his prowess, the general gave him a commission in the Cossack troops. This youth was Ormond, and such is a specimen of his exploits, during a military career of eight years, in a warfare the most savage and implacable, and at the same time the most iniquitous and wanton, which history records."

This combination of Moloch and Belial was never the character of Godwin's Falkland. Yet both romances have the common object of demonstrating the Fatalistic tendency of a master-passion. From the smouldering fire rises a Vesuvius of destruction. In the case of Ormond the ruin which he works is of a complete and devastating nature. There is no villainy so hateful, and yet at the same time so cruel and powerful for evil, as that which fashions and matures its purposes under the cloak of virtue and benevolence.

In the first part of *Arthur Mervyn*, or *Memoirs of the Year 1793*, Brown depicts the horrors of pestilence as witnessed in the city of Philadelphia. As he observed in the preface to his work, it is scarcely possible for such visitations to pass away without giving rise in thoughtful and humanitarian minds to schemes of reformation and improvement in the future, which, if they can-

not wholly avert such visitations, may at least mitigate their effects. In the autumn of 1793 Philadelphia presented scenes of terror, and yet at the same time of fortitude and constancy, whose parallel must be sought for in the plague-stricken cities of the ancient world. "He that depicts," says the author, "in lively colors, the evils of disease and poverty, performs an eminent service to the sufferers, by calling forth benevolence in those who are able to afford relief ; and he who portrays examples of disinterestedness and intrepidity, confers on virtue the notoriety and homage that are due to it, and rouses in the spectators the spirit of salutary emulation."

The novel opens with the discovery of Arthur Mervyn leaning against the wall of a mansion in Philadelphia stricken with the terrible fever. He is rescued by a humane passer-by, and conveyed to his own home, where he is tenderly nursed by his wife. While recovering, a stranger appears upon the scene, who poisons the mind of his benefactors against Mervyn. As the result of this, the hero narrates his own story. He is the son of a Pennsylvanian yeoman. After the death of his mother, his father marries a low-bred woman ; and Arthur, unable longer to remain under the paternal roof, endeavors to push his fortunes in Philadelphia. Meeting with a young man, to whom he reveals his situation, he is conveyed to a magnificent mansion, and is there locked up in a closet. A husband, who has deposited an infant in his wife's bed in the hope that having just lost her own, she will adopt it, enters the adjoining apartment. Arthur hears the dialogue which ensues, and also the details of a plot for defrauding a rich nabob of thirty thousand dollars. He at length procures his freedom, and determines to leave the city. He begs from a passing stranger money to carry him over the Schuylkill, whereupon his patron hears his story, becomes interested in him, and engages him as his amanuensis. He is clothed in new garments by his employer Welbeck, and is astonished to discover the great similarity between himself and a mad youth named Clavering, who had died under his father's roof. Welbeck introduces Mervyn to a

beautiful and accomplished young lady, who is filled with the strongest emotion on noticing Mervyn's resemblance to another. Mervyn deems Welbeck to be an illustrious foreigner, expatriated from Europe, and the lady he regards as his daughter, while the youth to whom he bears so extraordinary a resemblance was doubtless her brother, to whom she was deeply attached. Mervyn, after having been bound to secrecy as to all that has gone before, is requested by Welbeck to carry a letter to a Mrs. Wentworth. When he sees this lady she also is surprised by his appearance. In her house he discovers a portrait of Clavering, drawn by himself, and given to Mervyn by the artist, but lost with some other things by Arthur. He ascertains from Mrs. Wentworth that Clavering was the son of the gentleman who owned the house in which Welbeck resides. Clavering had suddenly disappeared. Mervyn's suspicions of his patron are now aroused, and amongst other things he discovers that the supposed daughter can only sustain the relation of a wife towards Welbeck. The plot thickens, and one night Mervyn hears the report of a pistol from Welbeck's room. On proceeding thither, he finds his patron gazing upon the corpse of a man just murdered. Welbeck now discloses his career of villainy. The lady who is with him is one of his victims, thrown into his power by the death of her brother, whose property he has taken. The man lying dead, named Watson, is a person who has come to take vengeance upon him for another crime. Mervyn now assists Welbeck in burying the body of Watson, and then accompanies the former across the Delaware. Welbeck is apparently drowned, but Mervyn saves himself, and also a pocket-book given him by the drowning man. Mervyn afterwards discovers, pasted between the leaves of this book, bank-notes to the amount of twenty-thousand dollars, which belong to the daughter of one Lodi. Mervyn, who has been residing in the country for some time past, returns to Philadelphia, for the purpose of discovering the owner of the notes. He enters the city at the time of the pestilence, and passes through a series of the most extraordinary adventures. In Welbeck's house, he is astonished by

the apparition of his former patron. Welbeck had not committed suicide in the Delaware as supposed, but had safely reached the Jersey shore. He also has now returned to Philadelphia, for the purpose of securing the treasure he had lost. Mervyn confronts him, and acknowledges his possession of the notes. Welbeck endeavors to recover them, but in the end the notes are burned to ashes. Other incidents follow, and finally Mervyn, who was suffering from the fever, is rescued by the person to whom he tells his story.

This novel abounds in improbabilities and contradictions, and it is almost impossible to trace its complicated plot. Episodes are introduced which have no connection whatever with what has gone before, and as little to do with that which comes after them. In fact, the whole romance is an *olla podrida* of startling events. But there are passages in it which for beauty and eloquence have never been excelled by the author. The incidents are exceedingly dramatic, and the descriptions singularly graphic and picturesque. The novelist has defied the probabilities, but has succeeded in producing a brilliant series of rhetorical effects. The following passage is taken from Arthur Mervyn's narrative of the ravages of the pestilence—

"The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I entered High Street after nightfall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would at other times have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

"The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue, were illuminated as before by lamps, but between the Schuylkill and the heart of the city, I met not more than a dozen figures, and these were ghostlike, wrapped in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion; and as I approached, changed their course to avoid me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar, and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

"I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have seen brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. I approached a house, the door of which was opened, and before which stood a vehicle which I presently recognised to be a hearse. The driver was seated on it. I stood still to mark his visage, and to observe the course which he proposed to take. Presently a coffin, borne by two men, issued. The driver

was a negro, but his companions were white. Their features were marked by indifference to danger or pity. One of them, as he assisted in thrusting the coffin into the cavity provided for it, said, 'I'll be damned if I think the poor dog was quite dead. It wasn't the fever that ailed him, but the sight of the girl and her mother on the floor. I thought the last look he gave me told me to stay a few minutes. . .'

"Did you mark how he eyed us, when we carried away his wife and daughter? I never cried in my life, since I was knee-high, but, curse me if I ever felt in better tune for the business than just then. Hey!" continued he, looking up and observing me, standing a few paces distant, and listening to their discourse, 'What's wanted—anybody dead?'

"I stayed not to answer or parley, but hurried forward. My joints trembled, and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity; and by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure."

Similar horrible instances of premature interment have been recorded in connection with the Great Plague of London and other pestilential visitations.

The descriptions of the plague in Philadelphia given in the first part of *Arthur Mervyn* have been ranked by some with Boccaccio's narrative of the Plague of Florence and Defoe's History of the Plague of London; and, undoubtedly, they possess all the force and vigor of the latter work. The second part of *Arthur Mervyn* need not detain us, for, while it contains isolated chapters of great excellence, it exceeds its predecessor in the inconsequence and unnecessarily complicated character of its incidents.

Brown's power of exciting breathless apprehension was never more strikingly shown than in *Edgar Huntly*. Events giving rise to wonder and suspense follow each other in rapid succession. We forget to discuss whether the characters are natural or not, and lose ourselves in their astounding experiences. It has been said of the description in this novel of the encounter between the hero and a panther, that to find a parallel for it we must go to the scene under the cliffs in *The Antiquary*, or that between the two ladies and the panthers in *The Pioneers*. Again has the author fallen back upon an abnormal human manifestation for the groundwork of his romance. Somnambulism has been called into requisition to produce startling and ingenious effects. Nor is this all; for there has been pressed into service the immitigable hostility which existed—and

still in part exists—between European settlers in the States and the Indian tribes. Conflicts between the whites and the indigenous Indians are detailed with realistic power, and opportunity is also given for the delineation of the magnificent scenery which abounds in the western portion of the American continent. We shall not attempt an analysis of this novel; but merely remark that it is a story told by the hero to the sister of his friend, Waldegrave, who has been mysteriously murdered under the boughs of an elm in the midst of a private road in a wild and romantic district of Pennsylvania. Huntly finds the sleep-walker, Clithero, at the murdered man's grave, and instinctively connects him with the crime. Clithero leads him a long and dangerous circuit through mountain fastnesses and over precipices, until the former plunges into a cavern and disappears. The scenes which ensue are of the most extraordinary description, and the imagination which conceived them may be justly called portentous. The life-long misery of Clithero, which assumed a maniacal form, had been caused by the supposed death of his patroness, with whose death he had always charged himself. After a series of adventures which it would be difficult to match out of our author's own works, it is shown that the lady is still alive. Clithero has become a hopeless madman, however, and commits suicide. This singular being, who towers through the novel like the spectre of the Brocken, is one of the most vivid portraiture of a class peculiar to Brown. Half man, half demon, he excites in the reader the most conflicting emotions—commiseration giving way to terror, terror to disgust, and disgust once more, and, finally, to pity.

The novel of *Clara Howard* in some respects follows the lines of the work we have been discussing; but it lacks originality; and as Brown's chief merit lies neither in plot nor in individuality of character, but in the eloquence and romantic character of his narrative, when these fail him (as they do to a great extent in this later novel) he is not likely to retain the attention of the reader. Told in the form of letters, the history of Clara Howard is related with a method and perspicuity absent from Brown's

other works; but what he gains in straightforward narrative and orderly plan, he loses in passion, force, intensity, genius. He has written with aquafortis before, but in *Clara Howard* he descends to the ordinary ink, shed in such immense quantities by the general purveyors of fiction.

But if (as we have already implied) Brown's novels must not be turned to for studies of character—save chiefly as concerns individuals under the control of strange or abnormal impulses—one exception certainly demands to be made in favor of the heroine of *Ormond*. Constantia Dudley—natural and attractive in the highest degree from the human point of view—is such a character as our leading English novelists need not have been ashamed to conceive. Shelley, who had a great distaste for novels as such, was greatly enamoured of this character, and expressed his strong admiration of the author's skill in her delineation. The daughter of an immensely wealthy American citizen, she is gradually reduced, by the reverses of fortune, to the deepest poverty. But trouble proves the true alembic for testing the depth and tenderness of her nature. When she is sixteen, the storm of adversity bursts in its full force upon her father's house. Her beauty, and the graces of her mind, attract a thousand admirers; but she resists them all to minister to the comfort of her father, who becomes blind, and falls into premature decay. The fever breaks out in the city; its ravages are terrible; but, surrounded by poverty and disease, Constantia pursues a charmed life, animated by a noble virtue and a splendid heroism. Highly educated and refined, and accustomed to all the luxuries which unbounded wealth can supply, she is compelled to descend, by stages which are the result of machination and villainy, to a condition of life which is a very lazarus-house of poverty and disease. Yet through all she preserves the same sublime attitude of resignation and endurance, and attracts the admiration of even an Ormond, who loves her with all the passion of which such a nature is capable. She resists his attempts to entrap her affections, and when at length he endeavors to subject her to vileness and pollution, with Spartan courage and

resolution she resists him to the death. There is nothing vague and shadowy in the character of Constantia Dudley, as is the case with so many of the novelist's *dramatis personæ*; she gives one the impression of being a representation from life: she is a true woman, of a high and pure, but not an impossible type.

In one passage of *Clara Howard*, Brown shows that he was fully alive to the influence which Europe still wielded over both the literature and the character of the American people. Edward Hartley, the hero of the story, exclaims—"Our books are almost wholly the productions of Europe, and the prejudices which infect us are derived chiefly from this source. These prejudices may be somewhat rectified by age and by converse with the world, but they flourish in full vigor in youthful minds, reared in seclusion and privacy, and undisciplined by intercourse with various classes of mankind. In me they possessed an unusual degree of strength. My words were selected and defined according to foreign usages, and my notions of dignity were modelled on a scale which the Revolution has completely taken away. I could never forget that my condition was that of a *peasant*, and in spite of reflection, I was the slave of those sentiments of self-contempt and humiliation which pertain to that condition elsewhere, though chimerical and visionary on the western side of the Atlantic." The sensitive mind of Brown, and his pride as an American citizen, revolted from European manners and customs. There is no peasantry, as such, in the United States; hence, between the freeholder, however poor, and the richest citizen, there existed none of those sharp class distinctions which pertain to English society. Brown longed for the time when, just as America had triumphantly thrown off English tyranny, she would be able to throw off English customs and the prejudices derived from English literature.

The question, how it comes to pass that with all his power and originality, Charles Brockden Brown has never enjoyed the distinction of a popular writer, is not readily answered. It may, indeed, be said that the link between his creations and humanity in general is missing; there is no accord between them;

and, moreover, he is an utter stranger to the humorous faculty. Much also might be said with regard to his deficiencies in the construction of plot; but, on the other hand, there must be set against these the varied charms of his style—its eloquence, its clearness, and its nervousness.

In Brown we not only behold a pioneer in the world of fiction, but one of the earliest of those writers who have endeavored to give a native tone and character to American literature. Cut off at an age when he had only just begun to gauge his own powers, and to subjugate an imagination which had hitherto revelled in its wild luxuriance and growth, he has left behind him a surprising indication of possible achievements, rather than work accomplished of that full and compact nature of which he was capable. Like the great nation

of which he formed a part, he was struggling with a youth of noble potentialities. Hawthorne, Cooper, and others have since done more perfect work, but in none was there evidence of precisely the same latent original power. He was the intellectual product of a people as yet in its nonage, and which stepped forth amidst the nations of the world with all the hope and elasticity of youth, yet lacking the stronger fibre of manhood. To circumscribe the nature and extent of Brockden Brown's literary labors, however, had the Fates been propitious and his life been prolonged, would have been hazardous. But he passed away ere he had reached those greater heights to which he aspired, and which seemed accessible enough to such uncommon talents, such restless energy, and such powerful inspiration.—*Fortnightly Review*.

A BALLAD OF HEROES.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

'Now all your victories are in vain.' *

BECAUSE you passed, and now are not,—
 Because in some remoter day
 Your sacred dust in doubtful spot
 Was blown of ancient airs away,—
 Because you perished,—must men say
 Your deeds were naught, and so profane
 Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

Though it may be, above the plot
 That hid your once imperial clay,
 No greener than o'er men forgot
 The unregarding grasses sway;—
 Though there no sweeter is the lay
 Of careless bird,—though you remain
 Without distinction of decay,—
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No. For while yet in tower or cot
 Your story stirs the pulses' play;
 And men forget the sordid lot—
 The sordid cares—of cities gray;
 While yet they grow, for homelier fray,
 More strong from you, as reading plain
 That Life may go, if Honor stay,—
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

* See a 'Ballad of Heroes,' with this refrain, in the charming 'Handful of Honeysuckle,' by A. Mary F. Robinson, 1878.

ENVOY.

HEROES of old! I humbly lay
 The laurel on your graves again;
 Whatever men have done, men may,—
 The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

Belgravia Magazine.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE,"
 ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HAMISH.

AND NOW—look! The sky is as blue as the heart of a sapphire, and the sea would be as blue too, only for the glad white of the rippling waves. And the wind is as soft as the winnowing of a sea-gull's wing; and green, green are the laughing shores of Ulva! The bride is coming. All around the coast the people are on the alert; Donald in his new finery; Hamish half frantic with excitement; the crew of the *Umpire* down at the quay; and the scarlet flag fluttering from the top of the white pole. And behold!—as the cry goes along that the steamer is in sight, what is this strange thing? She comes clear out from the Sound of Iona; but who has ever seen before that long line running from her stem to her topmast and down again to her stern?

"Oh, Keith," Janet Macleod cried, with sudden tears starting to her eyes, "do you know what Captain Macallum has done for you? The steamer has got all her flags out!"

Macleod flushed red.

"Well, Janet," said he, "I wrote to Captain Macallum, and I asked him to be so good as to pay them some little attention; but who was to know that he would do that?"

"And a very proper thing too," said Major Stewart, who was standing hard by. "A very pretty compliment to strangers; and you know you have not many visitors coming to Castle Dare."

The Major spoke in a matter-of-fact way. Why should not the steamer show her bunting in honor of Macleod's guests? But all the same the gallant soldier, as he stood and watched the

steamer coming along, became a little bit excited too; and he whistled to himself, and tapped his toe on the ground. It was a fine air he was whistling. It was all about breast-knots!

"Into the boat with you now, lads!" Macleod called out; and first of all to go down to the steps was Donald; and the silver and cairngorms on his pipes were burnished so that they shone like diamonds in the sunlight; and he wore his cap so far on one side that nobody could understand how it did not fall off. Macleod was alone in the stern. Away the white boat went through the blue waves.

"Put your strength into it now," said he, in the Gaelic; "and show them how the Mull lads can row!"

And then again—

"Steady now! Well rowed all!"

And here are all the people crowding to one side of the steamer to see the strangers off; and the captain is on the bridge; and Sandy is at the open gangway; and at the top of the iron steps—there is only one Macleod sees—all in white and blue—and he has caught her eyes—at last, at last!

He seized the rope, and sprang up the iron ladder.

"Welcome to you, sweetheart!" said he, in a low voice, and his trembling hand grasped hers.

"How do you, Keith?" said she. "Must we go down these steps?"

He had no time to wonder over the coldness—the petulance almost—of her manner; for he had to get both father and daughter safely conducted into the stern of the boat; and their luggage had to be got in; and he had to say a word or two to the steward; and finally he had to hand down some loaves of bread

to the man next him, who placed them in the bottom of the boat.

"The commissariat arrangements are primitive," said Mr. White in an undertone to his daughter; but she made no answer to his words or his smile. But indeed, even if Macleod had overheard, he would have taken no shame to himself that he had secured a supply of white bread for his guests. Those who had gone yachting with Macleod—Major Stewart, for example, or Norman Ogilvie—had soon learned not to despise their host's highly practical acquaintance with tinned meats, pickles, condensed milk, and such-like things. Who was it had proposed to erect a monument to him for his discovery of the effect of introducing a leaf of lettuce steeped in vinegar between the folds of a sandwich?

Then he jumped down into the boat again; and the great steamer steamed away; and the men struck their oars into the water.

"We will soon take you ashore now," said he with a glad light on his face; but so excited was he that he could scarcely get the tiller-ropes right; and certainly he knew not what he was saying. And as for her—why was she so silent after the long separation? Had she no word at all for the lover who had so hungered for her coming?

And then Donald, perched high at the bow, broke away into his wild welcome of her; and there was a sound now louder than the calling of the sea-birds and the rushing of the seas. And if the English lady knew that this proud and shrill strain had been composed in honor of her, would it not bring some color of pleasure to the pale face? So thought Donald at least; and he had his eyes fixed on her as he played as he had never played before that day. And if she did not know the cunning modulations and the clever fingering, Macleod knew them; and the men knew them; and after they got ashore they would say to him—

"Donald, that was a good pibroch you played for the English lady."

But what was the English lady's thanks? Donald had not played over sixty seconds when she turned to Macleod and said—

"Keith, I wish you would stop him. I have a headache."

And so Macleod called out at once, in the lad's native tongue. But Donald could not believe this thing—though he had seen the strange lady turn to Sir Keith. And he would have continued had not one of the men turned to him and said—

"Donald, do you not hear? Put down the pipes."

For an instant the lad looked dumbfounded; then he slowly took down the pipes from his shoulder and put them beside him, and then he turned his face to the bow so that no one should see the tears of wounded pride that had sprang to his eyes. And Donald said no word to any one till they got ashore; and he went away by himself to Castle Dare, with his head bent down, and his pipes under his arm; and when he was met at the door by Hamish, who angrily demanded why he was not down at the quay with his pipes, he only said—

"There is no need of me or my pipes any more at Dare; and it is somewhere else that I will now go with my pipes."

But meanwhile Macleod was greatly concerned to find his sweetheart so cold and distant; and it was all in vain that he pointed out to her the beauties of this summer day—that he showed her the various islands he had often talked about, and called her attention to the skarts sitting on the Erisgeir rocks, and asked her—seeing that she sometimes painted a little in water-color—whether she noticed the peculiar clear, intense, and luminous blue of the shadows in the great cliffs which they were approaching. Surely no day could have been more auspicious for her coming to Dare?

"The sea did not make you ill?" he said.

"Oh no," she answered; and that was true enough, though it had produced in her agonizing fears of becoming ill which had somewhat ruffled her temper. And besides she had a headache. And then she had a nervous fear of small boats.

"It is a very small boat to be out in the open sea," she remarked, looking at the long and shapely gig that was cleaving the summer waves.

"Not on a day like this surely," said he, laughing. "But we will make a good sailor of you before you leave Dare, and you will think yourself safer in a boat like this than in a big steamer. Do you know that the steamer you came in, big as it is, draws only five feet of water?"

If he had told her that the steamer drew five tons of coal she could just as well have understood him. Indeed, she was not paying much attention to him. She had an eye for the biggest of the waves that were running by the side of the white boat.

But she plucked up her spirits somewhat on getting ashore; and she made the prettiest of little curtsies to Lady Macleod; and she shook hands with Major Stewart, and gave him a charming smile; and she shook hands with Janet too, whom she regarded with a quick scrutiny. So this was the cousin that Keith Macleod was continually praising?

"Miss White has a headache, mother," Macleod said, eager to account beforehand for any possible constraint in her manner. "Shall we send for the pony?"

"Oh no," Miss White said, looking up to the bare walls of Dare. "I shall be very glad to have a short walk now. Unless you, papa, would like to ride?"

"Certainly not—certainly not," said Mr. White, who had been making a series of formal remarks to Lady Macleod about his impressions of the scenery of Scotland.

"We will get you a cup of tea," said Janet Macleod, gently, to the newcomer, "and you will lie down for a little time, and I hope the sound of the waterfall will not disturb you. It is a long way you have come; and you will be very tired, I am sure."

"Yes, it is a pretty long way," she said; but she wished this over-friendly woman would not treat her as if she were a spoiled child. And no doubt they thought, because she was English, she could not walk up to the farther end of that fir-wood.

So they all set out for Castle Dare; and Macleod was now walking—as many a time he had dreamed of his walking—with his beautiful sweetheart; and there were the very ferns that he

thought she would admire; and here the very point in the fir-wood where he would stop her and ask her to look out on the blue sea, with Inch Kenneth, and Ulva, and Staffa all lying in the sunlight, and the razor-fish of land—Coll and Tìree—at the horizon. But instead of being proud and glad, he was almost afraid. He was so anxious that everything should please her that he dared scarce bid her look at anything. He had himself superintended the mending of the steep path; but even now the recent rains had left some puddles. Would she not consider the moist warm odors of this larch-wood as too oppressive?

"What is that?" she said suddenly.

There was a sound far below them of the striking of oars in the water, and another sound of one or two men monotonously chanting a rude sort of chorus.

"They are taking the gig on to the yacht," said he.

"But what are they singing?"

"Oh, that is *Fhir a bhata*," said he, "it is the common boat-song. It means, *Good-bye to you, boatman, a hundred times, wherever you may be going.*"

"It is very striking—very effective, to hear singing and not see the people," she said. "It is the very prettiest introduction to a scene; I wonder it is not oftener used. Do you think they could write me down the words and music of that song?"

"Oh no, I think not," said he, with a nervous laugh. "But you will find something like it, no doubt, in your book."

So they passed on through the plantation; and at last they came to an open glade; and here was a deep chasm spanned by a curious old bridge of stone almost hidden by ivy; and there was a brawling stream dashing down over the rocks and flinging spray all over the briars, and queen of the meadow, and foxgloves on either bank.

"That is very pretty," said she; and then he was eager to tell her that this little glen was even more beautiful when the rowan trees showed their rich clusters of scarlet berries.

"Those bushes there, you mean," said she. "The mountain-ash."

"Yes."

"Ah," she said, "I never see those

scarlet berries without wishing I was a dark woman. If my hair were black, I would wear nothing else in it."

By this time they had climbed well up the cliff; and presently they came on the open plateau on which stood Castle Dare, with its gaunt walls, and its rambling courtyards, and its stretch of damp lawn with a few fuchsia-bushes and orange-lilies that did not give a very ornamental look to the place.

"We have had heavy rains of late," he said hastily; he hoped the house and its surroundings did not look too dismal.

And when they went inside and passed through the sombre dining-hall, with its huge fire-place, and its dark weapons, and its few portraits dimly visible in the dusk, he said—

"It is very gloomy in the day-time; but it is more cheerful at night."

And when they reached the small drawing-room he was anxious to draw her attention away from the antiquated furniture and the nondescript decoration by taking her to the window and showing her the great breadth of the summer sea, with the far islands, and the brown-sailed boat of the Gometra men coming back from Staffa. But presently in came Janet; and would take the fair stranger away to her room; and was as attentive to her as if the one were a great princess, and the other a meek serving-woman. And by-and-by Macleod, having seen his other guest provided for, went into the library and shut himself in, and sate down—in a sort of stupor. He could almost have imagined that the whole business of the morning was a dream; so strange did it seem to him that Gertrude White should be living and breathing under the same roof with himself.

Nature herself seemed to have conspired with Macleod to welcome and charm this fair guest. He had often spoken to her of the sunsets that shone over the western seas; and he had wondered whether, during her stay in the north, she would see some strange sight that would remain for ever a blaze of color in her memory. And now on this very first evening there was a spectacle seen from the high windows of Dare that filled her with astonishment and caused her to send quickly for her fa-

ther, who was burrowing among the old armor. The sun had just gone down. The western sky was of the color of a soda-water bottle become glorified; and in this vast breadth of shining clear green lay one long island of cloud—a pure scarlet. Then the sky overhead and the sea far below them were both of a soft roseate purple; and Fladda and Staffa and Lunga, out at the horizon, were almost black against that flood of green light. When he asked her if she had brought her water-colors with her, she smiled. She was not likely to attempt to put anything like that down on paper.

Then they adjourned to the big hall, which was now lit up with candles; and Major Stewart had remained to dinner: and the gallant soldier, glad to have a merry evening away from his sighing wife, did his best to promote the cheerfulness of the party. Moreover Miss White had got rid of her headache, and showed a greater brightness of face; so that both the old lady at the head of the table and her niece Janet had to confess to themselves that this English girl who was like to tear Keith Macleod away from them was very pretty, and had an amiable look, and was soft and fine and delicate in her manners and speech. The charming simplicity of her costume, too: had anybody ever seen a dress more beautiful with less pretence of attracting notice? Her very hands: they seemed objects fitted to be placed on a cushion of blue velvet under a glass shade, so white and small and perfectly formed were they. That was what the kindly-hearted Janet thought. She did not ask herself how these hands would answer if called upon to help—amid the grime and smoke of a shepherd's hut—the shepherd's wife to patch together a pair of homespun trousers for the sailor-son coming back from the sea.

"And now," said Keith Macleod to his fair neighbor, when Hamish had put the claret and the whisky on the table, "since your head is well now, would you like to hear the pipes? It is an old custom of the house. My mother would think it strange to have it omitted," he added in a lower voice.

"Oh, if it is a custom of the house," she said coldly—for she thought it was

inconsiderate of him to risk bringing back her headache—"I have no objection whatever."

And so he turned to Hamish, and said something in the Gaelic. Hamish replied in English, and loud enough for Miss White to hear.

"It is no pibroch there will be this night, for Donald is away."

"Away?"

"Ay, just that. When he wass come back from the boat, he will say to me, 'Hamish, it is no more of me or my pipes they want at Dare; and I am going away; and they can get some one else to play the pipes.' And I wass saying to him then, 'Donald, do not be a foolish lad; and if the English lady will not want the pibroch you made for her, perhaps at another time she will want it.' And now, Sir Keith, it is Maggie MacFarlane; she wass coming up from Loch-na-Keal this afternoon, and who was it she will meet but our Donald, and he wass saying to her, 'It is to Tobermory now that I am going, Maggie; and I will try to get a ship there; for it is no more of me or my pipes they will want at Dare.'"

This was Hamish's story; and the keen hawk-like eye of him was fixed on the English lady's face all the time he spoke in his struggling and halting fashion.

"Confound the young rascal," Macleod said, with his face grown red. "I suppose I shall have to send a messenger to Tobermory and apologize to him for interrupting him to-day." And then he turned to Miss White. "They are like a set of children," he said, "with their pride and petulance."

This is all that needs be said about the manner of Miss White's coming to Dare, besides these two circumstances. First of all, whether it was that Macleod was too flurried, and Janet too busy, and Lady Macleod too indifferent to attend to such trifles, the fact remains that no one, on Miss White's entering the house, had thought of presenting her with a piece of white heather, which, as every one knows, gives good health and good fortune and a long life to your friend. Again, Hamish seemed to have acquired a serious prejudice against her from the very outset. That night, when Castle Dare was asleep, and the old

dame Christina and her husband were seated by themselves in the servants' room, and Hamish was having his last pipe, and both were talking over the great events of the day, Christina said, in her native tongue,—

"And what do you think now of the English lady, Hamish?"

Hamish answered with an old and sinister saying: "*A fool would he be that would burn his harp to warm her.*"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GRAVE OF MACLEOD OF MACLEOD.

THE monotonous sound of the waterfall, so far from disturbing the new guest of Castle Dare, only soothed her to rest; and after the various fatigues—if not the emotions—of the day, she slept well. But in the very midst of the night she was startled by some loud commotion that seemed to prevail both within and without the house; and when she was fully awakened it appeared to her that the whole earth was being shaken to pieces in the storm. The wind howled in the chimneys; the rain dashed on the window-panes with a rattle as of musketry; far below she could hear the awful booming of the Atlantic breakers. The gusts that drove against the high house seemed ready to tear it from its foothold of rock and whirl it inland; or was it the sea itself that was rising in its thunderous power to sweep away this bauble from the face of the mighty cliffs? And then the wild and desolate morning that followed! Through the bewilderment of the running water on the panes she looked abroad on the tempest-riven sea—a slate-colored waste of hurrying waves with wind-swept streaks of foam on them; and on the lowering and ever-changing clouds. The fuchsia-bushes on the lawn tossed and bent before the wind; the few orange-lilies, wet as they were, burned like fire in this world of cold greens and grays. And then as she stood and gazed, she made out the only sign of life that was visible. There was a cornfield below the larch-plantation; and though the corn was all laid flat by the wet and the wind, a cow and her calf that had strayed into the field seemed to have no difficulty in finding a rich moist breakfast. Then a small girl appeared, vainly trying with one hand

to keep her kerchief on her head, while with the other she threw stones at the marauders. By-and-by even these disappeared; and there was nothing visible outside but that hurrying and desolate sea, and the wet, bedraggled, comfortless shore. She turned away with a shudder.

All that day Keith Macleod was in despair. As for himself, he would have had sufficient joy in the mere consciousness of the presence of this beautiful creature. His eyes followed her with a constant delight; whether she took up a book, or examined the cunning spring of a sixteenth-century dagger, or turned to the dripping panes. He would have been content even to sit and listen to Mr. White sententiously lecturing Lady Macleod about the Renaissance, knowing that from time to time those beautiful tender eyes would meet his. But what would she think of it? Would she consider this the normal condition of life in the Highlands—this being boxed up in an old-fashioned room, with doors and windows firmly closed against the wind and the wet, with a number of people trying to keep up some sort of social intercourse and not very well succeeding? She had looked at the portraits in the dining-hall—looming darkly from their black backgrounds, though two or three were in resplendent uniforms; she had examined all his trophies of the chase—skins, horns, and what not—in the outer corridor; she had opened the piano, and almost started back from the discords produced by the feebly jangling old keys.

"You do not cultivate music much," she had said to Janet Macleod, with a smile.

"No," answered Janet seriously. "We have but little use for music here—except to sing to a child now and again—and you know you do not want the piano for that."

And then the return to the cold window, with the constant rain and the beating of the white surge on the black rocks. The imprisonment became torture—became maddening. What if he were suddenly to murder this old man and stop for ever his insufferable prosing about Berna da Siena and Andrea Mantegna? It seemed so strange to hear him talk of the unearthly calm of

Raphael's "St. Michael"—of the beautiful still landscape of it, and the mysterious joy on the face of the angel—and to listen at the same moment to the wild roar of the Atlantic around the rocks of Mull. If Macleod had been alone with the talker, he might have gone to sleep. It was like the tolling of a bell. "The artist passes away, but he leaves his soul behind . . . we can judge by his work of the joy he must have experienced in creation, of the splendid dreams that have visited him, of the triumph of completion. . . . Life without an object—a pursuit demanding the sacrifice of our constant care—what is it? The existence of a pig is nobler—a pig is of some use. . . . We are independent of weather in a great city; we do not need to care for the seasons; you take a hansom and drive to the National Gallery, and there all at once you find yourself in the soft Italian climate, with the most beautiful women and great heroes of chivalry all around you, and with those quaint and loving presentations of sacred stories that tell of a time when art was proud to be the meek handmaid of religion. Oh, my dear Lady Macleod, there is a 'Holy Family' of Giotto's—"

So it went on; and Macleod grew sick at heart to think of the impression that this funereal day must have had on the mind of his Fair Stranger. But as they sat at dinner that evening, Hamish came in and said a few words to his master. Instantly Macleod's face lighted up; and quite a new animation came into his manner.

"Do you know what Hamish says?" he cried,— "that the night is quite fine! And Hamish has heard our talking of seeing the cathedral at Iona by moonlight; and he says the moon will be up by ten. And what do you say to running over now? You know we cannot take you in the yacht, for there is no good anchorage at Iona; but we can take you in a very good and safe boat; and it will be an adventure to go out in the night-time."

It was an adventure that neither Mr. White nor his daughter seemed too eager to undertake; but the urgent vehemence of the young man—who had discovered that it was a fine and clear starlit night—soon overcame their doubts; and

there was a general hurry of preparation. The desolation of the day, he eagerly thought, would be forgotten in the romance of this night excursion. And surely she would be charmed by the beauty of the starlit sky, and the loneliness of the voyage, and their wandering over the ruins in the solemn moonlight?

Thick boots and waterproofs: these were his peremptory instructions. And then he led the way down the slippery path; and he had a tight hold of her arm; and if he talked to her in a low voice so that none should overhear—it is the way of lovers under the silence of the stars. They reached the pier, and the wet stone steps; and here, despite the stars, it was so dark that perforce she had to permit him to lift her off the lowest step and place her in security in what seemed to her a great hole of some kind or other. She knew, however, that she was in a boat; for there was a swaying hither and thither even in this sheltered corner. She saw other figures arrive—black between her and the sky—and she heard her father's voice above. Then he, too, got into the boat; the two men forward hauled up the huge lug sail; and presently there was a rippling line of sparkling white stars on each side of the boat, burning for a second or two on the surface of the black water.

"I don't know who is responsible for this madness," Mr. White said—and the voice from inside the great waterproof coat sounded as if it meant to be jocular—"but really, Gerty, to be on the open Atlantic, in the middle of the night, in an open boat—"

"My dear sir," Macleod said, laughing, "you are as safe as if you were in bed. But I am responsible in the meantime, for I have the tiller. Oh, we shall be over in plenty of time to be clear of the banks."

"What did you say?"

"Well," Macleod admitted, "there are some banks, you know, in the Sound of Iona; and on a dark night they are a little awkward when the tide is low—but I am not going to frighten you—"

"I hope we shall have nothing much worse than this," said Mr. White, seriously.

For indeed the sea, after the squally

morning, was running pretty high; and occasionally a cloud of spray came rattling over the bows, causing Macleod's guests to pull their waterproofs still more tightly round their necks. But what mattered the creaking of the cordage, and the plunging of the boat, and the rushing of the seas, so long as that beautiful clear sky shone overhead?

"Gertrude," said he in a low voice, "do you see the phosphorus-stars on the waves? I never saw them burn more brightly."

"They are very beautiful," said she. "When do we get to land, Keith?"

"Oh, pretty soon," said he. "You are not anxious to get to land?"

"It is stormier than I expected."

"Oh, this is nothing," said he. "I thought you would enjoy it."

However, that summer night's sail was like to prove a tougher business than Keith Macleod had bargained for. They had been out scarcely twenty minutes when Miss White heard the man at the bow call out something, which she could not understand, to Macleod. She saw him crane his neck forward, as if looking ahead; and she herself, looking in that direction, could perceive that from the horizon almost to the zenith the stars had become invisible.

"It may be a little bit squally," he said to her, "but we shall soon be under the lee of Iona. Perhaps you had better hold on to something."

The advice was not ill-timed; for almost as he spoke the first gust of the squall struck the boat, and there was a sound as if everything had been torn asunder and sent overboard. Then, as she righted just in time to meet the crash of the next wave, it seemed as though the world had grown perfectly black around them. The terrified woman seated there could no longer make out Macleod's figure; it was impossible to speak amid this roar; it almost seemed to her that she was alone with those howling winds and heaving waves—at night on the open sea. The wind rose, and the sea too; she heard the men call out and Macleod answer; and all the time the boat was creaking and groaning as she was flung high on the mighty waves, only to go staggering down into the awful troughs behind.

"Oh, Keith," she cried—and invol-

untarily she seized his arm—"are we in danger?"

He could not hear what she said; but he understood the mute appeal. Quickly disengaging his arm—for it was the arm that was working the tiller—he called to her—

"We are all right. If you are afraid, get to the bottom of the boat."

But unhappily she did not hear this; for as he called to her a heavy sea struck the bows, sprung high in the air, and then fell over them in a deluge which nearly choked her. She understood, though, his throwing away her hand. It was the triumph of brute selfishness in the moment of danger. They were drowning; and he would not let her come near him! And so she shrieked aloud for her father.

Hearing those shrieks Macleod called to one of the two men, who came stumbling along in the dark and got hold of the tiller. There was a slight lull in the storm; and he caught her two hands and held her.

"Gertrude, what is the matter? You are perfectly safe; and so is your father. For Heaven's sake keep still: if you get up, you will be knocked overboard!"

"Where is papa?" she cried.

"I am here—I am all right, Gerty," was the answer—which came from the bottom of the boat, into which Mr. White had very prudently slipped.

And then, as they got under the lee of the island, they found themselves in smoother water, though from time to time squalls came over that threatened to flatten the great lug-sail right on to the waves.

"Come now, Gertrude," said Macleod, "we shall be ashore in a few minutes; and you are not frightened of a squall?"

He had his arm round her; and he held her tight; but she did not answer. At last she saw a light—a small, glimmering orange thing that quivered apparently a hundred miles off.

"See!" he said. "We are close by. And it may clear up to-night after all."

Then he shouted to one of the men:

"Sandy, we will not try the quay the night: we will go into the Martyr's Bay."

"Ay, ay, sir."

It was about a quarter of an hour afterwards that—almost benumbed with fear—she discovered that the boat was in smooth water; and then there was a loud clatter of the sail coming down; and she heard the two sailors calling to each other, and one of them seemed to have got overboard. There was absolutely nothing visible—not even a distant light; but it was raining heavily. Then she knew that Macleod had moved away from her; and she thought she heard a splash in the water; and then a voice beside her said—

"Gertrude, will you get up? You must let me carry you ashore."

And she found herself in his arms, carried as lightly as though she had been a young lamb or a fawn from the hills; but she knew from the slow way of his walking that he was going through the sea. Then he set her on the shore.

"Take my hand," said he.

"But where is papa?"

"Just behind us," said he, "on Sandy's shoulders. Sandy will bring him along. Come, darling."

"But where are we going?"

"There is a little inn near the Cathedral. And perhaps it will clear up to-night; and we will have a fine sail back again to Dare."

She shuddered. Not for ten thousand worlds would she pass through once more that seething pit of howling sounds and raging seas.

He held her arm firmly; and she stumbled along through the darkness, not knowing whether she was walking through seaweed, or pools of water, or wet corn. And at last they came to a door; and the door was opened; and there was a blaze of orange light; and they entered—all dripping and unrecognizable—the warm, snug little place, to the astonishment of a handsome young lady who proved to be their hostess.

"Dear me, Sir Keith," said she at length, "is it you indeed! And you will not be going back to Dare to-night."

In fact, when Mr. White arrived, it was soon made evident that going back to Dare that night was out of the question; for somehow or other the old gentleman, despite his waterproofs, had managed to get soaked through; and he was determined to go to bed at once, so

as to have his clothes dried. And so the hospitalities of the little inn were requisitioned to the utmost; and as there was no whisky to be had, they had to content themselves with hot tea; and then they all retired to rest for the night, convinced that the moonlight visitation of the ruins had to be postponed.

But next day—such are the rapid changes in the Highlands—broke blue and fair and shining; and Miss Gertrude White was amazed to find that the awful Sound she had come along on the previous night was now brilliant in the most beautiful colors—for the tide was low, and the yellow sand-banks were shining through the blue waters of the sea. And would she not, seeing that the boat was lying down at the quay now, sail round the island, and see the splendid sight of the Atlantic breaking on the wild coast on the western side? She hesitated; and then, when it was suggested that she might walk across the island, she eagerly accepted that alternative. They set out, on this hot, bright, beautiful day.

But where he, eager to please her and show the beauties of the Highlands, saw lovely white sands, and smiling plains of verdure, and far views of the sunny sea, she only saw loneliness, and desolation, and a constant threatening of death from the fierce Atlantic. Could anything have been more beautiful—he said to himself—than this magnificent scene that lay all around her when they reached a far point on the western shore?—in face of them the wildly-rushing seas, coming thundering on to the rocks, and springing so high into the air that the snow-white foam showed black against the glare of the sky; the nearer islands gleaming with a touch of brown on their sunward side; the Dutchman's Cap, with its long brim and conical centre, and Lunga, also like a cap, but with a shorter brim and a high peak in front, becoming a trifle blue; then Coll and Tiree lying like a pale stripe on the horizon; while far away in the north the mountains of Rum and Skye were faint and spectral in the haze of the sunlight. Then the wild coast around them; with its splendid masses of granite; and its spare grass a brown-green in the warm sun; and its bays of silver sand; and

its sea-birds whiter than the white clouds that came sailing over the blue. She recognized only the awfulness and the loneliness of that wild shore; with its suggestions of crashing storms in the night-time and the cries of drowning men dashed helplessly on the cruel rocks. She was very silent all the way back; though he told her stories of the fairies that used to inhabit those sandy and grassy plains.

And could anything have been more magical than the beauty of that evening, after the storm had altogether died away? The red sunset sank behind the dark olive green of the hills; a pale, clear twilight took its place, and shone over those mystic ruins that were the object of many a thought and many a pilgrimage in the far past and forgotten years; and then the stars began to glimmer as the distant shores and the sea grew dark; and then, still later on, a wonderful radiance rose behind the low hills of Mull, and across the waters of the Sound came a belt of quivering light as the white moon sailed slowly up into the sky. Would they venture out now, into the silence? There was an odor of new-mown hay in the night air. Far away they could hear the murmuring of the waves around the rocks. They did not speak a word as they walked along to those solemn ruins overlooking the sea, that were now a mass of mysterious shadow, except where the eastern walls and the tower were touched by the silvery light that had just come into the heavens.

And in silence they entered the still church-yard too; and passed the graves. The buildings seemed to rise above them in a darkened majesty; before them was a portal through which a glimpse of the moonlit sky was visible. Would they enter, then?

"I am almost afraid," she said, in a low voice to her companion, and the hand on his arm trembled.

But no sooner had she spoken than there was a sudden sound in the night that caused her heart to jump. All over them and around them, as it seemed, there was a wild uproar of wings; and the clear sky above them was darkened by a cloud of objects wheeling this way and that, until at length they swept by overhead as if blown by a whirlwind,

and crossed the clear moonlight in a dense body. She had quickly clung to him in her fear.

"It is only the jackdaws—there are hundreds of them," he said to her; but even his voice sounded strange in this hollow building.

For they had now entered by the open doorway; and all around them were the tall and crumbling pillars, and the arched windows, and ruined walls, here and there catching the sharp light of the moonlight, here and there showing soft and grey with a reflected light, with spaces of black shadow which led to unknown recesses. And always overhead the clear sky with its pale stars; and always, far away, the melancholy sound of the sea.

"Do you know where you are standing now?" said he, almost sadly. "You are standing on the grave of Macleod of Macleod."

She started aside with a slight exclamation.

"I do not think they bury any one in here now," said he gently. And then he added, "Do you know that I have chosen the place for my grave? It is away out at one of the Treshnish islands; it is a bay looking to the west; there is no one living on that island. It is only a fancy of mine—to rest for ever and ever with no sound around you but the sea and the winds—no step coming near you, and no voice but the waves."

"Oh, Keith, you should not say such things: you frighten me," she said in a trembling voice.

Another voice broke in upon them, harsh and pragmatical.

"Do you know, Sir Keith," said Mr. White briskly, "that the moonlight is clear enough to let you make out this plan? But I can't get the building to correspond. This is the chancel, I believe; but where are the cloisters?"

"I will show you," Macleod said; and he led his companion through the silent and solemn place, her father following. In the darkness they passed through an archway, and were about to step out on to a piece of grass, when suddenly Miss White uttered a wild scream of terror and sank helplessly to the ground. She had slipped from his arm, but in an instant he had caught her again and had raised her on his bended

knee, and was calling to her with kindly words.

"Gertrude, Gertrude," he said, "what is the matter? Won't you speak to me?"

And just as she was pulling herself together the innocent cause of this commotion was discovered. It was a black lamb that had come up in the most friendly manner, and had rubbed its head against her hand to attract her notice.

"Gertrude, see—it is only a lamb! It comes up to me every time I visit the ruins; look!"

And, indeed, she was mightily ashamed of herself; and pretended to be vastly interested in the ruins; and was quite charmed with the view of the Sound in the moonlight, with the low hills beyond now grown quite black; but all the same she was very silent as they walked back to the inn. And she was pale and thoughtful, too, while they were having their frugal supper of bread and milk; and very soon pleading fatigue, she retired. But all the same, when Mr. White went up-stairs, some time after, he had been but a short while in his room when he heard a tapping at the door. He said, "Come in," and his daughter entered. He was surprised by the curious look of her face—a sort of piteous look, as of one ill at ease, and yet ashamed to speak.

"What is it, child?" said he.

She regarded him for a second with that piteous look; and then tears slowly gathered in her eyes.

"Papa," said she, in a sort of half hysterical way, "I want you to take me away from here. It frightens me. I don't know what it is. He was talking to me about graves——"

And here she burst out crying, and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, nonsense, child," her father said; "your nervous system must have been shaken last night by that storm. I have seen a strange look about your face all day. It was certainly a mistake our coming here; you are not fitted for this savage life."

She grew more composed. She sat down for a few minutes; and her father, taking out a small flask which had been filled from a bottle of brandy sent over during the day from Castle Dare, poured

a little of the spirits, added some, and made her drink the dose as a ping-draught.

"Ah well, you know, pappy," said she as she rose to leave—and she beamed a very pretty smile on him—"it is all in the way of experience, isn't it? An artist should experience everything. But there is just a little touch about graves and ghosts in these things for me. And I suppose we shall go to-morrow to see some cave or other where two or three hundred men, women, and children were murdered!"

"I hope in going back we shall not be near our own grave as we were last night," her father observed.

"And Keith Macleod laughs at it," said she, "and says it was unfortunate that he got a wetting!"

And so she went to bed; and the artist had dealt well with her; and she no longer dreams at all of shipwrecks, or black familiars in moonlit shrines. Should her sleep be disturbed because that night she had put her foot on the grave of the chief of the Macleods?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE "UMPIRE."

NEXT morning, with all this wonderful world of sea and islands shining in the early sunlight, Mr. White and his daughter were down by the shore, walking along the white sands, and chatting as they went. From time to time she looked across the fair summer seas to the distant cliffs of Bourg; and each time they looked a certain small white boat seemed coming nearer. That was the *Umpire*; and Keith Macleod was on board of her. He had started at an ungodly hour of the night to bring the boat over from her anchorage. He did not have his beautiful Fionaghal, but had come as a stranger to these far shores, to go back to Dare in a common boat with stones for ballast.

This is the loneliest place I have ever seen," Miss Gertrude White was saying on this the third morning after her arrival. "It seems scarcely in the world at all. The sea cuts you off from everything you know; it would have been nothing if we had come by rail." They walked on in silence, the blue waves beside them curling a crisp white line on the smooth sands.

"Pappy," said she, at length, "I suppose if I lived here for six months no one in England would remember anything about me? If I were mentioned at all, they would think I was dead. Perhaps some day I might meet some one from England; and I would have to say, 'Don't you know who I am? Did you never hear of one called Gertrude White? I was Gertrude White.'"

"No doubt," said her father, cautiously.

"And when Mr. Lemuel's portrait of me appears in the Academy, people would be saying, 'Who is that? *Miss Gertrude White as Juliet*? Ah, there was an actress of that name. Or was she an amateur? She married somebody in the Highlands. I suppose she is dead now?'"

"It is one of the most gratifying instances, Gerty, of the position you have made," her father observed, in his slow and sententious way, "that Mr. Lemuel should be willing, after having refused to exhibit at the Academy for so many years, to make an exception in the case of your portrait."

"Well, I hope my face will not get burned by the sea-air and the sun," she said. "You know he wants two or three more sittings. And do you know, pappy, I have sometimes thought of asking you to tell me honestly—not to encourage me with flattery, you know—whether my face has really that high-strung pitch of expression when I am about to drink the poison in the cell. Do I really look like Mr. Lemuel's portrait of me?"

"It is your very self, Gerty," her father said with decision. "But then Mr. Lemuel is a man of genius. Who but himself could have caught the very soul of your acting and fixed it on canvas?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then there was a flush of genuine enthusiastic pride mantling on her forehead as she said frankly—

"Well, then, I wish I could see myself."

Mr. White said nothing. He had watched this daughter of his through the long winter months. Occasionally, when he heard her utter sentiments such as these—and when he saw her keenly sensitive to the flattery bestowed upon her by the people assembled at Mr.

Lemuel's little gatherings, he had asked himself whether it was possible she could ever marry Sir Keith Macleod. But he was too wise to risk reawakening her rebellious fits by any encouragement. In any case, he had some experience of this young lady; and what was the use of combating one of her moods at five o'clock, when at six o'clock she would be arguing in the contrary direction, and at seven convinced that the *via media* was the straight road? Moreover, if the worst came to the worst, there would be some compensation in the fact of Miss White changing her name for that of Lady Macleod.

Just as quickly she changed her mood on the present occasion. She was looking again far over the darkly-blue and ruffled seas towards the white-sailed yacht.

"He must have gone away in the dark to get that boat for us," said she, musingly. "Poor fellow, how very generous and kind he is! Sometimes—shall I make the confession, pappy?—I wish he had picked out some one who could better have returned his warmth of feeling."

She called it a confession; but it was a question. And her father answered more bluntly than she had quite expected.

"I am not much of an authority on such points," said he, with a dry smile; "but I should have said, Gerty, that you have not been quite so effusive towards Sir Keith Macleod as some young ladies would have been on meeting their sweetheart after a long absence."

The pale face flushed, and she answered hastily—

"But you know, papa, when you are knocked about from one boat to another, and expecting to be ill one minute, and drowned the next, you don't have your temper improved, have you? And then perhaps you have been expecting a little too much romance—and you find your Highland chieftain handing down loaves, with all the people in the steamer staring at him. But I really mean to make it up to him, papa, if I could only get settled down for a day or two and get into my own ways. Oh, dear me! this sun—it is too awfully dreadful. When I appear before Mr. Lemuel again, I shall be a mulatto!"

And as they walked along the shining sands, with the waves monotonously breaking, the white-sailed yacht came nearer and more near; and indeed the old *Umpire*, broad-beamed and heavy as she was, looked quite stately and swan-like as she came over the blue water. And they saw the gig lowered; and the four oars keeping rhythmical time; and presently they could make out the browned and glad face of Macleod.

"Why did you take so much trouble?" said she to him—and she took his hand in a very kind way as he stepped on shore. "We could very well have gone back in the boat."

"Oh, but I want to take you round by Loch Tua," said he, looking with great gratitude into those friendly eyes. "And it was no trouble at all. And will you step into the gig now?"

He took her hand and guided her along the rocks until she reached the boat; and he assisted her father too. Then they pushed off; and it was with a good swing the men sent the boat through the lapping waves. And here was Hamish standing by the gangway to receive them; and he was gravely respectful to the stranger lady, as he assisted her to get up the small wooden steps; but there was no light of welcome in the keen grey eyes. He quickly turned away from her to give his orders; for Hamish was on this occasion skipper, and had donned a smart suit of blue with brass buttons. Perhaps he would have been prouder of his buttons, and of himself, and of the yacht he had sailed for so many years, if it had been any other than Gertrude White who had now stepped on board.

But on the other hand Miss White was quite charmed with this shapely vessel and all its contents. If the frugal ways and commonplace duties and conversation of Castle Dare had somewhat disappointed her, and had seemed to her not quite in accordance with the heroic traditions of the clans, here, at least, was something which she could recognize as befitting her notion of the name and position of Sir Keith Macleod. Surely it must be with a certain masterful sense of possession that he would stand on those white decks, independent of all the world besides, with those sinewy, sun-browned, handsome

fellows ready to go anywhere with him at his bidding. It is true that Macleod, in showing her over the yacht, seemed to know far too much about tinned meats; and he exhibited with some pride a cunning device for the stowage of soda-water; and he even went the length of explaining to her the capacities of the linen-chest; but then she could not fail to see that in his eagerness to interest and amuse her, he was as garrulous as a schoolboy showing to his companion a new toy. Miss White sat down in the saloon; and Macleod, who had but little experience in attending on ladies, and knew of but one thing that it was proper to recommend, said,—

"And will you have a cup of tea now, Gertrude? Johnny will get it to you in a moment."

"No, thank you," said she with a smile; for she knew not how often he had offered her a cup of tea since her arrival in the Highlands. "But do you know, Keith, your yacht has a terrible bachelor look about it? All the comforts of it are in this saloon and in those two nice little state-rooms. Your lady's cabin looks very empty; it is too elegant and fine, as if you were afraid to leave a book or a matchbox in it. Now if you were to turn this into a lady's yacht, you would have to remove that pipe-rack, and the guns and rifles and bags."

"Oh," said he anxiously, "I hope you do not smell any tobacco?"

"Not at all," said she. "It was only a fancy. Of course you are not likely to turn your yacht into a lady's yacht."

He started and looked at her. But she had spoken quite thoughtlessly, and had now turned to her father.

When they went on deck again they found that the *Umpire*, beating up in the face of a light northerly breeze, had run out for a long tack almost to the Dutchman's Cap; and from a certain distance they could see the grim shores of this desolate island with its faint tinge of green grass over the brown of its plateau of rock. And then Hamish called out, "Ready, about!" and presently they were slowly leaving behind that lonely Dutchman and making away for the distant entrance to Loch Tua. The breeze was slight; they made but

little way; far on the blue waters they watched the white gulls sitting buoyant; and the sun was hot on their hands. What did they talk about in this summer idleness? Many a time he had dreamed of his thus sailing over the clear seas with the fair Fionaghal from the south, until at times his heart, grown sick with yearning, was ready to despair of the impossible. And yet here she was sitting on a deck-stool near him—the wide-apart long-lashed eyes occasionally regarding him—a neglected book open on her lap—the small gloved hands toying with the cover. Yet there was no word of love spoken. There was only a friendly conversation, and the idle passing of a summer day. It was something to know that her breathing was near him.

Then the breeze died away altogether, and they were left altogether motionless on the glassy blue sea. The great sails hung limp, without a single flap or quiver in them; the red ensign clung to the jigger-mast; Hamish, though he stood by the tiller, did not even put his hand on that bold and notable representation in wood of the sea-serpent.

"Come now, Hamish," Macleod said, fearing this monotonous idleness would weary his fair guest, "you will tell us now one of the old stories that you used to tell me when I was a boy."

Hamish had indeed told the young Macleod many a mysterious tale of magic and adventure, but he was not disposed to repeat any one of these in broken English in order to please this lady from the south.

"It is no more of the stories I hef now, Sir Keith," said he. "It was a long time since I had the stories."

"Oh, I could construct one myself," said Miss White lightly. "Don't I know how they all begin? '*There was once a king in Erin, and he had a son; and this son it was who would take the world for his pillow. But before he set out on his travels, he took counsel of the falcon, and the hoodie, and the otter. And the falcon said to him, go to the right; and the hoodie said to him, you will be wise now if you go to the left; but the otter said to him, now take my advice,*' &c., &c."

"You have been a diligent student," Macleod said, laughing heartily. "And

indeed you might go on with the story and finish it ; for who knows now when we shall get back to Dare ?"

It was after a long period of thus lying in dead calm—with the occasional appearance of a diver on the surface of the shining blue sea—that Macleod's sharply observant eye was attracted by an odd thing that appeared far away at the horizon.

"What do you think is that now ?" said he with a smile.

They looked steadfastly, and saw only a thin line of silver light, almost like the back of a knife, in the distant dark blue.

"The track of a seal swimming under water," Mr. White suggested.

"Or a shoal of fish," his daughter said.

"Watch !"

The sharp line of light slowly spread ; a trembling silver-grey took the place of the dark blue ; it looked as if invisible fingers were rushing out and over the glassy surface. Then they felt a cool freshness in the hot air ; the red ensign swayed a bit ; then the great mainsail flapped idly ; and finally the breeze came gently blowing over the sea, and on again they went through the now rippling water. And as the slow time passed, in the glare of the sunlight, Staffa lay on the still water a dense mass of shadow ; and they went by Lunga ; and they drew near to the point of Gometra, where the black skarts were sitting on the exposed rocks. It was like a dream of sunlight, and fair colors and summer quiet.

"I cannot believe," said Miss White, "that all those fierce murders and revenges took place in such beautiful scenes as these. How could they ?"

And then, in the broad and still waters of Loch Tua, with the lonely rocks of Ulva close by them, they were again becalmed ; and now it was decided that they should leave the yacht there at certain moorings, and should get into the gig and be pulled through the shallow channel between Ulva and Mull that connects Loch Tua with Loch-na-Keal. Macleod had been greatly favored by the day chosen at haphazard for this water promenade ; at the end of it he was gladdened to hear Miss White say that she had never seen anything so lovely on the face of the earth.

And yet it was merely a question of weather. To-morrow they might come back and find the water a ruffled leaden color ; the waves washing over the rocks ; Ben-More invisible behind driving clouds. But now, as those three sat in the stern of the gig, and were gently pulled along by the sweep of the oars, it seemed to one at least of them that she must have got into fairyland. The rocky shores of Ulva lay on one side of this broad and winding channel ; the flatter shores of Mull on the other ; and between lay a perfect mirror of water in which everything was so accurately reflected that it was quite impossible to define the line at which the water and the land met. In fact, so vivid was the reflection of the blue and white sky on the surface of the water, that it appeared to her as if the boat was suspended in mid-air : a sky below, a sky above. And then the beauty of the landscape that enclosed this wonderful mirror—the soft green foliage above the Ulva rocks ; the brilliant yellow brown of the sea-weed, with here and there a grey heron standing solitary and silent as a ghost over the pools ; ahead of them, towering above this flat and shining and beautiful landscape, the awful majesty of the mountains around Loch-na-Keal—the monarch of them, Ben-More, showing a cone of dark and thunderous purple under a long and heavy swathe of cloud. Far away, too, on their right, stretched the splendid rampart of the Gribun cliffs, a soft sunlight on the grassy greens of their summits ; a pale and brilliant blue in the shadows of the huge and yawning caves. And so still it was, and the air so fine and sweet ; it was a day for the idling of happy lovers.

What jarred, then ? Not the silent appearance of the head of a seal in that shining plain of blue and white ; for the poor old fellow only regarded the boat for a second or two with his large and pathetic eyes, and then quietly disappeared. Perhaps it was this—that Miss White was leaning over the side of the boat, and admiring very much the wonderful hues of groups of seaweed below, that were all distinctly visible in the marvellously clear water. There were beautiful green plants that spread their flat fingers over the silver-white sands ; and huge rolls of purple and

sombre brown ; and long strings that came up to the surface—the traceries and decorations of these haunts of the mermaid.

"It is like a pantomime," she said. "You would expect to see a burst of limelight and Neptune appearing with a silver trident and crown. Well, it only shows that the scene-painters are nearer nature than most people imagine. I should never have thought there was anything so beautiful in the sea."

And then again she said, when they had rounded Ulva, and got a glimpse of the open Atlantic again—

"Where is it, Keith, you proposed to sink all the theatres in England, for the benefit of the dolphins and the lobsters?"

He did not like these references to the theatre.

"It was only a piece of nonsense," said he abruptly.

But then she begged him so prettily to get the men to sing the boat-song, that he good-humoredly took out a sheet of paper and a pencil and said to her—

"If I write it down for you, I must write it as it is pronounced. For how would you know that *Fhir a bhata, na horo eile*, is pronounced *Feer a vahta, na horo ailya*?"

"And perhaps, then," said she with a charming smile, "writing it down would spoil it altogether? But you will ask them to sing it for me."

He said a word or two in the Gaelic to Sandy, who was rowing stroke ; and Sandy answered with a short, quick laugh of assent.

"I have asked them if they would drink your health," Macleod said, "and they have not refused. It would be a great compliment to them if you would fill out the whisky yourself ; here is my flask."

She took that formidable vessel in her small hands ; and the men rested on their oars ; and then the metal cup was passed along. Whether it was the dram, or whether it was the old familiar chorus they struck up—

*"Fhir a bhata (na horo eile),
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile),
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile),
Chad soir slann leid ge thobh a theid u !"*

certain it is that the boat swung forward

with a new strength, and ere long they beheld in the distance the walls of Castle Dare. And here was Janet at the small quay, greatly distressed because of the discomfort to which Miss White must have been subjected.

"But I have just been telling Sir Keith," she said with a sweet smile, "that I have come through the most beautiful place I have ever seen in the world."

This was not, however, what she was saying to herself when she reached the privacy of her own room. Her thoughts took a different turn.

"And if it does seem impossible"—this was her inward speech to herself—"that those wild murders should have been committed in so beautiful a place, at least there will be a fair chance of one occurring when I tell him that I have signed an engagement that will last till Christmas. But what good could come of being in a hurry?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

A CAVE IN MULL.

OF love not a single word had so far been said between these two. It was a high sense of courtesy that on his part had driven him to exercise this severe self-restraint ; he would not invite her to be his guest, and then take advantage of the various opportunities offered to plague her with the vehemence and passionate yearning of his heart. For during all those long winter months he had gradually learned, from the correspondence which he so carefully studied, that she rather disliked protestation ; and when he hinted that he thought her letters to him were somewhat cold, she only answered with a playful humor ; and when he tried to press her to some declaration about her leaving the stage or about the time of their marriage, she evaded the point with an extreme cleverness which was so good-natured and friendly that he could scarcely complain. Occasionally there were references in these letters that awakened in his breast a tumult of jealous suspicions and fears ; but then again he consoled himself by looking forward to the time when she should be released from all those environments that he hated and dreaded. He would have no more fear

when he could take her hand and look into her eyes.

And now that Miss Gertrude White was actually in Castle Dare—now that he could walk with her along the lonely mountain-slopes and show her the wonders of the western seas and the islands—what was it that still occasioned that vague unrest? His nervous anxiety that she should be pleased with all she saw? Or a certain critical coldness in her glance? Or the consciousness that he was only entertaining a passing visitor—a beautiful bird that had alighted on his hand, and that the next moment would be winging its flight away into the silvery south?

"You are becoming a capital sailor," he said to her one day, with a proud light on his face. "You have no fear at all of the sea now."

He and she and the cousin Janet—Mr. White had some letters to answer, and had stayed at home—were in the stern of the gig, and they were being rowed along the coast below the giant cliffs of Gribun. Certainly, if Miss White had confessed to being a little nervous, she might have been excused. It was a beautiful, fresh, breezy summer-day; but the heavy Atlantic swell that slowly raised and lowered the boat as the men rowed along passed gently and smoothly on, and then went booming and roaring and crashing over the sharp black rocks that were quite close at hand.

"I think I would soon get over my fear of the sea," said she gently.

Indeed, it was not that that was most likely to impress her on this bright day—it was the awful loneliness and desolation of the scene around her. All along the summit of the great cliffs lay heavy banks of cloud that moved and wreathed themselves together, with mysterious patches of darkness here and there that suggested the entrance into far valleys in the unseen mountains behind. And if the outer surface of these precipitous cliffs was brightened by sunlight, and if there was a sprinkling of grass on the ledges, every few minutes they passed the yawning archway of a huge cavern, around which the sea was roaring with a muffled and thunderous noise. He thought she would be interested in the extraordinary number and variety of the

sea-birds about—the solemn cormorants sitting on the ledges, the rock-pigeons shooting out from the caves, the sea-pyots whirring along the rocks like lightning-flashes of color, the lordly osprey, with his great wings outstretched and motionless, sailing slowly in the far blue overhead. And no doubt she looked at all these things with a forced interest; and she herself now could name the distant islands out in the tossing Atlantic; and she had in a great measure got accustomed to the amphibious life at Dare. But as she listened to the booming of the waves around those awful recesses; and as she saw the jagged and angry rocks suddenly appear through the liquid mass of the falling sea; and as she looked abroad on the unknown distances of that troubled ocean and thought of the life on those remote and lonely islands, the spirit of a summer holiday forsook her altogether, and she was silent.

"And you will have no fear of the beast when you go into Mackinnon's cave," said Janet Macleod to her, with a friendly smile, "because no one has ever heard of it again. Do you know it was a strange thing? They saw in the sand the footprint of an animal that is not known to any one about here; even Keith himself did not know what it was—"

"I think it was a wild cat," said he. "And the men they had nothing to do then; and they went all about the caves, but they could see nothing of it. And it has never come back again."

"And I suppose you are not anxious for its coming back?" Miss White said.

"Perhaps you will be very lucky and see it some day, and I know that Keith would like to shoot it, whatever it is."

"That is very likely," Miss White said, without any apparent sarcasm.

By-and-by they paused opposite the entrance to a cave that seemed even larger and blacker than the others; and then Miss White discovered that they were considering at what point they could most easily effect a landing. Already through the singularly clear water she could make out vague green masses that told of the presence of huge blocks of yellow rock far below them; and as they cautiously went further towards the shore—a man at the

bow calling out to them—these blocks of rock became clearer and clearer, until it seemed as if those glassy billows that glided under the boat, and then went crashing in white foam a few yards beyond, must inevitably transfix the frail craft on one of these jagged points. But at length they managed to run the bow of the gig into a somewhat sheltered place, and two of the men, jumping knee-deep into the water, hauled the keel still further over the grating shell-fish of the rock; and then Macleod, scrambling out, assisted Miss White to land.

"Do you not come with us?" Miss White called back to the boat.

"Oh, it is many a time I have been in the cave," said Janet Macleod; "and I will have the luncheon ready for you. And you will not stay long in the cave, for it is cold and damp."

He took her hand, for the scrambling over the rough rocks and stones was dangerous work for unfamiliar ankles. They drew nearer to this awful thing, that rose far above them, and seemed waiting to enclose them and shut them in forever. And whereas about the other caves there were plenty of birds flying, with their shrill screams denoting their terror or resentment, there was no sign of life at all about this black and yawning chasm, and there was an absolute silence, but for the rolling of the breakers behind them, that only produced vague and wandering echoes. As she advanced over the treacherous shingle, she became conscious of a sort of twilight appearing around her. A vast black thing, black as night and still as the grave, was ahead of her; but already the change from the blaze of sunlight outside to this partial darkness seemed strange on the eyes. The air grew colder. As she looked up at the tremendous walls, and at the mysterious blackness beyond, she grasped his hand more tightly, though the walking on the wet sand was now comparatively easy. And as they went farther and farther into this blackness, there was only a faint strange light that made an outline of the back of his figure, leaving his face in darkness; and when he stooped to examine the sand, she turned and looked back, and behold the vast portal by which they entered had now dwindled

down into a small space of bewildering white!

"No," said he, and she was startled by the hollow tones of his voice, "I cannot find any traces of the beast now; they have all gone."

Then he produced a candle, and lit it; and as they advanced farther into the blackness there was visible this solitary star of red fire, that threw dulled mysterious gleams from time to time on some projecting rock.

"You must give me your hand again, Keith," said she in a low voice; and when he shifted the candle, and took her hand in his, he found that it was trembling somewhat.

"Will you go any farther?" said he.

"No."

They stood and looked around. The darkness seemed without limits; the red light was insufficient to produce anything like an outline of this immense place, even in faint and wandering gleams.

"If anything were to move, Keith," said she, "I should die."

"Oh, nonsense," said he in a cheerful way; but the hollow echoes of the cavern made his voice sound sepulchral. "There is no beast at all in here, you may be sure. And I have often thought of the fright a wild cat or a beaver may have got when he came in here in the night, and then discovered he had stumbled on a lot of sleeping men——"

"Of men!"

"They say this was a sanctuary of the Culdees; and I often wonder how the old chaps got their food. I am afraid they must have often fallen back on the young cormorants: that is what Major Stewart calls an expeditious way of dining, for you eat two courses, fish and meat, at the same time. And if you go farther along, Gertrude, you will come to the great altar-stone they used."

"I would rather not go," said she. "I—I do not like this place. I think we will go back now, Keith."

As they cautiously made their way back to the glare of the entrance, she still held his hand tight; and she did not speak at all. Their footsteps echoed strangely in this hollow space. And then the air grew suddenly warm; and there was a glow of daylight around;

and although her eyes were rather bewildered, she breathed more freely, and there was an air of relief on her face.

"I think I will sit down for a moment, Keith," said she; and then he noticed, with a sudden alarm, that her cheeks were rather pale.

"Are you ill?" said he, with a quick anxiety in his eyes. "Were you frightened?"

"Oh no," said she, with a forced cheerfulness, and she sat down for a moment on one of the smooth boulders. "You must not think I am such a coward as that. But—the chilling atmosphere—the change—made me a little faint."

"Shall I run down to the boat for some wine for you? I know that Janet has brought some claret."

"Oh, not at all," said she—and he saw with a great delight that her color was returning. "I am quite well now. But I will rest for a minute, if you are in no hurry, before scrambling down those stones again."

He was in no hurry; on the contrary, he sat down beside her and took her hand.

"You know, Gerty," said he, "it will be some time before I can learn all that you like and dislike, and what you can bear, and what pleases you best; it will be some time, no doubt; but then, when I have learned, you will find that no one will look after you so carefully as I will."

"I know you are very kind to me," said she in a low voice.

"And now," said he, very gently and even timidly, but his firm hand held her languid one with something of a more nervous clasp, "if you would only tell me, Gerty, that on such and such a day you would leave the stage altogether, and on such and such a day you would let me come to London—and you know the rest—then I would go to my mother, and there would be no need of any more secrecy, and instead of her treating you merely as a guest she would look on you as her daughter, and you might talk with her frankly."

She did not at all withdraw the small gloved hand, with its fringe of fur at the end of the narrow sleeve. On the contrary, as it lay there in his warm grasp, it was like the small, white, furred foot

of a ptarmigan, so little and soft and gentle was it.

"Well, you know, Keith," she said, with a great kindness in the clear eyes, though they were cast down, "I think the secret between you and me should be known to nobody at all but ourselves—any more than we can reasonably help. And it is a very great step to take; and you must not expect me to be in a hurry, for no good ever came of that. I did not think you would have cared so much—I mean, a man has so many distractions and occupations of shooting, and going away in your yacht, and all that—I fancy—I am a little surprised—that you make so much of it. We have a great deal to learn yet, Keith; we don't know each other very well. By-and-by we may be quite sure that there is no danger; that we understand each other; that nothing and nobody is likely to interfere. But wouldn't you prefer to be left in the meantime just a little bit free—not quite pledged, you know, to such a serious thing—"

He had been listening to these faltering phrases in a kind of dazed and pained stupor. It was like the water overwhelming a drowning man. But at last he cried out—and he grasped both her hands in the sudden vehemence of the moment—

"Gerty, you are not drawing back! You do not despair of our being husband and wife! What is it that you mean?"

"O Keith!" said she, quickly withdrawing one of her hands, "you frighten me when you talk like that. You do not know what you are doing—you have hurt my wrist."

"Oh, I hope not," said he. "Have I hurt your hand, Gerty?—and I would cut off one of mine to save you a scratch! But you will tell me now that you have no fears—that you don't want to draw back! I would like to take you back to Dare, and be able to say to every one, 'Do you know that this is my wife—that by-and-by she is coming to Dare. and you will all be kind to her for her own sake and for mine.' And if there is anything wrong, Gerty—if there is anything you would like altered, I would have it altered. We have a rude way of life; but every one would be kind to you. And if the life here is too

rough for you, I would go anywhere with you that you choose to live. I was looking at the houses in Essex. I would go to Essex—or anywhere you might wish—that need not separate us at all. And why are you so cold and distant, Gerty? Has anything happened here to displease you? Have we frightened you by too much of the boats and of the sea? Would you rather live in an English county away from the sea? But I would do that for you, Gerty—if I was never to see a sea-bird again."

And in spite of himself tears rose quickly to his eyes; for she seemed so far away from him, even as he held her hand; and his heart would speak at last—or break.

"It was all the winter months I was saying to myself, 'Now you will not vex her with too much pleading, for she has much trouble with her work; and that is enough; and a man can bear his own trouble.' And once or twice, when we have been caught in a bad sea, I said to myself, 'And what matter now if the end comes?—for perhaps that would only release her.' But then again, Gerty, I thought of the time you gave me the red rose; and I said, 'Surely her heart will not go away from me; and I have plenty to live for yet!'"

Then she looked him frankly in the face, with those beautiful, clear, sad eyes.

"You deserve all the love a woman can give you, Keith; for you have a man's heart. And I wish I could make you a fair return for all your courage, and gentleness, and kindness——"

"Ah, do not say that," he said quickly. "Do not think I am complaining of you, Gerty. It is enough—it is enough; I thank God for His mercy to me; for there never was any man so glad as I was when you gave me the red rose. And now, sweetheart—now you will tell me that I will put away all this trouble and have no more fears; and there will be no need to think of what you are doing far away; and there will be one day that all the people will know—and there will be laughing and gladness that day—and if we will keep the pipes away from you, all the people about will have the pipes, and there will be a dance and a song that day. Ah, Gerty, you must not think harshly of

the people about here. They have their ways. They would like to please you. But my heart is with them; and a marriage day would be no marriage day to me that I did not spend among my own people—my own people."

He was talking quite wildly. She had seen him in this mood once or twice before; and she was afraid.

"But you know, Keith," said she gently, and with averted eyes, "a great deal has to be done before then. And a woman is not so impulsive as a man; and you must not be angry if I beg for a little time——"

"And what is time?" said he, in the same glad and wild way—and now it was his hand holding hers that was trembling. "It will all go by in a moment—like a dream—when we know that the one splendid day is coming. And I will send a haunch to the Dubh Artach men that morning; and I will send a haunch to Skerryvore; and there will not be a man in Iona, or Coll, or Mull, that will not have his dram that day. And what will you do, Gerty—what will you do? Oh, I will tell you now what you will do on that morning. You will take out some sheets of the beautiful, small, scented paper; and you will write to this theatre and to that theatre: '*Good-bye—perhaps you were useful to me once, and I bear you no ill-will: but—Good-bye for ever and ever!*' And I will have all the children that I took to the Crystal Palace last summer given a fine dinner; and the six boy-pipers will play *Mrs. Macleod of Raasay* again; and they will have a fine reel once more. There will be many a one know that you are married that day, Gerty. And when is the day to be, Gerty? Cannot you tell me now?"

"There is a drop of rain!" she exclaimed; and she suddenly sprang to her feet. The skies were black overhead. "Oh, dear me," she said, "how thoughtless of us to leave your poor cousin Janet in that open boat, and a shower coming on! Please give me your hand now, Keith. And you must not take all these things so seriously to heart, you know; or I will say you have not the courage of a feeble woman like myself. And do you think the shower will pass over?"

"I do not know," said he in a vague way, as if he had not quite understood the question; but he took her hand, and in silence guided her down to the rocks, where the boat was ready to receive them.

And now they saw the strange transformation that had come over the world. The great troubled sea was all of a dark slate-green, with no glad ripples of white, but with long squally drifts of black; and a cold wind was blowing gustily in; and there were hurrying clouds of a leaden hue tearing across the sky. As for the islands—where were they? Ulva was visible, to be sure, and Colonsay—both of them a heavy and gloomy purple; and nearer at hand the rock of Errisker showed in a wan grey light between the lowering sky and the squally sea; but Lunga, and Fladda, and Staffa, and Iona, and even the long promontory of the Ross of Mull were all hidden away behind the driving mists of rain.

"O you lazy people!" Janet Macleod cried cheerfully—she was not at all frightened by the sudden storm. "I thought the wild beast had killed you in the cave. And shall we have luncheon now, Keith, or go back at once?"

He cast an eye towards the westward horizon and the threatening sky: Janet noticed at once that he was rather pale.

"We will have luncheon as they pull us back," said he in an absent way, as if he was not quite sure of what was happening around him.

He got her into the boat, and then followed. The men, not sorry to get away from these jagged rocks, took to their oars with a will. And then he sat silent and distraught, as the two women, muffled up in their cloaks, chatted cheerfully, and partook of the sandwiches and claret that Janet had got out of the basket. "*Fhir a bhata*" the men sang to themselves; and they passed under the great cliffs, all black and thunderous now; and the white surf was springing over the rocks. Macleod neither ate nor drank; but sometimes he joined in the conversation in a forced way; and occasionally he laughed more loudly than the occasion warranted.

"Oh yes," he said, "oh yes, you are becoming a good sailor now, Gertrude. You have no longer any fear of the water."

"You will become like little Johnny Wickes, Miss White," the cousin Janet said—"the little boy I showed you the other day. He has got to be like a duck in his love for the water. And indeed, I should have thought he would have got a fright when Keith saved him from drowning; but no."

"Did you save him from being drowned?" asked Gertrude, turning to Keith. "And you did not tell me the story?"

"It was no story," said he. "He fell into the water; and we picked him up somehow;" and then he turned impatiently to the men, and said some words to them in the Gaelic, and there was no more singing of the Farewell to the Boatman after that.

They got home to Castle Dare before the rain came on—though indeed it was but a passing shower, and it was succeeded by a bright afternoon that deepened into a clear and brilliant sunset; but as they went up through the moist-smelling larch-wood—and as Janet happened to fall behind for a moment, to speak to a herd-boy who was by the wayside—Macleod said to his companion—

"And have you no other word for me, Gertrude?"

Then she said, with a very gracious smile—

"You must be patient, Keith. Are we not very well off as we are?—I know a good many people who are not quite so well off. And I have no doubt we shall have courage to meet whatever good or bad fortune the days may bring us; and if it is good, then we shall shake hands over it, just as the village people do in an opera."

Fine phrases; though this man, with the dark and hopeless look in his eyes, did not seem to gain much gladness from them. And she forgot to tell him about that engagement which was to last till Christmas; perhaps if she had told him just then, he would scarcely have heard her.—*Good Words.*

THE PLANTIN MUSEUM AT ANTWERP.

BY WILLIAM BLADES.

PASSING through Antwerp some years ago, I was anxious to ascertain the truth of the statement that the printing-office of Christopher Plantin, whose fame in the sixteenth century spread over Europe, still remained in all its antique integrity, unchanged by the lapse of centuries. Its very existence, notwithstanding Dr. Dibdin's notice in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, seemed unknown even to those most interested in typographical antiquities; and out of the thousands of summer visitors who year after year flocked through the old city, not one cast a glance at this remarkable mansion, in which a vivid picture of the inner life of the sixteenth century has been preserved through the constant changes of ten generations, and through the fierce storms of religious reformation and political revolution.

Although difficult of access, I succeeded in obtaining admission. My inspection was rapid, and necessarily superficial, but I came away deeply impressed with the absorbing interest concentrated in the quaint old building, and feeling as if I had lived that chapter from the *Arabian Nights* where Zobeide enters the petrified city, and passing through streets and palaces, sees the most luxurious appliances of daily life everywhere ready for use, but meets with no living creature to enjoy them. So here, in this Maison Plantin, once the residence and atelier of a substantial burgher, was everything ready for immediate use, abundance of type, numerous presses, and all that goes to make a complete printing-office, even to "copy" on the compositors' frames; but all life had vanished, and solitude reigned supreme, except that one bent old workman, who seemed specially placed there to carry out the Zobeide parallel, potted about an old wooden press, like the ghost of Plantin himself mourning over departed glories.

In 1875, a year or two after my visit, the town council of Antwerp, after long and mature deliberation, decided to purchase the mansion and its contents, and to open the whole to the public as the

"Plantin Museum." The price agreed upon seemed at first sight astounding, being no less than 1,200,000 francs or 48,000*l.* sterling. Where could there be found in any old printing-office value for that amount? The authorities, however, knew well what they were about, and there can be no doubt that if the contents had been put up to public auction, a much larger sum would certainly have been realised. The public spirit which voted so large a sum out of the burghers' pockets reflects the highest honor upon the generosity and foresight of the Antwerp citizens, whose city, already a paradise for the antiquarian and art-loving visitor, has now received an additional attraction. A full account of the treasures thus acquired has just been written by M. Léon Degeorge,* in a most interesting and complete shape. From this, after a few preliminary remarks, we will endeavor to give a taste, and but a taste, of the rich feast spread by the burghers of Antwerp for the free enjoyment of this and future generations.

Bruges, sleepy old Bruges, was in the latter half of the fifteenth century the very centre of the life, trade, and civilisation of Flanders. The art of printing was at an early period introduced into the city. There flourished the famous but unfortunate Typographer, Colard Mansion, and there our own Caxton learnt "at grete coste" the new art, which was destined to make his name honored and famous wherever the English tongue is spoken. A sad reverse however awaited the royal city, for in the beginning of the next century, when the revolt of the citizens was crushed, they were deprived by the Emperor Maximilian of all their privileges, which were transferred to the city of Antwerp. There, in a rapidly growing and prosperous community, many famous printers arose, whose names still exist as household words among bibliographers:

* *La Maison Plantin à Anvers*, par Léon Degeorge. Bruxelles, 8vo, 1878; 2nd ed. (128 pp.)

Gerard Leuw, Van der Goes, Back, Vosterman, Van der Haegen, and others. And there, about the year 1550, a young French bookseller named Christopher Plantin, established himself in a small shop, *près la Bourse neuve*. His wife sold linen, and he bound books as well as sold them. The learned Grapheus employed him as a binder, and, pleased with his integrity and industry, assisted him with capital, so that in 1555 Plantin, who was a skilled typographer, was enabled to start a complete printing-office. Thence issued his maiden work, a short essay upon the education of girls, which, in a dedication written by himself, he calls "the first bloom from the garden of his printing-house"—a garden which soon was to yield a grand supply of both fruit and blossom. Intelligence and industry met with their usual reward, and in two years Plantin's business had so increased that he moved to new and more extensive premises, known as the "Golden Unicorn." Here great prosperity attended his steps, and in 1579 he purchased the building in the *Marché de Vendredi*, which has ever since been associated with his name, and there placed over the portal his famous device, a hand issuing from a cloud and holding a pair of compasses. The motto he chose was *Labore et Constantiâ*, the fixed limb of the compass representing steadiness, and the moving limb, diligence.

We will not dwell further on the successful career of Christopher Plantin. In 1589 he died, the richest as well as the most famous printer in Europe, having been intimately connected with all the master-minds of his age, and having contributed greatly to the advancement of learning and the restoration of a pure text to the Greek and Latin classics. "Never," says the Italian historian Guicciardini, when speaking of the Plantin printing-office, then in its zenith, "never was seen before so large and so varied a collection of types and presses, of matrices, of ornaments, and of all sorts of typographical appliances and instruments; nor indeed so many able workmen skilled in the knowledge and use of so priceless a collection."

One of Plantin's two daughters married John Moretus, the chief associate of her father in his typographical la-

bors, to whom he bequeathed the mansion and the business. From him through seven generations of printers it has descended unchanged to Edward Joseph Moretus, the last of his race, who has lately transferred it to the safe custody of the city of Antwerp.

Let us now endeavor to gain an idea, however inadequate, of the various possessions for which so large a sum has been given.

I. The mansion: a fine quadrangular building of the fifteenth century, the façade of which was restored in 1761.—It comprises the dwelling apartments, the foundry, the composing-rooms, the pressroom, reading-rooms, libraries, archives, and other offices, just as they existed in the palmiest days of Plantin's career.

Entering under the arched gateway, the quadrangle has a charming effect. The walls between the windows are ornamented with carved niches, in which are the busts of celebrated printers, several of them embowered by nature's own hand in framework of vine-leaves and tendrils which still spring from the original stock, planted more than 300 years ago by the hand of Plantin himself.

II. Paintings and engravings.—The oil-paintings are both numerous and valuable, all but six being portraits either of the family or of celebrated persons connected with Plantin and his labors. Eighteen are by Rubens, who seems to have been a frequent visitor to the "Maison Plantin," and whose receipts for sums of money paid him are still preserved in the archives. The most noteworthy portraits are those of Christopher Plantin, his wife, his daughter Martine, his son-in-law Moretus, Ortelius, Justus Lipsius, and Arias Montanus, the celebrated editor of the great Polyglott Bible, printed for the King of Spain and known as the Antwerp Polyglott. There are seventeen other portraits, of which we will only mention Balthasar Moretus, a splendid specimen of Van Dyck's powers, the remainder being mostly by Pombus—some of them remarkably good.

The prints are very numerous, all very fine, and mostly very rare. There are many large portfolios full of engravings after Rubens, Teniers, Van Dyck,

and Jordaens. Others are filled with the works of Cris. de Pass, De Galle, Sadeler, and other engravers, all being proofs before letters, and in the finest possible condition. Here is a precious collection of 400 original sketches by various old masters, of which eleven are by Rubens, as testified by his autograph. Perhaps the most precious, however, as well as the most rare, is a small lot of six engravings by Peeter Boel, entitled *Diversi Uccelli*, all in the finest possible state. Next we notice *La petite Passion* of Albert Dürer, in fifteen plates, engraved by Van Leyden, and sixty portraits of the Dukes of Brabant and the Counts of Flanders; with many others too numerous to specify here.

III. The Library.—To give a faint description of the 10,000 books here assembled together would require a separate essay. In the very short list given by M. Léon Degeorge it would have been delightful to recognise a "Caxton" or two; but very few books from the Westminster press passed over the seas in Plantin's time, and not one is found here, although a connecting link with them is preserved in a fine copy of *Les Dicts des Philosophes*, printed at Bruges about 1475 by Colard Mansion. A translation of this very book was the earliest dated book from Caxton's press, and was entitled, *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophes*. Of Plantin's *magnum opus*, the celebrated Polyglott Bible, edited by Montanus, there are three copies here, one of which is printed on vellum. The work extends to eight large folio volumes, printed in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. The composition of the types and the correction of the proofs occupied forty compositors for four years, the workmen having to serve a kind of apprenticeship before they became capable of taking a part in the work. The total cost was reckoned by Plantin to be 40,000 crowns. A fine copy on vellum, belonging to Earl Spencer, with autograph corrections by the celebrated Justus Lipsius, was exhibited at the Caxton Celebration last year. Other books dear to the bibliographer are Pfister's Bible, 1459; a Sarum Breviary from the press of Theod. Martens of Louvaine, one of a large and extremely interesting collection of rare missals and breviaries; a vel-

um Cicero, 1466, by John Fust; numerous *editiones principes* of the classics; and lastly, an extensive assemblage of books, of tracts, and of placards, many unique, illustrative of the contemporary history of Belgium.

The manuscripts are in number about 200, several being of great rarity. In any collection of MSS. the most common are those of the fifteenth century, works of the fourteenth being rare, and of the ages before that extremely rare. Yet several here were written in the twelfth, tenth, and even ninth centuries. One, entitled *Carmen Paschale*, has special interest for the English philologist, having an extensive gloss in Anglo-Saxon, the characters being of the tenth century, and probably written in this country. A similar work, a *Priscianus* of the same period, has also an Anglo-Saxon gloss. Of fifteenth century work there is a splendid Bible, richly illuminated with large, highly-finished paintings; it is dated 1402, and is quite a treasury of art. As might be expected from the reputation of the Plantin press for classical literature, the most numerous among the manuscripts are those of the Greek and Latin authors. These indeed were of vital importance for collating the various texts, and for determining the true reading of disputed or corrupted passages.

Probably no part of the "Maison Plantin" will excite more interest than

IV. The Archives.—Here are preserved the account-books and other documents connected with the establishment, from its commencement up to a recent date. Here are the journals complete, beginning at the year 1566, in which may be seen the purchases and sales of any intermediate period. Here, too, are the great memorandum books containing notes-of-hand from Rubens; particulars of all the work for which estimates were required, and all the payments by Philip of Spain. As a sure guide to the position of the workmen in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, we have the wages-books complete, showing the weekly earnings of compositors, pressmen, engravers, and bookbinders over a period of three centuries. Then what can we say in estimating the interest of the same extent of letter-books in which

is preserved the correspondence of the house? The number of autograph letters is beyond belief, and all are carefully and chronologically docketed; the autographs of kings, statesmen, philosophers, historians, and artists are preserved side by side with the most illustrious printers of France, Germany, Italy, England, and Spain. Very few of them have been edited, and many will throw quite a new light upon the literary questions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the same collection are found royal diplomas, inventories, wills, genealogies, accounts of travel on business, and family matters, and lastly a long autobiography of Plantin himself, in which he narrates the hopes and fears, the disappointments and successes of fifteen eventful years. One of the letters above mentioned supplies an interesting fact in Plantin's life. The French King sent letters patent, appointing him "King's Printer," a very lucrative as well as honorable position. Plantin, however, by the advice of the Spanish ambassador, declined the honor, satisfied with the title he already had of "Architypographus" to Philip II. of Spain. The Duke of Savoy and Piedmont also wished for his services, and there is his letter inviting Plantin to Turin. The Duke offered to purchase at Plantin's own price his whole establishment, and to present him with 1,000 gold crowns as a bonus; he promised to erect new and extensive printing-offices at Turin, over which Plantin was to be the presiding genius, with *carte blanche* as to expense. Nothing, however, could tempt Plantin from the city of his adoption, and this noble offer was also declined.

Reverting to our account of the museum, a few lines must suffice to notice the valuable collection of Sèvres, Chinese, and Japanese porcelain. Some years ago a well-known amateur, distracted by the beauty of six cups and saucers in *porcelaine verte de chine*, offered Mr. Moretus 15,000 francs for the set, but in vain; and these cups, which 50*l.* each would not buy, still grace the Plantin Museum. The valuable cabinets of medals and the collection of minerals must be only mentioned, for we have still to pass through

V. The Printing-offices. — In the

composing-room, which is capitally lighted by side windows, stand numerous frames, the cases still heavy with the types cast centuries ago in the adjoining foundry. The *visorium* still holds the "copy" in the position easiest for the workmen; the composing-sticks with the types still in them, the matter standing in the galleys ready to be made up, the forms leaning against the wall ready for press—all serve to delude the visitor into the belief that it is merely "dinner-time," and that soon the hum of business will re-animate the empty rooms. The press-room has the same air of intermitted work, although out of the seventeen presses, which in 1576 were seen at work by De Thou, only five now remain. Two of these are as old as the sixteenth century, and all but one, which is used for the purposes of the museum administration, are unfit for work.

But what have we here in all these curiously-carved old cabinets, a single one of which would make a Soho dealer famous? Shelves upon shelves of woodcuts, over 15,000, illustrating three centuries of the engraver's art. All sizes of floriated initials, "blooming capitals" as the Dutch call them; an infinity of head and tail-pieces, vignettes, printer's marks, and what the French style *culs de lampes*. One magnificent set of large illuminated initials, probably designed for a great missal, is quite fresh from the hand of the engraver, having never been used; while numerous designs, although beautifully drawn upon the wood, have still to wait for the skilful hand of the engraver. Not woodcuts only, but about 8,000 copper-plates are also carefully preserved, including many splendid title-pages and other illustrations used in bygone ages. In a specially-designed and beautifully-carved closet are kept all the punches, matrices, and moulds which performed no small part in enhancing the fame of the "Plantin press." Probably nothing like it can be seen in Europe, the major part having come from the graceful hands of Guillaume le Bé and Claude Garamond. Close by, packed up in papers ready for immediate use, are a ton or two of types of all sizes, brand-new, covered with a hundred years of dust.

And now an ending must be made, for time would fail to recount half the attractions of this wonderful collection ; so we must pass undescribed the grand readers' table sculptured specially by Quellin, where the learned Montanus and Kilianus corrected Arabic proofs, and Raphelengius, steeped to the lips in Greek and Hebrew, labored over the endless succession of prolix glosses. Nor must we be tempted even by the

carved desk, with "twisted legs and little arches," used by Plantin himself, and upon which his scissors and his brass reading-lamp still remain, but must make our exit, thankful in heart to the citizens of Antwerp for the rich treat they have thrown open for the general instruction, and delighted that the task of describing such treasures has been so well executed by M. Léon De-george.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

CHILD'S PLAY.

THE regret we have for our childhood is not wholly justifiable : so much a man may lay down without fear of public ribaldry ; for although we shake our heads over the change, we are not unconscious of the manifold advantages of our new state. What we lose in generous impulse, we more than gain in the habit of generously watching others ; and the capacity to enjoy Shakspeare may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers. Terror is gone out of our lives, moreover ; we no longer see the devil in the bed-curtains nor lie awake to listen to the wind. We go to school no more ; and if we have only exchanged one drudgery for another (which is by no means sure), we are set free forever from the daily fear of chastisement. And yet a great change has overtaken us ; and although we do not enjoy ourselves less, at least we take our pleasure differently. We need pickles now-a-days to make Wednesday's cold mutton please our Friday's appetite ; and I can remember the time when to call it red venison, and tell myself a hunter's story, would have made it more palatable than the best of sauces. To the grown person, cold mutton is cold mutton all the world over ; not all the mythology ever invented by man will make it better or worse to him ; the broad fact, the clamant reality, of the mutton carries away before it such seductive figments. But for the child it is still possible to weave an enchantment over eatables ; and if he has but read of a dish in a story-book, it will be heavenly manna to him for a week.

If a grown man does not like eating and drinking and exercise, if he is not something positive in his tastes, it

means he has a feeble body and should have some medicine ; but children may be pure spirits, if they will, and take their enjoyment in a world of moonshine. Sensation does not count for so much in our first years as afterwards ; something of the swaddling numbness of infancy clings about us ; we see and touch and hear through a sort of golden mist. Children, for instance, are able enough to see, but they have no great faculty for looking ; they do not use their eyes for the pleasure of using them, but for by-ends of their own ; and the things I call to mind seeing most vividly, were not beautiful in themselves, but merely interesting or enviable to me as I thought they might be turned to practical account in play. Nor is the sense of touch so clean and poignant in children as it is in a man. If you will turn over your old memories, I think the sensations of this sort you remember will be somewhat vague, and come to not much more than a blunt, general sense of heat on summer days, or a blunt, general sense of well-being in bed. And here, of course, you will understand pleasurable sensations ; for overmastering pain—the most deadly and tragical element in life, and the true commander of man's soul and body—alas ! pain has its own way with all of us ; it breaks in, a rude visitant, upon the fairy garden where the child wanders in a dream, no less surely than it rules upon the field of battle, or sends the immortal war-god whimpering to his father ; and innocence, no more than philosophy, can protect us from this sting. As for taste, when we bear in mind the excesses of unmitigated sugar which delight a youthful palate, "it is

surely no very cynical asperity" to think taste a character of the maturer growth. Smell and hearing are perhaps more developed; I remember many scents, many voices, and a great deal of spring singing in the woods. But hearing is capable of vast improvement as a means of pleasure; and there is all the world between gaping wonderment at the jargon of birds, and the emotion with which a man listens to articulate music.

At the same time, and step by step with this increase in the definition and intensity of what we feel which accompanies our growing age, another change takes place in the sphere of intellect, by which all things are transformed and seen through theories and associations as through colored windows. We make to ourselves day by day, out of history, and gossip, and economical speculations, and God knows what, a medium in which we walk and through which we look abroad. We study shop windows with other eyes than in our childhood, never to wonder, not always to admire, but to make and modify our little incongruous theories about life. It is no longer the uniform of a soldier that arrests our attention; but perhaps the flowing carriage of a woman, or perhaps a countenance that has been vividly stamped with passion and carries an adventurous story written in its lines. The pleasure of surprise is passed away; sugar-loaves and watering-carts seem mighty tame to encounter; and we walk the streets to make romances and to sociologise. Nor must we deny that a good many of us walk them solely for the purposes of transit or in the interest of a livelier digestion. These, indeed, may look back with mingled thoughts upon their childhood, but the rest are in a better case; they know more than when they were children, they understand better, their desires and sympathies answer more nimbly to the provocation of the senses, and their minds are brimming with interest as they go about the world.

According to my contention, this is a flight to which children cannot rise. They are wheeled in perambulators or dragged about by nurses in a pleasing stupor. A vague, faint, abiding wonderment possesses them. Here and

there some specially remarkable circumstance, such as a water-cart or a guardsman, fairly penetrates into the seat of thought and calls them, for half a moment out of themselves; and you may see them, still towed forward sideways by the inexorable nurse as by a sort of destiny, but still staring at the bright object in their wake. It may be some minutes before another such moving spectacle reawakens them to the world in which they dwell. For other children, they almost invariably show some intelligent sympathy. "There is a fine fellow making mud pies," they seem to say; "that I can understand, there is some sense in mud pies." But the doings of their elders, unless where they are speakingly picturesque or recommend themselves by the quality of being easily imitable, they let them go over their heads (as we say) without the least regard. If it were not for this perpetual imitation, we should be tempted to fancy they despised us outright, or only considered us in the light of creatures brutally strong and brutally silly; among whom they condescended to dwell in obedience like a philosopher at a barbarous court. At times they display an arrogance of disregard that is truly staggering. Once, when I was groaning aloud with physical pain, a young gentleman came into the room and nonchalantly inquired if I had seen his bow and arrow. He made no account of my groans, which he accepted, as he had to accept so much else, as a piece of the inexplicable conduct of his elders; and, like a wise young gentleman, he would waste no wonder on the subject. Those elders, who care so little for rational enjoyment, and care even the enemy of rational enjoyment for others, he had accepted without understanding and without complaint, as the rest of us accept the scheme of the universe.

We grown people can tell ourselves a story, give and take strokes until the bucklers ring, ride far and fast, marry, fall, and die; all the while sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed. This is exactly what a child cannot do, or does not do, at least, when he can find anything else. He works all with lay figures and stage properties. When his story comes to the fighting, he must rise, get something by way of

rd and have a set-to with a piece of furniture, until he is out of breath. Then he comes to ride with the king's horse, he must bestride a chair, which he will so hurriedly and belabor and on which he will so furiously demean himself, that the messenger will arrive, not bloody with spurring, at least not red with haste. If his romance describes an accident upon a cliff, he will clamber in person about the chestnut-towers and fall bodily upon the carcase, before his imagination is satisfied. Soldiers, dolls, all toys in short the same category and answer the end. Nothing can stagger a child's faith, he accepts the clumsiest of figures and can swallow the most glaring incongruities. The chair he has been besieging as a castle, or valiantly cutting to the ground as a dragon, when away for the accommodation of a morning visitor, and he is nothing more; he can skirmish by the hour as a stationary coal-scuttle; in the midst of the enchanted pleasance, he is, without sensible shock, the garbsoberly digging potatoes for the dinner. He can make abstraction whatever does not fit into his fable; he puts his eyes into his pocket, as we hold our noses in an unbecoming lane. And so it is, that although the ways of children cross with those of their elders in a hundred places, they never go in the same direction so much as lie in the same element.

So may the telegraph wires intersect the line of the high road, or so may a landscape painter and a bagman traverse the same country and yet move in different worlds.

People struck with these spectacles, proud about the power of imagination in the young. Indeed there may be no words to that. It is, in some

but a pedestrian fancy that the child exhibits. 'Tis the grown people who make the nursery stories; all the child can do, is jealously to preserve the

One out of a dozen reasons why *Robinson Crusoe* should be so popular with youth, is that it hits their level in matter as well as in nicety; *Crusoe* was all at makeshifts, and had, in so many ways, to play at a great variety of professions; and then the book is all about war and there is nothing that delights

a child so much. Hammers and saws belong to a province of life that positively calls for imitation. The juvenile lyrical drama, surely of the most ancient Thespian model, wherein the trades of mankind are successively simulated to the running burthen "On a cold and frosty morning," gives a good instance of the artistic taste in children. And this need for overt action and lay figures testifies to a defect in the child's imagination which prevents him from carrying out his novels in the privacy of his own heart. He does not yet know enough of the world and men. His experience is incomplete. That stage-wardrobe and scene-room that we call the memory is so ill-provided, that he can overtake few combinations and body out few stories, to his own content, without some external aid. He is at the experimental stage; he is not sure how one would feel in certain circumstances; to make sure, he must come as near trying it as his means permit. And so here is young heroism with a wooden sword, and mothers practise their kind vocation over a bit of jointed stick. It may be laughable enough just now; but it is these same people and these same thoughts, that not long hence, when once they are on the theatre of life, will set you weeping and trembling. For children think very much the same thoughts, and dream the same dreams, as bearded men and marriageable women. No one is more romantic. Fame and honor, the love of young men and the love of mothers, the business man's pleasure in method, all these and others they anticipate and rehearse in their play hours. Upon us, who are further advanced and fairly dealing with the threads of destiny, they only glance from time to time to glean a hint for their own mimetic reproduction. Two children playing at soldiers are far more interesting to each other than one of the scarlet beings whom both are busy imitating. This is perhaps the greatest oddity of all. "Art for art" is their motto; and the doings of grown folk are only interesting as the raw material for play. Not Théophile Gautier, not Flaubert, can look more callously upon life, or rate the reproduction more highly over the reality; and they will parody an execution, a deathbed or the funeral

of the young man of Nain, with all the cheerfulness in the world.

The true parallel for play is not to be found, of course, in conscious art, which is an abstract, impersonal thing, and depends largely upon philosophical interests beyond the scope of childhood. It is when we make castles in the air and personate the leading character in our own romances, that we return to the spirit of our first years. Only, there are several reasons why the spirit is no longer so agreeable to indulge. Nowadays, when we admit this personal element into our divagations we are apt to stir up uncomfortable and sorrowful memories, and remind ourselves sharply of old wounds. Our day dreams can no longer lie all in the air like a story in the *Arabian Nights*; they read to us rather like the history of a period in which we ourselves had taken part, where we come across many unfortunate passages and find our own conduct smartly reprimanded. And then the child, mind you, acts his parts. He does not merely repeat them to himself; he leaps, he runs, and sets the blood agog over all his body. And so his play breathes him; and he no sooner assumes a passion than he gives it vent. Alas! when we betake ourselves to our intellectual form of play, sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed, we rouse many hot feelings for which we can find no outlet. Substitutes are not acceptable to the mature mind, which desires the thing itself; and even to rehearse a triumphant dialogue with one's enemy, although it is perhaps the most satisfactory piece of play still left within our reach, is not entirely satisfying, and is even apt to lead to a visit and an interview which may be the reverse of triumphant after all.

In the child's world of dim sensation, play is all in all. "Making believe" is the gist of his whole life, and he cannot so much as take a walk except in character. I could not even learn my alphabet without some suitable *mis-en-scène*, and had to act a business man in an office, before I could sit down to my book. Will you kindly question your memory, and find out how much you did, work or pleasure, in good faith and soberness, and for how much you had to cheat yourself with some inven-

tion? I remember, as though it were yesterday, the expansion of spirit, the dignity and self-reliance, that came with a pair of mustachios in burnt cork, even when there was none to see. Children are even content to forego what we call the realities, and prefer the shadow to the substance. When they might be speaking intelligibly together, they chatter senseless gibberish by the hour, and are quite happy because they are making believe to speak French. I have said already how even the imperious appetite of hunger suffers itself to be gulled and led by the nose with the fag end of an old song. And it goes deeper than this: when children are together even a meal is felt as an interruption in the business of life; and they must find some imaginative sanction, and tell themselves some sort of story, to account for, to color, to render entertaining, the simple processes of eating and drinking. What wonderful fancies I have heard evolved out of the pattern upon tea-cups!—from which there followed a code of rules and a whole world of excitement, until tea-drinking began to take rank as a game. When my cousin and I took our porridge of a morning, we had a device to enliven the course of the meal. He ate his with sugar and explained it to be a country continually buried under snow. I took mine with milk, and explained it to be a country suffering gradual inundation. You can imagine us exchanging bulletins; how here was an island still unsubmerged, here a valley not yet covered with snow; what inventions were made; how his population lived in cabins on perches and travelled on stilts, and how mine was always in boats; how the interest grew furious, as the last corner of safe ground was cut off on all sides and grew smaller every moment; and how, in fine, the food was of altogether secondary importance, and might even have been nauseous, so long as we seasoned it with these dreams. But perhaps the most exciting moments I ever had over a meal, were in the case of calves' feet jelly. It was hardly possible not to believe—and you may be sure, so far from trying, I did all I could to favor the illusion—that some part of it was hollow, and that sooner or later my spoon would lay open the secret tabernacle of the golden rock.

There, might some miniature *Red Beard* await his hour ; there might one find the treasures of the *Forty Thieves*, and bewildered Cassim beating about the walls. And so I quarried on slowly, with bated breath, savoring the interest. Believe me, I had little palate left for the jelly ; and though I preferred the taste when I took cream with it, I used often to go without, because the cream dimmed the transparent fractures.

Even with games, this spirit is authoritative with right-minded children. It is thus that hide-and-seek has so pre-eminent a sovereignty, for it is the well-spring of romance, and the actions and the excitement to which it gives rise lend themselves to almost any sort of fable. And thus cricket, which is a mere matter of dexterity, palpably about nothing and for no end, often fails to satisfy infantile craving. It is a game, if you like, but not a game of play. You cannot tell yourself a story about cricket ; and the activity it calls forth can be justified on no rational theory. Even football, although it admirably simulates the tug and the ebb and flow of battle, has presented difficulties to the mind of young sticklers after verisimilitude ; and I knew at least one little boy who was mightily exercised about the presence of the ball, and had to spirit himself up, whenever he came to play, with an elaborate story of enchantment, and take the missile as a sort of talisman banded about in conflict between two Arabian nations.

To think of such a frame of mind, is to become disquieted about the bringing up of children. Surely they dwell in a mythological epoch, and are not the contemporaries of their parents. What can they think of them ? what can they make of these bearded or petticoated giants who look down upon their games ? who move upon a cloudy Olympus, following unknown designs apart from rational enjoyment ? who profess the tenderest solicitude for children, and yet every now and again reach down out of their altitude and terribly vindicate the prerogatives of age ? Off goes the child, corporally smarting, but morally rebellious. Were there ever such unthinkable deities as parents ? I would give a great deal to know what, in nine cases out of ten, is the child's unvar-

nished feeling. A sense of past cajolery ; a sense of personal attraction, at best very feeble ; above all, I should imagine, a sense of terror for the untried residue of mankind : go to make up the attraction that he feels. No wonder, poor little heart, with such a weltering world in front of him, if he clings to the hand he knows ! The dread irrationality of the whole affair, as it seems to children, is a thing we are all too ready to forget. " Oh, why," I remember passionately wondering, " why can we not all be happy and devote ourselves to play ?" And when children do philosophise, I believe it is usually to very much the same purpose.

One thing, at least, comes very clearly out of these considerations ; that whatever we are to expect at the hands of children, it should not be any peddling exactitude about matters of fact. They walk in a vain show, and among mists and rainbows ; they are passionate after dreams and unconcerned about realities ; speech is a difficult art not wholly learned ; and there is nothing in their own tastes or purposes to teach them what we mean by abstract truthfulness. When a bad writer is inexact, even if he can look back on half a century of years, we charge him with incompetence and not with dishonesty. And why not extend the same allowance to imperfect speakers ? Let a stockbroker be dead stupid about poetry, or a poet inexact in the details of business, and we excuse them heartily from blame. But show us a miserable, unbreeched human entity, whose whole profession it is to take a tub for a fortified town and a shaving-brush for the deadly stiletto, and who passes three-fourths of his time in a dream and the rest in open self-deception ; and we expect him to be as nice upon a matter of fact as a scientific expert bearing evidence. Upon my heart, I think it less than decent. You do not consider how little the child sees, or how swift he is to weave what he has seen into bewildering fiction ; and that he cares no more for what you call truth, than you for a gingerbread dragoon.

I am reminded, as I write, that the child is very inquiring as to the precise truth of stories. But indeed this is a very different matter, and one bound up with the subject of play, and the precise

amount of playfulness, or playability, to be looked for in the world. Many such burning questions must arise in the course of nursery education. Among the fauna of this planet, which already embraces the pretty soldier and the terrifying Irish beggarman, is, or is not, the child to expect a Bluebeard or a Cormoran? Is he, or is he not, to look out for magicians, kindly and potent? May he, or may he not, reasonably hope to be cast away upon a desert island, or turned to such diminutive proportions that he can live on equal terms with his lead soldiery, and go a cruise in his own toy schooner? Surely all these are practical questions to a neophyte entering upon life with a view to play. Precision upon such a point, the child can understand. But if you merely ask him of his past behavior, as to who threw

such a stone, for instance, or struck such and such a watch; or whether he had looked into a parcel or gone by a forbidden path; why, he can see no moment in the inquiry, and 'tis ten to one, he has already half forgotten and half bemused himself with subsequent imaginings.

It would be easy to leave them in their native cloudland, where they figure so prettily—pretty like flowers and innocent like dogs. They will come out of their gardens soon enough, and have to go into offices and the witness-box. Spare them yet awhile, O conscientious parent! Let them doze among their playthings yet a little! for who knows what a rough, war-faring existence lies before them in the future.—*Cornhill Magazine.*



THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE position of the Speaker of the House of Commons, 'the first gentleman in England,' is more remarkable than that of the president of any legislative assembly on the continent. In no other is the president or chairman's decision so implicitly obeyed, his *fiat* so indisputable. Whatever may have been his party ties or predilections before his elevation to that lofty post, an English member of parliament ceases to belong to any party when he becomes Speaker; his pride it is to ignore party altogether, and, so far as practicable, to treat the six hundred and fifty gentlemen who are under his rule as if they also were free from party organization.

The election of a Speaker is one of the ceremonies consequent on a general election and the assembling of a new parliament. The Clerk of the Crown hands to the Clerk of the Commons an alphabetical list of the members elected to serve, prepared from the returns received by the former official from the returning officers of the several constituencies. A member addresses the Clerk of the House (who is seated), and proposes some other member as a fit and proper person to fill this important and responsible office, moving that he 'do take the chair of this House as Speaker.' This motion is seconded by another member,

If (as is the usual rule) no opposing candidate appears, the choice is at once concluded. The chosen candidate, standing in front of the chair, thanks the House for its gracious choice, and takes his seat. The mace now comes into use; it has hitherto lain concealed under the table, but is now placed conspicuously on it—where, throughout the session, it remains whenever 'Mr. Speaker is in the chair.' (The mace concerning which Oliver Cromwell issued the contemptuous order, 'Take away that bauble!' was made in 1648, in the reign of Charles I.; the present mace dates from 1660, when Charles II. was restored.) The newly elected Speaker is congratulated by some leading member or members, and the house adjourns. On the following day the House meets again, and awaits a summons from the Usher of the Black Rod to attend the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. The Speaker announces that the Commons have elected him, and expresses a hope that their choice will meet with the Queen's approbation. The Lord Chancellor (as a matter of course) declares that such is happily the case, that her Majesty fully approves the excellent selection which her faithful Commons have made. The Speaker then claims for the House of Commons all the an-

cient rights and liberties pertaining to the legislative assembly of the people ; which claim is at once assented to. And so the ceremonious interview ends.

The Speaker is elected not simply for one session, but for the whole duration of that parliament, the maximum being seven years. If he dies or resigns during the currency of that parliament, a new Speaker is elected by a slightly modified form of procedure.

We have now to see Mr. Speaker entering on the duties of his fatiguing but well-paid office. (Five thousand a year and a palatial residence elegantly furnished are certainly a tempting honorarium.) On the morrow after formally taking his seat, and when he and the other members present have taken the prescribed oath or oaths, prayers are read for the first time in the new parliament by the Speaker's chaplain. If the chaplain be accidentally absent at any sitting of the House, the Speaker himself reads prayers, which are never, excepting on extremely rare occasions, omitted.

Although an obstinate member may occasionally worry the House, the proceedings in the Commons are upon the whole conducted with a degree of order and regularity which foreign assemblies may well envy. One rule of debate is that every member shall address himself to the Speaker personally. This is found conducive to courtesy and good temper, as it necessitates the use of the third person instead of the second in making allusions or bringing accusations often very bitter and irritating. A member must not *read* his speech, but may refresh his memory by referring to notes ; extracts from documents may be read, provided his own remarks or observations are not read from a written paper. Many years ago a written speech was on one occasion delivered without any reproof from the Speaker ; but extempore delivery is now an invariable rule, any infraction of which is checked by the warning cry of 'Order, order !' from the chair. At the same time the House indulgently consents, if appealed to, to permit a short written speech on the plea of indisposition. In most continental legislative chambers the delivery of written speeches, carefully prepared beforehand, is customary.

A member is permitted to speak from

the Members' Gallery ; but this is generally avoided, as he cannot well be heard there.

Etiquette permits of members wearing their hats, if they so choose ; but when a member rises to address the House he stands uncovered, except by permission asked and obtained in case of illness or bodily infirmity. In some proceedings, however, partaking of a conversational character, the members usually speak sitting and covered.

A debate, to be conducted in due form, commences after the question has been 'proposed' but before it has been 'put' by the Speaker. Occasionally, through irresolution or forgetfulness, a member does not rise to speak until the question has been put ; in which case he is not allowed to proceed.

A very important matter it is sometimes, in the estimation of members, when two or more of them rise to address the House at the same time. The rule is for the Speaker to say which of them 'caught his eye' first. This decision is generally accepted, but is not always a true test, because he cannot see all the members at once, and may not really know which rose first. If there be a general impression in the House to this effect, and a general naming of the member who is believed to have risen first, the Speaker waives his decision. Sometimes as many as twenty members have risen at once, when an exciting debate is going on ; in all such cases it is found advantageous to adhere as closely as possible to the Speaker's decision. Fierce is the battle occasionally when two members of opposite parties, both eminent, and both willingly listened to by the House, rise simultaneously ; each is encouraged by his party not to give way ; a contest of cries or shouts ensues, the result of which is a regular motion that the honorable member for so-and-so be now heard. In such a case the House decides the matter by vote.

In order to prevent interminable prolixity, no member is allowed to speak more than once on the same question. The rule is, however, subject to a few exceptions. For instance, a member may rise a second time to explain some part of his speech which has been misunderstood ; or he may, in some cases, reply at the end of a debate which he himself

commenced. In a Committee of the whole House, when the Speaker has risen and a 'chairman' has been appointed, any member may speak as often as he pleases; a liberty which is grasped at with such avidity as sometimes to prolong the proceedings to an inordinate degree.

'I rise to explain,' is the plea which a member generally uses when he speaks, or rises to speak, a second time on the same question. The House is usually indulgent in such cases; but the member must confine himself to such remarks as will remove any unfavorable impression concerning his language or conduct, without entering into general arguments beyond the fair bounds of explanation, or making too distinct a reference to former debates. But honorable members are sometimes found to be too much like ractory schoolboys. The privilege of explanation is found to need much caution and restriction, lest it should degenerate into irregularity. A member who rises to explain does so usually at the conclusion of the speech which led him to the adoption of that course; if in the middle, it can only be done with the consent of the deliverer of that speech.

Mr. Speaker has often to warn those over whom he presides that they must not refer to debates of the same session on the same question; nor speak against any rule of the House (save on a motion to rescind it); nor allude directly to debates in the House of Lords; nor use the Queen's name in a way to influence the debate, or in an irreverent manner; nor speak offensive words concerning either House or any member individually in the Commons; nor read from a printed book or newspaper any speech or portion of a speech delivered in the same session.

'Taking a division' is not the least remarkable of the duties that devolve upon Mr. Speaker. When the debate on any particular subject is ended, the Speaker puts the question in the following manner. Taking in his hand a copy of the question, he rises and reads, beginning with the words: 'The question is, that' &c., and ending with 'As many as are of that opinion say Aye, and as many as are of the contrary opinion say No.' Endeavoring to judge from the

quantity of voice (so to speak) which are the more numerous of the two, he does not express himself positively, but says: 'I think the Ayes have it' (or the Noes, as the case may be). If the House adopt his opinion, the matter is settled; but if the Speaker's opinion is disputed by any member, a division is ordered.

The mode of taking a division is really very remarkable, as described by the great authority on these subjects, Sir T. Erskine May (the present Clerk of the Commons). It is as follows: No member is permitted to vote in the division unless he was present when the question was put. To be in either of the two lobbies is not to be 'in the House.' The officers of the House clear the lobbies of all members; any members may retire to rooms beyond the lobbies, if they wish neither to quit the building nor to vote. The next step is to issue an order for strangers to withdraw. The rule is less stringent now than it was half a century ago; as it will suffice if strangers withdraw from behind the bar and from the front gallery. The clerk turns a two-minute sand-glass; and while the sand is running out the doorkeepers ring bells which communicate with every part of the House where members may happen to be at the moment; the division bell, as it is called, is heard in the library, refreshment-rooms, waiting-rooms, &c., and members who wish to take part in the division hasten into the House before the two-minute glass has ceased running.

The division proper is a curiously managed ceremony—very roundabout in the estimation of many persons. After the Speaker has cried 'Order, order!' the sergeant-at-arms, with his doorkeepers and messengers, close and lock all the doors leading into the lobbies, corridors, passages, &c. No member outside can enter, nor can any within make their exit; the number within the chamber is thus strictly definite, and all *must* vote. Until 1836 it was the custom for one party or section to go into a lobby, while the other remained in the House; but since that year the Ayes have been directed to pass into the lobby at the Speaker's right hand, while the Noes walk into the lobby at his left. The Speaker names members to act as tellers, selected impartially from among the supporters

opponents of the motion, two of and the members named are not ed to shirk this duty. They place elves at the lobby doors, two and ach to check the counting of the

Two clerks as well as two tellers aced at each door, holding alpha- l lists of all the members of the e printed on large sheets of stiff board or cardboard. As the mem- eturn into the House from the lob- the clerks mark off the names ; at the same time the tellers count tal number without noting names. y one is disabled by infirmity from ng and quitting the lobbies, he is ed at his seat in the House.) all have re-entered from the lob- e four tellers approach the table ; them, belonging to the majority s particular question, announces the ers ; and when the Speaker has in- l or sanctioned this announcement, portant but slowly managed cere- ends—often amid loud cheers from members who constitute the ma- on that particular question. A er sometimes goes into the wrong through inadvertence ; there is o escape for him ; *nolens volens* his s recorded according to the lobby ch he finds himself. During the ssion, instances of such misadven- ere not infrequent. Instances have known in which even a cabinet er's vote is recorded on the side he really intended to oppose— to his own mortification. A mem- us awkwardly placed usually takes node of making the facts known constituents and the public ; but ficial record remains unalterable. occasionally happened that only member approves of a particular on or motion ; he is the only Aye ; he is not allowed to count him- e House at once decides that 'the ave it.' Many sessions ago a er was descried in one of the lob- ter the door had been closed, and ounted by two of the tellers ; but

the clerks found him out and reported the case to the Speaker, who duly ad- monished the intruder.

After a division, the sheets of paste- board are examined by the division clerks, and sent off to the printer, who prints off the marked names in due al- phabetical order. The printed division lists tell the tale to the world next morn- ing.

If the members are equal on a division, the Speaker has a casting vote. Al- though a member of one or other of the two great political parties before he be- came Speaker, he throws off (as we have already stated) party feeling altogether when raised to that dignified position. In giving his casting vote he generally manages to give it in such a way as not to close the subject ; affording the House an opportunity of reconsidering the question.

One peculiarity of taking a division is that of *pairing*, a sort of negative proxy, enabling a member to vote although not actually in the House at the time. A member pairs with one of the opposite party, each agreeing not to vote, and each thus neutralising the vote of the other. It is an irregularity which is permitted because convenient to the members generally. The majority on a division is left just as it would have been if there were no pairing at all.

The position of the Speaker is cer- tainly one of great honor, but also of great irksomeness. The long sittings to which he is doomed must often be very distressing, and in a greater degree must be preservation of temper when the House is tormented by something like a systematic obstruction of business. In this latter respect, we are sorry to think the House of Commons has been de- cidedly deteriorating. As an acknowl- edgment by the Crown of his great ser- vices, the Speaker, on finally retiring from office, is raised to the peerage, and consequently to a seat in the House of Lords.—*Chambers's Journal*.

OUR DREAM.

PERCHANCE to men it may not be given
To know things real from things that seem ;
If living on earth we dream of heaven,
Why, then, I hold it better to dream.

Let us dream on 'mid the splendid shadows
That make existence a glad some thing ;
The dim, deep woods, and the flowery meadows,
Where fairies frolic and skylarks sing—

Where bright shapes linger, and angel faces
Glow in the gleam of a visioned day ;
And o'er the upland, on grassy spaces,
Fond lovers wander, fair children play.

Let us dream still, then, nor strive to sever
Things that are real from things that seem ;
Let us slumber on for ever and ever,
And know no waking from life's glad dream.

—*Good Words.*

REV. WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., LL.D.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. ADAMS, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the present number, was born in Colchester, Ct., January 25th, 1807. During his infancy his parents removed to Andover, Mass. His father, John Adams, LL.D., was the principal of Phillips Academy in that place, and his eminence as a teacher contributed greatly to the fame of that classical school. Here his son was thoroughly drilled in the classics through a period of ten years, entering the Sophomore class in Yale College in 1824, and graduating there in 1827. His theological education was in the Seminary at Andover, under that distinguished trio of Professors, Stuart, Woods, and Porter. Immediately after leaving the Seminary he was invited to be the pastor of the Congregational Church in Brighton, Mass., where he was ordained and installed in February, 1831. In 1834 he received a call from the Central Presbyterian Church in Broome Street, in this city. Installed as its pastor in November of that year, he continued in that office and as the first pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church—an outgrowth of the Central Church—until November, 1873, an uninterrupted period of nearly forty years. Twice during this long pastorate he was elected Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology in Union Theological Seminary in New York. Both these invitations were declined. In 1873, chosen for the third time, he accepted the chair to which he was before invited, as also the

Presidency of the Seminary, of which he was one of the original founders. In this important office he is now engaged with unabated vigor and increasing usefulness.

His degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Laws were received respectively from the University of New York and Princeton College.

Doctor Adams early attained reputation as a pulpit orator, and was during the entire period of his pastorate one of the most popular and influential clergymen of New York. His style, a happy blending of logical and persuasive argument with pleasing illustration, has been thus described: "His sentences have no superfluous words. They are generally short and simple, yet by no means bearing a resemblance to dry, logical formulæ. His style is singularly elegant and chaste. Just the right words are chosen, and they occupy just the right place. The current of thought flows evenly on—never sluggish, but rarely impetuous. It resembles a clear, silvery stream, gracefully winding its way between gently sloping banks, covered to its margin with the beauties of a smiling landscape. There are no marshes, no cataracts. The reader or the listener admires at once the clearness and directness of the thought and the perspicuity, and beauty of its expression. Not infrequently some happy illustration, drawn from art or science or scenes of nature; from some portrait or statue of the old masters; from scenes of history

or the events of busy life, brings a thrill of involuntary admiration, and leaves a satisfied feeling that just the exact light which the subject needed has been thrown upon it, and that the very fact or scene or incident which was most appropriate has been selected to perform its office."

The same qualities characterize his writings, of which the principal are: "The Three Gardens: Eden, Gethsemane, and Paradise" (1859); an edition of Isaac Taylor's "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," with a biographical introduction (1861); "Thanskiving: Memoirs

of the Day and Helps to the Habit" (1865); and "Conversations of Jesus Christ with Representative Men" (1868). Besides these he has published occasional articles in the leading reviews, and many of his sermons have been reproduced in the *National Preacher* as well as in pamphlet form. He is understood to have a positive distaste to printing; but it is to be hoped that he may yet be induced to give to the press other products of his pen, accumulated through so long a pastorate, and in connection with so many events of public interest during the last fifty years.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, D.C.L. Translated by John Durand. Vol. I. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The first two chapters of this book having been reproduced in the *ECLECTIC* from the *Contemporary Review*, our readers have already had the opportunity of obtaining a more or less adequate idea of its contents and quality. More adequate rather than less, for the entire volume is but an extension and amplification of the propositions laid down in those opening chapters. The blind revolt of the masses of the people, followed by the most tremendous social catastrophe the world has ever seen, and the consequent anarchy and license, are there shown as they revealed and developed themselves in Paris; in the succeeding chapters the same causes and passions are shown at work in the remaining cities of France and in the towns, villages, and rural districts. The event thus portrayed was, as M. Taine says, not a *revolution* but a *dissolution*: "the artificial structure of human society was giving way entirely; things were returning to a state of nature."

No event in history has been more carefully studied, more minutely examined, or more copiously written about than the French Revolution; but it may be affirmed with confidence that the gradual steps by which the whole fabric of civilized society in France was tumbled into ruin, and the people passed from a state of feudal oppression to one of savage anarchy, have never been traced with such minuteness of detail, such affluence of knowledge, and such impressive force of expression as by M. Taine in the present work. For one thing, he has cut loose entirely from the beaten paths and the customary authorities, and has sought his ma-

terials at the only true fountain-head of history—contemporary writings, the testimony of eye-witnesses, legal depositions, secret reports, confidential dispatches, private letters, and personal mementos. "I have found many documents of this character," he says, "in the National Archives, principally in the manuscript correspondence of ministers, intendants, sub-delegates, magistrates, and other functionaries; of military commanders, officers in the army, and gendarmerie; of royal commissioners and of the Assembly; of administrators of departments, districts, and municipalities, besides persons in private life who address the king, the National Assembly, or the ministry. Among these are men of every rank, profession, education, and party. They are distributed by hundreds and thousands over the whole surface of the territory. They write apart, without being able to consult each other, and without even knowing each other. No one is so well placed for collecting and transmitting accurate information. None of them seek literary effect, or even imagine that what they write will ever be published. They draw up their statements at once, under the direct impression of local events. Testimony of this character, of the highest order, and at first hand, provides the means by which all other testimony ought to be verified. The foot-notes at the bottom of the pages indicate the condition, office, name, and dwelling-place of these decisive witnesses. For greater certainty I have transcribed as often as possible their own words. In this way the reader, confronting the texts, can interpret them for himself and from his own opinions; he will have the same documents as myself for arriving at his conclusions, and, if he is pleased to do so, he will conclude otherwise." Many of these documents, as M. Taine remarks in the preface to his

"Ancient Régime," are so new and so instructive that the real history of the Revolution seems to have remained hitherto unpublished.

The amount of fresh and valuable material thus furnished by the National Archives may be inferred from the immense mass and variety of details accumulated and classified by M. Taine. The majority of historians in venturing upon a statement content themselves with citing one, or, at most, two or three illustrative facts: Taine marshals them by battalions, deploys them by companies and platoons, manœuvres them as a general would manœuvre an army, and where a proposition is to be demonstrated or a position carried concentrates them in columns whose numbers baffle the memory and fatigue the attention. In fact, the book can hardly be called any thing more than a collection of facts. The author very rarely avows a belief, draws an inference, or formulates a conclusion. He states the facts, analyzes them, and groups them in the most effective possible manner; having done this, he leaves them to tell their own story and convey their own lesson. If the reader draws from them other inferences or reaches other conclusions than the author seems to imply, he has before him precisely the same materials as the author had, and possesses precisely equal facilities for marshalling the evidence in favor of his judgments. M. Taine evidently considers the main function of the historian to be the collection and sifting of facts; and so-called philosophical history receives but slight benefit from his labors—except in so far as the results of these labors furnish tests for the philosophical theories.

The chief fault that has been found with M. Taine's work in his own country is that it is hostile to popular liberty and inconsistent with the initial volume of the series of which this volume is also a part ("Origins of Contemporary France"). The whole testimony of his first book (the "Ancient Régime") is to the effect that the abuses of power and the sufferings of the people were such under Louis XIV. and Louis XV. that a radical revolution was not only justifiable but inevitable; the apparent aim of the present work, on the other hand, is to bring popular liberty into contempt, and to utterly discredit the Revolution in the eyes of the world. This apparent inconsistency is certainly very noticeable on a casual perusal; but the explanation seems to us obvious, and in nowise discreditable to the author. In portraying the oppressions, sufferings, and outrages which the people had to undergo under the Ancient Régime, a feeling of indignation and disgust would naturally predominate in the mind of author as well as reader; and for the very same reason such a picture as is here drawn of the social dissolution, the absolute

savagery, into which the Revolution plunged the French people must produce in the minds of both a sentiment not only of horror but of affright. Because M. Taine recognizes the height and depth of the provocation, he is not compelled to excuse the excesses of vengeance, even though that vengeance be in a sense retributive. The cure for oppression is not anarchy, but regulated liberty; and it is only for such anarchy as threatened for a time the very fabric of civilization itself that Taine arouses the horror and invites the condemnation of mankind.

LIFE OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. By Richard M. Johnston and William Hand Browne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Written during the lifetime of Mr. Stephens, composed largely of extracts from his letters, diaries, and speeches, and revised, or at least verified, by himself, this book has all the value and much of the charm of autobiography. Mr. Johnston has long enjoyed the intimate friendship of Mr. Stephens, and, having formed the design of writing this biography twenty years ago, has been collecting materials for it ever since. In making these collections he has not only had access to the private and confidential papers of Mr. Stephens, but has also, from time to time, in the course of their friendly intercourse, adopted the Boswellian plan of recording and preserving suggestive bits of conversation. The result is that the history of Mr. Stephens' public and private life, and the revelation of his character, are as full and intimate as if the book had been written by himself; while it is wholly free from that taint of egotism which is the one drawback to the perfect satisfactoriness of autobiography. Mr. Browne's share in the work is probably observable in the exceptional skill and vigor and the high literary finish of the narrative.

It has been often remarked that the biographies of public men commonly lack that piquant interest which pertains to the careers of men equally eminent in other walks of life, and the present work is not altogether an exception to the rule. The career of Mr. Stevens is so intimately linked with the great political and social questions of his time that the one is unintelligible without constantly studying it in its relation to the others, so that what purports to be no more than a biography of an individual is in reality a political history of the United States during the last fifty years. This adds greatly to the value of the book, but it undoubtedly detracts somewhat from that special kind of interest by which readers are commonly attracted to biography. Less, however, than would naturally be supposed. The authors have wisely refrained from the introduction of public matters, except in so far as they can be

to throw light upon Mr. Stephens' character and career; and the picture of his private life, habits, personal and social characteristics, moods, beliefs, and modes of thought is so true and faithful enough to satisfy the most exacting reader. This latter, indeed, constitutes the chief value, the charm, and the justification of the work.

Since the Fathers of the Republic no American statesman has ever succeeded more completely than Mr. Stephens in winning the admiration and respect of his countrymen; and this intimate revelation of the private life and character of the man will awaken a deeper sympathy and affection.

The book is issued in handsome style, and contains, besides an excellent portrait of Mr. Stephens, a picture of "Liberty Hall," his home and residence at Crawfordville, Georgia. Sold only by subscription.

PARADISE: A Novel. Translated from the German of Paul Heyse. (No. 12 of the collection of Foreign Authors.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. Two volumes.

A noble and impressive story takes its title from a fictitious society of Munich artists who, with a few congenial friends, form the Parabel as a sort of protest against the affectation, the insincerity, and the Philistinism of the modern social life, and as a place where its members can return to a state of primitive innocence and simplicity, and act and speak each according to the impulses of his own real nature.

Used as it is by the author in strict subordination to the main *motif* and movement of the story, this club is a very happy bit of machinery, affording the opportunity for bringing together naturally and under the most favorable conditions a large number of representative characters from that most interesting of art-Bohemias. For, though it draws together a mere corps of *dramatis personæ* from every social grade or class, "In Paradise" is essentially a story of artist-life, and is well accepted by those in Germany best qualified of judging as a wonderfully faithful and yet slightly idealized, picture of this life, with its curious contrasts, its petty ambitions, its lofty aspirations, its thorough unconventionality, its picturesque surroundings, and its atmosphere.

Used as a story, carefully constructed, directed in range, skilfully complicated without being a mere riddle, and told in a singularly original, opulent, flowing, and picturesque manner. "In Paradise" would interest and charm a wide reader; but its chief strength lies, as the title of a novel should lie, in the delineation of character—of character in action, and as it is shaped and modified and disclosed by the accidents and incidents of every-day life. No novel has introduced to the reading public

so large a number of thoroughly fresh, original, clearly individualized, and attractive characters; and, indeed, no contemporary fiction can fittingly be compared with it save that of Auerbach and George Eliot. M. Heyse lacks the far-reaching analysis and the stately repose of George Eliot, and he would probably avoid the *exalté* sentiment and the minute realism of Auerbach; but he is far more dramatic than the one and decidedly less prosaic than the other.

The translation is of exceptional excellence, bearing easily what Dr. Johnson calls the prime test of a good translation—that it can be read with pleasure by those who should suppose it to be an original composition.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY OF BRITISH POETRY, from Chaucer to the Present Time. Edited by James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

In at least one respect this work amply justifies its title; it is really a *library* of British poetry—containing within its generous limits the equivalent of a whole library of books published in the ordinary style. No previous single-volume anthology has ever approached it in the quantity, variety, and comprehensiveness of its materials; and one who has thoroughly mastered its contents may fairly claim familiarity with what, taken as a whole, is the richest and noblest poetic literature that the world has produced.

As regards quality—which, after all, is the prime consideration—the collection is entitled to claim a like pre-eminence. No previous anthology has contained so large a proportion of what is distinctly *best* in the poetry of our mother-tongue. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson—these are the strictly first-rate names in the successive periods of British poetry, and the selections from all these are not only more varied but much greater in amount than has usually been thought either possible or desirable in an anthology. Room has been found for all those "occasional" poems which, as "established popular favorites," claim a place in any collection that aims at completeness; but the chief object of the editors has been to represent adequately and satisfactorily the immortal productions of the great poets mentioned above, and also of those second and third rate poets whose writings are only less deserving of study and attention. The names of upwards of four hundred poets appear in the list of authors quoted from; and there is scarcely a poem which the critics have recognized as of first-rate excellence, or which appears to have taken a firm hold upon the public mind, that the reader will be disappointed in looking for.

One very important advantage which the editors have enjoyed over the compilers of the most successful previous anthologies is that the greater space at their command has enabled them to reproduce entire poems which are usually either rejected on account of their length or are imperfectly represented by extracts. Pope's "Rape of the Lock," Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," Johnson's "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes," Goldsmith's "Traveller" and "Deserted Village," Coleridge's "Christabel," and Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes" appear each as "one entire and perfect chrysolite."

The very careful editing which the volume has received is exhibited not only in the selections but in the pains taken to secure the purest possible text, and in the numerous explanatory and critical notes. Heliotype portraits of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Goldsmith, Burns, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Tennyson, and Mrs. Browning add to the attractiveness of the book, and the printing is worthy of the high reputation of the Riverside Press.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF MUSIC from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Time. By H. G. Bonavia Hunt, B. Mus. New Edition, Revised. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. Hunt gives fair warning to the reader in the introduction to his treatise that it is not what is called a "readable book," that it was written with a view to systematic study and not for mere entertainment, and that it is designed to meet the wants of those who really wish to learn something about music by mastering facts and not by filling their minds with elegant phrases. Notwithstanding this we have read the little book with pleasure, and have found it much more "readable" in the best sense of the word than many works which make high pretensions to a literary or rhetorical charm. Essential and significant facts regarding a highly important subject, stated in clear and precise language, are seldom without interest, and indeed a very decided attractiveness to the healthy-minded reader, and these qualities Dr. Hunt's little treatise possesses in an eminent degree. Since conciseness was one of his principal aims, however, we do not quite see why the author should narrate the history over twice: first in a general review of musical epochs and events, including biographical sketches of leading musicians with an enumeration of their most important works, and again in a history of the art itself. The history of the art is too closely linked with the career and achievements of the artists to be profitably separated from them; and though the admirable simplicity of the author's arrangement

would have been slightly complicated by a different plan, yet the advantage of having two essentially homogeneous things together would more than compensate, it seems to us, the slightly increased complexity which might thereby be introduced into the classification.

Besides the history proper, the book contains a series of questions designed for students preparing for examination—the book, it should be observed, is intended primarily as a text-book—an alphabetical list of musical works, and, most important of all, a series of chronometrical tables or charts by which the history of music is linked with the general history of the world, and contemporary events and persons in each are shown at a glance.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER's book on the relations of Church and State will appear in November.

PROF. SCHRADER, of Berlin, has brought out an important volume on Assyrian literature with the title of "Keilinschriften und Geschichtsforschung, eine Beiträge zur monumentalen Geographie, Geschichte und Chronologie der Assyrier."

MR. RUSKIN's works continue to rise in price. A Birmingham second-hand bookseller, Mr. Jas. Wilson, offers a collection of Mr. Ruskin's entire works, sixty-eight bound volumes, and all his pamphlets, for a hundred and ten pounds. Separately the works would fetch even more.

MR. HO, one of the secretaries attached to the Chinese Legation, is engaged in translating Shakespeare into Chinese. The same gentleman has also made considerable progress in a translation of Blackstone's "Commentaries" into the same language.

REINHOLD VON PLAENCKNER, the Chinese scholar, has just published a German translation of Confucius' *Tch'ung Yung*, the second of the four writings of Confucius which are regarded as the basis of the whole ethical and philosophical literature of the Chinese. The first of these, the *T'á-hiô*, has already been translated by the same hand.

PROF. SKEAT has undertaken an etymological dictionary of the English language, illustrated by a few selected quotations approximately illustrating the period of introduction of the various words into the language. It will take about three more years to complete the work. If published in parts, the first part, comprising about a quarter of the whole, may perhaps be nearly ready by the end of the present year.

THE first part of Prof. Haeckel's *Popular Lectures on the Theory of Evolution* is announced for publication. It will contain the following chapters:—1. On Darwin's Theory of Evolution; 2. On the Origin of Man; 3. On the Pedigree of the Human Race; 4. On Division of Labor in the Life of Nature and of Man; 5. On Cell-Souls and Soul-Cells. The second part will appear at the beginning of next year.

A NEW periodical, devoted mainly to Dante literature, is to come out at Rome, with the title of *Rivista Universale Storica, Critica, Artistica, Filologica, Bibliografica, di Letteratura Italiana specialmente Dantesca*. The first fasciculus will contain, amongst others, a description of Dante MSS. at Rome (Codici Angelici), and an unedited commentary in the Barberini Library.

MR. RUSKIN hopes in a short time to be able to complete at any rate the eighth volume of "Fors Clavigera," together with a summary of the whole work. No number has appeared since his illness in March. He also intends, as soon as possible, to finish the "Proserpina," "Deucalion," and the "Laws of Fesole" series. In connection with the "Laws of Fesole," Mr. Ruskin intends to issue a folio series of engravings, from drawings by himself and others, as drawing copies for students.

PROFESSOR DELIUS has collected into one volume his twelve essays on Shakespearian topics which he has contributed from time to time to the German Shakespeare Society's *Year-book*. He has written a fresh Introduction to the book, and it is now on sale. His next year's paper, on *Henry VIII.*, the outcome of his last session's lectures on the play, will attempt to prove, as against Mr. Spedding, the Cambridge editors, and the leading members of the New Shakespeare Society, that Shakespeare alone, and not Fletcher, is responsible for the many weaknesses and inconsistencies in this play.

WHEN at Teheran some time ago, Prof. A. Chodzko, of the Collège de France, acquired a Persian MS., which he presented to the National Library of Paris. The MS. consists of thirty-three dramas, all fairly ancient, with tendencies partly religious, partly mystical. To make this work, which is of extreme interest for the intimate knowledge of the religious and poetical development of the Persians, more accessible to the general public, the Professor has translated five of these dramas into French. They have just been issued under the title *Théâtre persan, choix de téasids ou drames* (Paris: Leroux).

THE Berlin Historical Society intends issuing yearly a systematically-arranged review—not only bibliographical, but critical and exhaustive

—of the whole historical literature of Europe. As the publication has been undertaken by the celebrated firm of Mittler & Son in Berlin, the work is sure of being effectually carried out. The editors are: Dr. Abraham, for Ancient History; Dr. E. Meyer, for the Middle Ages; Dr. Hermann, of Berlin, for recent times. The first volume will treat of the literature of 1878. The interest of many eminent scholars, not only in Germany but elsewhere, has been enlisted in the work.

M. JULES SIMON is engaged in writing a work entitled "Le Gouvernement de M. Thiers." This work will form two volumes octavo, and as it will give, for the first time, an account of the important political events of that stirring period, written by an eye-witness who occupied an exceptional position, and coming from the pen of the eminent Academician, it will be looked forward to not only in France but throughout Europe as a book of no ordinary political and literary value. An English translation will be published almost simultaneously with the French original, and may be expected before the close of the year.

SCIENCE AND ART.

LEARN ABOUT THE PULSE.—Every intelligent person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then by comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child—as now and then a person is born with a peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be of that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is one hundred and forty; a child of seven, about eighty; and from twenty to sixty years, it is seventy beats a minute, declining to sixty at fourscore. A healthful grown person's pulse beats seventy times in a minute; there may be good health down to sixty; but if the pulse always exceeds seventy there is a disease; the machine is working itself out, there is a fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself; as in consumption, when the pulse is quick, that is, over seventy, gradually increasing with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches one hundred and ten or one hundred and twenty, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over seventy for months, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected.

SLEEPLESSNESS. — *The Boston Journal of Chemistry* gives some hints to the many persons who nowadays suffer from sleeplessness. One of the most efficient means of inducing natural sleep, it says, is the application of mustard plasters to the abdomen. Preyer, of Jena, ad-

vocates the administration of a freshly made solution of lactate of soda, or of some milk or whey. Where the sleeplessness depends upon brain exhaustion, Dr. Hollis recommends the administration, just before bedtime, of a tumblersful of hot claret and water, with sugar and nutmeg. The alkalies and alkaline earths are useful when acid dyspepsia is present. In hot weather, sprinkling the floor of the sleeping apartments with water lessens the irritant properties of the air, adding much to the comfort of the sleepers; possibly the quantity of ozone is at the same time increased. When sleep is broken by severe pain, opium or morphia is of value. In the wakefulness due to neuralgia, it is often better to inject a small dose of morphia hypodermically near the branch of the affected nerve, than to administer it by the mouth.

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS IN EUROPE.—Well worth reading is Professor Boyd Dawkins' *Preliminary Treatise on the Relation of the Pleistocene Mammalia to those now living in Europe*, published by the Palæontographical Society. It makes clear the evidence by which the relationship has been established, and abounds with interesting and remarkable facts in the history of the animals of Europe. For example, the reindeer lingered in Caithness down to the twelfth century, and, as Professor Dawkins observes, we see "that it ranged still farther south in the Prehistoric age, and ultimately in the Pleistocene, it reached the Alps and Pyrenees. It is surprising," he continues, "that the lion, the panther, and the urus are the only three mammals which have been exterminated in Europe. The principal interest centres in the domestic animals. The fact that the urus breed was introduced into Britain by the English is most important for the student of history. The distribution of the fallow-deer was due to the direct influence of the Roman power; while the northward distribution of the cat stands in direct relation to the intercourse which the people of France, Germany, and Britain had with the south and east of Europe."

THE OLDEST AMERICAN LAND-PLANT.—Relics of terrestrial vegetation of extreme antiquity have been found in Ohio by Professor Clappole, of Antioch College. During a geological excursion, one of his students called attention to a slab of fossiliferous limestone from the Clinton beds, which are of Upper Silurian age. This specimen is notable for presenting vegetable impressions which are strikingly suggestive of a *Lepidodendron* stem. In studying the character of the plant, Professor Clappole has had the benefit of Dr. Dawson's advice. Probably it belongs to a new genus, closely related to *Lepidodendron*, for which the name *Glyptodendron* is suggested—a name which

refers to the sculpturing of the stem. The interest of the discovery lies in the fact that indisputable traces of land-plants had not previously been found in America on so low a geological horizon. Nor indeed had remains of arborescent vegetation been found in strata of this age, either in the Old or in the New World.

ANCIENT TOMBS IN FRANCE.—An important series of archaeological discoveries have been made during the last three years at Caranda, France, by MM. Moreau. They have found, in the dolmen of Caranda and its neighborhood, more than 2,600 tombs, containing about 6,000 objects belonging to the prehistoric epoch (flints found in the dolmen), the Gaulois epoch (bronze rings and bracelets, amber necklaces and pottery), the Roman or Gallo-Roman epoch (reddish earthenware vessels), and the Merovingian epoch. One remarkable "find" was that of a Gaulois chief buried in his chariot. His head was surrounded by a group of peculiar earthenware vessels. Presently there were found the iron tires of two wheels, placed vertically on either side, about 0.40m. on the bottom of the grave in which the body was extended, at about the level of ordinary interments. These tires were about 0.03m. broad and 0.006m. thick. The weight of the earth had broken them into several pieces, but each circle was complete, and the nails which attached them to the felloes were still adherent. The wheels had a diameter of 0.90m. Several other iron pieces, probably belonging to the chariot, were also found, and some of the chief's weapons—for example, a strong iron lance, with point downward, along the right leg. At the extremity of the grave there was a bit, with its iron fillet.

TEARLESS MADNESS.—One of the most curious facts connected with madness is the utter absence of tears amidst the insane, observes the *British Medical Journal*. Whatever the form of madness, tears are conspicuous by their absence, as much in the depression of melancholia, or the excitement of mania, as in the utter apathy of dementia. If a patient in a lunatic asylum be discovered in tears, it will be found that it is either a patient commencing to recover, or an emotional outbreak in an epileptic who is scarcely truly insane; while actually insane patients appear to have lost the power of weeping; it is only returning reason which can once more unloose the fountains of their tears. Even when a lunatic is telling one in fervid language how she has been deprived of her children, or the outrages that have been perpetrated on herself, her eye is never even moist. The ready gush of tears which accompanies the

man contrasts with the dry-eyed appeal of the lunatic. It would, indeed, seem that tears give relief to feelings which when pent-up lead to madness. It is one of the privileges of reason to be able to weep. Amidst all the misery of the insane, they can find no relief in tears.

FOLK LORE ABOUT ANIMALS.—In a new work on the subject, M. Eugène Rolland tells of a variety of French superstitions and ancient beliefs respecting well-known animals. The wer-wolf legends are still of force in Normandy, and certain annual observances among the peasantry have reference thereto. The brains of a rabbit are said to be unfit for food, because they occasion loss of memory. This notion is founded on the belief that the rabbit runs foolishly into known dangers, on account of a feeble memory; whence, also, to reckless deeds the adjective "hare-brained" is applied. White ferrets are believed by the Norman peasants to be the souls of unbaptized infants.

VARIETIES.

THE HEART.—The strength of the heart is shown not only in the force with which it sends out blood, but in the way in which some of its parts resist pressure. The heart has hitherto been spoken of as if it were merely a double bag into each side of which tubes come to fill it, and out of each side of which tubes go, through which it empties itself. It is necessary now to think of each side as again divided into two parts, one upper chamber and one lower. So that there are really four hollows or chambers in the heart, two upper and two lower. These must, however, be thought of as in pairs. The two chambers of the right side are quite separated from those of the left by a wall, in which there is not the smallest opening. But the chambers of each side have only doors between them, doors which, on the right side, are three-leaved, and on the left side two-leaved. These doors or valves swing back freely in one direction. They let the blood go from the upper to the lower chamber of each side very easily. But when that is done, they swing back to their places, and they are held there so strongly by cords attached to them, and to the walls of the lower chambers, that all the force with which the lower chambers of the heart contract, all the force with which the blood is pushed against the doors, avails not to push them open in the wrong direction. Nay, the pushing of the blood up against them only shuts them tighter. How marvellous here is the adaptation of means to the required end! Again, the parts of the heart which we may call the walls of the upper chambers (though

they are movable, contracting, fleshy walls) are not nearly so strong and thick as the walls of the lower chambers. That is because the walls of the upper chambers have comparatively little work to do. These chambers have only to receive the blood as it comes into the heart, and the walls, in contracting, have to push it gently through the valves or doors into the lower chambers. But the lower chambers have much harder work to do. The lower chamber on the right side has to send the blood throughout the structure of the lungs, while that on the left side has to send the blood into every part of the entire body. So numerous are the vessels which its efforts have to fill that no part of the body can be wounded by even so much as a pin-prick without injuring some tiny vessels. This left lower chamber is said to perform three-fourths of the work of the heart, so that, if the whole heart could lift a hundred and twenty tons, this portion, by its work of one day alone, could raise ninety tons. Yet how smoothly and quietly does all this go on!—*Sunday Magazine.*

PRINCE BISMARCK.—He is a powerful man. That is what strikes at once every one who sees him for the first time. He is very tall and of enormous weight, but not ungainly. Every part of his gigantic frame is well-proportioned—the large round head, the massive neck, the broad shoulders, and the vigorous limbs. He is now more than sixty-three, and the burden he has had to bear has been unusually heavy; but though his step has become slow and ponderous, he carries his head high—looking down, even, on those who are as tall as himself—and his figure is still erect. During these latter years he has suffered frequent and severe bodily pain, but no one could look upon him as an old man, or as one to be pitied. On the contrary, everybody who sees him feels that Prince Bismarck is still in possession of immense physical power. Photography has made his features known to all. It is a strange face, which would attract attention anywhere, even if we did not know that it belonged to a man whose doings have changed our modern world. It is a face never to be forgotten—by no means a handsome, but still less an ugly one. It was remarkably bright, full of humor, of merry mischief even, in days long gone by. It has now become serious—almost solemn—with an expression of unflinching energy and daring. The bald round forehead—an object of admiration for the phrenologist—is of quite extraordinary dimensions; the large prominent blue eyes seem as if they could look into the sun without blinking. They are not quick, they wander slowly from one object to another; but when they rest on a human countenance, they become so intensely inquiring, that many people, when

they have to undergo this searching look, feel uneasy ;—and all, even Bismarck's equals or superiors, are made aware that they are in presence of a man with whom it would be wise to play fair, as he would probably discover the subtlest tricks. His thick, well-set eyebrows are singularly long and shaggy, and they add not a little to the stern, and, at times, somewhat fierce expression of his countenance. The nose is of ordinary size—not as long, perhaps, as might be expected from the rest of the face ; the chin is large and massive.—*Blackwood.*

A PLAY IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—The chief attraction of this period of the evening, and one to which even supper and dancing, roast pig and polka must yield in Malay estimation, is to be found out of doors, on the village square, not far from the church and the captain's own house. It is a spacious booth, the framework of bamboo, gaily draped and festooned with cloth white and red, and surmounted by flags ; within is a raised stage, side-scenes, and curtains, the whole brilliantly lighted up, and open in front to the admiring crowd that will stand here and gaze for hours ; on either side, reaching to some distance, rows of improvised boxes and seats, tier above tier, theatre-fashion, and hung with bright colors, give the more "fashionable" spectators view on the central stage. But boxes, seats, standing-room, all are gratis to-night, when the village itself defrays the expenses of the common amusement. The drama is a Malay one, and the characters numerous : kings, queens, chieftains, damsels, grave counsellors, nobles, soldiers, and so forth, all in the gayest dresses of Malayan type. The plot is generally an adaptation of some Biblical story, that of David and Jonathan being the most often selected, sometimes it is taken from the Hagiology ; occasionally from semi-historical records of wars and reigns. The dialogue is commonly in verse ; the acting more energetic than Hamlet might have approved ; the music, abundantly bestowed as accompaniment, tolerable. But whatever the theme, two characters, peculiar in their mode of adaptation to the Malay drama, are never wanting. One is a quaintly attired buffoon, who the whole play throughout, and in the midst of the most serious or pathetic scenes, suddenly cuts in from time to time, now addressing the actors and actresses—the latter are most often, as on the old English stage, lads in female dress—with some absurd counterfeit of their own speeches and gestures, now mimicking them in a sort of stage-aside for the benefit of the audience ; and thus, in a rude fashion, supplying that side current of the comedy of human life, keeping pace with its tragedy, which the skill of Shakespeare never fails to present personified

in the Stephanos and Pompeys, the nurses and clowns of his noblest dramas. I should add that the Malay buffoon is very rarely coarse, never indecent, in his licence. The other character is the prompter, not studiously unseen and unheard by the audience, as with us, but patent to all on the mid-stage, and reciting in a loud voice every sentence of the play, to be repeated after him with appropriate action by the characters themselves. The length of the performance, never under three hours, sometimes extends over as many successive nights, nor seems to tire the spectators.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

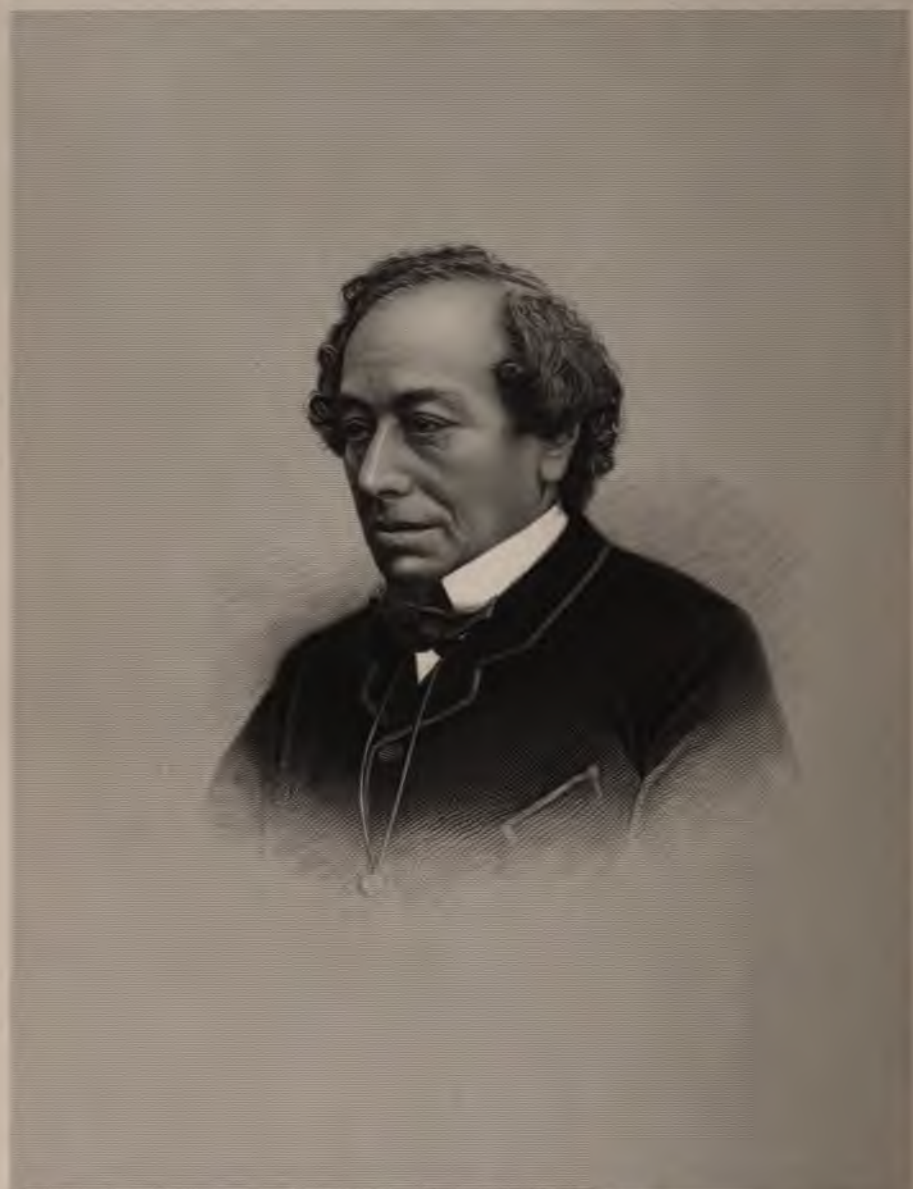
SWIMMING FOR GIRLS.—The public are continually reminded of the numerous contrivances, supports, stays, shoulder-straps, etc., and the various exercises that are best calculated to prevent round shoulders, a stooping awkward gait, contracted chests, and so forth ; but perhaps there is no kind of exercise for girls more calculated to attain those desirable objects than that of swimming. During the act of swimming the head is thrown back, the chest well forward, while the thoracic and respiratory muscles are in strong action, and both the upper and lower extremities are brought into full play. Indeed, in a health-point of view, females would often have an advantage over the stronger sex, as, owing to the large amount of adipose tissue covering their muscles, and the comparative smallness and lightness of their bones, they not only have greater powers of flotation than men, but as a rule, can continue much longer in the water. They are, therefore, naturally qualified to become good swimmers ; and Mr. Macgregor mentions that out of a class of thirty girls, whose instruction commenced late last season, twenty-five were taught to swim in six lessons, and six of them won prizes. It is to be hoped, therefore, that girls will not be debarred from learning this graceful and healthful accomplishment either through lack of baths or of teachers. Such a practice is particularly called for at the present day, as a set-off against the growing tendency in the "girls of the period" to indulge in those literary and sedentary pursuits which are anything but favorable to the development of a healthy physique.—*Medical Press and Circular.*

A CONTINUATION.

"WHEN the locks of burnished gold,
Lady, shall to silver turn,"*
When thy cheek is wan and old,
And thine eyes no longer burn
With the brightness that was in them
On the day when first we met,
Even though I never win them,
Lady, I shall love thee yet.

W. H. POLLOCK.

* Thackeray.



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THE 'FIASCO' OF CYPRUS.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

IN one of the early days of July last, I, in common doubtless with most of my fellow-subjects, found in my morning paper an interesting item of intelligence under the heading 'Annexation of Cyprus.' The news gave me pleasure; there was a savor of strength, of a policy, of a masterfulness in it. There was the ring of a *coup*, so dear to the British Philistine, in the secrecy of the negotiation and in the *éclat* of the *dénouement*. And the transaction gratified that *amor habendi* which lies deep down in the heart of the properly constituted Briton, in regard as well to his national as to his individual aspirations. In fine, I threw up my hat and crowed, as be seemed an honest and docile Jingo.

A few days later, I was instructed at a moment's notice to betake myself to Cyprus as the representative of a London paper, for the purpose of narrating the circumstances of the occupation of

it by the British officials and soldiers, and of describing the characteristics which the island presented in its various aspects. Under these circumstances, it became necessary to go somewhat deeper into the matter than the cursory perusal of a leading article and a glance over the summaries of a few speeches. In common, as I suppose, with most of my fellow-countrymen, I had, in the first instance, to grope for the position of Cyprus on the map. I discovered that the authorities, in their laudable thirst for knowledge, had bought up the few outstanding copies of Murray's *Turkey in Asia*, an investment which a borrowed copy caused me to regard as better-intentioned than resulting in practical benefit. I read later how, on July 23d, the Premier, replying to Lord Granville, declared 'that it was a great error to suppose that the Government decided on this step of the occupation

of Cyprus without the possession of adequate information.' There can be no doubt of the truth of this statement, made as it was by Lord Beaconsfield; only it may be added that the Government so scrupulously kept its 'adequate information' to itself, that it did not furnish a scrap to the gallant and distinguished officer nominated to the governorship of the island. The official information at disposal consisted of a *précis* of consular reports compiled in the Intelligence Department, fragmentary, irrelevant, and obsolete even beyond the average of such documents, but with a good map attached furnished from a French source. The expedition, as regarded all practical matters, population, climate, mode of government, capacity for improvement and colonisation, was an expedition not less of exploration than of occupation. That expedition I accompanied, sharing in the task of exploration, investigating into the points noted in the foregoing sentence.

But these points, although some details regarding them may be serviceable to people who are not already so fortunate as was the Government in its possession of 'adequate information,' have but a secondary interest in an Imperial sense. Lord Salisbury was no doubt right when he challenged a denial that the possession of Cyprus by England is likely to prove a 'civilising instrument,' in the sense that British administration and the expenditure of British capital may, if persevered with, improve the Cypriotes out of their existing state of semi-barbarism into a condition of pseudo-civilisation. But this is simply incidental. If we were to make it our aim and end to undertake a wholesale crusade of civilisation, a considerable quantity of this sort of philanthropic enterprise lies nearer and closer to us than a casual island in a dead angle of the Mediterranean. The Anglo-Turkish Convention was scarcely entered into with the artless, if genial, object of bringing the blessings of civilisation to the gates of Nikosia and Famagusta. Before, then, and overshadowing, the discussion of the internal aspects of Cyprus, come the infinitely more important questions:

1st. Under what conditions are we there?

2d. With what objects are we there?

3d. To what extent does our being there fulfil these objects?

With these questions I propose to deal *seriatim*.

On the threshold of my studies, there confronted me the disheartening discovery that my newspaper heading, 'The Annexation of Cyprus,' was a swindle. The *amor habendi* of the Briton suffered a heavy blow in the perusal of the Convention and its Annex. The *coup* fizzled down into a fiasco. I discovered, to my disgust, that, so far from being the proud owners of a new acquisition, we are mere tenants at will, and, to make matters worse, are expressly barred from claiming on eviction compensation for improvements. Or, rather, our position is that of a broker's man in possession under a fictitious judgment, liable at any moment to be kicked out without receiving the half-crown a day of alimnet money. The Porte is a landed proprietor who has tried to farm his own land to advantage and has failed—the fate of most landed proprietors who try to farm their own land. We are the humble horny-handed farmer with some capital and a knowledge of the business, who steps in and undertakes the work on the terms of a vaguely defined rental, the landlord reserving to himself the usufruct and disposal of a part of our holding, the extent of which is undefined, but which may turn out to be three-fourths of the whole farm—in respect whereof, however, there is to be no reduction of our rental. (I refer to the stipulation in the fourth article of the Annex 'that the Sublime Porte may freely sell and lease lands and other property in Cyprus belonging to the Ottoman State and Crown.') And the tenure of the humble farmer is precarious beyond the caprice of any ordinary landlord. Another party altogether is the arbiter of it. That neighboring proprietor, Russia, may take it into his head, just when we have got the farm into good order and it has begun to pay, to abandon his recent acquisitions in Armenia on the discovery that they are of less value to him than he had thought, or in virtue of some consideration given by our landlord, Turkey, and then out we go neck and crop, leaving behind us our unexhausted improvements. We, claiming to be the greatest Power in Western Eu-

rope, have, *quoad* this wretched Asiatic island, constituted ourselves the vassals, the tributaries of a battered and broken barbarian power. We deal with a blind man, not by restoring his sight, but by accepting the proud *role* of the dog that leads him about and snaps at people who would molest him. And how precarious our boasted 'civilising instrument'! Should we have to evacuate this our dependency, we must abandon its population, on whom we shall have tried the experiment of civilisation, to the tender mercy of the re-established tithe-collector and the scrupulous consideration of the Kaimakan and the Kadi.

Nor is this all. The natives of Cyprus, with whose precarious civilisation we are thus concerning ourselves, remain all the while subjects of their master and our suzerain, the Porte. On this point the Attorney-General's reply to Sir William Harcourt was reluctantly clear. Why the former should have called the questions of the latter 'highly speculative and argumentative' is difficult to discern, seeing that they took cognisance of points some of which have already in practice come to the front on the island, and more of which must crop up before the winter cold shall render it temporarily habitable by Englishmen. 'The Convention,' so said the Attorney-General, 'does not destroy the allegiance of the natives of Cyprus to the Sultan.' Logically, then, supposing the Porte at war, say with Greece, or, to take an example of recent occurrence, with Servia, the Turkish inhabitants of Cyprus would be liable to the conscription of the Constantinople Seraskierate. The Turkish zaptieh, who has become one of Major Grant's policemen, must fulfil the claims of his allegiance, and lay down his baton to go and serve against a country with which his second master, Britain, would in all probability be at peace. We have got into the way of thinking that all persons, irrespective of nationality, abiding in a locality where British jurisdiction prevails, are amenable to its provisions. The French forger who passes a bad five-franc piece in Leicester Square is dealt with at Bow Street. The Trieste sailor who knocks down a Hindoo chowkedar outside a drinking-bar in Dhurumtollah Street, Calcutta, is prosecuted by Sir Stuart

Hogg, and sent to gaol by the British police magistrate. But Cyprus is destined to furnish the one bad exception to this rule. Most of the European states, by specific capitulation with the Porte, have secured the right of exclusive jurisdiction over their own subjects in the Turkish dominion of the Levant. This right stands under our occupation; there is no reference to it, and therefore no arrestment of it, in the Convention. Indeed, the Attorney-General has in effect conceded its continued force. 'If,' said he, replying to Sir William Harcourt, 'any other country, or the subjects of any other country, should appear or claim to have any exceptional right in Cyprus under existing arrangements with the Porte, the position and claims of such country or subjects will be duly considered.' So if an Italian sailor happens to knife a Cypriote on the Marina of Larnaka, Colonel White cannot punish the ruffian, but on due requisition, which will certainly be forthcoming, must hand him over to be dealt with by the Italian Consul. The British lion, under such circumstances, has the sphere of the wag of his tail materially curtailed.

Another anomaly in our administration of Cyprus may be adverted to. The produce of the taxation of England—a taxation which bears on Englishmen universally—is to be expended in bettering the position of the Turkish bondholders, who are mere isolated individuals in the English community, and who indeed need not belong to it at all. This is a novelty; but Lord Salisbury is my authority for the statement. He furnishes this authority in the speech he made in the House of Lords on the 23d July, in reply to Lord Camperdown. There is some ambiguity in the details, but none as to the fact. The Convention (art. 3. Annex) sets forth 'that England will pay to the Porte whatever is the present excess of revenue over expenditure in the island; this excess to be calculated upon and determined by the average of the last five years, stated to be 22,963, purses.' This would seem to prescribe a fixed annual tribute of about 94,000*l.* sterling. Lord Salisbury's words I find reported as follows: 'that the Porte should continue to receive whatever it might be calculated was the average of

the past five years after all the expenditure had been paid'—a calculation already made in the Convention at the amount above stated, subject to verification ; 'and,' his Lordship proceeds, 'then the surplus would go to the Porte, and would continue to do so.' A fair arrangement, continues his Lordship, seeing that the revenues had already been pledged to Turkish bondholders. It is not clear whether Lord Salisbury had in view that any 'surplus' that may arise from our better administration should go to swell the tribute to the Porte for the professed behoof of the bondholders ; but it is certain that his expressed intention was that, whether thus or by direct payment to the bondholders, they are to receive and be advantaged by such surplus as may accrue, and not the Imperial revenues, by whose disbursement in our administration that further surplus shall have been realised. He is explicit as to this. These are his words : 'If peculation in regard to the revenue had been so prevalent in the island, there would be a much better chance of the bondholders being paid when the revenues came under a better administration, and no doubt they would be much larger than they had been.' Now, I am not a Turkish bondholder, and I respectfully protest against being taxed to meet the expenses of our occupation of Cyprus for the behoof of private speculators. In the sense of a speculation, Cyprus is a national speculation ; and if there are any returns, I claim that they go into the national purse.

I proceed now to inquire into the second question of the theme :

WITH WHAT OBJECTS HAVE WE OCCUPIED CYPRUS ?

These ought to be of cardinal importance to have moved us to what Lord Salisbury has designated as a 'bold and even hazardous enterprise.' Even if we may fail to recognise any risk attending the enterprise in itself, save the certainty of Cyprus fever, none the less are we filled with an impression of the importance of the objects to be furthered by the occupation, when it is realised that their pursuit is considered worth the cost of our voluntary subjection to unprecedented humiliation and degradation. When one proceeds into

an inquiry into the character of these objects, there rises up at the very outset a curious difficulty. Most things have appertaining to them something of a natural meaning and sequence. If we see a man drinking tumbler after tumbler of grog, the prediction that his sobriety will be impaired will hardly be challenged as far-fetched. If we see a man going up the Finchley Road, we are entitled to assume that, if he does not turn off, he will pass the Swiss Cottage. But there is this peculiarity about the occupation of Cyprus, that the act in itself affords no clue to the motive, no hint as to the desiderated result. There was actually more *prima facie* coherency in the conduct of the ingenious Tamaroo, Mr. Bailey's successor at Todgers', who, we are credibly informed, when despatched to the post-office with letters, had been frequently seen endeavoring to insinuate them into casual chinks in private doors, under the delusion that any door with a hole in it would answer the purpose. There was internal evidence as to the character of this woman's aim ; the occupation of Cyprus furnishes no internal evidence of any object at all. We must therefore look outside natural and internal, to collateral evidence on this subject ; and that evidence is twofold. The Anglo-Turkish Convention states categorically an object—or rather perhaps it should be said *the* object—for which Her Majesty's Government has obtained from the Sultan the assignation of Cyprus. 'In order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement' are the words of the Convention ; and that engagement is that 'if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, as fixed by the Definitive Treaty of Peace, England engages to join His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms.' Here, then, is set forth one definite object ; but it is legitimately open to us to find other objects set forth or hinted at in the authoritative utterances of the members of a Cabinet on which rests the responsibility for the occupation of Cyprus.

One element in the inquiry may be summarily eliminated. Some have con-

jected that one object in the occupation of Cyprus was that a convenient *pied-à-terre* might be furnished for the enforcement of those internal reforms in Asia Minor which in the Convention the Sultan promises to carry into effect, or at the least as a lever for a moral strengthening of the hands of England in urging that such reforms shall be substantial and effective. It is not worth while to point out the inefficacy towards such purpose of a position whose chief characteristic is that it renders *hors de combat* the unfortunate handful of soldiers condemned to chronic fever and ague on its pestilential surface, and is so situated further as to be remote from all important centres of the territory under prospective reform, and to be adjacent only to those outlying fringes of that territory which are still more insalubrious than is Cyprus itself. We have the authoritative assurance that Cyprus has not been occupied with a view to the exercise of any such influence. Hear Mr. Cross in his speech of the 30th of July. 'It is said that the Government have undertaken either to uphold an abominably bad government, or to reform the internal administration of Asia Minor, when it is impossible for them to do so with a divided responsibility. I deny that we have undertaken any such responsibility. We have undertaken to defend Turkey in Asia from the attacks of Russia on the express condition that Turkey shall reform herself. *We are not to reform her.*' This utterance must be held to be conclusive, and Cyprus stands definitely apart from any influence on the internal reform of Asia Minor.

But that Cyprus has not been occupied with a single eye to the *métier* which the Anglo-Turkish Convention specifies, may be made clear by other quotations from Ministerial utterances. In the speech from which the foregoing extract has been taken, Mr. Cross proceeds: 'The tactics of Russia in later times have been first to get on one side of a place and then on the other, and so gradually to surround it. I do not want to say more against Russia than is absolutely necessary, but I wish to point out that if she once got the Euphrates Valley, we could do practically nothing to prevent her taking Persia. At present

her Majesty's Indian possessions are defended by a large chain of mountains, and I think we should be very careful how we allow that frontier to be encroached upon.' The Prime Minister, in his oration of the 18th of July, made the following observations:—'We have a peculiar position with reference to this part of the world which is shared in by no other power. On every occasion in which these discussions, these struggles, or these settlements occur, our Indian Empire is with England a source of great anxiety, and the time appeared to us to have arrived when, if possible, we should terminate that anxiety. In all questions connected with European Turkey we had the assistance of the sympathy sometimes of all, but often of many, European powers. But when we come to considerations connected with our Oriental Empire, they are naturally not so interested, and we have had to look to our own resources throughout these affairs.' Hence the Anglo-Turkish Convention, of our share of which compact the assignation of Cyprus is the keystone, since in the words of the Convention that assignation is necessary 'in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement.' It is from the fever-stricken camp of Chiflick, and the miasmatic 'sanatorium' of Dali, that Lord Beaconsfield, like a modern Canute—*absit omen!*—says to Russia, 'Thus far and no further.'

The avowed objects, then, of our occupation of Cyprus, setting aside its blessings as a 'great civilising instrument,' are, first, in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement with Turkey to join her in defensive warfare against Russia in case of aggression by that power on Asia Minor; and secondly, as an element of protection against Russian advances in the direction of our Indian Empire, or Russian machinations against the safety thereof and of our communications therewith.

It remains to inquire—

TO WHAT EXTENT DOES OUR OCCUPATION OF CYPRUS FULFIL THESE OBJECTS?

Dealing primarily with Cyprus, it does not come within the scope of this paper to do more than to refer incidentally to the engagement to which we stand com-

mitted by the Anglo-Turkish Convention. But some allusion is necessary to it. To it applies with a vengeance Lord Salisbury's epithet of a 'bold and even hazardous enterprise'—an enterprise reckless to the extreme outside of maniacal contempt for consequences. It exposes Britain to, nay, it solicits for Britain, when locked in the close hand-grip of some future desperate struggle with some other foe than Russia, the grim alternative of national humiliation by the default of the pledge to which it binds us, or of national ruin in the attempt to implement the same. And it gives everything, and gets nothing in return. It pledges us to join the Sultan in defending him from Russian aggression on his Asiatic dominions, but it no whit binds him to co-operate with us in thwarting Russian aggression, threatening India on a line of operations outside his territories. Nay, it does not even stipulate for us the title to a right of way across these territories to a position on the flank or in the front of such aggression. It binds us, through good report and through evil report, in season for us and out of season for us, to join him in the defence of his Asiatic territories, but it contains no provision that he may not defeat our purpose in making the Convention—illusory and abortive as that purpose is—by permitting further Russian encroachment on Asia Minor without resistance, and, indeed, by consent. The Porte must realise that in this matter our pledges to it are no tokens of a genuine and cordial alliance. Our Ministers are cynically frank in their avowal that Turkey is bolstered up not because of love for Turkey, but as a bulwark to Britain against Russia, and as a recruiting ground for Turkish battalions to stand in line with the sparse soldiery of Britain should Russia pursue tactics believed to be detrimental to British security in the East. Russian influence has been paramount before to-day in Constantinople, and the Convention does not bind the Sultan to join us in resisting Russia's acquisition of a province of his territory, but only pledges us to join him in case he chooses to resist Russia's seizure of a road.

It follows, I may incidentally notice, that there will be no reform in Asia Mi-

nor, since 'we are not to reform her.' Among the many admirable characteristics of the Sublime Porte, is pre-eminently that of acuteness. To most bargains there are two sides, but this notable compact of ours is essentially one-sided. From the standpoint of the Porte it is a 'heads I win, tails you lose' bargain. The Porte promises, it is true, 'to introduce necessary reforms.' But this promise (and its performance) is in no sense the equivalent for which we bind ourselves to join the Porte in the defence of its Asiatic territories. We so bind ourselves, not to secure reform to Asia Minor, but with intent to strengthen our position in our own fancied interest for saying to Russia, 'Thus far and no further!' The astute Porte will recognise that this is our affair; and that we have made a compact with it with the primary intent of securing its co-operation for our own purposes, not out of a philanthropic anxiety to cleanse the Augean stable of Asia Minor abuses. It will trade on the realisation of this fact just as it did after the Crimean war, and as 'we are not to reform her,' Asia Minor will continue unreformed. Reformed or unreformed, it will abide secure from the Russian under the *regis* which we extend over it in pursuance of our own policy.

My topic is Cyprus, and I proceed to inquire into the value of it as a position for enabling England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement with the Sultan under the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Lord Salisbury no doubt thought it a telling taunt which he pointed at Lord Derby, that the latter might, by a great effort, have consented to the acquisition of the Isle of Man. The acquisition of the Isle of Man relatively would be an infinitely more effectively strategic operation than is the so-called 'acquisition' of the island of Cyprus. A compound of St. Kilda for position, and St. Thomas for climate, occurs to me as the closest co-relative of Cyprus. The Russians confront Asia Minor on the line Batoum-Ardahan-Kars, on its extreme north-eastern frontier; we select, as a base of operations for the prevention of their further encroachment, an island whose only available place of embarkation is close on 200 miles distant from Alexandretta, the

st available place of debarkation on south-western mainland of Asia Minor. Imagine Lord Beaconsfield in a sphere of life than that which he enjoys. Suppose him put into a house to the care of it. He would not keep a long time, were he, with a view to exclude intruders by the open front to take up a position in the midst of the shrubbery outside the back.

This Cyprus, this eligibly situated strategic position (very much round the corner), possesses some peculiar characteristics which give it an exceptional value for the use to which from 'adequate information' it has been chosen. It possesses no harbor; it has but one port, Larnaka, that is practically useless; Limasol is away in a corner, the heavy swell renders Kyrenia too distant to be relied on. It produces nothing to speak of; ten thousand men could not consume its spare provisions in less than a month. It is so unhealthy in the summer before the unhealthy season properly set in, 25 per cent., or one-third, of the total strength of the troops were officially reported on the sick.

More than a month was spent by the British in searching for a sanatorium, in the upland atmosphere the fever demerit might at length be exorcised. At length the spot was chosen; a regiment marched thither, and Sir Anthony Dene drew a long breath of relief. Apparently he had time to finish it, but must have been about all. Before many days he had to telegraph to the Office that the sanatorium at Dali proved more unhealthy than the crowded camp at Chiflick. He reported 25 per cent. of the total force throughout the island, or one-fourth. Announced thirteen deaths since the British landed six weeks before, which was an annual death-rate of 40 per cent., the normal death-rate in the British army being 8 per thousand. Bell had been blamed for the sickness, but by the date of this telegram the British force had inherited the thicker, hotter, and more spacious tents, left behind by the Indian troops, and in which they remain healthy in an Indian hot climate. The acclimatisation which is so difficult to the British soldier in Cyprus is a chronic deterioration of his health accentuated by an outburst of

fever when he has to make an exertion which elsewhere would be child's play to him. On August 25th a hundred men of the 42nd Highlanders, a regiment which had undergone its full baptism of fever, undertook a march of five miles out and five miles back into Kyrenia, on the duty of escorting prisoners. A semi-official witness reports that this task sent down twenty-five of the detachment with fever—fever that in most cases must have been simply a relapse. A month's residence in the 'treacherous climate' of Cyprus takes the steel out of even the Goorkhas, children of the sun and swamp as they are. These mountaineers, immediately after landing in Cyprus, marched twenty-five miles in twelve hours without a casualty. A month later, on the same light duty to which the detachment of the 42nd succumbed as above narrated, an escort of Goorkhas had a march of nine miles. During this march, so testifies the witness referred to, 'was seen a very curious sight. As the convoy dragged its slow length along the rough mule path, the treacherous climate told with severe effect; but, strange to say, not upon the convicts, but upon the little Goorkha soldiers. One after another they staggered and fell. With one company of prisoners only eight out of twenty-five Goorkhas remained when the halting-place was reached.' And when this account was written and Sir Anthony Dene's telegram despatched, only the threshold of the conventional unhealthy season of Cyprus had been reached. 'Then,' to quote Herr von Löher, an author whose work doubtless formed part of Lord Beaconsfield's 'adequate information'—'then the air becomes thick and obscure, and the whole atmosphere damp and sultry. The grass and vegetation generally are dried up even to the roots, and the leaves fall from the trees, which now stretch out their naked arms like ghost-like forms, scarcely visible through the surrounding fog. Not a drop of water remains in the brooks and river sources, and travelling is only possible during the night. Business is at a standstill; and the people do nothing but inquire how long it will be before the rain will come down again.'

Either the occupation of Cyprus 'in

order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement' to join the Porte in the defence of the latter's territory against further Russian aggression, has absolutely no meaning at all, which is naturally an untenable proposition; or it must be intended as a base of operations for a land expedition towards the north-eastern or eastern frontier of Asia Minor. For there is no other character which Russian aggression could assume, in essaying to resist which Cyprus could assert any the most remote claim to be a factor. Malta and Cyprus are about the same distance from the Dardanelles, but every man, every gun, every barrel of stores that England would send out to Cyprus must pass Malta, and from Malta to the Dardanelles direct is obviously nearer than from Malta to the Dardanelles *via* Cyprus, by the thousand miles that separate Malta from Cyprus. A division could leave England, go by water direct into the Black Sea, disembark at Khopah, on the Lazistan coast, make a short campaign on the Batoum-Ardahan front, and be back again in England before an English column, landing from Cyprus at Alexandria, could look down on the waters of Lake Van after their march of 450 miles through the fever-haunted valleys and rugged, roadless mountains of Asia Minor, if, indeed, it ever should accomplish at all the tramp along this *via dolorosa*, which may be doubted. For such a march, where the base would have to be depended on for everything, a huge quantity of transport would be requisite; and it is the peculiar attribute of a British army, on taking the field elsewhere than in India, that it never has any transport. The Indian Expeditionary Force was despatched to Malta reasonably complete in all respects save that it had neither commissariat nor transport, both justly esteemed essential requisites in modern warfare conducted on civilised principles. The regiments assembled at Aldershot till the other day, composing the home portion of the so-called 'First Army Corps,' were supplied with their regimental transport, which looked very well on a march past, and old soldiers, who remembered with a shudder the half-dozen transportless miles between Balaclava and

the front, went home from the spectacle reassured and cheered. But the regiments composing the garrison of Malta, our advanced *Haupt-Piquet* in the face of the threatened danger—the regiments which an emergency must, in the nature of things, have first called into the field—never had anything more in the shape of field transport than a few mule-carts, whose linch-pins, judging from subsequent experience, would have been forgotten, and whose Maltese drivers, by the same token, would have mutinied *en masse* on the first use of the salutary cat. The resources of Malta in the matter of water-carts, primary essentials on a campaign, were discovered, on the requisition of Sir Garnet Wolseley, to be equal to the supply of four of these articles. Were I a military chief, I should quail at the mere thought of being the officer charged with the conduct of an expedition from such a base, on such a destination. But far more, were I a Minister, would I shudder at the idea of standing charged with the terrible responsibility of ordering it. In Asian passes, further east than the gorges of Keban Medani and the corries of the Sipan Dagh—in the ravines of Jugdulluck and the Coord Cabul, there already lie the bleached bones of a British army, perished since the present reign began. The phantom of covering India by maintaining the Turkish integrity of Asia Minor is not worth clutching at in the face of the risk of another such catastrophe. Yet that risk, I aver, is imminently involved in the attempt to conduct a campaign on the eastern frontier of Asia Minor, with Cyprus as the base of operations. And if no such contingency was contemplated as potentially a motive for the occupation of Cyprus, then there is and can be no meaning in that occupation, and the taking over of it 'in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement' to join the Sultan in defending Asia Minor is a huge joke. There are three classes of people who may have some title to consider it a bad joke—honest Conservatives so old-fashioned as to have some sense of national self-respect; British taxpayers; and the poor fever-stricken devils who are alternately shivering and burning in the 'sanatoria' of Cyprus.

Is it worth while, in an era later than the days of Prester John and Marco Polo, to deal seriously with the claim of the Government that our occupation of Cyprus affords an element of protection against Russian advances in the direction of our Indian Empire? Is a moderately sane man, with a recent map of Asia spread out before him, to apply himself with a grave face to the task of exposing the absurdity of the claim that our tenure of Cyprus and the provisions of the Anglo-Turkish Convention 'terminate our anxiety' regarding Russian machinations against the safety of that Empire, and render secure our communications therewith? Were Lord Beaconsfield at Rugby on his way to London, with an open road before him as far at least as Willesden, would he be persuaded to prefer a circuitous route that should include a journey through the valleys of South Wales? Imagine London to be India, and Weedon the most advanced Russian post in Central Asia: would Lord Beaconsfield consider that he had 'terminated our anxiety' regarding the former by occupying Scilly, and signing a convention with the Duke of Cornwall 'to join him in defending' that remote province in case the Russians should be eccentric enough to assail it *en route* from Weedon to London? When Mrs. Partington essayed to mop up the Atlantic with her broom, she at least was so honest in the endeavor that she got her patens wet. But these Mother Partingtons of ours twirl their ridiculous mops about a thousand miles away from the Atlantic of the Russian line of advance, and then cackle vaingloriously that they have done the job and terminated our anxiety. The Canute of the story books had the courage of his opinions; he 'faced the music'; he planted his chair on the edge of the tide. But his modern imitation mouths his 'Thus far and no further!' not down at the water's edge, but from the lips of a couple of fever-stricken regiments on a wretched island some fifteen hundred miles distant from the rear flank of the crest of the wave whose progress he would have us think he has arrested. Lord Northbrook is not a specially sarcastic man, but there was a fine irony in his remark that 'to undertake hostilities in the right rear of the enemy was not precisely the way to defend a country.'

But then Lord Northbrook has not shared in the advantages of Mr. Cross, who appears to have been acquainted with and learned strategic lessons from the ingenious individual who flanked the whole habitable globe by the simple expedient of going up in a balloon. Mr. Cross 'did not want to say more against Russia than was absolutely necessary.' I have no desire to say more against Mr. Cross than is absolutely necessary, but I must arrive at the conclusion that when the Government acquired its 'adequate information' respecting Cyprus, there must have been some neglect in omitting to serve out a modern map of Asia to that minister. I repeat that I notice his utterances in his place in Parliament, and those of other ministers, simply as *affording* the only exposition of the views and policy of the Government in concluding the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and in occupying Cyprus. 'The tactics of Russia,' said he, 'in later times have been first to get gradually on one side of a place and then on the other, and so gradually surround it. I wish to point out that if Russia once got the Euphrates valley we could do practically nothing to prevent her taking Persia. At present her Majesty's Indian possessions are defended by a large chain of mountains, and I think we should be careful how we allow that frontier to be encroached upon.'

I select these sentences because they are conveniently categorical and definitive; their gist is confirmed by numerous utterances of Lord Beaconsfield and Salisbury more diffuse and less compact for extraction, but some of which have been already quoted. Mr. Cross tells us in effect that Russia's 'little game' is to surround Persia with a view to its acquisition; that we have no means of deterring her from this acquisition if we once permit her to acquire the Euphrates valley; and, if his last sentence means anything at all, which is doubtful, that the Russian road to India lies through Persia. The thread of his reasoning, following it backward, is this—that India is Russia's goal in Asia, that Persia must be Russia's stepping-stone to India, that Russia cannot acquire Persia without first getting possession of the Euphrates valley, and that the Anglo-Turkish Convention and our occupation of Cyprus

will effectually prevent Russia from getting the Euphrates valley. Bringing together the two ends of the chain, it stands, according to Mr. Cross and her Majesty's Government, that the Anglo-Turkish Convention and our occupation of Cyprus block Russia from her goal of India, and 'terminate our anxiety' in respect to this all-important matter.

It unfortunately happens that the first postulate begs the question, and that the intermediate reasoning is utterly wrong in every link. There is no certainty that the Anglo-Turkish Convention has any force to prevent Russia from getting the Euphrates valley. It may pass into her hands by amicable arrangement with the Porte, against which we have secured ourselves by no stipulation in the Convention. Russia might conquer it by force from her base on the Caspian after a war with an English army, having its incomparably more distant base on the Mediterranean, either in conjunction with our Turkish allies or without their co-operation, as no clause in the Convention compels the Sultan to defend the Euphrates valley or any other part of his dominions unless he chooses; and even if such compulsion existed on paper, it is not easy to see how it could be enforced in practice. But the truth is that Russia can acquire Persia without taking first a rood of the Euphrates valley or of any other district of Asia Minor. She would probably do so to-morrow, if the Porte were the only obstacle in her path. Two English regiments at Cyprus cannot even be the fly on the wheel of her chariot. The Anglo-Turkish Convention is purely a defensive compact, and it nowise entitles us to call upon the Sultan to engage in offensive war with Russia or any other power outside his own borders. Even were he to consent, Cyprus as a base for our operations in conjunction with him on the Eastern frontier of Asia Minor would be an absurdity if it were not a crime. What confronts Russia meditating Persian acquisitions is the single consciousness that the crossing of the Attreck or the debarkation at Reshd of a Russian army of invasion would, in all probability, be the signal for the transportation of an Anglo-Indian army up the Persian Gulf into the Shat-el-Arab, and past Mohumrah up its tributary the Karoon *en route*

for Ispahan. But the road to Ispahan was open to a British army before the signature of the Anglo-Turkish Convention and the occupation of Cyprus. Outram was on that war-path in 1857, and had already reached Ahwaz when the Persians came to their senses. Neither is the Russian line of invasion of Persia one whit obstructed, nor our line of opposing advance one whit facilitated, either by the ink wasted in the Anglo-Turkish Convention, or by the handful of soldiers condemned to languish in Cyprus.

Mr. Cross appears to have a curious notion of the circuitous tactics practised by the Russians. Seeing that they have already an important military establishment at Krasnovodsk, on the south-eastern coast of the Caspian, and within a few marches of the northern frontier of Persia, to persist in the conviction that they must acquire the Euphrates valley as the indispensable preliminary to their occupation of Persia, is tantamount to a belief in the wisdom of a man who, being in Waterloo Place, and bent on entering Pall Mall, would regard it as imperative to make a preliminary detour into Palace Yard. But why waste space in argument when substantive evidence exists? I am not aware whether the polite education to which Mr. Cross has presumably been subjected includes an acquaintance with the Treaty of Turkmanchai and the circumstances which preceded it. In the year 1826-7 General Paskievitch, the Russian commander-in-chief in Asia, marching from Tiflis as his base, invaded Persia, took Erivan, and achieved such success that the Persians were only too glad to make peace with him. But, thinking that an impending war between Russia and Turkey might bring him better terms, the Shah repudiated the treaty he had signed. Paskievitch, under orders to punish him, marched swiftly southward through the snow. He had reached Meance, a town at the foot of the Kaftan-ku pass, distant little over two hundred miles from Teheran, when the Shah's plenipotentiary met him. Paskievitch told the envoy that if he did not get all he wanted he would cross the Kaftan-ku next day, and that, if he did so, nothing would deter him from occupying Teheran. He got what he asked, and the Treaty

of Turkmanchai was signed. Paskievitch earned the appellation of 'Erivanski.' Had Lord Beaconsfield been a Russian, he might have gone down to posterity as 'Cypruski,' as the guerdon of a 'peace with honor,' and the negotiation of a compact which makes his country the tributary of a broken barbarian.

Mr. Cross will perceive then that fifty years ago, when as yet Russia had no navigation on the Caspian and no frontier east of that sea, a Russian general was able to penetrate to the heart of Persia without touching Turkish territory in Asia Minor, and without coming within three hundred miles of that Euphrates valley, the possession of which by Russia her Majesty's Government consider an indispensable preliminary to Russian encroachment on Persia, and which possession they swagger that they have prevented by putting two regiments on a pestilential island out in the Mediterranean. The two conclusions are equally hollow and delusive. They have done no more towards the hindrance of a Russian acquisition of the Euphrates valley than is a Russian acquisition of the Euphrates valley the essential to Russian acquisition in Persia. We should have fought to resist either step had the Anglo-Turkish Convention never been signed and Cyprus never been occupied. These measures no whit improve our position for such resistance, and they lash us fast to responsibilities that have no connection with our welfare, and that are too stupendous to be realized.

The assumption that the road of the Russian advance on India lies over Persia is not less destitute of foundation. The Russians claim, and they are gradually and quietly taking up, a frontier line athwart Central Asia from the Bay of Astrabad in the south-east corner of the Caspian in an easterly direction below Merv over Balkh, where the 37th parallel of latitude crosses the 67th of longitude. It is true that we object to this frontier as giving the Russians possession of Merv, only two hundred and fifty miles north of Herat; but we confine ourselves to objecting, and the Russians meanwhile are quietly working forward into the line they claim. Balkh is just three hundred miles from Peshawur, and the caravan road from it thither

over Khulm, Heibak, Bamian, and Kabul, and onward through the passes by Jellalabad, presents no insurmountable physical difficulties. The alternative road from Merv to Herat, and over Kandahar either through the Sakee Sarwar Pass upon Dehra Gazee Khan, or by Quetta and Dadur on Jacobabad, is certainly not less practicable. It is superfluous to point out that neither line of advance touches or approaches Persian territory, or shows an exposed flank towards any portion thereof. *A fortiori* neither exposes a flank towards Asia Minor or is assailable therefrom; and *a fortissimo* our occupation of Cyprus has no more influence on either than if Cyprus were in the moon. It flanks these lines of advance on one side with equal effect that the British military post at Hong Kong may be said to flank them on the other.

A few sentences will suffice to deal with Cyprus regarded as a British possession. The fact is that it is not so at all. We have signed a Convention, in the text of which the Sultan 'assigns' to us the island, and in the Annex to which he reserves to himself pretty nearly everything of value in, on, or under its soil. For the subjects described in article 4 of the Annex as 'lands and other property in Cyprus belonging to the Ottoman Crown and State,' the ownership of which that article reserves to the Sublime Porte, do not indeed comprise the camp equipage of the British garrison, but include mostly everything else. The comprehensiveness of the reservations is sweeping. They include all *Mulk* land, or State land held by private proprietors, all *Mirie* land or public domain, all *Mévat* or waste lands, all *Vakouf* or 'pious purpose' lands, all forest lands and forests, and all minerals which underlie land reserved under any of the above categories—and the minerals of Cyprus, be they what they may, lie almost exclusively in the mountain ranges, whose surface almost to an acre is either *Mirie* or *Mévat*. For the Turkish revenue of Cyprus was derived exclusively from taxation, and none of the property specified contributed to that revenue, so that it does not pass to us under the stipulations of the Annex. All that we have in reality acquired in Cyprus is the concession of farming the revenue de-

rived by taxation, and the rotten forts and tumble-down konaks. The Turks have even reserved the obsolete artillery that lay on the ramparts of the former. If the Land Commission awards to us anything more than I have specified, I have no hesitation in asserting that the act will be *ultra vires*, and in the teeth of the provisions of the Annex to the Convention. Stern facts have compelled a reluctant evacuation of the position that the allegation of the unhealthiness of Cyprus was the device of a 'malcontent.' Ingenuity taxes itself in vain to put forward artificial excuses for this unhealthiness. The Chiflick Camp was denounced as malarious. The unhealthiness becomes intensified in a carefully selected 'sanatorium.' The bell-tents are blamed. More men flock to hospital from under the Indian tents than came when the bell-tents were in use. Exposure and work in the sun are set down as 'if not the absolute cause, at any rate a predetermining or an accompanying circumstance.' The troops in the Chiflick Camp were absolutely idle, yet on the 14th of August 25 per cent. of them were on the sick list. The company of Engineers camped on the Nikosia Plain, in which body of men sickness has been exceptionally severe, had so little employment, that I have heard their stagnant idleness ascribed as the reason for the exceptional prevalence and severity of the fever to which they were a prey. It is pointed out that 'officers camping on the same spot with the soldiers have hardly felt fever at all.' I can testify from personal knowledge that on the 14th of August the 101st Regiment had seven officers down with fever, and that most of the spare accommodation on board the fleet in Larnaka roadstead was occupied by sick military officers. I might ask why, if the fever is slight and transient, and if hardly an officer suffers from it, there is any necessity for the recent official order that 'all invalid officers are to return to England.' Our people eat and drink too much, it is urged. Dr. McLean, a medical man sent with a special mission to bless the island, and being an honest man, testifies (see *Times*, September 14th): 'The residents live upon vegetables and fruits, rarely eating meat. During that period (from June till Oc-

tober) there is not a family which has not one or more members down with fever.' A glance at the consular returns shows the paltriness of the exports and imports. 'I think,' said Lord Beaconsfield, 'your lordships will find next year that there are ports sufficient for British ships and commerce.' The Premier's belief is perfectly justifiable, but scarcely in the sense in which he spoke. The sincerest commiseration is the honest due of the able and conscientious military administrator, and his capable and industrious staff, who find themselves committed to the Sisyphean task of attempting to make Cyprus a success. Bricks are not to be made without straw in Cyprus any more than in Egypt.

In conclusion, there is one way of breaking loose from the one-sided, humiliating, and abortive compact with which the Government has trammelled itself. Suppose that, awakening from the delusion that Asia Minor can afford any bulwark for the protection of India, we regard the Convention as double-sided. The Porte binds itself to the internal reform of Asia Minor. 'We are not to reform her.' The Porte, as a matter of course, will default from her engagement of reform. A few years of probation will expose this default, and then we may in all honor and honesty rescind the compact, lay down the indefinitely stupendous burden of responsibility to which it binds us, and evacuate Cyprus. If it should appear that Russia is at any future time infringing to our danger on Asia Minor, we shall not have resigned our title to combat such encroachment, in that we shall have shaken our necks free from the yoke of this unhappy Convention. And, in the meantime, let us concern ourselves to counteract Russian machinations in another and a more effectual quarter. Let the Premier essay the novel task of comprehending that we are straightforward Britains, who love no dealing with tortuous and abortive Asian mysteries. Let him understand that if we have an enemy, we like to look him straight in the face—in Havelock's trenchant words, to see the color of his moustaches. If pure strategy alone were involved, we might wait serenely in the plain till the heads of his columns should touch the passes. But we have not taken into con-

sideration other elements than pure strategy. The fermenting and susceptible native population of India lies behind a patient and masterful force watching the mouths of the passes. Our safety, then, equally from danger, real or fancied, in our front, and from possible chaos in our rear, lies in the military occupation of

Afghanistan. It is from Kabul and Herat that the words, 'Thus far and no further!' will resound with effect alike to St. Petersburg and through the bazaars of Hindustan, not from a miserable island in a dead angle of the Mediterranean.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.*

BY G. J. ROMANES.

ANIMAL intelligence is a subject which has always been of considerable interest to philosophical minds; but, as most of you are probably aware, the interest attaching to this subject has of late years been greatly increased by the significance which it has acquired in relation to the theory of Descent. The study of animal intelligence being thus, without question, fraught with high importance to the science of our time, in adducing before this illustrious assembly some of the results which that study has yielded, I shall endeavor to treat them in a manner purely scientific. I shall try, as much as possible, to avoid mere anecdote, except in so far as it is desirable that I should put you in possession of a few typical facts to illustrate the various principles which I shall have occasion to expound. I shall seek to render apparent the more important of the issues which the subject, as a whole, involves, as well as the considerations by which alone these issues can be legitimately settled. I shall attempt to state my own views with the utmost candor; and if I shall appear to ignore any arguments opposed to the conclusions at which I shall arrive, it will only be because I believe those arguments to admit of easy refutation. And, in order that my exposition may be sufficiently comprehensive, I shall endeavor to point out the relations that subsist between the intelligence of animals and the intelligence of man. The aim and scope of the present lecture will therefore be to discuss, as fully as time permits, the facts and the principles of Comparative Psychology.

As human intelligence is the only or-

der of intelligence with which we are directly acquainted, and as it is, moreover, the highest order of intelligence known to science, we may most conveniently adopt it as our standard of comparison. I shall therefore begin by very briefly detailing those principles of human psychology which we shall afterwards find to be of the most essential importance in their bearings on the subject which I have undertaken to discuss.

When I allow my eyes to travel over this vast assembly, my mind receives, through their instrumentality, a countless number of impressions. So far as these impressions enter into the general stream of my consciousness, they constitute what are called perceptions. Suppose, now, that I were to close my eyes, and to fix my attention on the memory of some particular perception which I had just experienced—say the memory of some particular face. This mental image of a previous perception would be what is called an idea. Lastly, suppose that I were to analyse a number of the faces which I had perceived, I should find that, although no two of them are exactly alike, they all bear a certain general resemblance to one another. Thus from the multitude of faces which I now perceive it becomes possible for my mind to abstract from them all the essential qualities of a face as a face; and such a mental abstraction of qualities would then constitute what I might call my abstract idea of a face in general, as distinguished from my concrete idea, or memory, of any face in particular.

Thus then, we have three stages:—1st, that of immediate perception; 2d, that of ideal representation of particular objects; and, 3d, that of a generalised conception, or abstract idea, of a num-

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ber of qualities which a whole class of objects agreed in possessing. It will be convenient to split the latter division into two subdivisions, viz., abstract ideas which are sufficiently simple to be developed without the aid of language, and abstract ideas which are so complex as not to admit of development without the aid of language. As an instance of the former class of abstract ideas we may take the idea of food. This is aroused in our minds by the feeling of hunger; and while the idea when thus aroused is clearly quite independent of language, it is no less clearly what is called an abstract idea. For it is by no means necessary that the idea of food which is present to the mind should be the idea of some special kind of food; on the contrary, the idea is usually that of food in *general*, and this idea it is which usually prompts us to seek for any kind of food in *particular*. Simple abstract ideas, therefore, may be formed without the assistance of language; and for this reason they are comprised within what has been called the Logic of Feelings. But abstract ideas of a more elaborated type can only be formed by the help of words, and are therefore comprised within what has been called the Logic of Signs. The manner in which language thus operates in the formation of highly abstract ideas is easily explained. Because we see that a great many objects present a certain quality in common, such as redness, we find it convenient to give this quality a name; and having done this we speak of redness in the abstract, or as standing apart from any particular object. Our word 'redness' then serves as a sign or symbol of a quality as apart from any particular object of which it may happen to be a quality; and having made this symbolical abstraction in the case of a simple quality, such as redness, we can afterwards compound it with other symbolical abstractions, and so on till we arrive at verbal symbols of more and more complex qualities, as well as qualities further and further removed from immediate perception. By the help of these symbols, therefore, we climb into higher and higher regions of abstraction; by thinking in verbal signs, we think, as it were, with the semblance of thoughts, and by combining these signs in various ways, and giving the resulting

compound distinctive names, we are able to condense into single words, or signs, an enormous amount of meaning. So that, just as in mathematics the symbols which are employed contain, in an easily manipulated form, the whole meaning of a long calculation, so in all other kinds of reasoning the symbols which we call words contain, in an abbreviated form, vast bodies of signification. Indeed any one who investigates this subject cannot fail to become convinced that it is wholly impossible to overestimate the value of language as thus the handmaid of thought; for, as we have seen, in the absence of language it would be impossible for thought to rise above the very simplest of abstract ideas, while in the presence of language it becomes possible for us consciously to predicate qualities, and so at last to feel that we are conscious of our own consciousness.

So much, then, for our classification of ideas. We have, first, simple ideas, or ideas of particular perceptions; and, secondly, abstract ideas, or ideas of general qualities; and the latter class I have subdivided into those which may be developed by simple feelings, and those which can only be developed by the aid of signs.

Now, with regard to ideas themselves, I need only add that they are the psychological units which compose the whole structure intellectual. They constitute, as it were, the raw material of thought, which may be elaborated by the reflective faculty into various products of thought. Once formed they present an essential property of occurring in concatenated series; so that the occurrence of one idea determines that of another with which it has been previously joined. This principle of the association of ideas, manifested as it is by the ultimate units of intellectual structure, is by far the most important principle in psychology: it is the principle which renders possible all the faculties of mind—memory, instinct, judgment, reason, emotion, conscience, and volition.

We are now in a position to investigate the facts of comparative psychology; and, in order to do so thoroughly, I shall begin by considering what I may term the physiological basis of mind. There is no reasonable doubt that all mental processes are accompanied by nervous pro-

cesses ; or, to adopt the convenient terms of Professor Huxley, that psychosis is invariably associated with neurosis. The nature of this association, according to the best lights of our present knowledge, is probably as follows. Nerve-tissue consists of two elementary parts, viz., nerve-cells and nerve-fibres. The nerve-cells are usually collected into aggregates, which are called nerve-centres, and to these nerve-centres bundles of nerve-fibres come and go. The incoming nerve-fibres serve to conduct stimuli or impressions to the cells in the nerve-centre ; and when the cells thus receive a stimulus or impression, they liberate a discharge of nervous energy, which then courses down the outgoing nerve-fibres to be distributed either to other nerve-centres or else to muscles. It is in this way that nerve-centres are able to act in harmony with one another, and so to co-ordinate the action of the muscles over which they preside. This fundamental principle of neurosis is what physiologists call the principle of reflex action ; and you will perceive that all it requires for its manifestation is an incoming nerve, a nerve-centre, and an outgoing nerve, which together constitute what has been called a nervous arc. Now there can be no reasonable doubt that in the complex structure of the brain one nervous arc is connected with another nervous arc, and this with another almost *ad infinitum* ; and there can be equally little doubt that processes of thought are accompanied by nervous discharges taking place now in this arc and now in that one, according as the nerve-centre in each arc is excited to discharge its influence by receiving a discharge from some of the other nerve-arcs with which it is connected. Again, it is almost certain that the more frequently a nervous discharge takes place through a given group of nervous arcs, the more easy will it be for subsequent discharges to take place along the same routes—these routes having been thus rendered more permeable to the passage of subsequent discharges. So that in this physiological principle of reflex action we no doubt have the objective side of the psychological principle of the association of ideas. For it may be granted that a series of discharges taking place through the same group of nervous arcs will always be attended with the occurrence of the

same series of ideas ; and it may be further granted that the previous passage of a series of discharges through any group of nervous arcs, by making the route more permeable, will have the effect of making subsequent discharges pursue the same course when started from the same origin. And if these two propositions be granted, it follows that the tendency of ideas to recur in the same order as that in which they have previously occurred, is merely a psychological expression of the physiological fact that lines of reflex discharge become more and more permeable by use. We thus see that the most fundamental of psychological principles—the association of ideas—is merely an obverse expression of the most fundamental neurological principles—reflex action. But here we have an important qualification to take into account. All reflex action, or neurosis, is not attended with ideation, or psychosis. In our own organisation, for instance, it is only cerebral reflexes which are so attended ; and even among cerebral reflexes there is good reason to believe that the greater number of them are not accompanied by conscious ideation ; for analysis shows that it is only those cerebral discharges which have taken place comparatively seldom, and the passage of which is therefore comparatively slow, that are accompanied by any ideas, or changes of consciousness. The more habitual any action becomes, the less conscious do we require to be of its performance ; it is, as we say, performed automatically, or without thought. Now it is of great importance thus to observe that consciousness only emerges when cerebral reflexes are flowing along comparatively unaccustomed channels, and therefore that cerebral discharges which at first were accompanied by definite ideas may, by frequent repetition, cease to be accompanied by any ideas. It is of importance to observe this fact, because it serves to explain the origin of a number of animal instincts. These instincts must originally have been of an intelligent nature ; but the actions which they prompted, having through successive generations been frequently repeated, became at last organised into a purely mechanical reflex, and therefore now appear as actions which we call purely automatic or blindly instinctive. Thus,

for instance, the scraping of graminivorous birds in earth and stones was no doubt originally an intelligent action, performed with the conscious purpose of uncovering seeds ; but by frequent repetition through successive generations the action has now become blindly instinctive. This is shown by the following experiment. Dr. Allen Thomson tells me that he hatched out some chickens on a carpet, where he kept them for several days. They showed no inclination to scrape, because the stimulus supplied by the carpet to the soles of their feet was of too novel a character to call into action the hereditary instinct ; but when Dr. Thomson sprinkled a little gravel on the carpet, and so supplied the appropriate or customary stimulus, the chickens immediately began their scraping movements. Yet, for aught that these chickens can have known to the contrary, there was as good a chance of finding seeds in the carpet as in the thin layer of gravel. And numberless other cases might be given to prove that animals acquire instincts by frequently repeating intelligent actions, just as we ourselves acquire, even in our individual lifetime, an instinct to adjust our night-caps—an instinct which may become so pronounced as to assert itself even when a man is in the profound unconsciousness of apoplectic coma.

Thus we are able to explain all the more complicated among animal instincts as cases of 'lapsed intelligence.' But, on the other hand, a great many of the more simple instincts were probably evolved in a more simple way. That is to say, they have probably never been of an intelligent character, but have begun as merely accidental adjustments of the organism to its surroundings, and have then been laid hold upon by natural selection and developed into automatic reflexes. Take, for instance, the action of so-called 'shamming dead,' which is performed by certain insects and allied animals when in the presence of danger. That this is not a case of intelligent action we may feel quite sure, not only because it would be absurd to suppose that insects could have any such highly abstract ideas as those of death and its conscious simulation, but also because Mr. Darwin tells me that he once made a number of observations on this subject,

and in no case did he find that the attitude in which the animal shammed dead resembled that in which the animal really died. All, therefore, that 'shamming dead' amounts to is an instinct to remain motionless, and therefore inconspicuous, in the presence of enemies ; and it is easy to see that this instinct may have been developed by natural selection without ever having been of an intelligent nature—those individuals which were least inclined to run away from enemies being preserved rather than those which rendered themselves conspicuous by movement.

So that we thus see how animal instincts may arise in either of two different ways ; for, on the one hand, they may arise from the performance of actions which were originally intelligent, but which by frequent repetition have become automatic ; and, on the other hand, they may arise from survival of the fittest, preserving actions which, although never intelligent, yet happen to have been of benefit to the animals which first chanced to perform them. But now let it be observed that although there is a great difference between these two kinds of instincts if regarded psychologically, there is no difference between them if regarded physiologically ; for, regarded physiologically, both kinds of instincts are merely expressions of the fact that particular nerve-cells and fibres have been set apart to perform their reflexes automatically—that is, without being accompanied by intelligence.

So much, then, for what I have called the physiological basis of mind ; and I now taking leave of this part of my subject, I should like to point out that in recognising the indisputable fact of mind having such a basis, we are not necessarily committing ourselves to the doctrine of Materialism. That psychical phenomena are very intimately associated with physical phenomena is a fact which does not admit of one moment's dispute ; but concerning the nature of this association science must declare, not merely that it is at present unknown, but that, so far as she is at present able to discern, it must for ever remain unknowable. The restless tide of intellect for centuries has onwards rolled, submerging in its every arm those strong, rugged shores whose name is Why ; but at the line

where mind and matter meet there rises, like a frowning cliff, a mighty mystery, and in the darkness of the place we hear the voice of true Philosophy proclaim : Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

Passing on now to our review of Comparative Psychology, the first animals in which, so far as I can ascertain, we may be quite sure that reflex action is accompanied by ideation, are the insects. For Mr. Darwin has observed that bees remember the position of flowers which they have *only several times* visited, even though the flowers be concealed by intervening houses, etc. Sir John Lubbock also has shown that, *after a very few individual experiences*, bees are able to establish a definite association between particular colors on paper and food ; and further that, *after a very few lessons*, a bee may be taught to find its way out of a glass jar. These observations would seem to prove that the grade of intelligence is higher in some Articulata than it is among the lower Vertebrata. For many of you will probably remember the experiment of Professor Möbius, which proved that a pike requires three months to establish an association of ideas between particular kinds of prey and the fact of their being protected by an invisible wall. This fact was proved by the pike repeatedly dashing its nose against a glass partition in its tank in fruitless efforts to catch minnows which were confined on the other side of the partition. At the end of three months, however, the requisite association was established, and the pike, having learned that its efforts were of no use, ceased to continue them. The sheet of glass was then removed ; but the now firmly established association of ideas never seems to have become disestablished, for the pike never afterwards attacked the minnows, though it fed voraciously on all other kinds of fish. From which we see that a pike is very slow in forming his ideas, and no less slow in again unforming them—thus resembling many respectable members of a higher community, who spend one-half of their lives in assimilating the obsolete ideas of their forefathers, and through the other half of their lives stick to these ideas as to the only possible truths ; they can never

learn when the hand of science has removed a glass partition.

As regards the association of ideas by the higher vertebrated animals, it is only necessary to say that in all these animals, as in ourselves, this principle of association is the fundamental principle of their psychology ; that in the more intelligent animals associations are quickly formed, and when once formed are very persistent ; and, in general, that so far as animal ideation goes, the laws to which it is subject are identical with those under which our own ideation is performed.

Let us, then, next ask, How far does animal ideation go ? The answer is most simple, although it is usually given in most erroneous form. It is usually said that animals do not possess the faculty of abstraction, and therefore that the distinction between animal intelligence and human intelligence consists in this—that animals are not able to form abstract ideas. But this statement is most erroneous. You will remember the distinction which I previously laid down between abstract ideas that may be developed by simple feelings, such as hunger, and abstract ideas that can only be developed by the aid of language. Well, remembering this distinction, we shall find that the only difference between animal intelligence and human intelligence consists in this—that animal intelligence is unable to elaborate that class of abstract ideas, the formation of which depends on the faculty of speech. In other words, animals are quite as able to form abstract ideas as we are, if under abstract ideas we include general ideas of qualities which are so far simple as not to require to be fixed in our thoughts by names. For instance, if I see a fox prowling about a farmyard, I cannot doubt that he has been led by hunger to visit a place where he has a general idea that a number of good things are to be fallen in with, just as I myself am led by a similar impulse to visit a restaurant. And, to take only one other instance, there can be no question that animals have a generalised conception of cause and effect. For example, I had a setter dog which was greatly afraid of thunder. One day a number of apples were being shot upon the wooden floor of an apple-room, and as

each bag of apples was shot it produced through the rest of the house a noise resembling that of distant thunder. My dog became terror-stricken at the sound ; but as soon as I brought him to the apple-room and showed him the true *cause* of the noise, he became again buoyant and cheerful as usual. Another dog I had used to play at tossing dry bones to give them the appearance of life. As an experiment, I one day attached a fine thread to a dry bone before giving him the latter to play with ; and after he had tossed the bone about for a while as usual, I stood a long way off and slowly began to draw it away from him. So soon as he perceived that the bone was really moving on its own account, his whole demeanor changed, and rushing under a sofa he waited horror-stricken to watch the uncanny spectacle of a dry bone coming to life. I have also greatly frightened this dog by blowing soap-bubbles along the floor ; one of these he summoned courage enough to touch with his paw, but as soon as it vanished he ran out of the room, terrified at so mysterious a disappearance. Lastly, I have put this dog into a paroxysm of fear by taking him into a room alone and silently making a series of horrible grimaces. Although I had never in my life hurt this dog, he became greatly frightened at my unusual behavior, which so seriously conflicted with his general idea of uniformity in matters psychological. But I have tried this experiment with less intelligent dogs without any other result than that of causing them to bark at me.

Of course in thus claiming for animals the power of forming general conceptions, I mean only such general conceptions as can be arrived at by the logic of feelings. So far, then, as the logic of feelings can carry them, I maintain that the intellectual operations of animals are indistinguishable from those of ourselves. For having thus shown that animals possess the faculty of abstraction, I shall now go on to show that they possess the faculties both of judgment and of reason. My friend Dr. Rae, the well-known traveller and naturalist, knew a dog in Orkney which used to accompany his master to church on alternate Sundays. To do so he had to swim a channel about a mile wide ; and before taking to the water he used to run about a mile to the north

when the tide was flowing, and a nearly equal distance to the south when the tide was ebbing, 'almost invariably calculating his distance so well that he landed at the nearest point to the church.' In his letter to me Dr. Rae continues : 'How the dog managed to calculate the strength of the spring and neap tides at their various rates of speed, and always to swim at the proper angle, is most surprising.'

So much, then, for judgment. For some good instances of reasoning in animals I am also indebted to Dr. Rae. Desiring to obtain some Arctic foxes, he set various kinds of traps ; but, as the foxes knew these traps from previous experience, he was unsuccessful. Accordingly he set a kind of trap with which the foxes in that part of the country were not acquainted. This consisted of a loaded gun set upon a stand pointing at the bait. A string connected the trigger of the gun with the bait, so that when the fox seized the bait he discharged the gun, and thus committed suicide. In this arrangement the gun was separated from the bait by a distance of about twenty yards, and the string which connected the trigger with the bait was concealed throughout nearly its whole distance in the snow. The gun trap thus set was successful in killing one fox, but not in killing a second ; for the foxes afterwards adopted either of two devices whereby to secure the bait without injuring themselves. One of these devices was to bite through the string at its exposed part near the trigger, and the other device was to burrow up to the bait through the snow at right angles to the line of fire, so that, although in this way they discharged the gun, they escaped without injury—the bait being pulled below the line of fire before the string was drawn sufficiently tight to discharge the gun. Now both of these devices exhibited a wonderful degree of what I think must fairly be called power of reasoning. I have carefully interrogated Dr. Rae on all the circumstances of the case, and he tells me that in that part of the world traps are never set with strings, so that there can have been no special association in the foxes' minds between strings and traps. Moreover, after the death of a fox number one, the track on the snow showed that fox

number two, notwithstanding the temptation offered by the bait, had expended a great deal of scientific observation on the gun before he undertook to sever the cord. Lastly, with regard to burrowing at right angles to the line of fire, Dr. Rae and a friend in whom he has confidence observed the fact a sufficient number of times to satisfy themselves that the direction of the burrowing was really to be attributed to thought and not to chance.

I could give several other unequivocal instances of reasoning on the part of animals which I have myself observed ; but time does not permit of my stating them. Passing on, therefore, to the emotional life of animals, we find that this is very slightly, if at all, developed in the lower orders, but remarkably well developed in the higher ; that is to say, the emotions are vivid and easily excited although they are shallow and evanescent. They thus differ from those of most civilised men in being more readily aroused and more impetuous while they last, though leaving behind them but little trace of their occurrence. As regards the particular emotions which occur among the higher animals, I can affirm from my own observations that all the following give unmistakable tokens of their presence :—Fear, Affection, Passionateness, Pugnacity, Jealousy, Sympathy, Pride, Reverence, Emulation, Shame, Hate, Curiosity, Revenge, Cruelty, Emotion of the Ludicrous, and Emotion of the Beautiful. Now this list includes nearly all the human emotions, except those which refer to religion and to the perception of the sublime. These, of course, are necessarily absent in animals, because they depend upon ideas of too abstract a nature to be reached by the mind when unaided by the logic of signs. Time prevents me from here detailing any of my observations or experiments with regard to the emotional life of animals, so I will pass on at once to the faculty of Conscience. Of course the moral sense as it occurs in ourselves involves ideas of high abstraction, so that in animals we can only expect to meet with a moral sense in a very rudimentary form ; and, therefore, even if it is true that no indications of such a sense are to be met with in animals, the fact would not establish any difference in kind between

animal intelligence and human. But I am inclined to believe that in highly intelligent, highly sympathetic, and tolerably well-treated animals, the germs of a moral sense become apparent. To give two instances. I once shut up a Skye terrier in a room by himself while I went to a friend's house. The dog must have been thrown into a violent passion at being left behind, for when I returned I found that he had torn the window-curtains to shreds. He was in great joy at seeing me ; but as soon as I picked up one of the torn shreds of the curtains the animal gave a howl and ran screaming up the staircase. Now this dog was never chastised in his life, so that I can only explain his conduct as an expression of the remorse which he suffered at having done in a passion what he knew would cause me annoyance. So far as I can interpret the facts, his sympathetic affection for me, coupled with the memory of his misdeeds, created in his mind a genuine feeling of *repentance*.

The other instance I have to narrate occurred with the same terrier. Only once in his life was he ever known to steal ; and on this occasion, when very hungry, he took a cutlet from a table and carried it under a sofa. I saw him perform this act of larceny, but pretended not to have done so, and for a number of minutes he remained under the sofa with his feelings of hunger struggling against his feelings of duty. At last the latter triumphed ; for he brought the stolen cutlet and laid it at my feet. Immediately after doing so he again ran under the sofa, and from this retreat no coaxing could draw him. Moreover, when I patted his head he turned away his face in a ludicrously conscience-stricken manner. Now I regard this instance as particularly valuable from the fact that the terrier in question had never been beaten, and hence that it cannot have been fear of bodily pain which prompted these actions. On the whole, therefore, I can only suppose that we have in these actions evidence of as high a development of the ethical faculty as is attainable by the logic of feelings when unassisted by the logic of signs—that is to say, a grade very nearly, if not quite, as high as that with which we meet in low savages, young children,

many idiots, and uneducated deaf-mutes. This allusion to savages, children, idiots, and deaf-mutes, leads me to the next division of my subject.

Professor St. George Mivart has said that an interesting book might be written on the stupidity of animals. I am inclined to think that a still more interesting book might be written on the stupidity of savages. For it is a matter of not the least interest how much stupidity any number of animals may present, so long as some animals present sufficient sagacity to supply data for the general theory of evolution; while, on the other hand, it is of the utmost importance for the science of this century to ascertain the lowest depths in which the mind of man is known to exist as human. Now there is no doubt that the interval which separates the most degraded savage from the most intelligent animal is, psychologically considered, enormous; but, enormous as it is, I cannot see any evidence to show that the gulf may not have been bridged over during the countless ages of the past. Abstract ideas among savages are mostly confined to such as may be formed by the logic of the feelings; so that, for instance, according to the observations and the judgment of Mr. Francis Galton, the ideas of number which are presented by the lowest savages are certainly in no degree superior to those which are presented by the higher animals. Such ideas as savages possess seem to be mainly those which, as in animals, are due to special associations. On this account there is in them, as in animals, a remarkable tendency to act in accordance with preformed habits, rather than to strike out improved modes of action. On this account, also, there is, as in animals, a strong tendency to imitation as distinguished from origination. Again, as in animals, so in savages, the reflective power is of an extremely undeveloped character, and quite incapable of sustained application. And, lastly, the emotions of savages, as of animals, are vivid, although, as contrasted with the emotions of civilised man, they are in a marked degree more fitful, impetuous, shallow, and transitory. So that, altogether, I think the lowest savages supply us with a most valuable transition stage between mind as we know it in ourselves,

and mind as we see it manifested by the higher animals.

With regard to children, it is to be expected, on the general theory of evolution by inheritance, that if we were attentively to study the order in which their mental faculties develop, we should find that the historical sequence is, as it were, a condensed epitome of the order in which these faculties were developed during the evolution of the human species. And this expectation is fairly well realised. Very young children present only those lower faculties of mind which in animals we call instincts. With advancing age, the first indication of true intelligence seems to consist in the power of forming special associations. Memory thus appears early in life; and long before a child is able to speak, it links together in thought ideas of objects which it finds to be associated in fact. Again, the emotions begin to assert their presence at a very early period, and attain a high degree of development before any of the characteristically human faculties can be said to have appeared. Moreover, in young children we meet with nearly all the emotions which I have named as occurring in animals, and their general character is much of the same kind. In more advanced childhood the emotional life of children more resembles that of savages. With regard to the more purely intellectual faculties, language is largely intelligible to a child long before it is itself able to articulate; but soon after it is able to articulate, the faculty of abstracting qualities and classifying objects by the aid of signs begins its course of development. Thus, for instance, I have lately seen a child who belongs to one of the best of living observers, and who is just beginning to speak. This child called a duck 'quack,' and by special association it also called water 'quack.' By an appreciation of the resemblance of qualities, it next extended the term 'quack' to denote all birds and insects on the one hand, and all fluid substances on the other. Lastly, by a still more delicate appreciation of resemblance, the child eventually called all coins 'quack,' because on the back of a French sou it had once seen the representation of an eagle. Hence to this child the sign 'quack,' from having originally had a very specialised meaning

became more and more extended in its signification, until it now serves to designate such apparently different objects as 'fly,' 'wine,' and 'shilling.' And as in this process we have the initiation of the logic of signs, so we have in it the potentiality of the most abstract thought. Accordingly, soon after a child begins to speak, we find that reason of a properly human kind begins to be developed.

Upon the whole, then, the study of infant psychology yields just the kind of results which the general theory of evolution would lead us to expect. But in comparing the intelligence of a young child with that of an adult animal we are met with this difficulty—that as the bodily powers of children at so immature an age are so insufficiently developed, the mind is not able, as in the case of animals, to accumulate experiences of life. In order, therefore, to obtain a fair parallel, we should require a human being whose mental powers have become arrested in their development at an early age, while the bodily powers have continued to develop to mature age, so serving to supply the abortive human intelligence with full experiences of life. Now the nearest approach that we have to these conditions is to be found in the case of idiots. Accordingly, in anticipation of this lecture, I have sent a table of questions to all the leading authorities on idiocy, and the answers which I have obtained display a very substantial agreement. Through the kindness of these gentlemen I have also been enabled to examine personally a number of the patients who are under their charge. In particular I have to express my obligations to Drs. Beech, Crichton Browne, Langdon Down, Ireland, Maudsley, Savage, and Shuttleworth. On the present occasion I can only pause to state the leading facts which have been elicited by this inquiry.

As there are all degrees of idiocy, the object of my inquiry was to determine the order in which the various mental faculties become enfeebled and disappear as we descend from the higher to the lower grades of imbecility. On the general theory of evolution we should expect that in such a descending scale the characteristically human, or the more recently developed, faculties should be the first to disappear, while those faculties which man shares with the lower animals

should be the most persistent. And this expectation I have found to be fairly well realised. Beginning from below, the first dawn of intelligence in the ascending scale of idiots, as in the ascending scale of animals, is invariably to be found in the power of associating simple concrete ideas. Thus, there are very few idiots so destitute of intelligence that the appearance of food does not arouse in their minds the idea of eating; and, as we ascend in the scale idiotic, we find the principle of association progressively extending its influence, so that the mind is able, not only to establish a greater and greater number of special associations, but also to retain these associations with an ever increasing power of memory. In the case of the higher idiots, as in the case of the higher animals, it is surprising in how considerable a degree the faculty of special association is developed, notwithstanding the dwarfed condition of all the higher faculties. Thus, for instance, it is not a difficult matter to teach a clever idiot to play dominoes, in the same way as a clever dog has been taught to play dominoes, viz., by teaching special associations between the optical appearances of the facets which the game requires to be brought together. But the idiot may be quite as unable as the dog to play at any game which involves the understanding of a simple *rationale*, such, for instance, as draughts. And, similarly, many of the higher idiots have been taught to recognise, by special association, the time on a watch; but it is remarkable that the high power of forming special associations which this fact implies occurs in the same minds which are unable to perform so simple a calculation as this—If it is ten minutes to three, how many minutes is it past two? Thus it will be seen that among idiots, as among animals, the faculty of forming special associations between concrete ideas attains a comparatively high degree of development. Let us then next turn to the faculties of abstraction and reason. Prepared as I was to expect these faculties to be the most deficient, I have been greatly surprised at the degree in which they are so. As regards the power of forming abstract ideas which depend on the logic of signs, it is only among the very highest class of idiots that any such

power is apparent at all ; and even here it is astonishing in how very small a degree this power is exhibited. There seems, for instance, to be an almost total absence of the idea of right and wrong as such ; so that the faculty of conscience, properly so called, can rarely be said to be present. Most of the higher idiots, indeed, experience a feeling of remorse on offending the sympathies of those whom they love, just as did my dog on tearing the window curtains ; but I have been able to obtain very little evidence of any true idiot whose action is prompted by any idea of right and wrong in the abstract, or as apart from the idea of approbation and disapprobation of those whose good feeling he values.

Again, the faculty of reason is dwarfed to the utmost—so much so that the investigator is most of all astonished at the poverty of rational power which may be displayed by a human mind that in most other respects seems well developed. I can only wait to give you one example, but it may be taken as typical. A boy fourteen years of age, belonging to the highest class of undoubted idiots, could scarcely be called feeble-minded as regarded many of his faculties. Thus, for instance, his powers of memory were above the average, so that he had no difficulty in learning Latin, French, etc. Moreover, he could tell you by mental calculation the product of two numbers into two numbers, such as 35 by 35, or of one number into three numbers, such as number of days in nine years. His powers of mental calculation were therefore quite equal to those of any average boy of his age. Yet he was not able to answer any question that involved the simplest act of reason. Thus, when I asked him how many sixpences there are in a sovereign, he was quite unable to answer. Although he knew that there are two sixpences in a shilling, and twenty shillings in a sovereign, and could immediately have said that twice twenty are forty, yet he could not perform the simple act of inference which the question involved. Again, I asked him, if he could buy oranges at a farthing each, how many could he buy for twopence ? He thought long and hard, saying, ' I know that four farthings make a penny, and the oranges cost a farthing each ; then how many could I buy for twopence ?

Ah ! that's the question, and there's just the puzzle.' Nor was he able by the utmost effort to solve the puzzle. This boy had a very just appreciation of his own psychological character. Alluding to his power of forming special associations and retaining them in his excellent memory, he observed, ' Once put anything into my head and you don't get it out again very easily ; but there's no use in asking me to do puzzles.'

Lastly, the emotional life of all the higher idiots, as of all the higher animals, is remarkably vivid as compared with their intellectual life. All the emotions are present (except, perhaps, that of the sublime and the religious emotions), and they occur for the most part in the same order as to strength as that which I have already named in the case of animals. But, more than this, just as in animals, children, and savages, so in idiots, the emotions, although vivid and keen, are not profound. A trivial event will make the higher idiots laugh or cry, and it is easy to hurt their feelings with a slight offence ; but the death of a dear relative is very soon forgotten, while the stronger passions, such as Love, Hate, Ambition, etc., do not occur with that force and persistency which properly entitle them to be called by these names.

Upon the whole, then, with regard to idiots, it may be said that we have in them a natural experiment wherein the development of a human mind is arrested at some particular stage, while the body is allowed to continue its growth. Therefore, by arranging idiots in a descending grade, we obtain, as it were, an inclined plane of human intelligence, which indicates the probable order in which the human faculties have appeared during the history of their development ; and on examining this inclined plane of human intelligence, we find that it runs suggestively parallel with the inclined plane of animal intelligence, as we descend from the higher to the lower forms of psychical life.

I have only time to treat of one other branch of my subject. Believing, as I have said, that language, or the logic of signs, plays so essential a part in developing the higher intellectual life of man, it occurred to me that a valuable test of the truth of this view was to be found in the mental condition of uneducated deaf-

mutes. It often happens that deaf and dumb children of poor parents are so far neglected that they are never taught finger language, or any other system of signs, whereby to converse with their fellow-creatures. The consequence, of course, is that these unfortunate children grow up in a state of intellectual isolation, which is almost as complete as that of any of the lower animals. Now when such a child grows up and falls into the hands of some competent teacher, it may of course be educated, and is then in a position to record its experiences when in its state of intellectual isolation. I have therefore obtained all the evidence I can as to the mental condition of such persons, and I find that their testimony is perfectly uniform. In the absence of language, the mind is able to think in the logic of feelings, but can never rise to any ideas of higher abstraction than those which the logic of feelings supplies. The uneducated deaf-mutes have the same notions of right and wrong, cause and effect, and so on, as we have already seen that animals and idiots possess. They always think in the most concrete forms, as shown by their telling us when educated that so long as they were uneducated they always thought in pictures. Moreover, that they cannot attain to ideas of even the lowest degree of abstraction, is shown by the fact that in no one instance have I been able to find evidence of a deaf-mute who, prior to education, had evolved for himself any form of supernaturalism. And this, I think, is remarkable, not only because we might fairly suppose that some rude form of fetishism, or ghost-worship, would not be too abstract a system for the unaided mind of a civilised man to elaborate, but also because the mind in this case is not wholly unaided.* On the contrary, the friends of the deaf-mute usually do their utmost to communicate to his mind some

idea of whatever form of religion they may happen to possess. Yet it is uniformly found that, in the absence of language, no idea of this kind can be communicated. For instance, the Rev. Mr. S. Smith tells me that one of his pupils, previous to education, supposed the Bible to have been printed by a printing-press in the sky, which was worked by printers of enormous strength—this being the only interpretation the deaf-mute could assign to the gestures whereby his parents sought to make him understand that they believed the Bible to contain a revelation from a God of power who lives in heaven. Similarly, Mr. Graham Bell informs me of another, though similar case, in which the deaf-mute supposed the object of going to church to be that of doing obeisance to the clergy.

On the whole, then, from the mental condition of uneducated deaf-mutes we learn the important lesson that, in the absence of language, the mind of a man is almost on a level with the mind of a brute in respect of its power of forming abstract ideas. So that all our lines of evidence converge to one conclusion :—the only difference which analysis can show to obtain between the mind of man and the mind of the lower animals consists in this—that the mind of man has been able to develop the germ of rational thought which is undeveloped in the mind of animals, and that the development of this germ has been due to the power of abstraction which is rendered possible by the faculty of speech. I have, therefore, no hesitation in giving it as my opinion that the faculty of speech is alone the ultimate source of that enormous difference which now obtains between the mind of man and the mind of the lower animals. Is this source of difference adequate to distinguish the mind of man from the mind of the lower animals in kind? I leave you all to answer this question for yourselves. I am satisfied with my work if I have made it clear to you that the question whether human intelligence differs from animal intelligence in kind or in degree, hinges entirely on the question whether the faculty of speech has been of an origin natural or supernatural. Still, to be candid, when the question occurs to me :—Seeing that language is of such prodigious importance as a psychological in-

* Were it not for certain criticisms which have appeared on my lecture as originally delivered, I should have thought it unnecessary to point out that an uneducated deaf-mute inherits the cerebral structure of a man. The fact, therefore, of his having human feelings and expressions of face, as well as the capacity for education, is no proof that language is not necessary for the formation of abstract ideas, unless it could be proved that the human brain might have been what it is, even if the human race had never evolved any system of language.

strument, does not the presence of language serve to distinguish us in kind from all other forms of life? How is it that no mere brute has ever learned to communicate with its fellows by words? Why has man alone of animals been gifted with the Logos? I say, when this question occurs to me, I feel that, although from the absence of pre-historical knowledge I am not able to answer it, still, when I reflect on the delicacy of the conditions which, on the naturalistic hypotheses, must first have led to the beginning of articulate language—conditions not only anatomical and physiological, but also psychological and sociological—when I thus reflect, I cease to wonder that the complicated faculty of speech should only have become developed in *Homo sapiens*.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have now given you an organised epitome of the leading results which have been obtained by a study of the facts and the principles of Comparative Psychology; and as in doing so I have chiefly sought to address those among you who are interested in science, I fear that to some of you I must in many places have been very hard to follow. But as a general outcome of the whole lecture—as the great and vivifying principle by which all the facts are more or less connected, and made to spring into a living body of philosophic truth—I will ask you to retain in your memories one cardinal conclusion. We are living in a generation which has witnessed a revolution of thought unparalleled in the history of our race. I do not merely allude to the fact that this is a generation in which all the sciences, without exception, have made a leap of progress such as widely to surpass all previous eras of intellectual activity; but I allude to the fact that in the special science of Biology it has been reserved for us to see the first rational enunciation, the first practical demonstration, and the first general acceptance of the doctrine of Evolution. And I allude to this fact as to a fact of unparalleled importance in the history of thought, not only because I know how completely it has transformed the study of Life from a mere grouping of disconnected observations to a rational tracing of fundamental principles, but also because it is now

plainly to be foreseen that what the Philosophy of Evolution has already accomplished is but an earnest of what it is destined to achieve. We know the results which have followed in the science of Astronomy by the mathematical proof of the law of gravitation; and can we doubt that even more important results will follow in the much more complex science of Biology from the practical proof of the law of Evolution? I at least can entertain no doubt on this head; and forasmuch as this enormous change in our means of knowledge and our modes of thought has been so largely due to the almost unaided labors of a single man, I do not hesitate to say, even before so critical an audience as this, that in all the history of science there is no single name worthy of a veneration more profound than the now immortal name of Charles Darwin.

Do you ask me why I close this lecture with such a Panegyric on the Philosophy of Evolution? My answer is—If we have found that in the study of Life the theory of Descent is the keynote by which all the facts of our science are brought into harmonious relation, we cannot doubt that in our study of Mind the theory of Descent must be of an importance no less fundamental. And, indeed, even in this our time, which is marked by the first opening dawn of the science of Psychology, we have but to look with eyes unprejudiced to see that the Philosophy of Evolution is here like a rising Sun of Truth, eclipsing all the lesser lights of previous philosophies, dispelling superstitions like vapors born of darkness, and revealing to our gladdened gaze the wonders of a world till now unseen. So that the cardinal conclusion which I desire you to take away, and to retain in your memories long after all the lesser features of this discourse shall have faded from your thoughts, is the conclusion that Mind is everywhere one; and that the study of Comparative Psychology, no less than the study of Comparative Anatomy, has hitherto yielded results in full agreement with that great transformation in our view of things, which, as I have said, is without a parallel in the history of thought, and which it has been the great, the individual glory of this age and nation to achieve.

POSTSCRIPT.

Many and various have been the criticisms to which this lecture has already given rise, so that, in now submitting it to the readers of the *Nineteenth Century*, I am impelled to make one additional remark. Within the time at my disposal in a lecture it was not possible to give more than a carefully balanced epitome of what I conceive to be the leading principles of Comparative Psychology, and the directions in which it seems to me of most importance that these principles should be applied. Naturally, therefore, no one division of my subject has here been treated with any attempt at completeness, and thus the unsympathetic critic has an easy task to perform when he indicates the apparent disproportion between my premisses and my conclusions. Of such criticisms I have neither the right nor the desire to complain; they were clearly to be foreseen as the result of first publishing my work in so condensed a form. But I do desire to address this one remark to my critics as a body. Let it not be supposed that by pointing out sins of omission in this *résumé* you have proved negligence or one-sidedness against the labor of which it is the result. It is needless to say that I gladly welcome all criticisms, even such as give me credit for being myself so far an idiot as not to have observed that a parrot can talk, or that a deaf-mute has a human kind of look about the face, together with 'latent' (*inherited?*) capacities of which animals are destitute. But, while gladly welcoming criticisms from every quarter, I would suggest that, at least when rendering the more superficial and the more hackneyed of ideas, they might be conveyed in a form which recognises the possibility of my having met with these ideas before.

It seems desirable, however, to add a few explanatory statements with regard to the Arctic foxes; for in my oral exposition of the circumstances as communicated to me by Dr. Rae, I somewhat unduly sacrificed lucidity to compres-

sion. The only supplementary matter which it seems desirable to add I will quote from Dr. Rae's letter to me:—

'In the cases seen by myself and by a friend of greater experience, the trench was always scraped at right angles, or nearly so, to the line of fire.' This fact Dr. Rae explains by the hypothesis:—'If the trench is to be a shelter one—thinking, as the fox must, that the gun, or something coming from it, was the danger to be protected from or guarded against—it must be made across the line of fire, for if scratched in direction of the gun, it would afford little or no protection or concealment, and the reasoning power or intelligence of the fox would be at fault.'

'My belief is that one of these knowing foxes had seen his or her companion shot, or found it dead shortly after it had been killed (paired foxes do not necessarily always keep close together, because they have a better chance of finding food if separated some distance from each other), and not unnaturally attributed the cause of the mishap to the only strange thing it saw near, namely, the gun. It was evident that in all cases they had studied the situation carefully, as was sufficiently shown by their tracks in the snow, which indicated their extremely cautious approach when either the string-cutting or trench-digging dodge was resorted to.'

Lastly, I should like to take this opportunity of requesting the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* to favor me by sending to the undermentioned address brief accounts of any well-marked instances of the display of animal intelligence which may have fallen within their own notice or that of their friends. None of these instances will be published by me without permission; but I desire to accumulate as many of such instances as possible, in order that I may obtain a wide basis of suggestion as to the directions in which experiment may be most profitably employed. — *The Nineteenth Century*.

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THE FIRST EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

WHEN browsing at random in a respectable library, one is pretty sure to hit upon the early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, and prompted in consequence to ask oneself the question, what are the intrinsic merits of writing which produce so great an effect upon our grandfathers? The *Review*, we may say, has lived into a third generation. The last survivor of the original set has passed away; and there are but few relics even of that second galaxy of authors amongst whom Macaulay was the most brilliant star. One may speak, therefore, without shocking existing susceptibilities, of the *Review* in its first period, when Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, and Brougham were the most prominent names. A man may still call himself middle-aged and yet have a distinct memory of Brougham courting, rather too eagerly, the applause of the Social Science Association; of Jeffrey, as he appeared in his kindly old age, when he could hardly have spoken sharply of a Lake poet; and even of the last outpourings of the irrepressible gaiety of Sydney Smith. But the period of their literary activity is already so distant as to have passed into the domain of history. It is the same thing to say that it already belongs in some degree to the neighboring or overlapping domain of fiction.

There is, in fact, already a conventional history of the early *Edinburgh Review*, repeated without hesitation in all literary histories and assumed in a thousand allusions, which becomes a little incredible when we take down the dusty old volumes, where dingy calf has replaced the original splendors of the blue and yellow, and which have inevitably lost much of their savor during more than half a century's repose. The story of the original publication has been given by the chief founders. Edinburgh, at the beginning of the century, was one of those provincial centres of intellectual activity which have an increasing difficulty in maintaining themselves against metropolitan attractions. In the last half of the eighteenth century, such philosophical activity as existed in the country

seemed to have taken refuge in the northern half of the island. A set of brilliant young men, living in a society still proud of the reputation of Hume, Adam Smith, Reid, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, and other northern luminaries, might naturally be susceptible to the stimulus of literary ambition. In politics the most rampant Conservatism, rendered bitter by the recent experience of the French Revolution, exercised a sway in Scotland more undisputed and vigorous than it is now easy to understand. The younger men who inclined to Liberalism, were naturally prepared to welcome an organ for the expression of their views. Accordingly a knot of clever lads (Smith was 31, Jeffrey 29, Brown 24, Horner 24, and Brougham 23) met in the third (not, as Smith afterwards said, the "eighth or ninth") story of a house in Edinburgh and started the journal by acclamation. The first number appeared in October, 1802, and produced, we are told, an "electrical" effect. Its old humdrum rivals collapsed before it. Its science, its philosophy, its literature were equally admired. Its politics excited the wrath and dread of Tories and the exultant delight of Whigs. It was, says Cockburn, a "pillar of fire," a far-seen beacon suddenly lighted in a dark place. Its able advocacy of political principles was as striking as its judicial air of criticism, unprecedented in periodical literature. To appreciate its influence, we must remember, says Sydney Smith, that in those days a number of reforms, now familiar to us all, were still regarded as startling innovations. The Catholics were not emancipated, nor the game-laws softened, nor the Court of Chancery reformed, nor the slave-trade abolished. Cruel punishment still disgraced the criminal code, libel was put down with vindictive severity, prisoners were not allowed counsel in capital cases, and many other grievances now wholly or partially redressed were still flourishing in full force.

Were they put down solely by the *Edinburgh Review*? That, of course, would not be alleged by its most ardent

admirers ; though Sydney Smith certainly holds that the attacks of the *Edinburgh* were amongst the most efficient causes of the many victories which followed. I am not concerned to dispute the statement ; nor in fact do I doubt that it contains much truth. But if we look at the *Review* simply as literary criticisms and examine its volumes expecting to be edified by such critical vigor and such a plentiful outpouring of righteous indignation in burning language as might correspond to this picture of a great organ of liberal opinion, we shall, I fear, be cruelly disappointed. Let us speak the plain truth at once. Every one who turns from the periodical literature of the present day to the original *Edinburgh Review*, will be amazed at its inferiority. It is generally dull and, when not dull, flimsy. The vigor has departed ; the fire is extinct. To some extent, of course, this is inevitable. Even the magnificent eloquence of Burke has lost some of its early gloss. We can read, comparatively unmoved, passages that would have once carried us off our legs in the exuberant torrent of passionate invective. But, making all possible allowance for the fading of all things human, I think that every reader who is frank will admit his disappointment. Here and there, of course, are amusing passages ; Sydney Smith's humor or some of Jeffrey's slashing and swaggering retains a few sparks of fire. The pertness and petulance of the youthful critics is amusing, though hardly in the way intended by themselves. But, as a rule, one may most easily characterize the contents by saying that few of the articles would have a chance of acceptance by the editor of a first-rate periodical to-day ; and that the majority belong to an inferior variety of what is now called "padding"—mere perfunctory bits of work, obviously manufactured by the critic out of the book before him.

The great political importance of the *Edinburgh Review* belongs to a later period. When the Whigs began to revive after the long reign of Tory principles, and such questions as Roman Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform were seriously coming to the front, the *Review* grew to be a most effective organ of the rising party. Even in earlier years, it was doubt-

less a matter of real moment that the ablest periodical of the day should manifest sympathies with the cause then so profoundly depressed. But in those years there is nothing of that vehement and unsparing advocacy of Whig principles which we might expect from a band of youthful enthusiasts. So far indeed was the *Review* from unhesitating partisanship that the sound Tory Scott contributed to its pages for some years ; and so late as the end of 1807 invited Southey, a still more unsparing Tory, as became a "renegade" or a "convert," to enlist under Jeffrey. Southey, it is true, was prevented from joining by scruples shared by his correspondent, but it was not for another year that the breach became irreparable. The final offence was given by the "famous article upon Cevallos," which appeared in October, 1808. Even at that period Scott understood some remarks of Jeffrey's as an offer to suppress the partisan tendencies of his *Review*. Jeffrey repudiated this interpretation ; but the statement is enough to show that, for six years after its birth, the *Review* had not been conducted in such a way as to pledge itself beyond all redemption in the eyes of staunch Tories.*

* Scott's letter, stating that this overture had been made by Jeffrey under terror of the *Quarterly*, was first published in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. Jeffrey denied that he could ever have made the offer, both because his contributors were too independent and because he had always considered politics to be (as he remembered to have told Scott) the "right leg" of the *Review*. Undoubtedly, though Scott's letter was written at the time and Jeffrey's contradiction many years afterwards, it seems that Scott must have exaggerated. And yet in Horner's *Memoirs*, we find a letter from Jeffrey which goes far to show that there was more than might be supposed to confirm Scott's statement. Jeffrey begs for Horner's assistance in the "day of need," caused by the Cevallos article and the threatened *Quarterly*. He tells Horner that he may write upon any subject he pleases—"only no party politics, and nothing but exemplary moderation and impartiality on all politics. I have allowed too much mischief to be done from my mere indifference and love of sport ; but it would be inexcusable to spoil the powerful instrument we have got hold of for the sake of teasing and playing tricks."—Horner's *Memoirs*, i. 439. It was on the occasion of the Cevallos article that the Earl of Buchan solemnly kicked the *Review* from his study into the street—a performance which he supposed would be fatal to its circulation.

The Cevallos article, the work in uncertain proportions of Brougham and Jeffrey, was undoubtedly calculated to give offence. It contained an eloquent expression of foreboding as to the chances of the war in Spain. The Whigs, whose policy had been opposed to the war, naturally prophesied its ill success, and, until this period, facts had certainly not confuted their auguries. It was equally natural that their opponents should be scandalised by their apparent want of patriotism. Scott's indignation was characteristic. The *Edinburgh Review*, he says, "tells you coolly, 'We foresee a revolution in this country as well as Mr. Cobbett';" and, to say the truth, by degrading the person of the sovereign, exalting the power of the French armies and the wisdom of their counsels, holding forth that peace (which they allow can only be purchased by the humiliating prostration of our honor) is indispensable to the very existence of this country, I think that for these two years past, they have done their utmost to hasten the fulfilment of their own prophecy." Yet, he adds, 9000 copies are printed quarterly, "no genteel family *can* pretend to be without it," and it contains the only valuable literary criticism of the day. The antidote was to be supplied by the foundation of the *Quarterly*. The Cevallos article, as Brougham says, "first made the Reviewers conspicuous as Liberals."

Jeffrey and his friends were in fact in the very difficult position of all middle parties during a period of intense national and patriotic excitement. If they attacked Perceval or Canning or Castlereagh in one direction, they were equally opposed to the rough and ready democracy of Cobbett or Burdett, and to the more philosophical radicalism of men like Godwin or Bentham. They were generally too young to have been infected by the original Whig sympathy for the French Revolution, or embittered by the reaction. They condemned the principles of '89 as decidedly if not as heartily as the Tories. The difference, as Sydney Smith said to his imaginary Tory Abra-

ham Plymley, is "in the means, not in the end. We both love the Constitution, respect the King, and abhor the French." Only, as the difference about the means was diametrical, Tories naturally held them to be playing into the hands of destructives, though more out of cowardice than malignity. In such a position it is not surprising if the reviewers generally spoke in apologetic terms and with bated breath. They could protest against the dominant policy as rash and bigoted, but could not put forwards conflicting principles without guarding themselves against the imputation of favoring the common enemy. The Puritans of Radicalism set down this vacillation to a total want of fixed principle, if not to baser motives. The first volume of the *Westminster Review* (1824) contains a characteristic assault upon the "see-saw" system of the *Edinburgh* by the two Mills. The *Edinburgh* is sternly condemned for its truckling to the aristocracy, its cowardice, political immorality, and (of all things!) its sentimentalism. In after years J. S. Mill contributed to its pages himself; but the opinion of his fervid youth was that of the whole Bentham school.* It is plain, however, that the *Review*, even when it had succeeded, did not absorb the activities of its contributors so exclusively as is sometimes suggested. They rapidly dispersed to enter upon different careers. Even before the first number appeared, Jeffrey complains that almost all his friends are about to emigrate to London; and the prediction was soon verified. Sydney Smith left to begin his career as a clergyman in London; Horner and Brougham almost immediately took to the English Bar, with a view to pushing into public life; Allen joined Lord Holland; Charles Bell set up in a London practice; two other promising contributors took offence, and deserted the *Review* in its infancy; and Jeffrey was left almost alone, though still a centre of attraction to the scattered group. He himself only undertook the editorship, on the understanding that he might renounce it as soon as he could do without it; and always guarded himself most carefully against any appearance of deserting a li-

* See the privately printed correspondence of Mr. Macvey Napier, a remarkably interesting book, to which I venture to refer, as it has already formed the subject of some public notices.

* See Mill's *Autobiography*, p. 92, for an interesting account of these articles.

gal for a literary career. Although the Edinburgh *clan* was not dissolved, its bonds were greatly loosened; the chief contributors were in no sense men who looked upon literature as a principal occupation; and Jeffrey, as much as Brougham and Horner, would have resented, as a mischievous imputation, the suggestion that his chief energies were devoted to the *Review*. In some sense this might be an advantage. An article upon politics or philosophy is, of course, better done by a professed statesman and thinker than by a literary hack; but, on the other hand, a man who turns aside from politics or philosophy to do mere hackwork, does it worse than the professed man of letters. Work, taken up at odd hours to satisfy editorial importunity or add a few pounds to a narrow income, is apt to show the characteristic defects of all amateur performances. A very large part of the early numbers is amateurish in this objectionable sense. It is mere hand-to-mouth information, and is written, so to speak, with the left hand. A clever man has turned over the last new book of travels or poetry, or made a sudden incursion into foreign literature or into some passage of history entirely fresh to him, and has given his first impressions with an audacity which almost disarms one by its extraordinary *naïveté*. The standard of such disquisitions was then so low that writing which would now be impossible passed muster without an objection. When, in later years, Macaulay discussed Hampden or Chatham, the book which he ostensibly reviewed was a mere pretext for producing the rich stores of a mind trained by years of previous historical study. Jeffrey wrote about Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs* and Pepys' *Diary* as though the books had for the first time revealed to him the existence of Puritans or of courtiers under the Restoration. The author of an article upon German metaphysics at the present day would think it necessary to show that if he had not the portentous learning which Sir William Hamilton embodied in his *Edinburgh* articles, he had at least read the book under review, and knew something of the language. The author of a contemptuous review of Kant, in an early number of the *Edinburgh*, makes it even ostentatiously evident that he has never read a

line of the original, and that his whole knowledge is derived from what (by his own account) is a very rambling and inadequate French essay. The young gentlemen who wrote in those days have a jaunty mode of pronouncing upon all conceivable topics without even affecting to have studied the subject, which is amusing in its way, and which fully explains the flimsy nature of their performance.

The authors, in fact, regarded these essays, at the time, as purely ephemeral. The success of the *Review* suggested republication long afterwards. The first collection of articles was, I presume, Sydney Smith's, in 1839; Jeffrey's and Macaulay's followed in 1843; and at that time even Macaulay thought it necessary to explain that the republication was forced upon him by the Americans. The plan of passing even the most serious books through the pages of a periodical has become so common that such modesty would now imply the emptiest affectation. The collections of Jeffrey and Sydney Smith will give a sufficient impression of the earlier numbers of the *Review*. The only contributors of equal reputation were Horner and Brougham. Horner, so far as one can judge, was a typical representative of those solid, indomitable Scotchmen whom one knows not whether to respect for their energy or to dread as the most intolerable of bores. He plodded through legal, metaphysical, scientific, and literary studies like an elephant forcing his way through a jungle; and labored as resolutely and systematically to acquire graces of style as to master the intricacies of the "dismal science." At an early age, and with no advantages of position, he had gained extraordinary authority in Parliament. Sydney Smith said of him that he had the Ten Commandments written on his face, and looked so virtuous that he might commit any crime with impunity. His death probably deprived us of a most exemplary statesman and first-rate Chancellor of the Exchequer, but it can hardly have been a great loss to literature.* His con-

* Passages from Horner's journals, given in his *Memoirs*, are quaint illustrations of the frame of mind generally inculcated in manuals for the use of virtuous young men. At the age of twenty-eight, he resolves one day to meditate upon various topics, distributed under

tributions gave some solid economical speculation to the *Review*, but were neither numerous nor lively. Brougham's amazing vitality wasted itself in a different way. His multifarious energy, from early boyhood to the borders of old age, would be almost incredible, if we had not the good fortune to be contemporaries of Mr. Gladstone. His share in the opening numbers of the *Review* is another of the points upon which there is an odd conflict of testimony.* But from a very early period he was the most voluminous and, at times, the most valuable of contributors. It has been said that he once wrote a whole number, including articles upon lithotomy and Chinese music. It is more authentic that he contributed six articles to one number, at the very crisis of his political career, and at the same period he boasts of having written a fifth of the whole *Review* to that time. He would sit down in a morning and write off twenty pages at a single effort. Jeffrey compares his own editorial authority to that of a feudal monarch over some independent barons. When

nine heads, including the society to be formed in the metropolis; the characters to be studied; the scale of intimacies; the style of conversation; the use of other men's minds in self-education; the regulation of ambition, of political sentiments, connections and conduct; the importance of "steadily systematising all plans and aims of life, and so providing against contingencies as to put happiness at least out of the reach of accident," and the cultivation of moral feelings by "dignified sentiments and pleasing associations" derived from poets, moralists, or actual life. Sydney Smith, in a very lively portrait, says that Horner was the best, kindest, simplest, and most incorruptible of mankind; but intimates sufficiently that his impenetrability to the facetious was something almost unexampled. A jest upon an important subject was, it seems, the only affliction which his strength of principle would not enable him to bear with patience.

* It would appear, from one of Jeffrey's statements, that Brougham selfishly hung back till after the third number of the *Review*, and its "assured success" (Horner's *Memoirs*, i. p. 186, and Macvey Napier's *Correspondence*, p. 422); from another, that Brougham, though anxious to contribute, was excluded by Sydney Smith, from prudential motives. On the other hand, Brougham in his autobiography claims (by name) seven articles in the first number, five in the second, eight in the third, and five in the fourth; in five of which he had a collaborator. His hesitation, he says, ended before the appearance of the first number, and was due to doubts as to Jeffrey's being allowed sufficient power.

Jeffrey gave up the *Review*, this "baron" aspired to something more like domination than independence. He made the unfortunate editor's life a burden to him. He wrote voluminous letters, oburgating, entreating, boasting of past services, denouncing rival contributors, declaring that a regard for the views of any other man was base subservience to a renegade Ministry, or foolish attention to the hints of understrappers, threatening, if he was neglected, to set up a rival review, and generally hectoring, bullying, and declaiming in a manner which gives one the highest opinion of the diplomatic skill of the editor, who managed, without truckling, to avoid a breach with his tremendous contributor. Brougham indeed was not quite blind to the fact that the *Review* was as useful to him as he could be to the *Review*, and was therefore more amenable than might have been expected, in the last resort. But he was in every relation one of those men who are nearly as much hated and dreaded by their colleagues as by the adversary—a kind of irrepressible rocket, only too easy to discharge, but whose course defied prediction.

It is, however, admitted by every one that the literary results of this portentous activity were essentially ephemeral. His writings are hopelessly commonplace in substance, and slipshod in style. His garden offers a bushel of potatoes instead of a single peach. Much of Brougham's work was up to the level necessary to give effect to the manifesto of an active politician. It was a fair exposition of the arguments common at the time; but it has nowhere that stamp of originality in thought or brilliance in expression which could confer upon it a permanent vitality.

Jeffrey and Sydney Smith deserve more respectful treatment. Macaulay speaks of his first edition with respectful enthusiasm. He says of the collected contributions that the "variety and fertility of Jeffrey's mind" seem more extraordinary than ever. Scarcely could any three men have produced such "diversified excellence." "When I compare him with Sydney and myself, I feel, with humility perfectly sincere, that his range is immeasurably wider than ours. And this is only as a writer. But he is not only a writer, he has been a great

advocate, and he is a great judge. Take him all in all, I think him more nearly an immortal genius than any man of our time; certainly far more nearly than Brougham, much as Brougham affects the character." Macaulay hated Brougham, and was, perhaps, a little unjust to him. But what are we to say of the writings upon which this panegyric is pronounced?

Jeffrey's collected articles include about eighty out of two hundred reviews, nearly all contributed to the *Edinburgh* within its first period of twenty-five years. They fill four volumes, and are distributed under the seven heads—general literature, history, poetry, metaphysics, fiction, politics, and miscellaneous. Certainly there is versatility enough implied in such a list, and we may be sure that he has ample opportunity for displaying whatever may be in him. It is, however, easy to dismiss some of these divisions. Jeffrey knew history as an English gentleman of average cultivation knew it; that is to say, not enough to justify him in writing about it. He knew as much of metaphysics as a clever lad was likely to pick up at Edinburgh during the reign of Dugald Stewart; his essays in that kind, though they show some aptitude and abundant confidence, do not now deserve serious attention. His chief speculative performance was an essay upon beauty contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which his biographer says quaintly that it is "as sound as the subject admits of." It is crude and meagre in substance. The principal conclusion is the rather unsatisfactory one for a professional critic that there are no particular rules about beauty, and consequently that one taste is about as good as another. Nobody, however, could be less inclined to apply this over liberal theory to questions of literary taste. There, he evidently holds, there is most decidedly a right and wrong, and everybody is very plainly in the wrong who differs from himself.

Jeffrey's chief fame—or, should we say, notoriety?—was gained, and his merit should be tested by his success, in this department. The greatest triumph that a literary critic can win is the early recognition of genius not yet appreciated by his contemporaries. The

next test of his merit is his capacity for pronouncing sound judgment upon controversies which are fully before the public; and, finally, no inconsiderable merit must be allowed to any critic who has a vigorous taste of his own—not hopelessly eccentric or silly—and expresses it with true literary force. If not a judge, he may in that case be a useful advocate.

What can we say for Jeffrey upon this understanding? Did he ever encourage a rising genius? The sole approach to such a success is an appreciative notice of Keats, which would be the more satisfactory if poor Keats had not been previously assailed by the opposition journal. The other judgments are for the most part pronounced upon men already celebrated; and the single phrase which has survived is the celebrated "This will never do," directed against Wordsworth's *Excursion*. Every critic is liable to blunder; but Jeffrey's blundering is amazingly systematic and comprehensive. In the last of his poetical critiques (October, 1829) he sums up his critical experience. He doubts whether Mrs. Hemans, whom he is reviewing at the time, will be immortal. "The tuneful quartos of Southey," he says, "are already little better than lumber; and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except where they have been married to immortal music; and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride." Who survive this general decay? Not Coleridge, who is not even mentioned; nor is Mrs. Hemans secure. The two who show least marks of decay are—of all people in the world—Rogers and Campbell! It is only to be added that this summary was republished in 1843, by which time the true proportions of the great reputations of the period were becoming more obvious to an ordinary observer. It seems almost incredible now that any sane critic should pick out Rogers and Campbell as the sole enduring relics from the age of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and Byron.

Doubtless a critic should rather draw the moral of his own fallibility than of his superiority to Jeffrey. Criticism is a still more perishing commodity than poetry. Jeffrey was a man of unusual intelligence and quickness of feeling; and a follower in his steps should think twice before he ventures to cast the first stone. If all critics who have grossly blundered are therefore to be pronounced utterly incompetent, we should, I fear, have to condemn nearly every one who has taken up the profession. Not only Dennis and Rymer, but Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson, Gray, Wordsworth, Byron, and even Coleridge, down to the last new critic in the latest and most fashionable journals, would have to be censured. Still there are blunders and blunders; and some of Jeffrey's sins in that kind are such as it is not very easy to forgive. If he attacked great men, it has been said in his defence, he attacked those parts of their writings which were really objectionable. And, of course, nobody will deny that (for example) Wordsworth's wilful and ostentatious inversion of accepted rules presented a very tempting mark to the critic. But—to say nothing of Jeffrey's failure to discharge adequately the correlative duty of generous praise—it must be admitted that his ridicule seems to strike pretty much at random. He picks out Southey, certainly the least eminent of the so-called school of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb, as the one writer of the set whose poetry deserves serious consideration; and, besides attacking Wordsworth's faults, his occasional flatness and childishness, selects some of his finest poems (*e.g.* the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality) as flagrant specimens of the hopelessly absurd.

The *White Doe of Rylstone* may not be Wordsworth's best work; but a man who begins a review of it by proclaiming it to be "the very worst poem ever imprinted in a quarto volume," who follows up this remark by unmixed and indiscriminating abuse, and who publishes the review twenty-eight years later as expressing his mature convictions, is certainly proclaiming his own gross incompetence. Or, again, Jeffrey writes about *Wilhelm Meister* (in 1824), knowing its high reputation in Germany, and

finds in it nothing but a text for a dissertation upon the amazing eccentricity of national taste which can admire "sheer nonsense," and at length proclaims himself tired of extracting "so much trash." There is a kind of indecency, a wanton disregard of the general consensus of opinion in such treatment of a contemporary classic (then just translated by Mr. Carlyle, and so brought within Jeffrey's sphere) which one would hope to be now impossible. It is true that Jeffrey relents a little at the end, admits that Goethe has "great talent," and would like to withdraw some of his censure. Whilst, therefore, he regards it as an instance of that diversity of national taste which makes a writer idolized in one country who would not be tolerated in another, he would hold it out rather as an object of wonder than contempt. Though the greater part "would not be endured, and, indeed, could not have been written in England," there are many passages of which any country might naturally be proud. Truly this is an illustration of Jeffrey's fundamental principle that taste has no laws, and is a matter of accidental caprice.

It may be said that better critics have erred with equal recklessness. De Quincey, who could be an admirable critic where his indolent prejudices were not concerned, is even more dead to the merits of Goethe. Byron's critical remarks are generally worth reading, in spite of his wilful eccentricity; and he spoke of Wordsworth and Southey still more brutally than Jeffrey, and admired Rogers as unreasonably. In such cases we may admit the principle already suggested, that even the most reckless criticism has a kind of value when it implies a genuine (even though a mistaken) taste. So long as a man says sincerely what he thinks, he tells us something worth knowing.

Unluckily this is just where Jeffrey is apt to fail; though he affects to be a dictator, he is really a follower of the fashion. He could put up with Rogers' flattest "correctness," intolerable tinsel, and most ponderous epic admiration was respected. He could endorse, though rather coldly, the general verdict in Scott's

ing his dignity by some not too judicious criticism ; preferring, for example, the sham romantic buiness of the *Lay* to the incomparable vigor of the rough moss-troopers

Who sought the beeves that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both—

terribly undignified lines, as Jeffrey thinks. So far, though his judicial swagger strikes us now as rather absurd, and we feel that he is passing sentence on bigger men than himself, he does fairly enough. But, unluckily, the *Edinburgh* wanted a butt. All lively critical journals, it would seem, resemble the old-fashioned squires who kept a badger ready to be baited whenever a little amusement was desirable. The rising school of Lake poets, with their austere professions and real weaknesses, was just the game to show a little sport ; and, accordingly, poor Jeffrey blundered into grievous misapprehensions, and has survived chiefly by his worst errors. The simple fact is, that he accepted whatever seemed to a hasty observer to be the safest opinion, that which was current in the most orthodox critical circles, and expressed it with rather more point than his neighbors. But his criticism implies no serious thought or any deeper sentiment than pleasure at having found a good laughing-stock. The most unmistakable bit of genuine expression of his own feelings in Jeffrey's writings is, I think, to be found in his letters to Dickens. "Oh ! my dear, dear Dickens !" he exclaims, "what a No. 5" (of *Dombey and Son*) "you have now given us. I have so cried and sobbed over it last night and again this morning, and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them ; and I never can bless and love you enough. Since that divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul in the summer sunshine of that lofty room." The emotion is a little senile, and most of us think it misplaced ; but at least it is genuine. The earlier thunders of the *Edinburgh Review* have lost their terrors, because they are in fact mere echoes of commonplace opinion. They are often clever enough and have all the

air of judicial authority, but we feel that they are empty shams, concealing no solid core of strong personal feeling even of the perverse variety. The critic has been asking himself, not "What do I feel ?" but "What is the correct remark to make ?"

Jeffrey's political writing suggests, I think, in some respects a higher estimate of his merits. He has not, it is true, very strong convictions, but his sentiments are liberal in the better sense of the word, and he has a more philosophical tone than is usual with English publicists. He appreciates the truths, now become commonplace, that the political constitution of the country should be developed so as to give free play for the underlying social forces without breaking abruptly with the old traditions. He combats with dignity the narrow prejudices which led to a policy of rigid repression, and which, in his opinion, could only lead to revolution. But the effect of his principles is not a little marred by a certain timidity both of character and intellect. Hopefulness should be the mark of an ardent reformer, and Jeffrey seems to be always decided by his fears. His favorite topic is the advantage of a strong middle party, for he is terribly afraid of a collision between the two extremes ; he can only look forwards to despotism if the Tories triumph, and a sweeping revolution if they are beaten. Meanwhile, for many years he thinks it most probable that both parties will be swallowed up by the common enemy. Never was there such a determined croaker. In 1808 he suspects that Bonaparte will be in Dublin in about fifteen months, when he, if he survives, will try to go to America. In 1811 he expects Bonaparte to be in Ireland in eighteen months, and asks how England can then be kept, and whether it would be worth keeping ? France is certain to conquer the continent, and our interference will only "exasperate and accelerate." Bonaparte's invasion of Russia in 1813 made him still more gloomy. He rejoiced at the French defeat as one delivered from a great terror, but the return of the Emperor dejects him again. All he can say of the war (just before Waterloo) is that he is "mortally afraid of it," and that he hates Bonaparte

"because he makes me more afraid than anybody else." In 1819 he anticipates "tragical scenes" and a sanguinary revolution; in 1821 he thinks as ill as ever "of the state and prospects of the country," though with less alarm of speedy mischief; and in 1822 he looks forward to revolutionary wars all over the continent, from which we may possibly escape by reason of our "miserable poverty;" whilst it is probable that our old tyrannies and corruptions will last for some 4000 or 5000 years longer.

A stalwart politician, Whig or Tory, is rarely developed out of a Mr. Much-Afraid or a Mr. Despondency; they are too closely related to Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. Jeffrey thinks it generally a duty to conceal his fears and affect a confidence which he does not feel; but perhaps the best piece of writing in his essays is that in which he for once gives full expression to his pessimist sentiment. It occurs in a review of a book in which Madame de Staël maintains the doctrine of human perfectibility. Jeffrey explains his more despondent view in a really eloquent passage. He thinks that the increase of educated intelligence will not diminish the permanent causes of human misery. War will be as common as ever, wealth will be used with at least equal selfishness, luxury and dissipation will increase, enthusiasm diminish, intellectual originality will become rarer, the division of labor will make men's lives pettier and more mechanical, and pauperism grow with the development of manufactures. When republishing his essays Jeffrey expresses his continued adherence to these views, and they are more interesting than most of his work, because they have at least the merits of originality and sincerity. Still, one cannot help observing that if the *Edinburgh Review* was an efficient organ of progress, it was not from any ardent faith in progress entertained by its chief conductor.

It is a relief to turn from Jeffrey to Sydney Smith. The highest epithet applicable to Jeffrey is clever, to which we may prefix some modest intensive. He is a brilliant, versatile, and at bottom liberal and kindly man of the world; but he never gets fairly beyond the border-line which irrevocably separates lively talent from original power. There

are dozens of writers who could turn out work on the same pattern and about equally good. Smith, on the other hand, stamps all his work with his peculiar characteristics. It is original and unmistakable; and in a certain department—not, of course, a very high one—he has almost unique merits. I do not think that the *Plymley Letters* can be surpassed by anything in the language as specimens of the terse, effective treatment of a great subject in language suitable for popular readers. Of course they have no pretence to the keen polish of Junius, or the weight of thought of Burke, or the rhetorical splendors of Milton; but their humor, freshness, and spirit are inimitable. The *Drapier Letters*, to which they have often been compared, were more effective at the moment; but no fair critic can deny, I think, that Sydney Smith's performance is now incomparably more interesting than Swift's.

The comparison between the dean and the canon is an obvious one, and has often been made. There is a likeness in the external history of the two clergymen who both sought for preferment through politics, and were both, even by friends, felt to have sinned against professional proprieties, and were paid off with scanty rewards in consequence. Both, too, were masters of a vigorous style, and original humorists. But the likeness does not go very deep. Swift had the most powerful intellect and the strongest passion as undeniably as Smith had the sweetest nature. The admirable good humor with which Smith accepted his position and devoted himself to honest work in an obscure country parish is the strongest contrast with Swift's misanthropical seclusion; and nothing can be less like than Smith's admirable domestic history and the mysterious love affairs with Stella and Vanessa. Smith's character reminds us more closely of Fuller, whose peculiar humor is much of the same stamp; and who, falling upon hard times, and therefore tinged by a more melancholy sentiment, yet showed the same unconquerable cheerfulness and intellectual vivacity.

Most of Sydney Smith's *Edinburgh* articles are of a very slight texture, though the reader is rewarded by an occasional turn of characteristic quaint-

ness. The criticism is of the most simple-minded kind; but here and there crops up a comment which is irresistibly comic. Here, for example, is a quaint passage from a review of Waterton's *Wanderings*:—

How astonishing are the freaks and fancies of nature! To what purpose, we say, is a bird placed in the woods of Cayenne, with a bill a yard long, making a noise like a puppy-dog, and laying eggs in hollow trees? To be sure the toucan might retort, To what purpose were gentlemen in Bond Street created? To what purpose were certain members of parliament created, pestering the House of Commons with their ignorance and folly, and impeding the business of the country? There is no end of such questions. So we will not enter into the metaphysics of the toucan.

Smith's humor is most aptly used to give point to the vigorous logic of a thoroughly healthy nature, contemptuous of all nonsense, full of shrewd common sense, and righteously indignant in the presence of all injustice and outworn abuse. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more brilliant assault upon the prejudices which defend established grievances than the inimitable "Noodle's Oration," into which Smith has compressed the pith of Bentham's *Book of Fallacies*. There is a certain resemblance between the logic of Smith and Macaulay, both of whom, it must be admitted, are rather given to proving commonplaces and inclined to remain on the surface of things. Smith, like Macaulay, fully understands the advantage of putting the concrete for the abstract, and hammering obvious truths into men's heads by dint of homely explanation. Smith's memory does not supply so vast a store of parallels as that upon which Macaulay could draw so freely; but his humorous illustrations are more amusing and effective. There could not be a happier way of putting the argument for what may be called the lottery system of endowments than the picture of the respectable baker driving past Northumberland House to St. Paul's Churchyard and speculating on the chance of elevating his "little muffin-faced son" to a place among the Percies or the highest seat in the Cathedral. Macaulay would have enforced his reasoning by a catalogue of successful ecclesiastics. The folly of alienating Catholic sympathies, during our great

struggle, by maintaining the old disabilities, is brought out with equal skill by the apologue in the *Plymley Letters* of the orthodox captain of a frigate in a dangerous action, securing twenty or thirty of his crew, who happened to be Papists, under a Protestant guard, reminding his sailors in a bitter harangue that they are of different religions; exhorting the Episcopal gunner to distrust the Presbyterian quartermaster; rushing through blood and brains to examine his men in the Thirty-Nine Articles, and forbidding any one to sponge or ram who has not taken the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. It is quite another question whether Smith really penetrates to the bottom of the question; but the only fault to be found with his statement of the case, as he saw it, is that it makes it rather too clear. The arguments are never all on one side in any political question, and the writer who sees absolutely no difficulty suggests to a wary reader that he is ignoring something relevant. Still, this is hardly an objection to a popular advocate, and it is fair to add that Smith's logic is not more admirable than the hearty generosity of his sympathy with the oppressed Catholic. The appeal to cowardice is lost in the appeal to true philanthropic sentiment.

With all his merits, there is a less favorable side to Smith's advocacy. When he was condemned as being too worldly and facetious for a priest, it was easy to retort that humor is not of necessity irreligious. It might be added that in his writings it is strictly subservient to solid argument. In a London party he might throw the reins upon the neck of his fancy and go on playing with a ludicrous image till his audience felt the agony of laughter to be really painful. In his writings, he aims almost as straight at his mark as Swift, and is never diverted by the spirit of pure fun. The humor always illuminates well-strung logic. But the scandal was not quite groundless. When he directs his powers against sheer obstruction and antiquated prejudice—against abuses in prisons or the game-laws or education—we can have no fault to find; nor is it fair to condemn a reviewer because in all these questions he is a follower rather than a leader. It is enough if he knows

a good cause when he sees it, and does his best to back up reformers in the press, though hardly a working reformer, and certainly not an originator of reform. But it is less easy to excuse his want of sympathy for the reformers themselves.

If there is one thing which Sydney Smith dreads and dislikes, it is enthusiasm. Nobody would deny, at the present day, that the zeal which supplied the true leverage for some of the greatest social reforms of the time was to be found chiefly amongst the so-called Evangelicals and Methodists. For them, Smith has nothing but the heartiest aversion. He is always having a quiet jest at the religious sentiments of Perceval or Wilberforce, and his most prominent articles in the *Review* were a series of inexcusably bitter attacks upon the Methodists. He is thoroughly alarmed and disgusted by their progress. He thinks them likely to succeed, and says that, if they succeed, "happiness will be destroyed, reason degraded, and sound religion banished from the world:" and that a reign of fanaticism will be succeeded by "a long period of the grossest immorality, atheism, and debauchery." He is not sure that any remedy or considerable palliative is possible, but he suggests, as hopeful, the employment of ridicule, and applies it himself most unsparingly. When the Methodists try to convert the Hindoos, he attacks them furiously for endangering the empire. They naturally reply that a Christian is bound to propagate his belief. The answer, says Smith is short: "It is not Christianity which is introduced (into India), but the debased nonsense and mummeries of the Methodists, which has little more to do with the Christian religion than it has to do with the religion of China." The missionaries, he says, are so foolish, "that the natives almost instinctively duck and pelt them," as one cannot help remembering, other missionaries have been ducked and pelted. He pronounces the enterprise to be hopeless and cruel, and clenches his argument by a statement which sounds strangely enough in the mouth of a sincere Christian:—

Let us ask (he says) if the Bible is universally diffused in Hindostan, what must be the astonishment of the natives to find that we are for-

bidden to rob, murder, and steal—we who, in fifty years, have extended our empire from a few acres about Madras over the whole peninsula and sixty millions of people, and exemplified in our public conduct every crime of which human nature is capable? What matchless impudence to follow up such practice with such precepts! If we have common prudence, let us keep the gospel at home, and tell them that Machiavel is our prophet and the god of the Manichæans our god.

We are to make our practice consistent by giving up our virtues instead of our vices. Of course, Smith ends his article by a phrase about "the slow, solid, and temperate introduction of Christianity;" but the Methodists might well feel that the "matchless impudence" was not all on their side, and that this Christian priest, had he lived some centuries earlier, would have sympathised a good deal more with Gallio than with St. Paul.

It is a question which I need not here discuss how far Smith could be justified in his ridicule of men who, with all their undeniable absurdity, were at least zealous believers in the creed which he—as is quite manifest—held in all sincerity. But one remark is obvious; the Edinburgh reviewers justify, to a certain point, the claim put forward by Sydney Smith; they condemned many crying abuses, and condemned them heartily. They condemned them, as thoroughly sensible men of the world, animated partly by a really generous sentiment, partly by a tacit scepticism as to the value of the protected interests, and above all by the strong conviction that it was quite essential for the middle party, that is, for the bulk of the respectable well-bred classes to throw overboard gross abuses which afforded so many points of attack to thorough-going radicals. On the other hand, they were quite indifferent or openly hostile to most of the new forces which stirred men's minds. They patronised political economy because Malthus began by opposing the revolutionary dreams of Godwin and his like. But every one of the great impulses of the time was treated by them in an antagonistic spirit. They savagely ridiculed Coleridge, the great seminal mind of one philosophical school; they fiercely attacked Bentham and James Mill, the great leaders of the antagonist school; they were equally opposed to the Evangelicals who revered Wilberforce, and,

in later times, to the religious party, of which Dr. Newman was the great ornament; in poetry they clung as long as they could, to the safe old principles represented by Crabbe and Rogers; they covered Wordsworth and Coleridge with almost unmixed ridicule, ignored Shelley, and were only tender to Byron and Scott, because Scott and Byron were fashionable idols. The truth is, that it is a mistake to suppose that the eighteenth century ended with the year 1800. It lasted in the upper currents of opinion till at least 1832. Sydney Smith's theology is that of Paley and the common-sense divines of the previous period. Jeffrey's politics were but slightly in advance of the true old Whigs, who still worshipped according to the tradition of their fathers in Holland House. The ideal of the party was to bring the practice of the country up to the theory whose main outlines had been accepted in the Revolution of 1688; and they studiously shut their eyes to any newer intellectual and social movements.

I do not say this by way of simple condemnation; for we have daily more reason to acknowledge the immense value of calm, clear, common sense, which sees the absurd side of even the best impulses. But it is necessary to bear the fact in mind when estimating such claims as those put forward by Sydney Smith. The truth seems to be that the *Edinburgh Review* enormously

raised the tone of periodical literature at the time, by opening an arena for perfectly independent discussion. Its great merit, at starting, was that it was no mere publisher's organ, like its rivals, and that it paid contributors well enough to attract the most rising talent of the day. As the *Review* progressed, its capacities became more generally understood, and its writers, as they rose to eminence and attracted new allies, put more genuine work into articles certain to obtain a wide circulation and to come with great authority. This implies a long step towards the development of the present system whose merits and defects would deserve a full discussion—the system, according to which much of the most solid and original work of the time first appears in periodicals. The tone of periodicals has been enormously raised, but the effect upon general literature may be more questionable. But the *Edinburgh* was not in its early years a journal with a mission, or the organ of an enthusiastic sect. Rather it was the instrument used by a number of very clever young men to put forward the ideas current in the more liberal section of the upper classes, with much occasional vigor and a large infusion of common sense, but also with abundant flippancy and superficiality, and, in a literary sense, without that solidity of workmanship which is essential for enduring vitality.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA AS MANUFACTURING COMPETITORS.

BY JAMES HENDERSON.

THERE is probably no question in which greater interest is felt at the present time in the several centres of manufacturing industry than that of foreign competition. The long-continued and severe depression under which every leading branch of manufacture has suffered has caused the boldest and most confident to hesitate, and it has afforded much encouragement to those who take a pessimist view of our position, and who look upon the manufacturing supremacy of the United Kingdom as already numbered among the things that were. The partial increase of our importations of manufactured goods which

has taken place during this period of depression has greatly added to the alarm felt, and few people stay to inquire whether this import trade is likely to prove healthy and profitable, and therefore permanent, or whether it is but the result of a still more serious commercial depression than we ourselves have experienced, and which prevails in the foreign countries from which these manufactured goods come.

The United States of America, for example, are very frequently pointed to as the quarter from which the most serious and dangerous rivalry is to be anticipated. A few years ago our markets were

to be swamped with American iron and steel, and one or two shipments, I believe, did reach Liverpool. The experiment, however, evidently did not pay, and of late we have heard nothing of its repetition being attempted. More recently we have been assured that the American cotton manufacturers are far outstripping their Lancashire competitors, not only in foreign markets, but also in Manchester itself. But it would be a mistake to assume that because a few shipments of American calicoes may have sold to advantage when compared with those from this country, therefore we must acknowledge ourselves beaten. Upon a question of this kind, on which so many persons presumably well qualified to form an opinion differ widely, I certainly have no desire to dogmatize; but it has occurred to me that some facts which came under my notice during a recent visit to some of the manufacturing districts of North America would not be an unacceptable contribution to the discussion of this important and most interesting subject.

And first I will address myself to the present actual position of affairs, which I regard as temporary. There is nothing inconsistent in the supposition that the American manufacturer may find it to his advantage to ship goods to England at the present moment, and yet be altogether incapable of competing with us permanently in an open market. The calicoes imported into Manchester at the present time may be sold cheaper than those of British manufacture, but very probably they are sold at a lower price than the same class of goods in New York or Boston, and therefore at a loss to the manufacturer. The United States, it must be borne in mind, have suffered, and are suffering still, from a commercial depression much more serious and prolonged than we have yet experienced in this country, and nothing is more natural than that their manufacturers and merchants should endeavor to realize money on their unsaleable and surplus stocks. Two years ago I found this process in full operation in Canada. Merchants in Montreal assured me that United States calicoes were being delivered to them considerably below the prices current for the same goods in Boston and New York.

Ironfounders and machine-makers in the province of Ontario had the same story to tell with respect to their own trade. Their markets in Canada were flooded by the surplus stocks of their competitors in the United States at prices which were far below the actual cost of production. In fact so much accustomed are the manufacturers of the United States to this mode of doing business, that it has come to be recognized as a common practice throughout the North American continent. It is called "slaughtering," and is a reckless sacrifice of manufactured goods at whatever price they will bring, so that the pressing want for immediate cash may be supplied. The extent to which this system of trading is indulged in in the United States during a time of commercial depression almost surpasses belief. Its results may be traced in the registers of the bankruptcy courts of that country. But no rational business man fears competition of this kind, for he knows perfectly well, not only that it cannot last, but that the more freely it is indulged in, the more surely and the more rapidly will it come to an end.

It is worth while, however, to note the fact in passing, that many of the Canadian manufacturers, who were suffering seriously from the "slaughtering" process, were loudly clamoring for the same remedy which now finds favor with a certain section of our manufacturers and merchants at home. They cry out for "reciprocity," and would willingly retaliate upon their American competitors by imposing a differential duty on their manufactures. This is one of the most difficult questions which recent Canadian administrations have had to deal with, and the difficulty has been much increased since the rupture of the commercial treaty between the United States and Canada.

To return, however, to the consideration of the permanent nature of the competition of American with British manufactures, I may state at once that, so far as my observation went, I saw nothing in the United States which ought to cause us serious alarm, but much, on the other hand, which would lead to the conclusion that the day is yet far distant when the products of our foundries and our forges, of our spindles and our

looms, will be superseded in the open market by articles of the same class produced in the United States of America. Let it not be supposed for a moment that I despise American competition. I can conceive of a condition of things both there and here which would cause it to assume very serious proportions, but this condition I cannot regard as likely to be realized for a long period of time. For the present, I feel satisfied that our manufacturers possess many important advantages, and they certainly have no cause for panic. They have no need to sit down in despair, under the idea that it is hopeless to strive against American competition, and that the industrial strength of the old country is played out.

North America possesses such unbounded natural wealth and resources, that it would indeed be rash to place a limit upon her capabilities in the remote future, but a careful consideration of her present position discloses so many difficulties and restrictions upon the development of these resources as to point to the conclusion that generations must elapse ere her people can hope to realize the full advantage of them. There is no country in the world in which the evil influence of unsound restrictive commercial legislation can be so clearly traced as in the United States; and, paradoxical as the statement may at first sight appear to be, the result of my observations in the manufacturing districts on the other side of the Atlantic went to convince me that the more absolute the system of protection maintained, and the heavier the duties levied upon the imports into the United States, the more thoroughly are her manufacturers disqualified from competing successfully with those of Great Britain.

It is the case that, by prohibitive duties on British manufactures, the people of the United States effectually exclude us from their own markets; but, practically, the custom-house cordon which the Americans have established is like the Chinese Wall—it debars the introduction of foreign manufactures, it is true, but it is equally as effective in preventing the exportation of their own. Were the people of the United States to throw open their ports to-morrow, I am perfectly satisfied that

in the course of a short time their competition in certain markets and in certain classes of goods would be much more severely felt than it is now. The fact is, that so long as the United States adhere to a strictly protective commercial policy we are safe. Our manufacturers may confidently rely upon it that they are not likely to be superseded in an open market so long as American industry is shackled by protection so effectually as it is now. Upon this point I may possibly have something more to say by-and-by.

In the meanwhile, I will endeavor to summarize the advantages presently possessed respectively by American and British manufacturers. I apprehend I will be able to do this more satisfactorily if I select one or two special branches of industry as subjects of comparison, although my readers will readily perceive that some of the conditions will apply to all manufactures. I propose to deal, in the first place, with the textile industries, which include the spinning and weaving of cotton, wool, flax, and silk. The most important of these in the United States is the cotton manufacture, and the especial advantages which a spinner or manufacturer there is supposed to enjoy, as compared with his British competitor, are—

First. More convenient access to the raw material.

Second. Important natural advantages, in the shape of water-power.

Third. A better educated and superior class of workpeople.

After careful consideration, and after visiting the chief centres of the cotton industry in New England, I have come to the conclusion that these three conditions practically exhaust the advantages which American manufacturers themselves claim to possess when compared with their competitors in this country, apart, of course, from the protective customs duties imposed upon British cotton manufactures imported into the United States.

The value of the first of these three conditions is really much less than might at first be supposed. In discussing this point with Mr. Nourse, an eminent cotton broker in Boston, I found that he was inclined to put a valuation of one cent per pound on the difference between

the American and the British spinner in respect to the raw material ; that difference, of course, being to the advantage of the former. On comparing the cost of freight between the cotton plantation and the factory in Massachusetts and Lancashire, I confess I failed to substantiate Mr. Nourse's calculation. A spinner in Lancashire has assured me that he has brought cotton from New Orleans to Liverpool for three-eighths of a penny per pound, a fraction less than the whole difference claimed as an advantage. My belief is, however, that the American spinner receives his raw cotton in better condition. It is not so tightly pressed, and the staple is less injured. There is consequently less waste in the processes of manufacture. This is a matter which Lancashire spinners might find it to their advantage to consider. A small addition paid in freight might prove a judicious investment, if it secured to them the delivery of the cotton in a condition which would admit of more profitable manipulation.

I am of opinion that the advantages possessed by the American spinner, arising from his nearer proximity to the cotton plantation, will be estimated to the full if we accept it as amounting to five per cent. on the cost of the raw material.

The second condition—the natural advantage in the shape of a more abundant supply of water-power—is also a gain which has to submit to important qualifications. The water-power in most of the old-established manufacturing towns in New England is now the property of distinct companies or corporations, and the occupiers of the factories have to pay a rent-charge for its use of such a high amount that it is an open question whether steam-power would not prove the more economical of the two. The majority of modern factories in New England are now driven by steam. The uncertainty which nearly always attaches to water-power is a serious drawback.

At the time of my visit to the United States a case in point came under my notice. The occupier of a factory which had been long closed, owing to the unprofitable character of the trade, was compelled to decline a profitable order, because the stream from which he derived his motive power was nearly dried up. I found that American manufac-

turers themselves placed comparatively little value upon their water-power ; and, regarded as an element in the cost of production in the two countries, it may practically be dismissed from consideration.

The third appears to me to be much the most important condition. The average American operative is undoubtedly more sober, more intelligent, and more industrious than the average operative of this country ; and in this respect all American manufacturers have an advantage over us. They have their difficulties with the labor question, as it has been termed, no doubt ; but on the whole, these appear to be of a less serious character than are experienced in this country. I am not unmindful of what has occurred in the United States since my visit—the great railway strike, and the wild and riotous outburst of passion in Western Pennsylvania. But it must not be forgotten that there is greater reason to anticipate such occasional disturbances in the United States than in Europe. The North American continent has, for a long series of years, been the haven of refuge for all the turbulent and discontented spirits of Europe. The advocates of the wildest political and social theories ever concocted by man are to be found there, vested with the most ample license for the propagation of their opinions ; and it is not surprising that they should make some converts among the ignorant sections of the population in the more recently settled States. Limiting my remarks to New England, which is really the great centre of manufacturing industry in the United States, I am bound to acknowledge that the patience with which the operative classes have submitted to the privations of the past six or seven years is worthy both of admiration and approval. When I was in that portion of the country the shrinking process was in full operation. And a most painful process it must have been to an industrious manufacturing community. Not only were wages being lowered rapidly, but week by week the owners of every class of property were compelled to look helplessly on while the value of every article they possessed was diminishing, and while they saw the savings, perhaps of a lifetime, engulfed

by the revolution in prices over which they had not the slightest control. The combined effect of the monetary and commercial crisis from which the United States is just emerging upon the operative classes can hardly be understood or appreciated here. When wages came to be reduced, it was not a question of five or ten per cent., but of fifty or a hundred per cent., and in some cases even of a higher ratio. Yet I heard little of strikes and disputes between workmen and their employers in the textile manufacturing districts of New England. The American operative possesses more individuality and more independence than is to be found amongst ourselves. He works longer hours, and does not hesitate to take the fullest advantage he can of the aid which self-acting machinery gives him. His style of living altogether is higher; as a rule he has a more comfortable factory or workshop, and a more comfortable home; he is better fed, and he is better clothed; but in order to maintain all these advantages he is conscious he must exert himself. New England has no place for idle, loafing, or drunken workpeople. "I would quite as soon," said a large employer of labor in Massachusetts to me, "have a thief on my premises as a drunkard;" and the expression was characteristic of the difference with which this degrading vice is regarded in the manufacturing districts of the New Country and the Old. The late strike of the cotton operatives in North-east Lancashire furnishes an illustration of the experiences of employers in the two countries. It was stated as one of the grievances of the Lancashire workpeople, that in Burnley weavers were required to attend to, or to "tent," six plain calico looms instead of four. Why, in Fall River City, I found it not an uncommon thing for a weaver to "tent" twelve such looms, while the tenting of six or eight by one weaver was as common a practice as the tenting of four in this country. I offer no opinion upon the economical value of the two arrangements. I found practical manufacturers in the United States who doubted if anything was gained by giving weavers such a large number of looms; and in one of the best-managed mills I visited—the Pacific Mills, at Lawrence City—

I found the weavers were all limited to four looms. In no case, however, had they any assistance, whereas in Lancashire every weaver with such a number of looms insists upon an assistant—generally a child who would be much better at school. The economical question, however, is not at issue here; it is the disposition of the workpeople. If an employer considers it would be more economical for him that the weavers should work six, eight, ten, or twelve looms, rather than four, why should the latter decline? They cannot pretend to say that it is beyond their capacity, for this I am ready to acknowledge of the Lancashire operatives, after seven years' residence among them, that more efficient workpeople are not to be found anywhere. And conclusive evidence of this is furnished by the fact that when a Lancashire operative goes to Fall River, he is as desirous of taking charge of twelve looms as his neighbors. American cotton manufacturers, as a rule, are averse to employing a large number of Lancashire workpeople; and on my asking the reason, the reply was that they were unsteady, and too fond of combination and agitation.

I come now to consider the advantages possessed by the British cotton manufacturer when competing with the American. Among these I may enumerate, without reference to their individual importance—

First. The lower rates of interest upon capital.

Second. The lower cost of buildings and machinery and mill furnishings.

Third. Lower wages when trade is in a normal condition, which is rendered possible by the lower cost of living in this country.

Fourth. A sounder system of finance and of taxation.

Fifth. Lower rates for fuel and for light.

Sixth. More convenient and ready access to the markets of consumers.

These conditions, it will be perceived, apply with more or less force equally to all branches of manufacturing industry; but there is a seventh, which I cannot help regarding as of considerable importance to those engaged in textile manufactures, and particularly to the cotton trade. I refer to the climate of

the two countries. Different opinions, I know, are entertained on this subject, but it does appear to me that in this respect the Lancashire spinner and manufacturer must enjoy an important advantage. The atmosphere of New England is particularly dry; the atmosphere of Lancashire is precisely the reverse, and every practical man knows that a moist atmosphere is essential to good spinning and weaving. When resident in Blackburn, I was assured both by employers and workpeople that three weeks of a dry east wind would bring the out-turn and the wages down ten per cent. Now, so far as I could judge, the atmosphere in the cotton-manufacturing districts of Massachusetts was drier than the atmosphere of Lancashire during the driest east wind that ever blew. That the American manufacturers are themselves conscious of this disadvantage is evidenced by the measures they take to counteract it. They never build weaving sheds in America, mainly because of this, and they thus lose the important advantage of a top light. The weaving looms are almost invariably placed in the basement story of the mill, and in both spinning and weaving rooms large quantities of steam are injected, so as to supply the atmosphere with moisture. I never could learn that the operatives in America offered any objection to this practice, but in Lancashire it has been the subject of frequent dispute, and occasionally the hands have had a turn-out over it. Of course, it is extremely difficult to put an estimate upon the value of this climatic advantage, and I will not venture to do so. I am strongly of opinion, however, that it must be considerable.

In dealing with the other advantages of the British manufacturer, we shall have something more tangible to show, however. And first, with respect to the rates of interest upon capital, it really requires nothing more than the plain statement of the facts—that the normal charge on a first-class mortgage in New England is ten per cent. per annum, while in Lancashire it is not more than five or six; and that the discounts charged upon the best commercial paper in Boston or New York will vary from six to ten per cent. in ordinary times—to show that in this important respect

our manufacturers enjoy a great advantage.

And next, with respect to the cost of mills, of machinery, and of mill furnishings. Here the baneful influence of the system of protection upon manufacturers' interests is made most evident. On a moderate computation, the American mill-owner pays at least one-half more for everything which may be said to constitute his working plant, his buildings, his machinery, his brushes, and all the various items which constitute what are known as mill furnishings. Even such articles as are to be met with in the United States in abundance have attained a price before they reach the hands of the mill-owner that would be regarded as most extravagant in this country. This is the result of the long distances which many of them have to be carried, and of the restrictive influence of protective duties. I found the mill-owners of Massachusetts, for example, paying a price for their fuel which in Lancashire and Yorkshire would be regarded simply as ruinous. In no case did I find a manufacturer paying less than 5 dols. a ton (about £1 sterling) for his fuel, and in many important manufacturing centres it reached 6, 7, and even 8 dols. a ton. The price, no doubt, has fallen since my visit, and since the collapse of the Pennsylvania coal rings; but as soon as trade revives, another combination of the same kind will send prices up. Such combinations are made possible only by the system of protection. The New England manufacturers have within easy reach splendid supplies of coal, which could be obtained from Nova Scotia, but then Nova Scotia is a foreign country, and an import duty of 2 dols. a ton has to be paid for the benefit of the United States coalmaster. The cost of inland carriage in America is enormous, and this again is the result, in a great measure, of their policy of protection. Of this some curious illustrations came under my notice. At a manufacturing village, sixteen miles from Boston, I found that a barrel of American flour cost as much as it would have done in the docks at Liverpool or Glasgow.

Under the third head, the cost of labor, the manufacturers of the United Kingdom enjoy an unquestionable advantage over their American competi-

tors when trade is in a normal condition, and they will retain this advantage probably for generations to come. At the moment, no doubt this is not the case ; wages have been reduced in the cotton-manufacturing districts of the United States during the present crisis to an extent of which the operatives in this country have but little conception ; but this is a state of things which cannot last, and it is being rapidly rectified by the American operatives, who are forsaking the factories in considerable numbers and taking to farming. Fifteen years ago the reverse was experienced. The enormous profits realized by the New England manufacturers for a few years after the suppression of the great rebellion, owing to the imposition of high import duties, induced a perfect rush both of capital and of workpeople into manufacturing. Land in the immediate vicinity of Boston was allowed to go out of cultivation, and the New Englanders hastened to make rich by the aid of the spinning frame and the power-loom. The bitter and painful experience of the past six or seven years has created a reaction, which is now in full force. The depreciation in the value of mill property in New England since 1873 has been something quite appalling. But so long as a working man can transport himself and his family to the Western plains, where he can maintain himself with ease in a state of rude abundance and comfort, the rate of wages in manufacturing towns in the United States will never remain at a low level for any length of time. Even when times are good, the fluctuations in the manufacturing population of Massachusetts are remarkable. Several overlookers with whom I conversed upon the subject gave it as their opinion that on the average they changed the whole of their working staff once in three years. The textile manufacturers have dealt with three entirely different classes of operatives. They began with native Americans, the daughters of the neighboring farmers and settlers. These were the young ladies whom Charles Dickens met in the streets of Lowell City, with their parasols and silk dresses. The city of Lowell now knows them no more. The Irish immigrants followed the native Americans ; and that source of supply having now

dried up, the American manufacturers are fast draining French Canada of its poverty-stricken population. The latter are confessedly the worst hands, however, of which they have had any experience, and they are continually migrating from place to place. From what I have stated under this head, every practical spinner and manufacturer will understand that the American employer has troubles of his own on the labor question which are by no means easily overcome.

With respect to the fourth advantage possessed by manufacturers on this side of the Atlantic, I feel it is difficult to convey to those who have never experienced the annoyance and loss entailed upon a commercial community by a depreciated and fluctuating currency what it really means. Looking back upon the experiences of commercial and manufacturing firms in America during the last six or seven years in respect to this, the wonder really is, not that there should have been an unprecedented number of failures, but that there should still be any solvent firms left. Then the incidence of taxation in the New England States presses very severely upon industrial progress. Manufacturers are "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined" by the protective customs duties levied by the Federal Government, while the basis of valuation upon which the State taxation is levied tells heavily against a mill-owner. The most oppressive system of all, perhaps, is to be found in the State of Massachusetts, where a man's machinery, stock-in-trade, furniture, and personal effects, down even to the watch which he carries in his pocket, are all made the subject of State taxation.

The fifth favorable condition enjoyed by the manufacturers of the United Kingdom—lower rates for fuel and light—I have already anticipated by speaking of the high prices paid for coal in the manufacturing districts of New England. The same remarks obviously apply to gas, which is a product of coal. The prices paid for gas, when compared with those current in Lancashire towns, were enormous. The supply is in the hands of private companies, who make large profits, few of the municipalities having adopted the plan of manufacturing for themselves. The gross and scanda-

lous corruption which disfigures the municipal management of many of the American cities gives the ratepayers little encouragement to increase the area of their responsibilities.

The sixth condition which I have named is one of great importance, and it is much appreciated by the manufacturers of the United States at the present moment. Pent up behind the rampart which their policy of protection has created, they have grown weary of the exhausting process of feeding on each other, and are making the most desperate efforts to gain a foothold in some of the open and independent markets of the world. Hence it is that we hear so much at the present time of American competition. But wherever they turn they are compelled to rely on British assistance. Beyond their own coasts their commercial marine has practically ceased to exist. The manufacturers of New England have been for several years making a most earnest effort to obtain a share of the South American trade, but the difficulties are almost insurmountable. Nobody dreams now of sending raw produce which is in general demand anywhere else than to Great Britain. This country has, through the foresight of our great Free Trade statesmen, become the emporium of the whole world, and the result is that our manufacturers can outstrip all competitors in obtaining a ready access to the most distant markets.

An effort was made during the last sitting of Congress to obtain a subsidy for a line of steamers between the United States and South America, but it failed; and it not unfrequently happens that the American merchant finds the most convenient route of communication to a portion of his own hemisphere to be through Great Britain. I was particularly struck with an illustration of the advantages possessed by our own manufacturers in this respect which came under my notice when visiting a tweed cloth factory in Canada. It was situated at Sherbrooke, close upon the border-line of the United States. The manager of this establishment informed me that he obtained all his raw material from London. It was the only market in the world whence he could rely on getting wool of the exact quality and quantity which he

required. Speaking of the relative positions of the United States and of the United Kingdom, commercially, to a New York merchant, he remarked that it did not seem to matter what they did: "I guess you get the pull out of us somehow." This was said in relation to the fact that goods imported direct from India by the Suez Canal, or from China by San Francisco, could be only paid for conveniently through London.

From the opinions which I have expressed, it will be gathered that I do not regard American competition in our textile manufactures with alarm. My conviction, on the contrary, is, that our manufacturing supremacy has nothing to fear from that quarter until a great change has taken place in the relative conditions. Such a change may be brought about either by our folly or by the growing wisdom of the American people. I feel satisfied American manufacturers would be more serious competitors with us in many branches of industry if they enjoyed less of what they are pleased to regard as protection; but the truth of this, those most interested are likely, so far as I could judge, to be the last to acknowledge.

Before concluding I should like to say a word or two upon a feature of industrial enterprise, as one finds it established in North America, which is worth noting. It is the extent to which manufacturing of every kind is monopolized by huge companies or corporations. We know their prototypes here in our limited liability companies, but we have little conception of the hold which the system has upon the manufacturing industries of America. It was the exception there to meet with an independent employer; the "corporation" reigned everywhere; but I cannot say that I was favorably impressed with the influence it exercised. There is a constant tendency for the administration of such establishments to get into the hands of cliques, who look more to their own interests than to the interests of the shareholders. Offices of profit and of trust come to be filled with the needy relatives of the friends of the directors, and a ready door is opened for indulgence in jobbery and corruption, which is the curse of official and commercial life in

the United States. It was the one drawback, so far as I could perceive, to the career of the steady and industrious operative in the United States, that the existence of these corporations almost entirely forbids the chance of his raising himself beyond his own sphere. If he were to start as an employer on his own account, he would be inevitably crushed. The corporations surrounding him would form a "pool," or a "ring" against

him, and to struggle with such competition would be hopeless. It would be interesting to know how far the isolated efforts which are now being made, both in our own and in foreign markets, to obtain a foothold by the manufacturers of America, are to be traced to the same systematic determination to beat down opposition at whatever cost.—*Contemporary Review*.

TANTALUS: TEXAS.

[The Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain (so called from the means taken by the Mexicans to mark a track for travellers), is a large tableland to the west of the State of Texas, U. S., and is without a stream in its extent.]

"If I may trust your love," she cried,
 "And you would have me for a bride,
 Ride over yonder plain and bring
 Your flask, full from the Mustang spring
 Fly, fast as western eagle's wing,
 O'er the Llano Estacado!"

He heard,^f and bowed without a word,
 His gallant steed he lightly spurred;
 He turned his face, and rode away
 Towards the grave of dying day,
 And vanished with its parting ray
 On the Llano Estacado.

Night came, and found him riding on,
 Day came, and still he rode alone.
 He spared not spur, he drew not rein,
 Across that broad, unchanging plain,
 Till he the Mustang spring might gain,
 On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a little draught,
 Hot from his hand, and quickly quaffed,
 His flask was filled, and then he turned.
 Once more his steed the *maguës* * spurned,
 Once more the sky above him burned
 On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed!
 His brain seemed boiling as he rode.
 Was it a dream, a drunken one,
 Or was he really riding on?
 Was that a skull that gleamed and shone
 On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried,
 "So often true, so often tried,
 Bear up a little longer yet!"
 His mouth was black with blood and sweat—
 Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet!
 On the Llano Estacado.

* *Aloes*.

And still, within his breast, he held
 The precious flask so lately filled.
 O for a drink ! But well he knew
 If empty it should meet her view
 Her scorn—— But still his longing grew
 On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on,
 Giddy, blind, beaten, and alone.
 While upon cushioned couch you lie,
 •Oh, think how hard it is to die
 Beneath the cruel, unclouded sky
 On the Llano Estacado !

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell.
 His day was done, he knew full well,
 And raising to his lips the flask,
 The end, the object of his task,
 Drank to her—more she could not ask.
 Ah ! the Llano Estacado !

That night in the Presidio,
 Beneath the torchlights' wavy glow,
 She danced—and never thought of him,
 The victim of a woman's whim,
 Lying with face upturned and grim
 On the Llano Estacado.

—*Temple Bar.*

COVIN'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING HAY IN THE SUNSHINE.

I WAS at the top of my *cour*—a grassy slope, thickly set with apple-trees—we should call it an orchard in England, where a "court" seems to suggest pavement, which it is far from doing in Normandy. Not but what there are plenty of stones in my *cour*, and Gracie, my precious, only daughter, sits in the sunshine making Druidic circles with them—Gracie, who is a vision of delight, the small tyrant of our fields and home. Mirza, the big dog, is watching her with a grave and puzzled mien, some occult resemblance in the flint stones to well-polished bones seeming to enchain his interest. There is another circle-maker close by—the cow—tethered by a chain passed round her horns to an iron pin, driven firmly into the soil. To give the cow a new centre of operations is my present object—but where to put her? She has eaten up all my grass, and is now looking wistfully at the green veil

tied round Gracie's hat, as if she would like to eat that too.

The weather is fine—too fine for those who keep cows. We have had a broiling day, but the heat of it is past, and cool shadows begin to rest in the valley below, where you can see the chimneys of my house—where I live with Hetty my wife and Gracie my daughter, in peace and tranquillity. There, too, you can see the quaint, squat spire of the church, and its triple roof, slanting at various angles, and in a broad patch of sunshine the gaunt Gothic arches of a ruined abbey church, with the white florid conventual buildings beyond, suggesting at once the pallid, rigid cenobites who were the first settlers in this quiet valley, and the stout, easy-going Benedictines, the last occupants of the old nests, "where now the screech-owl builds his baleful bower." All about is forest, where the wild boar grows fat and fierce over the beech-mast, and the deer flit softly by, much as they did in the days of that Norman William who loved them

l. It is a charming prospect, but it were all shut out by a good mist and a heavy downpour of rain. For then the grass would grow, the cow would thrive, and my wife would cease to sneer at it. For I must say that Hetty is not so devoted to the cow as she ought to be. She counts its value in a niggardly kind of way—scores me the wages of the dairymaid and the cowboy, and even the cost of the milk they eat—which is manifestly false, as everybody knows that one or two cows in a household make no appreciable difference, and makes out that our butter costs us ten francs a

dozen. My speculations are suddenly cut off by a low growl from Mirza, the dog, of which, I see next moment, is a warning over the gate—the one that looks forestwards—a tall, heavy-limbed man, in the universal blue blouse and closely fitting fur cap, this last out of keeping with the climate. He touches his cap politely.

"Monsieur has a nice cow; but she is a bit thin. And the grass of the *cour*—worth nothing."

"The grass is not bad," I remark, "there were only more of it."

"Oh! Monsieur should see the grass of the *cour*, thick and luscious, and I am sure the cow would eat it. Will Monsieur see the cow?"

"I would not sell the cow. It had cost me too much to acquire a real practical working cow, whose milk foams in the pail, milk that will develop into butter. I would not part with the cow, but would my new friend sell his?"

"Oh!" cried Gracie, running up at the moment, "it is my little *père* Co-Bo's jour, petit *père*, and have you the little boat you promised me?" "Not yet," said Covin, stooping to kiss the proffered face. "I have not yet found a piece of wood suit-

able, as there is wood everywhere."

"There was nothing astonishing in your being on friendly terms with a man who was quite a stranger to me."

"Every day she formed continuous friendships—the whole village revered and admired her, her fearless and readiness of speech. M. Co-

vin, having paid his respects to Gracie, goes on to say that he might possibly arrange to let me his *cour*, and we walk together amicably to look at it, Gracie trotting by my side, chattering away in her mixture of French and English child talk. Covin, in spite of his heavy and forbidding look, is kind and obliging. He certainly has got a nice piece of grass, with not so many flint stones cropping up. We strike a bargain at once, without troubling the notary to put it into writing—a lease of his *cour* for an indefinite period, at a rent of fifty francs a year, payable quarterly in advance.

That "in advance" seemed mistrustful and unfriendly; but Covin was no doubt poor, and the money in pocket was his main inducement to let the *cour*. We went down together to ratify the compact in the village *café*.

As we came out, I saw the professor coming along, and paused to wait for him.

The professor and his wife reside in the neighboring town, our only compatriots within a circle of many miles. We always call him the professor, although I don't know that he professes anything, but he reads, philosophises, lays down the law, and is insatiable in his thirst for information. He is a stout, jovial-looking man, and a great friend of mine.

"That's an Irishman," said the professor, wheeling round, and pointing out Covin, who was making his way up the hill. "In spite of his blue blouse and his Norman *patois* he is Irish. Look at the high curved cheek bone, the projecting muzzle, the sunken eyes, the shapeless nose. That man's grandfather was a Peep-o'-day Boy, a United Irishman, or what not. He made his country too hot to hold him about the times of gallant Hoche, the Bantry Bay *fiasco*, and so on. His name is Covin, eh! I'll be bound it was Coghlan then. *Mutat cælum non animum*—he is Irish still. An honest, hard-working fellow, I dare say—only not to be desired as landlord or tenant. But especially as tenant. Just the man to live rent free in your house, and shoot you if you try to turn him out."

The professor's words gave me a certain amount of uneasiness, for there seemed to be something possibly pro-

phetic about them, but how could we possibly come to a disagreement about half an acre of grass?

Still the character I heard of Covin hardly tended to reassure me. He was a fisherman, it seemed, having a boat on the river, and often sleeping on board it. No one in the village liked him; he was "sauvage," morose, and uncommunicative, living an utterly lonely life. The only person who had a good word for him was the *curé*. "Covin," he said, "is industrious, and attentive to his religious duties. I have known him spend hours in the church, praying, his face working with strong emotion, his eyes fixed upon the sacred images." "He had no friends but God and his saints," he had once told the priest.

But the *curé* added gravely that although estimable in some points, he feared the man was passionate and revengeful. His unbridled temper had already brought him into trouble; about which the *curé* declined to say any more.

I found out what the trouble had been from another quarter. He had attempted to assassinate his "proprietor" (his landlord), and had only lately finished a term of imprisonment for the offence. I comforted myself by the thought that even the most rabid of Ribbonmen would not assassinate a tenant who paid his rent regularly, and I determined that Covin should get his quarterly payment with most scrupulous punctuality.

Soon after this I exchanged my cow for a pony, an operation which called forth many jeers from the professor. He likened me to Hans in the German story, who changed his cow for a horse, his horse for a pig, and so on till he got to a grindstone, that tumbled into the river; but here Gracie, who has got her *Grimm* at her finger's end, triumphantly refuted him. It was the horse that Hans changed for a cow—and so the whole structure fell to the ground. Her parents were naturally delighted at Gracie's cleverness in refuting so opportunely the professor. But we were not so well pleased when Gracie, boasting of knowing all the stories, went on to say she had told them all to père Covin.

"What! is that the man the professor thinks so dangerous?" cried Hetty, turning pale.

"Not dangerous to his friends, and, for the matter of that, to be trusted with a child or a woman under any circumstances—one would think. Not that there have been wanting very ugly examples to the contrary—when the quarrel has been agrarian," said the professor, who has a tendency to talk like a book on occasions. Hetty could not draw such fine distinctions, and questioned whether we should not interdict Gracie altogether from talking to Covin. But that would be interpreted by him into a sign of hostility, and I was anxious to avoid the slightest occasion of dispute. And the man was very kind to Gracie: he had carved with his knife a little boat for her, with mast and sail complete, that would always swim bottom upwards.

Of course, having a pony and no cow, I no longer wanted grass, but hay. And so next spring I put down both *cours* for hay. It was a fine year for herbage that, and as summer came on the grass in Covin's *cour* grew longer and longer, thicker and thicker. I was delighted at the prospect of such a crop, and one evening took Hettie and Gracie up to look at it. Covin had a capital garden about his cottage and had hitherto kept it in good order, working at it in the summer evenings, the smoke of his pipe rising peacefully into the blue. But now it had a neglected, deserted look. A few weeks' neglect at this time of year and everything runs riot. Perhaps Covin was away for the summer fishing. No—he stood at the door of his cottage, gazing blankly out upon the *cour*. He must have come home recently, and beheld perhaps for the first time the progress of my crop. Perhaps he was vexed that he had let me have it so cheap, for there was at least a hundred francs' worth of hay there. Anyhow, he looked as black as night, taking no notice of our courteous salutations. But Gracie went up to him headlong and clasped his knees with her little arms, in the exuberance of her delight at seeing her Covin again. She had a long story to tell him about the boat, which had run away down the stream. He was to make haste and carve another, that would swim the right way up. His face softened by degrees, but I hardly seemed to understand what he said. Then he

stooped down and gave her a hasty kiss, put her gently away, went in and slammed the door.

One evening, soon after, I wanted some fresh grass for the pony, and took my scythe and went up to Covin's *cour* to cut a swathe of the rich, sweet herbage. The clank of the scythe brought Covin out of his cottage, and he watched me for a few moments with lowering brow.

"It is forbidden to cut this grass," he said just as I had finished.

"How!" I cried, "I may not cut my own grass? Do I owe you any rent, Monsieur Covin?"

"I did not let it for such a purpose. I forbid you to cut any more."

"I don't want any more at present, but in a fortnight's time I begin to cut the hay."

"I forbid you!" he cried, in a voice husky with passion.

"All the same, I shall begin."

"And I shall prevent you."

"Good; we shall see!"

He followed me to the gate, muttering and talking to himself. I went home with the unpleasant feeling that it was my destiny to have a desperate feud with M. Covin. All the same, I would not give way. The hay should be cut, if I had to cut it myself.

This turned out to be the alternative. No one would come to cut Covin's *cour*, not for any inducement I could offer. The fortnight within which the haymaking should commence had expired. The hay would spoil if I waited any longer. I could handle the scythe pretty well; to-morrow I would begin. Covin had not been seen, it appeared, during the past fortnight. Some people thought he had set out for the deep-sea fishery. The keeper of the café, on the other hand, who knew his habits, thought that he was at home, brooding. He was keeping house, and brooding over his wrongs. He would seclude himself at times by the week together.

"And then he gets over his wrongs, and comes out."

"But, possibly—the last time he took to seclusion he came out and assassinated his 'proprietor.'"

It was clear that Covin was a prickly customer all round. But I felt a point of honor involved in making hay in his *cour*.

It was "in the prime of summer-time," a sweet, fresh morning, when I rose and shouldered my scythe to begin on Covin's *cour*. I kissed my sleeping wife with a kind of feeling that I was bound on a dangerous errand. I was not obliged to go, there was nothing to compel me, and a good deal to dissuade me. But I felt as if I must. I could not respect myself any longer if I gave in to Covin.

When I reached the point where I usually entered Covin's *cour*, the entrance from the lane, I rubbed my eyes, and thought I had mistaken my way. There was no sign of the gate, that was clean gone, and the hedge made up right along—a hedge of wattles and briers, supported by stout stakes—as spiky and thorny a stop-gap as ever I saw. But I happened to have a pair of English hedging gloves in my pocket, and a Sheffield blade, and went through Covin's hedge as if it had been paper. Then I took my stand under a tree, and began to sharpen my scythe. I half hoped that this barring me out was Covin's last protest, that he was now away and would leave me in peace; but, at the sound of the whetstone and scythe, Covin appeared on the scene, his face white and wrathful. We capped each other politely, however, and then I set to work. Covin stood close beside me, and began an harangue. Slowly and calmly at first, but faster and more passionately every moment, as he worked himself more and more into a rage. At last, with a kind of fierce war-whoop he bounded forward and placed himself in front of me."

"Not another stroke—not another blade of grass!"

The contrast between the heavy, dejected mien of his ordinary life and the fighting fury that now blazed forth in his face, startled me, and showed me the serious nature of the quarrel. Had I been prudent I should have shouldered my scythe and walked away. But primitive instincts of combat were roused within me. It seemed to me impossible to give way. Gendarmes, prisons, galleys, even guillotines danced redly before my eyes; but, once for all, I did not care. I was not going to cave in to a fellow like that.

"I don't want to quarrel with you," I said, slowly, and feeling white all over;

"but I mean to cut this grass. Stand away," and I raised the scythe for a sweep.

Covin leaped forward and planted himself in the way of the scythe. I turned aside, and began my stroke at another place. With a wild bound he leaped in front of me, the scythe gave a sickening jar——

CHAPTER II.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

QUITE faint and queer, I leant upon my scythe, looking at Covin, who, with eyes blazing forth from a face of deadly pallor, swayed to and fro, as if about to fall. I sprang forward to help him, but he thrust me away with an indignant gesture. I had wounded him, but I could not tell where. I might have severed an artery, his death might be upon my head. Covin sank upon one knee and drew off his shoe: the scythe had cut through the leather, it was full of blood. There was an ugly wound on his foot, which he began to stanch with wisps of grass that he snatched from about him. The sight of his own blood seemed to increase his fury, and supply him with an access of strength: he bounded to his feet and dashed at me.

The sweet, lovely morning, calm, still, and tranquil, but for the gentle tinkling of the church bells, the sun gleaming among the apple-trees loaded with rosy fruit: I seemed to take the whole scene at a glance, with a sense of the hideous jar and discord of this homicidal contest—for such it was fast becoming. Covin, with his face close to mine, pouring forth burning words, was feeling for something at his side, his knife, no doubt, which he habitually wore, sailor fashion, hanging from his waist. A glance, however, showed me that the knife was not there. Covin, too, had arrived at the same conclusion. The knife had been there a few minutes before—it must have fallen on the grass. We were both searching the ground with our eyes, and I felt sure that if Covin could get hold of it before me that I stood a good chance of a deadly wound. We held each other by a hand, ready to wrestle for possession of the weapon.

"Bo' jour, père Covin! Now you will make me again a little boat. See, père

Covin, here is your knife; you have dropped it."

It was Gracie, who had picked the knife from the grass and placed it in Covin's disengaged hand; Gracie who had come up behind us unseen.

Covin snatched the knife from her; I saw it gleam in the air. Then he threw it far from him into the hedge.

"This time I spare thee, for the child's sake; but I have not done with thee, miserable coward! savage! assassin!"

And he limped off to his cottage, turning back every now and then to repeat the triplet of epithets.

"Hallo! what the dickens is the matter?" It was the professor, who, it seems, had accompanied Gracie up the *cour*, and who, not so nimble as the child, had been distanced in the ascent.

"Ah! it is the fisherman," he went on, catching sight of the retreating form of Covin; "that accounts for the Billingsgate. But what a sweet temper you have, my friend, to put up with his insolence!"

"He has some cause to abuse me; I have cut open his foot with my scythe."

"In a fracas?"

"Something of the kind."

"By Jove!" cried the professor, "what an awkward thing, and in this country, where personal violence is punished without respect of persons. I'll show you the section in the Penal Code."

The professor always carried a pocket edition of the Code with him. He turned with cruel alacrity to the very passage.

"Here it is, 'Titre 2, section 2.—Wilful wounds and blows not ranking as murder.' Not so far? Lock-jaw might supervene, and then it would. But in the most favorable event, your friend has only to take to his bed and declare himself incapable of working, and then, if his incapacity lasts for twenty days, you may count upon two to five years. The loss of the use of a limb involves penal servitude. A nice morning's work! Upon my word, Barton, if I were you, I would have my portmanteau ready packed."

"I had no intention to hurt him."

"That will be judged by the attending circumstances. If there has been a quarrel, high words, you will find that

justice will hardly take the most lenient view. But even involuntarily wounding is punished with imprisonment."

The professor had come over to volunteer a day's help in the hay-making, but I had no longer any heart to work. That I should be haled off to prison before many hours were over seemed almost certain. Every footstep that approached I fancied must be the officers of the law come to arrest me. I was tormented, too, with fear lest I should have done some serious injury to Covin. I felt the hand of Cain upon me. Hetty was in tears, full of the wildest apprehensions. Gracie watched us gravely, not knowing what to make of it all.

Anything was better than this state of suspense. I drove into town, and went to the office of the principal *huissier*, an official who combines the functions of usher and bailiff of the local court, collects debts and bills, and recovers them if necessary by legal process, is the auctioneer, valuer, and factotum in all affairs of judgment or execution. It was better to take the bull by the horns, and get the first word in the ear of justice. Besides, the *huissier* and I were already in friendly relations, as I had bought furniture at his sales and had done other business with him.

The *huissier* listened with a grave face to my story. He had nothing to do with criminal cases himself, they rested with the police; but clearly I was in a mess. I urged the provocation I had received, hindered from cutting the grass in the *cour* I had paid for.

"As far as that went," remarked the *huissier*, "the man was probably right. The *cour* attached to a house was generally reserved for pasture only; the man was only defending the rights of his *propriétaire*."

"A likely thing when he has just come out of prison for wounding him."

"Ah! is that so?" said the *huissier*, brightening up. "In that case, accompany me, if you please, to the *greffier*, and we will arrange the affair."

It now appeared that Covin, luckily for me, was on the official black books. Only lately out of prison and reputed a dangerous character, it was hardly likely he would venture to the *gendarmerie*, or be listened to if he went there. A man with an evil reputation who might be ex-

pected some day to commit a desperate crime.

In one respect this was reassuring, in another calculated to inspire graver apprehensions. Suppose that I myself should furnish the object of the serious crime in which the man's career was to culminate. I would rather have gone to prison for wounding him than that he should be brought to justice for killing me. And he had threatened me with that or worse.

"Bring a process against him, then," suggested the *huissier*.

"Yes, bring a process!" echoed the *greffier*, a stout, jovial-looking man. The preliminary process, it seems, is not expensive. Ninepence, a sum which in England is the subject of many mysterious attributes, in France is the price of an invitation, such is the polite phraseology, to your enemy to meet you in the "gate and siege of justice." This is termed a "conciliation." I trusted that Covin would consider it conciliatory, but I feared otherwise.

From that time to the hearing of the case the days passed in an atmosphere of dread. At night the shutters were all carefully fastened, a precaution we had never taken before. If I sat down in the day-time, Hetty always placed herself between me and the window. Once the casement clashed to with a loud bang, and Hetty screamed in terror. My own pallid face bore witness to my secret dread. The professor came to see us from time to time, and kept up my spirits with stories drawn from the repertory of his retentive memory, of blood-revenge among various races of men. He quite gloated over the affair as "an instance of the survival of primitive impulses" in a state of society where they were no longer serviceable. These primitive battles for wells and pastures cropping up in the middle of this highly artificial civilisation of ours! Natural consequence that civilisation gets the best of it, and brings primitive impulses to a bad end.

Another circumstance made me uneasy. Nothing had been seen of Covin since the day of our skirmish. Rumors run like wildfire through the village. He was dying of his wounds. He had been seen sitting in his garden cleaning an old gun. Gracie was always wonder-

ing what had become of her friend. We never let her go out now, unless one of us accompanied her. I had begun to dread that Covin's revenge might find an outlet in that way. He was fond of the child and hated me; suppose that he kidnapped her? That would have been almost worse than killing me, for life would no longer be worth having without Gracie.

However, nothing happened till the day of audience, when I presented myself at the court, supported by the goodly person of the professor. Hetty and Gracie were with Mrs. Professor. I would not have left them at home for worlds. The professor had given it as his decisive opinion that I should only leave the court in the custody of the gendarmes. He had strongly advised my leaving before the case came on by the direct route for Charing Cross. "It isn't too late now," he whispered, as we entered the court, and saw the lowering face of the man Covin, who stood leaning over the barrier. "The diligence starts in five minutes. I'll appear for you and say you're taken suddenly ill."

"Otez vos chapeaux," cried the *huissier*, and the little judge entered in state in his robes, with the Calvinistic-looking velvet cap and the stout *greffier* behind him with the book.

You may know the restless misery of waiting in a court of justice expecting the sonorous call of the usher. How you long to have it over and done for, and yet you hail every postponement as a welcome reprieve. Case after case came on, and still not mine; finally the court rose. Ah! it seemed that matters of "conciliation" were heard in private after the public sitting. And then followed another spell of waiting outside the judge's chamber. Covin and I brought face to face together. He kept his eyes fixed upon the ground, and looked thin and dejected. I would have given a good deal to have said to him—"Let us finish this and go and chink glasses together." But pride forbade, even had I felt satisfied that my advances would be received in a suitable spirit.

"Barton et Covin," drawled the *greffier*, popping his head out of the door.

The judge heard both our stories, and

then, eyeing Covin severely, told him that he had a very bad opinion of him, and that he would not advise him to come before the court too often. But in the meantime he had let his *cour* to this Monsieur Anglais and received the money. Had he paid his rent to his proprietor?

Covin admitted that he had not. No, not for more than a year. Not since the dispute they had together when the proprietor ran against the point of his knife.

"Ah!" said the judge, shaking his head sagely, "what did I say?" And then he announced his decision briskly. "Let the Monsieur Anglais take Covin's *cour* and house off his hands, paying the arrears of rent. Covin to have a month in which to remove his furniture, and then to make himself scarce, and betake himself to a neighborhood where he may be better appreciated because not so well known."

A verdict that dissatisfies equally both plaintiff and defendant, must necessarily be based on the immutable principles of justice. They were there, no doubt, these principles, although we could not see them.

"But my foot!" cried Covin.

"Served you right for putting it in the way of a scythe."

"And the arrears of rent—why should I pay them?" I urged.

"Consider what might have happened from your want of care and judgment."

We left the court at the same moment.

"And this is conciliation," I murmured.

Covin gave me one long sidelong glance full of malice. Were we reconciled? It hardly seemed so.

CHAPTER III.

WHO TOLLED THE BELL.

THE professor was highly indignant at the verdict. I think that he had counted much upon my going to prison. Not that he bears me any personal ill-will, but, as I said before, he has an insatiable appetite for information. My experiences in a French prison would have furnished him with the nucleus of a long-winded article.

On the same day I was accosted by my new "proprietor," who seemed quite

satisfied with the decision of the court, as well he might be. In fact, like every one else, he had been afraid of Covin. Even when the latter was in prison he had not dared to evict him. But now it was a different thing altogether. I was the animal selected to bell the cat. Whatever steps were taken to evict Covin, that individual would give me the credit of it all. And thus, in a most inexplicable way, and without any volition on my part, I had been thrown into the relationship, of all others most dangerous, with a man like Covin. Despite the protection of the little judge and the fat *greffier*, the nights would soon be long and dark, and who could guard me from the vengeance of a desperate man?

Still it was to be hoped that Covin would give up peaceable possession. The arrangement was not a bad one for him. He saved his furniture, which might otherwise have been seized, and he could not expect to live the rest of his life rent-free in another man's house. During the month's delay accorded him, Covin was frequently to be seen. Gracie met him more than once and talked to him.

"Why do you drive poor père Covin away?" she asked, after one of these interviews. "Is it not wicked to turn people out of their houses?"

But at the end of the month Covin disappeared. The house locked up, and no vestige of occupation about it. He had no intention evidently of giving up peaceable possession. People said that he sometimes came to the place at night, but no light was ever seen there. All his movements were secret and mysterious. We gave him plenty of rope, but at the end of another two months legal steps were taken for his eviction. The judge, the mayor, the *greffier*, all the officials were in attendance. The cottage was summoned to surrender. It made no reply. Thereupon, after three several demands for admittance, the door was broken open. There was nothing inside but a worm-eaten oaken "buffet," and a pile of fishing-nets. These last, being implements of labor, were not seizable. Covin had left them there, no doubt, intending, if they were damaged, to proceed against me. However, the place was cleared out, and the nets

deposited at the *mairie*; and now I thought I should be able to let the cottage and thus diminish the cost of the *cour*. Already I had had several applications for it, houses being in great demand; but I had not yet settled upon a tenant, being anxious to get a neighbor to my taste. But when I offered the place to the man I had chosen, to my surprise, he declined at once to take it. And it was the same with all the rest of my proposed tenants. They were very sorry, but the house would not suit. Presently I found out the reason. Covin had made it known in the village that he had sworn a great oath that the first intruder who slept in his house should not leave it alive. In vain I rallied the people upon their cowardice.

"Well," said the stoutest and most courageous among them, "if Monsieur will himself sleep there for the first time, I agree to take the cottage without another word."

I soon saw that this was the only way to quench the dread of Covin in the minds of the villagers, and as long as that dread lasted there was no chance of letting the cottage. I felt too that there was a kind of challenge to my courage in the man's insolent threat. Therefore I made known in the village that on such a night I would sleep at Covin's cottage. I should be armed with a loaded revolver, and let jokers beware, for I should certainly fire upon any one who disturbed me.

Hettie was very much averse to my spending the night at Covin's cottage, alone, and, to satisfy her, I had asked the professor to join me in making a night there, hinting at Irish whisky and strong English cut tobacco, which was taking the learned man on his weak side. But he declined with a precipitation that I thought argued ill for his courage. And then I made up my mind to undertake the adventure alone.

It was a rough wet night when I turned out on my expedition. The sound of the bolts and bars shot to behind me, as I left my own door, was rather disheartening; if I had not publicly pledged myself to the adventure, I think I should have postponed it to another occasion. In the village all the lights were out, my lantern was extinguished before many minutes. The wind howled in a melan-

choly fashion with a great swaying rushing sound from the forest, as I stumbled along the steep winding path that led to Covin's. I had to grope for the garden gate in the darkness, and as I touched the handle the door of the loft went to with a loud bang. I had not thought of locking that, and now the wind had got it open and was blowing about it, or perhaps it was Covin on the look-out for me. I climbed up the outside stair that led to the loft, sheltered by the overhanging eaves of the thatched gable, closed the door and locked it, first lighting my lantern in the shelter, and looking carefully round. Then I made my way to the front door along the garden path, all choked up by luxuriant vegetable growth. The branches and tendrils of the unpruned vine caught at me and drew me back like detaining fingers, but I went on and opened the door boldly.

The first thing I came in contact with was an object hanging from the rafters, something in the shape of a man swinging slowly round. It was Covin no doubt. Yes, there he was in his habits as he had lived, coat, trousers, and fisherman's boots—but nothing inside them. Simply Covin's clothes hanging there. It was a relief for the moment, and yet the fact itself was startling. The clothes were Covin's, they conveyed a distinct impression of their owner. They had not been there in the morning. Covin, must, therefore, have visited the place very recently; perhaps even now he was hidden somewhere within. Perhaps, too, there was a secret meaning and significance in this hanging suit of clothes. Was a challenge conveyed in it? Why was not the professor here to tell me what it signified in his wretched code of primitive morals?

I soon satisfied myself that Covin was not concealed on the premises, and I discovered too how he might have effected both exit and entrance. There was a window unfastened in the inner room quite big enough for the purpose, and the marks of muddy feet fresh upon it. But why should he have taken all the trouble?

Oh! there was a paper pinned to the suit of clothes. It was the summons Covin had received to appear in "conciliation." There was a significance about this, as if it had been put there

in mockery. Anyhow, whatever might be meant, Covin should see how I estimated his threats. I cut down Covin's clothes, and, squeezing them into a bundle, threw them out of the window. Then I closed all the shutters and fastenings, and lay down on the mattress I had sent up for the purpose, with my rugs carefully wrapped about me and the loaded revolver ready to my hand.

I had lit a fire in the hearth with faggots, and that at first threw a bright glow, but by degrees the light dwindled and went out. The wind roared and bellowed as if the forest had been full of wild beasts. But I was tired and must have slept, although I was not conscious of it when I finally found myself awake. I was awake, but with some of the delusions of sleep. I had an idea that I was being tried for making away with Covin, and that the verdict was "Guilty, to be beaten with a rod of fire." And there was the fiery rod sure enough—floating in the air as it seemed to me. Aroused to full consciousness, I gazed at it in a panic of nervous horror. The fiery rod resolved itself into a glare of light, shining through a longitudinal crack in the wooden shutter. That window looked over towards my house. What was the cause of the light? There was no moon. Could it be a fire? I threw open the shutter. There was a bright flare of light from just below and luminous smoke rising through the trees. At the moment the terrible thought shot through my brain, "My house has been fired. Perhaps here is Covin's revenge!"

In my mad rush towards home I remembered that a ladder was the most indispensable thing, and that there was one under the eaves of the stable. I should save precious moments if I caught this up on my way. There was now no doubt of the fire; the sky all of a glow and a vivid tongue of flame darting heavenwards. The ladder had been removed; the fiend who had planned this had carried out his wicked work completely. I hurried on. The village was already alive, and I heard the great church-bell clanging out the alarm vigorously. My home was in a blaze: what had become of wife and child?

Happily my wife
by the garden gate wra

ate; she stood
d in a cloak—

half-distracted, wringing her hands and crying.

Where was Gracie? No one answered my frantic demand, and next moment I was trying to clamber up to the upper windows by the trellis-work, that, rotten with age, gave way beneath me. But Hettie seized me. "She is not there; she is safe from the fire, but she is gone, snatched away from me."

"By whom?"

"By Covin."

"Which way?"

"Over the hedge there."

I ran in the direction pointed out, where there was a weak place in the hedge, through which the high road might be reached. Something had caught in the brambles—a morsel of Gracie's little night-dress. There were footsteps down to the road, and there they ceased to be traceable in the slush. I could not tell which way he had turned. I must go back to the house and ask my neighbors to help me in the pursuit, to run in various directions. For my own part, I would make for the river, for in that direction I judged he had gone.

When I reached the house again the fire was out. The neighbors had smothered it with blankets and carpets. It had been a petroleum fire, "soon kindled and soon burned." The *maire* was on the scene by this time, and the *curé*. I told them what had happened, besought them to aid me at once in the search for the man who had fired my house and stolen my child. They could hardly believe such an outrage to be possible in this law-abiding country, but there was the patent fact. Gracie was gone, and Covin had taken her.

"He will not harm her, I guarantee that," said the *curé*.

"Ah! you always had a better opinion of him than he deserved," remarked the *maire* drily. "But compose yourself, monsieur; the police will find her quickly. To a poor man like Covin a child is not a valuable treasure. But to set fire to your house, ah, that was madness."

Here Hettie drew me aside.

"It was not Covin," she whispered, in a faltering tone, "who set fire to the house; it was I, accidentally."

"Not Covin, but you?" I repeated, quite bewildered.

"Yes; I wanted plenty of light, as you had left me all alone, and before I went to bed I lighted the big 'pétrole' lamp. And I upset it: the flames were between me and the door. I ran to the window and screamed."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, a man came with a ladder, and we escaped, I and Gracie."

"And the man was——"

"Covin."

This cast a new and startling light upon the affair. Covin the rescuer, and not the criminal! But why should he have taken Gracie? Probably, although some instinct of courage and humanity had brought him to the help of my wife, yet finding his enemy's daughter in his hands the impulse to revenge himself had become too strong.

"In the meantime," said the *maire*, "before doing anything we must dress a *procès-verbal*. And, first, for the person who gave the earliest alarm of the fire—of course, monsieur will recompense him handsomely. Let him come forward."

But no one came forward to claim the reward or the thanks of the commune. This was a curious circumstance among people not given to hiding their good deeds, especially when a reward is in question.

"And who set the bell going?" asked the *curé*, "and roused us all from our sleep? The same brave fellow doubtless."

"Perhaps he is still in the church," said the *maire*.

"Let us go and see," suggested the *curé*.

The church is only just across the road, and the *curé* admits us through the sacristy door. A rude ancient church, grotesque with age, thick squat columns, with quaint curved volutes, looking in the dim light like so many huge horned monsters. There is a light shining in the space behind the altar, where there is a highly-tinselled shrine of the Virgin. A taper is burning before the shrine, and by the light we can make out a bundle of something lying in front. The *curé* stoops down and lifts the corner of a shawl; there is a child fast asleep—it is Gracie.

The *curé* takes her up tenderly in his arms. She awakes and begins to cry,

till, seeing her father's face among those about her, she gladly nestles in his arms. I hurry away, too full of joy and gratitude to say a word. Was this then Covin's revenge?

For a long time after that I tried in vain to find Covin. I let it be known in the village that he might come back to his cottage whenever he liked and not a word to be said about arrears. Enough money too to furnish it well, or to buy a new boat. But although I fancy that he heard of the offer, he never took advantage of it. One day, however, I heard that he had been seen in the village, and that his boat was moored in the river close by. I managed to intercept him with Gracie, and offered my hand. Covin put his behind his back.

"Come, let us be friends," I said.

"Can I be friends with a man who has treated my best clothes like this?" said Covin, undoing his bundle and holding up the suit that I had thrown out of the window. I had thought nothing more about it, and certainly the clothes had suffered not a little from exposure.

"I am very sorry; but you shall have a new suit."

"Pardon, monsieur, the old ones suited me very well."

"Come! for the child's sake," I said, "let me thank you."

"Monsieur," began Covin, with some dignity, "I deserve no thanks, for I had it in my heart to do you a great injury. I thought to come upon you as you slept in my cottage, and I hung these clothes up as a warning to you, and I said to myself, if he respects my clothes, I will not harm him. But you did not respect my clothes, and then I determined to attack you as you slept. Then I saw a

gleam of fire, and heard the screams of a woman. I am a Frenchman—you know the rest. But do I love you, monsieur, any better for that? You have turned me away from my hearth; it was but a poor hearth, cold and neglected, but once I had a little daughter like yours, a wife, too, industrious and careful, and then there was happiness around it, of which I have now only the memory. And from this hearth you thrust me forth."

"Come back to it, Covin, come and be my neighbor."

"Adieu, monsieur," as if he had not heard me.

"Let me be your friend for what you have done for me and mine."

"Adieu, monsieur," repeated Covin, stonily, as if an injury were a precious possession of which none should deprive him.

"Gracie, speak to him," I said to the child; "go and ask him to stay."

"Do stay, père Covin," she cried; "papa will no more be wicked with you, and you shall make me again a little boat."

Covin shook his head sternly; but he snatched up the child and kissed her warmly. Then, as if he could not trust himself any longer, he sprang hastily into his boat and pushed off. He glided away down the slow sullen stream, and was soon lost to sight in the mist and gloom of coming night. Nor has he ever been seen in our neighborhood since. His cottage is still empty, and no one will venture to occupy it. The people in the village believe that he still watches over the place, and that any one who ventured to occupy it would have to reckon with Covin's revenge.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

SLAVERY AND POLYGAMY IN TURKEY.

BY J. C. M'COAN.

In *Fraser* for May 1877, I sketched briefly the first of these two institutions as it exists in Egypt, and much of what was there said would apply equally to the status of its subjects in Turkey proper. But, though the legislation on which it is based is the same in both

countries, some important distinctions attach to it in the latter which, in view of recent events and of the still prevalent misconception as to the whole character and working of slavery throughout the Levant, may perhaps be worth further statement. As the same popular

error commonly brackets with this the other custom of polygamy—though there is but one solitary link of connection between them—it will be convenient to include these two most distinctive features of Ottoman society in the same notice.

Turkish servitude, like that of nearly all the nations of antiquity, had its origin in the practice of enslaving prisoners of war. But instead of the bitter and uniform degradation to which defeat had immemorably doomed its victims at the hands of civilised Greece and Rome, the genius of Islâm imposed a bondage tempered by many alleviations which deprived the system of more than half its horrors, and transmitted it to the present day in a form that has hardly a feature in common with the barbarous yoke that ceased in our own colonies less than half a century ago, which was only abolished in the United States by the war of 1862, and still flourishes in 'Christian' Cuba and Brazil. Later in the history of the nation, as war ceased to furnish its yearly harvests of captives, and as extended relations with the Caucasus, Barbary, and Abyssinia gradually introduced a new class of slaves, the same clement legislation that had mitigated the sufferings of captive Huns and Teutons threw its ægis over these still ruder victims of an iniquitous traffic, and, during the Middle Ages and for three centuries later, rendered Turkish slavery an easier condition of life than was the feudal serfdom that prevailed throughout Europe till within little more than a century ago. From the very first, in fact, Mohammedan legislation softened and humanised the barbarous provisions of the old Roman code, and relieved the condition of the slave from nearly all the severities and much of the degradation that attached to it in non-Moslem countries. Thus, while among the Romans and Byzantines, as in modern Transatlantic slavery, the legal status of a bondsman was that of a beast of burden or other chattel (*servi in potestate domini sunt ut pecora, jumenta et cetera res*), in Turkey, Egypt, and even Persia the law protects the slave at every point, recognises him as a human being with definite and inalienable rights, and raises his condition to one of mere unwaged domestic servitude, in which, as a rule, he is better off than the

paid free servant.* A glance at the provisions of the *Mullequa* (the general digest of Ottoman law) which affect the institution, and which in practice are very rigidly adhered to, will illustrate and confirm this statement.

The code in question recognises no fewer than six gradations of slavery, which differ widely and importantly from each other, and form so many steps from absolute bondage to freedom. Of these the first is that of *keulelik*, or unconditional servitude, in which the slave is the mere chattel of his master, with no legal rights of any kind except to protection from personal abuse. But the condition even of this class has little or nothing in common with that of the West Indian or American negro. The law absolutely protects their life and, as I have said, forbids undue severity of punishment; besides which, they are as a rule kindly treated, and, except in the case of slaves born such or purchased in infancy, are entitled to their liberty after nine years' service. The second category is that of the *mazzoum*, which consists of slaves who are permitted by their masters to work or trade on their own account. These may acquire property and even themselves own slaves, and at their death may devise their estate as they please, their children, too, being *mazzoum* like themselves. The third class consists of *mukiatebs*, or slaves who have received a contract (*kitabet*) stipulating that their freedom shall take place in the event of some specified condition being fulfilled, such as the payment of an agreed sum of money, or the performance of a particular service. During the term over which these contracts extend, their holders can neither be sold nor hired out, and may also purchase slaves of their own, to whom they may grant similar privileges to those enjoyed

* For confirmation of this statement I may refer the reader to, amongst other authorities, Urquhart's *Spirit of the East*, White's *Three Years in Constantinople*, Olivier's *Voyage en Turquie*, and Ubcini's *Lettres sur la Turquie*. It may also be remarked that, although unwaged, these slave servants are much more lightly worked, are better clothed, fed, and lodged than free domestics, and receive in Ramazan, Courban-bairam, and other periodical *backsheeshes* and in vails from their masters' visitors far more than the fixed wages of their free fellow-servitors.

by themselves. But if the condition be not fulfilled within the term, the slave lapses to the state of *keulelik*. The fourth grade is that of *mutebbirs*, or slaves who have received a deed (*tebbir*) which confers on them deferred freedom to take effect on some stipulated contingency, such as the death of the master, his return from a pilgrimage, or other future event. The slave thus gifted may be sold, but his sale carries with it the irrevocable condition, and in no way bars his right to liberty the moment the specified event happens. The fifth class, called *mutebbiri-mukiateb*, combines the double advantages of the third and fourth. The sixth—*umml-velid*, 'mothers of children'—consists entirely of female slaves whose children have either been acknowledged or adopted by their owner, and thus become free: these pass at once into the class of *mutebbiri*, and, while they cannot in the meantime be sold, attain their full liberty on the master's death, if not enfranchised before it. The fact that a large proportion of the female slave population belongs to this class may argue more for Ottoman benevolence than morals; but it is at least conclusive as to the many privileges and the general kindliness of the treatment which Turkish—as contrasted with Cuban and Brazilian—bondswomen enjoy.

Nor are these half-dozen grades of slavery merely distinguished by a loose popular fashion. They are all practically recognised and their several immunities safeguarded both by law and public sentiment. A Mussulman who ill-treats his slaves is socially looked upon very much as a wife-beater amongst ourselves, and if the abuse at all amounts to cruelty, the victim can appeal to the Cadi and insist on being sold to another master. But gross cases of ill-treatment are very rare, and such claims for protection are seldom made. The condition, too, carries with it no personal, or at least indelible, degradation; and so, in Turkey as in Egypt, it not seldom happens that a master liberates a favourite slave and gives him his daughter in marriage, without the public feeling at all regarding the union as a *misalliance*. Similarly, many Turks of what may be called the middle and upper classes prefer slave wives to freeborn mates, ex-

empt as they thus are from what in the East as in the West is often the inconvenience of marriage relatives, and especially of mothers-in-law. Equally, too, is the *status* no bar to admission to the public service. Less than fifty years ago, indeed, most of the ministers and great officers of the Porte were of servile origin, and even at the present hour freedmen not a few hold high rank in both the army and navy.

Another fact, which further minimises the evils that belong to the institution under even its most humane conditions, is the comparatively small number of the slaves now held in Turkey, especially in the provinces. Thirty years ago it was officially estimated that, out of Constantinople, this did not exceed two per cent. of the Mussulman population, and since then the increased operation of the causes which had reduced the class to this low figure has further diminished the proportion. The spoils of war have long ceased to recruit it, the Barbary rovers no longer send their captives, and even before the complete Russian conquest of the Caucasus, the pressure of European opinion at the Porte had virtually put an end to importations on any considerable scale from Circassia and Africa, which for centuries had been the chief feeders of the traffic. The large Circassian immigrations into Turkey have in part revived the supply of white female slaves, as the colonists still sell their daughters as readily as of yore. But as the letter of the law is against these purchases—the Circassians being nominally at least Moslems—the trade is contraband, and the business done much less than under the old system of open shipments from the coast. The legal suppression of the traffic in Egypt has also so much reduced the importation of black slaves from Africa that hardly units now pass where scores were formerly shipped from Alexandria. A small supply is still received from Tunis and Malta, whence, by what may be called the irony of trade, they mostly reach Constantinople on board British steamers, as the pretended harem and servants of some travelling *effendi*. Once in Stamboul there is no difficulty as to their sale, as, although the public slave market was suppressed thirty years ago, the private *depôts* at which slaves are

lodged are well known, and the traffic goes on nearly as openly as, though under conditions of greater decency and humanity than, in the old *Yessir-bazari*. White slaves are generally kept at Top-haneh, across the Horn, and are there dealt in, a shade more privately but with equal freedom from the interference of the police. A short trial is allowed at the house of the intending purchaser for, in the case of male slaves, medical examination to ascertain if they be sound in body and free from constitutional defects. In the case of girls, this function is performed by an official matron called *el Khibra*, and particular care is further taken to ascertain their personal habits by day and night. If the probationers satisfactorily pass this ordeal the bargain is then concluded, and the new purchases become essentially members of their masters' families, in the hierarchy of which they take precedence of, and are, as I have said, even better treated than, free servants. Prices vary from 20*l.* to 30*l.* for a low-class negro to 200*l.* or 300*l.* for what may be called the raw material of a pretty Circassian girl. These last are mostly bought from the parents or the first-hand dealer 'in the rough,' and after a year or two's careful nurture and education in the accomplishments of upper-class Moslem society, are sold again by the trainer at any price the caprice of a rich purchaser may give. The best are usually bought either for marriage or concubinage, and the others for service as ladies' maids, bath-attendants, musicians, dancing-girls, and other non-menial occupations. A great scandal in the case of these girls is, that many of the intermediary purchasers who thus polish and train them for ultimate use are Turkish ladies of rank, who speculate in them either with a view to money profit on the operation, or to serve some equally base purpose by making presents of them to the Palace or to some influential grandee. It may be affirmed, however, that the majority of this white class attain comparatively speedy freedom by marriage—a goal that silences all reflection on the stages through which it has been reached.

The great majority of the slaves comprised in these six categories soon rise from the lowest class, and, through one

or other of the gradations mentioned, attain their freedom well within the legal term of adult servitude. But—and no better proof of the mildness of the institution in Turkey could be given—it often happens that the bondsman refuses liberty, preferring to live on with his master and die in his service. The slave who has thus declined enfranchisement is called *Azadsig-keull*, and when age overtakes him he is released from all labour, and set generally to take care of the children during their exercise or play, receiving from them in return the endearing appellation of *baba*—father.

From the operation of all the causes now mentioned, coupled with the additional fact that the class is only in a very small degree self-recruiting, it may be affirmed that slavery in Turkey is dying out. Already in the Asiatic provinces, where it is most naturally rooted, the ownership of even a very few slave servants is mainly confined to the Stamboulee officials and the richest of the old Moslem families; and, as the sources whence these are supplied gradually dry up, the institution must, *pari passu*, become extinct. But to anticipate this natural result would be equally impolitic and useless, for no human power could stamp out a custom so consecrated by time and religion as has been that of slavery throughout the East. Other social reforms must pave the way for its extinction, and it is to these first, rather than to any mere arbitrary efforts of a mistaken philanthropy, that wise administrative action should be directed. Slavery anywhere is an anachronism, and in Turkey, with the disappearance of other social features not more barbarous than itself, it too will disappear in the natural order of things. In our own colonies, the brute force of law and money enabled us to abolish the institution on a given day; but in Turkey, beyond the Bosphorus, to which little more than the echo of Western civilisation has yet penetrated, no such summary revolution would be possible. Even in the capital, the most liberal Moslem will, plausibly enough, reply to the abolitionist thus: 'So long as our religious code and social practices remain unchanged, we must either employ slaves, hire Christian women (whom we cannot trust),

or wait upon ourselves. Slavery is, therefore, a necessity interwoven with our faith and notions of decency, and cannot be abolished without subverting the very basis of our social and moral institutions.' But strong as the hold of religion and *adât* still is on the great majority of the population, the violation of both on many other points has, within the past thirty or forty years, grown into common practice, and the sanctions that buttress slavery will in time similarly yield to Western influence and example. The recent slave convention with Egypt suggests a method of dealing with the evil that may be found equally feasible in the empire proper—the immediate prohibition of traffic in slaves, and the deferred abolition of the status of slavery altogether after an interval sufficient to prepare society for the change. The former of these measures, honestly enforced, would indeed suffice, but the operation of both would so hasten the *dénouement* as to bring it well within the next score of years. With British influence now behind the Porte to stimulate it to this and other equally vital reforms which would have been hopeless a couple of years ago, the institution in Turkey, as in Egypt, may be safely regarded as doomed; and in the meantime—as I remarked of it in connection with the latter country—while this social revolution is being effected, Ottoman legislation and public sentiment may be fairly credited with having minimised the evils which are inseparable from the institution even in its mildest form.

But the popular misconception as to the character and practical working of slavery in Turkey is not greater than that which prevails respecting polygamy. The common notion is, that this institution, if not precisely of Mussulman origin, is general throughout Ottoman society, and that gross domestic immorality is the result. Exactly the reverse is true in fact. Biblical readers need not be reminded that the custom is older than the Pentateuch, that it was common amongst the Jews and other Eastern nations, and that—although prohibited, for sufficient social reasons, by modern Christian legislation—it is nowhere forbidden by the New Testament. It is no part of my object to defend the institution—though it has found more

than one apologist and even advocate among Christian moralists and divines*—but to correct the prevalent misimpression as to its extent and social effects among the Mussulman population of Turkey. And first as to its extent: the popular notion is that every Turk, above the rank of the poorest, is a Bluebeard, with his full Koranic allowance of four wives, supplemented by concubines *à discrétion*. The fact is that only a minority of even the richest avail themselves of the full legal privilege, while of those below that rank not one in a thousand have even two.† Among what in Europe would be called the middle and lower classes, the rule, with few exceptions, is one wife—with, only in rare cases, the supplement of an *odalisk*, or slave concubine. The first and almost sufficient explanation of this is—the cost of the indulgence. It is not merely the dowry which in Turkey a husband gives to instead of receiving with a wife, that makes marriage an expensive luxury; but each mate is entitled to a separate maintenance on a scale according with her husband's position, and without reference at all to the number of the whole, whether they be one or four. In the case of the rich, this means the support of a separate train of slaves, carriages and other incidental outlay for each *kadin*; and even among the poorer classes, of considerably more than the individual cost of number one. The economical check, therefore, largely neutralises what might otherwise be the tendency to conjugal excess. I have personally known most of the Turkish ministers of the past nineteen years, and many functionaries of second class rank in both Constantinople and the provinces; and of the whole, I cannot remember more than six or eight who transgressed the monogamic rule. Thus A'ali, Fuad, Riza, Kibrizli, Mehemet-Rushdi, Mahmoud, Husni, Ahmet-Veffik, Server, Kiani, Midhat, Hussein-Avni, and Savfet Pa-

* The reader who may be curious to know what can be said in defence of polygamy from a Christian point of view, will be interested, if not convinced, by the arguments employed in Ockinus's *Dialogues in favor of Polygamy*, Lyser's *Polygamia Triumphatrix*, and the Rev. W. Madan's *Thelyphthora*.

† Some years ago, among a population of 40,000 Mussulmans in Crete, there was not a single case of polygamy.

shas had, or have, only one wife. Namyk Pasha, a type of the oldest school, and the late Mustapha Fazyk Pasha, the brother of the Khedive and leader of the 'Young Turkey' party, were in my time the only members of the Divan whose harems were up to 'full strength,'—affording, as both of these could, not merely to bear the cost of quadruple establishments, but to disregard the modern prejudice against more wives than one. Namyk still lives, and in vigorous though no longer green old age, profits by his wealth and the facility of divorce to keep his harem at a constant level of youth with Circassian recruits. But the very notoriety of this couple of exceptions among the governing clique, proves the rarity with which the one-wife rule is now broken. It may, indeed, be affirmed that during the past twenty or thirty years the social fashion—which in the East is quite as influential as popular opinion amongst ourselves—has been steadily growing in favor of limitation; and the new *addt* which is thus acquiring strength already avails to counteract, to a considerable extent, the legal temptation to indulgence in two, three, or four. Still, the custom is none the less a substantial factor in the problem of Eastern social reform, and, consecrated as it is by both time and religion, must be accepted till the double sanction thus given to it is outweighed by the example of a healthier Christian morality than that which now forms the only alternative the Turk has any knowledge of, and which he may well be excused for regarding as no improvement on his own.

This being so, let us glance at its practical working where advantage is taken of the privilege. In the case, say, of an establishment with three or four wives, the first married takes and retains domestic precedence, and as such is called the *buyuk khamum** (chief lady), while the others are of even rank, and are distinguished as 'second,' 'third,' or 'fourth,' or by their personal names with '*khamum*' (lady or madam) affixed. By law

* In families in which the husband's mother resides with her son, this title of respect and its status of precedence are given to her—the love and reverence of a Turk for his mother being perhaps the most beautiful feature in Moslem social life.

each of these is, as I have said, entitled to maintenance on a scale of comfort proportioned to the husband's means; and if he fail in this or any other marital duty, the aggrieved wife may appeal to the Cadi with the certainty of obtaining redress, or, if the husband refuse it, with the right to divorce. If, as is usual amongst the rich, the wife bring with her or afterwards purchase slaves of her own, these remain exclusively her property, over whom the husband has no rights whatever. He has, however, in law full personal rights over such as are bought with his own money, whether for attendance on his wives or as concubines for himself, but intimacy with any of these except the last is considered bad social 'form,' and in practice is therefore very rare. Even what may be called recognised concubinage, too, is much less common than is generally supposed. It is rare even in one-wife families, unless the *kadin* be childless, and still less so in those in which there are two, three, or four legal mates. Throughout all time in the East, barrenness has been a misfortune and a reproach, and the childless wife, losing her prerogative, has to choose between divorce, the introduction of a second, or such a compromise as Sarah made with Abraham. She generally prefers the last, and the children resulting from it are as free and legitimate as if they had been her own. One great merit, indeed, of Moslem over Western legislation is, that it does not recognise bastardy: in law, as in fact, every child has a father, and the stigma of illegitimacy is therefore unknown. Hence the social pariahs who disgrace our own civilisation are never met with among Mussulmans. The travelling philanthropist will consequently look in vain for foundling hospitals among the public charities of Stamboul, Damascus, and Baghdad. Nor is this all: polygamy and its morganatic concomitant may be further credited with eliminating from Moslem social life a feature which is recognised as almost a necessary evil among ourselves. Outside the Christian quarters of Constantinople, Smyrna, and the other large coast towns of the Levant, no traces of public prostitution are to be found; while in the interior—barring a few still Christian exceptions—it is absolutely unknown.

In Europe, this scandal to civilisation flourishes under police license and almost with social sanction : in the East, it is everywhere sternly reprobated both by Moslem law and public feeling. In bare justice to facts, the ethical balance may therefore be thus stated : In Christendom we have monogamy and ' the social evil ; ' in Moslem Turkey, polygamy and a measure of public morality that may be sought for in vain from the Save to the Pacific.

The universal habit of early marriage throughout the East further explains, if it does not justify, this privilege of conjugal recruitment. In the Asiatic provinces, the average ages at which the relation is formed are, say, twelve for the wife and sixteen or eighteen for the husband, be the religion of the parties what it may. Whether Moslem or Christian, the wife fades early, and is *passée* many years before the husband has reached his prime. I was present once at Mosul at the marriage of a buxom little Chaldean of eleven to a widower of thirty-five or forty, and no suggestion even of any disparity of age was hinted by any of the company. A dozen or at most fifteen years later, she would be nearly as middle-aged as an English or French woman of fifty, while he might still be physically young. Hence, anciently, the universal custom of polygamy, and in modern times the temptation of the Turk to indulge in a practice which is at once adapted to the climate and sanctioned by both religion and immemorial usage.

As regards divorce, this again is much less common than might be supposed in view of its legal facility and the ready means it affords of escape from irksome conjugal fetters. For this there are two sufficient reasons—the cost of the relief, and the strong social sentiment that has grown up against it. As already remarked, the rule is that the Moslem husband, and not the wife, pays a dowry, varying in amount according to the rank of the parties. Two-thirds of the sum are paid over to the bride before marriage, and, besides also what she generally receives from her father in the shape of a very abundant outfit, become her own absolute property. The remaining third, retained by the husband, is pay-

able only in the event of his divorcing his wife against her will, in which case she takes away with her, in money or goods, the whole of the originally stipulated amount, and is moreover entitled to three months' alimony from the date of the divorce. Except in the case of those who can afford to disregard this considerable fine, it acts as an effectual check on recourse to the privilege, and, coupled with the social discredit of discarding a wife, renders divorces as a rule very rare. Among Moslems, nevertheless, the thing itself is even simpler than amongst the Jews. No ' bill of divorcement ' is necessary, but only the short verbal formula of ' Veil thyself, take thy marriage portion, and go.' A wife may be thus repudiated twice and taken back, but if the fatal formula have been pronounced a third time, she can only be recovered after a fully consummated marriage with and divorce by another husband. This latter condition sometimes results in awkward *contretemps*. The person chosen to play the part of intermediary husband is generally the oldest and feeblest poor man that can be found. For a ' consideration,' he consents to discharge the provisional function, and engages to divorce the lady on the morrow. But it occasionally happens that the faithless old sinner, having pocketed and earned his fee, refuses to surrender a pretty and wealthy bride, or only does so after a much longer usufruct than was bargained for, and for a further considerable money ransom. As may readily be supposed, such a condition and its incidents have weight with even the hastiest-tempered husbands, and co-act with other considerations to protect wives against the risk of *talak* (repudiation), except for grave and sufficient reasons. Certain it is that, barring in such cases, divorces are now quite as rare amongst the Moslem as among the Christian subjects of the Porte, and a hundred times less common than among our ' more civilised ' selves. Before the Cadi, however, as before Sir James Hannen, the law in this respect favors the wife less than the husband. The latter may brave social feeling and cut the conjugal knot when he likes, but the wife can only regain her freedom on proof of positive ill-treatment or for one or two

other grounds of complaint,* and even then at the cost of abandoning her dowry and *trousseau* to her peccant consort. Herein British and Turkish womankind have, in some sort, a common grievance, which will, no doubt, receive full redress in the good coming time when woman's rights shall have conquered recognition in both countries. In the meantime, if it accorded with the scheme and limits of this paper, I could easily demonstrate that, notwithstanding the legal favoritism of the baser sex in the matter of divorce, the disabilities and social subordination of women in Turkey are vastly fewer and less than is commonly supposed. I could quote ample private authority to prove that harem-life, instead of being a state of unlimited license on the one side and of virtual slavery on the other, is essentially *home* life in many of its best and tenderest aspects. In fact, in Turkish society the men see no women but their wives, mothers, and sisters, and as a rule, therefore, think of no others; while the women similarly know only their husbands, and are wholly occupied with them. Nowhere, too, is the old-fashioned sentiment of reverence for parents and love of children more actively paramount, and—I do not scruple to affirm, with whatever weight may attach to a long residence in and extensive travel through the country—nowhere is the general tone of family and social morality higher. This averment may surprise some readers, but it will be endorsed by those who know Turkish society, even in Europe *as it is*, and not as it is painted by writers who have studied it through the medium of a Pera dragoman or from the windows of Misserie's hotel.

It remains to notice what I have called the one connecting link between these two institutions—the slave element of *eunuchs*, which the popular Western notion regards as an essential outcome of polygamy. Here again history refutes a

common error. Instead of being at all a peculiar feature of Moslem society, harem-life—without its polygamic extension, but with the recognised practice of concubinage—was essentially a Byzantine institution, and long before ever a Turk set foot in Europe had spread as a high domestic fashion—nearly as strong as that which now obtains amongst the Ottomans—northward even into Russia. Indeed, not this alone, but nearly all the other usages of Turkish society which seem most opposed to modern Christian ethics and civilisation, were prevalent throughout Asia—and, as regards most of them, throughout Europe too—centuries before Othman first settled in Bithynia, and, with hardly an exception, were found in especial vitality in the Lower Empire by Amurath and Mohammed II.* Eunuchs, a necessary element of the harem system, infested the court and patrician palaces of Rome itself from before the days of Elagabalus, and twelve centuries later were still as necessary adjuncts of the establishment of a Byzantine grandee as they now are of any harem in Stamboul. The 'neutrals,' indeed, who waited on Anna Comnena and the Byzantine ladies for three hundred years after her, were white ones from the Caucasus, between which and Constantinople a brisk slave-trade had been kept up centuries before the Crescent displaced the Cross from St. Sophia. These 'vermin of the East,' therefore, no more came in with the Turks than did the system of which they form a part. On the contrary, to the latter belongs the credit of having at length mitigated the social horror by selecting its victim from amongst a lower type of humanity. Slaves of this class are now exclusively African blacks smuggled through Egypt from the Soudan. Till within a few years ago their mutilation commonly took place at Assiout and other stations on the Upper Nile, where Coptic priests were the chief operators; but the Khedive has put an end

* The accomplished authoress of *The People of Turkey*—a book, by the way, that deserves all the praise the critics have awarded it—is in error in saying that 'the privileges of divorce thus indulgently permitted to a man are entirely beyond the reach of a woman, whom no human power can release from her *nekyah* vows without her husband's free consent.' The law gives the wife the right to similar relief for three or four well-defined grievances.

* If historians of Byzantine society, from Cantacuzene to Gibbon, are to be believed, personal vices, which more zealous than well-read Christians are also in the habit of placing to the special discredit of Mussulman morality, were prevalent under the Palæologi to an extent without parallel anywhere in modern times.

to this infamous industry, and the whole of the small yearly importation comes ready-made from Kordofan and Darfour. Their high price, too, now limits their employment to the Imperial Palace and only the very wealthiest households, in which, I need hardly say, the part of a tyrant police ascribed to them by the common Western notion has no foundation in fact.

Though I have nearly reached the intended limits of this paper, it will be pertinent to add a word in correction of yet another misconception as to the effects of polygamy on the Mussulman population. It is commonly assumed that the practice largely explains the undoubted numerical decline of the Turkish as compared with the non-Moslem races of the country. But apart from the fact that the custom is much less general than is supposed, other obvious causes, or rather one, quite sufficiently accounts for this slow but steady exhaustion of the dominant caste. Without reference to the much over-stated practice of pre-natal infanticide, which is almost unknown in the villages and smaller towns of the interior, the blood-tax of military service amply explains the phenomenon. It may be that the indolence and seclusion of harem-life are more conducive to sterility amongst Turkish women than the freer and healthier conditions under which their Rayah rivals live; but certain it is that the exclusive liability to the conscription has told with most destructive effect on the Ottoman population. In the good old days when war recruited rather than thinned their ranks and filled their harems with female captives, polygyny 'spawned warriors by the score,' and more than supplied the life-waste of Amurath, and Bajazet, and Solyman's campaigns. But for more than two centuries this wealth of external supply has ceased, and, with a restored sexual balance, the military drain has every year more and more sapped the vitals of the race. From the age of sixteen to twenty-five the whole Moslem population—except that of the capital—is liable to conscription, and of the many thousand able-bodied men who, even in times of peace, are thus annually drafted away from reproduction, it is estimated that not more than 35 per cent. return to their homes, and these

generally health-wrecked from nostalgia, rheumatism, and gastric disease.* From Scutari to Kars, and from Sinope to Marash, the life-blood has thus been more than half sucked out of the Mussulman population. Districts which, less than fifty years ago, numbered their crowded Mussulman villages by scores, are now comparatively deserted or peopled only by Rayahs. Between Brousa and Smyrna alone at least a dozen large Moslem villages, which in Sultan Mahmoud's time reckoned their inhabitants by thousands, have now either disappeared altogether, or survive only in the merest wreck of their former numerical strength and prosperity. And so in more than half the other pashalics of Asia Minor, on which in practice nearly three-fourths of this blood-tax falls: the drain of the conscription has reduced the Mussulman element to an extent which those who do not personally know the country would hardly credit. For centuries the Rayahs, on the other hand, have not contributed a man to either the army or navy, but pay only a small exemption-tax and multiply in peace. The three years of the Crimean War, it was reckoned, cost nearly a million of Turkish adult male lives, and the late single-handed conflict probably as many more. Thus handicapped in the race of vital multiplication, it needs no arguments from polygamy or other practices to account for the lee-way made by the Ottoman as compared with the Rayah communities of the Empire.

Still, much as the evils of slavery and polygamy are exaggerated by Western opinion, both are in fact bad enough to be incompatible with any advanced civilisation. Slavery, even in its mildest form, admits of no defence, and Christian legislation has equally set its ban on plurality of wives. But while the former must be grappled with in any attempt to socially regenerate Turkey, the latter may be safely left to run its comparatively harmless course, till the few who now practise it become gradually converted to the domestic faith

* In war-time there is practically no limit of age at which the conscription stops. During the late conflict, of more than 100,000 recruits levied in the single vilayet of Aidin (Smyrna), many were above forty years of age.

of the many—that one wife is enough, and very much better than two, three, or four. We tolerate polygamy in the Deccan and the Punjab, and what In-

dian legislation thus sanctions cannot well be condemned in our Turco-Asian protectorate.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

A SKETCH OF A BRANCH OF PHYSIOGRAPHY.

From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

BY J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S., CORRESPONDENT OF THE INSTITUTE, FRANCE.

NO. IV.

WE have now to consider the earth's place among the solar family, to deal with the cooled planets revolving round the still incandescent sun. It will be well to start by briefly referring to the scale with which we have to deal, in order to get an idea of the relative sizes and distances with which we are to become acquainted.

The other stars are infinitely farther away than our sun. If I were to have a very small marble and a globe, say a yard in diameter, one hundred yards apart, then that large globe might represent the sun, and the little marble the earth. Where then shall we put a round globe to represent the nearest star? We have already seen that the diameter of the earth is about eight thousand miles. We shall have to put the second globe, representing the nearest star, so far away from the first one, representing the sun, that there would be no place on the earth where we could put it if we had everything true to scale. *The two globes must be twelve thousand miles apart.*

This will give us an idea of the earth's neighbors so far as space goes. We have the moon quite close to us, and the sun and our sister planets close to us, while the other stars are, so to speak, infinitely removed. I must again urge that although the sun is comparatively near to us, it is similar—I do not mean in the exact substances in it, but from a physical point of view—to the stars which people the uttermost part of space: it is *the nearest star*, and as such shines by its own light. The planets have no light of their own, and we may say not only that the moon is to us what other moons are to the planets

round which ~~they~~ circulate, but that all the planets, including the one on which we dwell, are so many moons to the sun.

Those bodies, then, which do not shine by their own light, are our neighbors, our friends, so to speak, and members of that family to which we belong; and we form part of a system with a central light-giving body which we call the Sun.

As we have measured the size of the earth, so we have measured the size of the solar system—by which I mean the various distances of the planets from the sun and the size of each; and we have also got an idea of the size of the sun among the stars. First of all we got to know the *relative* distances of the various bodies from the sun, and then we got the absolute distances, or thought we had got them. Let me explain the meaning of these words, relative and absolute. We know, in talking of London, that Hyde Park may be twice as far from a place as St. Paul's is; but if we do not know how far it is to St. Paul's, we do not know how far it is to Hyde Park; having the distance to St. Paul's, however, and knowing that Hyde Park is twice as far away, of course we shall know how far it is to Hyde Park, and we shall change the relative distance into an absolute one. Now, long before we knew the absolute distance of any planet from the sun, we knew the relative distances, and therefore the relative distances of the planets from each other. Thus we knew that the sun was so many more times away from us than, say, Venus was, but we did not quite know how far Venus was from us—we *lacked the scale*. The transit of Venus enables astronomers to determine how far Venus is away from us, and when we know how far exactly Venus is away from us, of

course it is easy to see how far the sun is away.

This is one method ; but it is a very consoling thing to know that it is not the only way which we have of getting at one of the most important figures in astronomical science, which enables us to change relative distances for actual distances, in British miles, from planet to planet. The distance of the planet Mars, of course, helps us equally, and we can measure this by using the stars as a screen instead of the sun, as is done in the case of the planet Venus. But in order to find the sun's distance we, in fact, have to go to work in a very much more roundabout way than in the case of the moon. There are a great many ways, including physical methods, of getting at it approximately, and the agreement between the different results is very striking. I may remind you that to know the distance of the sun from the earth is to a large extent to know the distance of a great many stars, and we can never find accurately the absolute distance of a star, unless we know accurately the similar distance of the sun from the earth.

It is not necessary that I should give here a diagram of the solar system to convey an idea of the relative distances of the heavenly bodies from the sun. Such a diagram will be found in any good work on astronomy ; but, at the best, it does not help us much, because it is next to impossible to construct it on the proper scale. Still, a rough one will help us in a measure to grasp the earth's geographical position, so to speak, in the solar system. The earth's place in space is near the sun, and a great way from the stars. A diagram, such as that to which I have referred, will give an idea of the earth's place in the solar system as apart from the earth's place in space. In the middle is the sun, as the sun is the middle and the centre of our solar system. Next to the sun, quite close to it apparently on the diagram, but still many millions of miles away in reality, is that body to which I first called attention, among those bodies which do not shine by their own light, I mean the planet Mercury. Next comes Venus ; and next is a body which ought indeed to interest us all, for it is the earth on which we live. Next the

planet Mars, and then Jupiter with its four moons. The planet Saturn, with its eight moons and its wondrous rings, is still farther away from the sun. Next comes Uranus ; whilst on the very confines of our solar system, in solitary gloom, is still another planet called Neptune.

Between Mars and Jupiter there is a perfect crowd of worlds, so to speak,—little things, some of them not bigger than Middlesex apparently, going round the sun in all sorts of eccentric orbits, and in a great many respects very different from the larger and more sober planets, as we may call them.

We have now fairly caught the earth as a member of the solar system.

All these are bodies which do not shine by their own light, and which together with the sun form the solar system ; the sun giving light and heat, and, one might almost say, life itself, to all the bodies which circulate around it.

Strangely mixed up with these bodies which, with the exception of the sun, do not give out light of their own, are the comets which do. It is here sufficient to say that those comets, with certain exceptions, have rather an accidental connection with the solar system. They are, in fact, what a man coming from Siberia would be to us men who live in London—they are strangers and travellers, who may come from time to time, but they do not belong to us, they do not look like us, and they do not behave as we do ; hence it is that the shape of their orbits is, as a rule, so different from the nearly circular ones in which all the other bodies go round the sun.

We have next to remember that the distance from the centre of the sun to the centre of the earth is 93,000,000 miles or thereabouts. I shall not trouble you with many of those numbers, because I know that they do not mean much to anybody ; but still it is a convenient thing to know that the distance of the sun is 93,000,000 miles. If you were to work, not for eight hours a day as the fashion is now, but twelve hours, and work hard, you might count a million in a month, and therefore in ninety-three months you might count ninety-three millions ; but still, it is well to get an idea of what 93,000,000 of miles means

hout having to do that. I shall try give an idea of what a million of es is.

Here is a diagram* which will tell at the size of the sun is as compared th the size of the earth. We have in e middle a little dot which represents e earth, next there is a line enclosing shaded space; this line represents the bit of the moon. The distance from e earth to the moon is near enough for ar purpose a quarter of a million miles; at is to say, that working twelve hours day it would take you a week to count e number of miles. If, therefore, we easure from one point of the moon's orbit to the opposite point, it is near ough for our purpose half a million niles. What does this outer circle represent? It represents the circumference of the sun. The diameter of the sun is very nearly 1,000,000 miles; 800,000 would be more accurate for the disc that we see, but we must not forget the outer atmosphere. The figure shows us that if the centre of the sun were coincident with the centre of the earth, the sun would not only be bigger than the earth, and bigger than all space enclosed by the orbit of the moon (the moon which seems so far away from us), but would actually extend into space almost as far beyond the orbit of the moon as the orbit of the moon is from the earth on which we dwell. Here then we have a million miles.

The earth is an excessively small body compared to Jupiter and Saturn. It is, in fact, a member of a small group. We might, as it were, bracket the first four together which are nearest to the sun, and bracket those next four which are farthest from it, and divide them not only into interior planets and exterior planets, as they are sometimes divided, but into big planets and little planets.

We have passed from the earth's place in space to the earth's place in the system to which we belong. In order to go farther on the road which is at last, I trust, to land us with, at all events, some feeble idea of the earth's place in nature, we have to do two things. We have, first of all, to determine what is the position of the solar

system in nature, and then what is the earth's position in the solar system—I mean, of course, more closely than we have done already.

You already have a rough notion geographically, so to speak, of the earth's place in the solar system; but the mere geographical consideration is by no means the only consideration, nor, as you will see, is it the most important one.

We find that the solar system (I begin with that first) consists of cool bodies going round a hot body. How do I know that the planets are cool? I know this because they do not shine by their own light. How do I know that the sun is very hot? First of all, because it does shine by its own light; but further still, by the fact that we know, as well as we know that the sun shines at all, that even its exterior portion consists of metallic vapors, iron among them, which vapor is to solid iron exactly what steam is to ice.

We also know that not only is the sun a hot body, but that it is a star; so that, if possible, we have to compare star with star, as we compare the earth with all the other planets, to know what sort of a star our sun is with regard to the others.

The reason why the stars appear so insignificant is, not because they are smaller than the sun, but simply because they are so infinitely removed. Let me here give a few thoroughly established facts with reference to some of the stars.

One of the most interesting stars to astronomers is one which we do not see in England because the earth is round; but if you go to the other side of the world you see it in all its beauty, and a beautiful star it is. It is the brightest star in one of the southern constellations, called the Centaur. The distance of that star has been measured with some accuracy. The sun, as I have already told you, is ninety-three million miles away, and this star is about a quarter of a million of times this distance away from us—that is, more than twenty millions of millions of miles. This is not only the nearest star, but no other is known to be within double that distance from us.

Then, again, there is a star which is even more brilliant, although it is not so beautiful in its surroundings as the star

* Omitted.

in the southern hemisphere—I refer to the star Sirius. That star is nearly a million times farther away from us than the sun is. And not only is it all this distance away from us, but it is brighter than the sun. In fact, if we say that this southern star, the brightest star in Centaur, is three times as bright as the sun, it seems probable that Sirius is three hundred times as bright, if seen from an equal distance. You see that big and little are not only comparative terms, but tend to become misleading. Sirius is a star the distance of which we have measured, and therefore it is much nearer to us, and therefore probably smaller than those stars which we cannot measure; and we have not yet measured the distance of one hundred stars, although we know that there are more than twenty millions. One of the first stars that we have measured we find reason to believe is from three to eight thousand times bigger than our own sun, and yet that star appears feeble compared to our sun—so much so that our sun puts all the stars out in the daytime by his superior brightness; that is, brightness due to nearness, and not to inherent superior light.

From the size of the stars, of course, we shall be able to get an idea of the importance, so far as mere bulk goes, of the sun, the leader of our own system, comparing the system as a whole with other possible systems; for doubtless every star in the heavens has a system round it. Why should it not? What reason is there that every one of the twenty millions of stars which we see should not have a system round it as our sun has? Depend upon it there is nothing special about our sun. He is to other stars pretty much the same thing as a grain of wheat is to the other grains in a bushel; and whatever we may be able to find out in the course of time with regard to our own system, I believe will be found out with regard to all the systems round all the stars which people space. But there are other methods left open to us of venturing, so to speak, into the mystery, and inquiring into the profound secrets of these distant worlds, besides these to the results of which I have drawn attention. Already, I think, it is not too much to say that, although probably dimly and darkly, we can begin now to lay hold of the most distant stars by some

other method than that of mere size and bulk. We shall have, in coming years, doubtless a very much better grip than we now have.

We have discussed the position of the earth with regard to the other planets, and the position of the sun amongst the other suns, or the other stars, which is the same thing; we should have now a complete knowledge of the difference between a sun and a planet. In the comparison of star with star, we came to the conclusion that the sun was not the largest star; indeed, that it was neither so big nor so bright as many of the other stars in the heavens. The test of bigness and of brightness is not the only one that we can apply in separating out, the one from the other, the various stars of heaven, including, of course, our sun. We, indeed, have reason for thinking not only that the centre of our system is a small star, but that it is a middle-aged star, one in which we can trace an absolutely similar chemical constitution to that of our own planet, so far as we are familiar with it; with this distinction, that we must assume the solar temperature to be one which in the case of every element gives us the true atoms of things instead of the molecules, which I think it may be found that chemists, sometimes, perhaps, more often than they think, here deal with at terrestrial temperatures.

Now, then, we are in a position to pass from the system itself, and compare planet with planet, in order to get an approximation to the true place of our Earth among her sister planets.

There are a great many facts about the planets which it is not needful for me to discuss, but there are some excessively important facts which must be here stated; and the importance of them, you will see as we go on, lies in this, that they do in a most unmistakable, although still in a most mysterious way, point to a common origin.

In the first place, I hope you all know what a plane is. A carpet or the floor of a room represents a plane. I want you to imagine a plane extended to the skies. Imagine it so big that the planet most distant from the sun as it goes round the sun would never go out of it, as on a race-course the horses keep in exactly the same plane as they go round

from the starting-post to the goal. All the planets of our system, in a most remarkable manner, conform to this plane. Supposing, for instance, a good joiner were to make you several planes of wood, all dipping into each other at all possible angles; in that way you would get an idea of the intersection of several planes, and there you would get a true representation of the planes in which the comets and many of the asteroids move. The comets, as I have before remarked, do not belong to us, they are strangers to us; they come and they go; but the planets belong to us, and their motions lie in very nearly the same plane. That is one point.

Next we get the planets revolving round the sun in this plane at certain rates. There is a very beautiful law determining, so to speak, the rate at which a planet shall move—the nearer a planet is to the sun the faster it goes. What does that mean? We all know that what we call a year depends upon the time that it takes us to go round the sun; so that if the bodies outside the earth, bodies like Jupiter and Saturn, go round the sun more slowly than we do, then their year must be longer; whereas if, on the other hand, the bodies inside us go round the sun more rapidly than we do, then their year would be shorter. Hence, Mercury is perpetually gaining on Venus, and it will have been once round by the time that Venus probably is only about half round; and so on with reference to the other planets.

What I have said of Venus and Mercury is true with reference to all the other bodies.

Not only do we get the revolutions round the sun which determine the planet's year bound together by law, but we get a similar harmony in the rotation of the planets. For I will anticipate a little by stating that if we note the densities of the different planets, we find that those planets which are least dense turn round their axes, or spin, very much more rapidly than those do which are much denser; and that the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and so on, which are planets really very light, so to speak, although they are so very much larger than our earth, instead of having a day twenty-four hours long as we have, have one only about half as long, or even less than that.

Next we come to the present physical and meteorological conditions of the other planets as judged by their atmospheres. We have already acquired much knowledge with regard to the atmospheres of the planets. Those near to the sun it is difficult to observe telescopically, because they are so bright; and the planets far away from the sun, it is difficult to observe because they are so dim; but in the case of those which lie nearer to the earth (Mars, for instance, lies just outside the Earth, Jupiter lies outside Mars, and Saturn lies outside it again) we really can say with certainty something on their physical features. But even where the telescope fails us, the spectroscope comes in and tells us its story.

From observations which have been made on the planet Mars, there is no doubt that certain dark markings observed represent the land, and that the brightest marking of all represents the snow at the pole of Mars. I myself have seen the snow melting in Mars at the rate of many miles a day for weeks—that is, the bright region round the poles has rapidly contracted as the Martian summer continued. I have seen the northern and southern portions of the planet covered with their caps of snow and ice down to something like the latitude of Madrid on our earth; and I have seen all that carried away in the course of a very short time. I have also myself, for there is nothing like personal testimony in these matters, seen the clouds of Mars drifting across the seas, and I have seen when the seas were tranquil, and when they were stormy; although I have not been able, of course, to see each particular wave, to observe whether it was high or not—a tranquil sea is always a black sea, and a stormy sea is always a white one, because a stormy sea will reflect, and break up, and disperse light in all directions, whereas a perfectly tranquil surface will not. We have, therefore, in Mars most distinct evidence, evidence as distinct as you can get on any subject whatever, that as here we have air, sea, snow, ice, and cloud, so also have we those things in Mars. The spectroscope tells us that aqueous vapor is present there as here.

In Jupiter we have something very different. I have to insist upon a great

amount of cloud. Jupiter is covered with a veil of cloud, or of cloud-belts, which human eye has never pierced, and it is probable that human eye never will pierce that veil of cloud, at least for ages to come. There is no land and no sea visible on Jupiter; and it may be that the time has not yet come when land and seas shall be a part of the economy of that planet.

The same may also be said of the planet Saturn, which is the last that I shall refer to in this sketch, because it is the only other one which we can study well telescopically. The cloud-belts in Jupiter, extending from the equator to the pole, are duplicated in Saturn; in Saturn, indeed, we have very much the same sort of condition. There are belts equivalent to our own trade-winds on the earth in about the same region of the planet's hemisphere north and south, while even at the pole we get other belts varying in color as we get from the equatorial belt near to the pole. In Saturn, as in Jupiter, we get no trace of land or sea, nothing but cloud-drift and cloud-changes.

Closely connected with this condition of cloud in some planets, and of land in others, is another series of facts which I shall bring before you, because they are not made of such importance in books on astronomy as they should be. I refer to the facts connected with the densities of the various planets. We shall not now deal with the density of water, as we did when I stated that the density of the whole earth was five and a half times that of water, and the density of the materials of the surface of the earth was about two and a half times that of water. We need not consider water at all now, but can take the density of the earth itself as a standard.

What we have to do is to find those values which would represent, say, the weight of a cubic mile cut out of each planet. If we represent the weight of a cubic mile of the earth as 1, then a cubic mile of the sun would be represented by $\frac{1}{4}$. In spite of the enormous attraction pulling everything to the sun, and pulling everything on the sun, doubtless, very strongly into the interior, the density of the sun is only one-fourth of what the density of the earth is. But when we leave the sun and come to the first planet, we

find a density that is a little above that of the earth; of Venus the density is a little below, and of Mars the density is somewhat more below—the earth still, of course, being taken as 1. So that we get this remarkable fact, that of the four interior planets (I called attention previously to their smallness) the density is very nearly that of the earth. When, however, we leave these smaller planets and approach the big ones—Jupiter, which is three hundred times bigger than our earth, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and so on, we find an entirely different condition of things. The density of Jupiter is the same as the density of the sun; and the density of Saturn is only one-eighth of that of the earth, Jupiter being about one-quarter, Uranus one-sixth, and Neptune also one-sixth. So that we have this very remarkable fact, that in the case of Saturn, of whose youth we may imagine we have the evidence in the ring which remains, we find that the density is also far less than that of any other planet in the heavens.

As these figures are extremely instructive, I will give them with the density of water taken as 1. The densities are:—Mercury 7.03, Venus 5.23, Earth 5.67, Mars 2.93 (a considerable reduction). We go farther away to the outer group and there is a tremendous break—Jupiter 1.23, Saturn .68, Uranus .99, Neptune .96. Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune have not even the density of water. So that in dealing with the planets of our system and separating them into an inner and outer group, we find that the inner is to the outer roughly as 5 is to 1.

In the revolutions, rotations, and densities of the planets, therefore, there are strong bonds of law. When, however, we come to consider the inclination of the axes of the various planets on which their seasons depend, it is the irregularity which is striking. Here is a table of the inclination of the plane of the equator of each planet to the plane of the orbit which it describes round the sun:—

Mercury	?
Venus	90°
Earth	23½°
Mars	29°
Jupiter	3°
Saturn	27°
Uranus	48°
Neptune	29½°

Jupiter therefore is without seasons, and, *cæteris paribus*, Mars and Saturn should have seasons much resembling our own.

As the planets are cool bodies, it is clear that it is as yet impossible to learn anything about their chemical constitution by means of the spectrum upon the planets themselves; but the fact that the Earth is one of the interior group of planets leads us to assume that probably the chemical constitution of the Earth is similar to that of the other planets which form the interior group—Mercury, Venus, and Mars. But although we are thus brought to bay so far as the surfaces of the planets are concerned, still the question arises, *Can we not learn anything about the composition of their atmospheres?* Let me remind you that we are dealing with that class of bodies which shine by reflected light. It is clear therefore that when we examine by the spectroscope the light of the sun reflected by these bodies, we shall have the solar spectrum, *plus* the spectrum due to the absorption of any special planet. Now, as a matter of fact, the solar spectrum, as observed from the Earth, is tainted by, or mixed up with, the absorption of our own atmosphere. But fortunately we can get rid of the absorptive effect of our atmosphere by varying the observations so that at one time we shall have a great thickness of atmosphere, as when we observe the sun in the morning or evening, and at other times a small thickness, as when we observe at midday; and at those times we shall have the spectrum changed, owing to this change of condition. In that way men of science have been able to separate the absorption taking place at the sun from the absorption due to the Earth's atmosphere.

The interior planets tell us that there is absolutely no special absorption in their atmospheres. So far as they have atmospheres at all, they are undoubtedly similar to our own; therefore the Earth's place in Nature is with the interior groups of planets. But when we pass outwards from the interior group to the uttermost confines of the exterior one, when we leave Mars to go to Neptune, Saturn, and Uranus, we find that from Jupiter, outwards, there is a something in-

terpolated into the atmosphere, so that the outermost planet has the atmosphere which differs most from our own. Uranus and Neptune have very extraordinary atmospheres of their own, which are indicated by a very definite spectrum. Traces of the substance which gives us this extraordinary absorption in the outermost planets are also to be found in the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn; so that we are driven to the conclusion that the atmosphere of the exterior planets is different from the atmosphere of the Earth by the addition of a new absorbing substance to the aqueous vapor which is the only *effective* absorber in our own atmosphere.

Low density, great size, and an atmosphere unlike our own, are conditions, then, which are associated with the exterior planets.

If we look upon the planets from still another point of view, if we consider the extent to which some of them are flattened at the poles, we find the same grouping as we did before. The interior planets are flattened very little at the poles, as compared with the flattening of the exterior bodies. The probable cause of this flattening has been very beautifully experimented upon by Professor Plateau. When it is a question of investigating the flattening of a planet experimentally, the first thing one has to do is to take away any influence that gravity might have on the body experimented upon; and Professor Plateau very ingeniously did this by making the rotating body a mass of oil in a mixture of spirit and water of precisely the same specific gravity; so that the mass of oil in the centre was neither inclined to rise nor fall, if the mixture had been properly made. The oil rests on a disc connected with a spindle, which we can cause to revolve somewhat rapidly. The revolution of the spindle is communicated to the oil by means of the disc, and what we find is this (supposing the experiment to be perfect). With a certain amount of rotation, the spherical form of the oil first changes into a spheroidal one; as the rotation is increased we get a flattening—as the mass of oil is compressed in one direction it is extended in the other—and we get the equivalent of what we have in the Earth, which we describe by saying that the

equatorial diameter is so much greater than the polar one. When we repeat this beautiful experiment under the best conditions, we find that after a certain point the oil is not content with expanding in one plane, it is not a question of shortening one diameter and increasing another; but under one set of conditions the oil can be made to form a complete ring, absolutely perfect and disconnected from the central disc; and when the rotation of the central disc is slackened, the oil then comes back again and re-forms, so to speak, a miniature planet. That is one case. Another case can be studied by commencing the rotation with somewhat greater rapidity; and what happens then is that, instead of getting the formation of a ring, the mass of oil is broken up and thrown off in tangents, forming a kind of spiral.

We have already seen that the interior group of planets has a day almost entirely the same as ours—a period of rotation of about twenty-four hours. The period of rotation of the exterior planets has not been determined in the case of the two outermost ones, Neptune and Uranus; but we do know that in the case of Jupiter and Saturn the rotation is accomplished in less than half the time taken by the members of the interior group.

What, then, are the facts with regard to these planets and their flattening?

We will begin with the planet which is most similar to our own, the planet Mars. Its compression is small, in fact I may say that it is not to be appreciated at all. The Earth's place then, in Nature, as regards polar compression, is evidently very similar to that of Mars. When, however, we go from Mars, which is the only member of the interior group, excepting the Earth, about which we can say anything with decision, we see that all the phenomena are considerably changed. We not only pass from a density of six to a density of one, from a day of twenty-four hours to a day of something like ten hours in the case of Jupiter—here the polar diameter is much shorter than the equatorial one. Going still outwards, from Jupiter to Saturn, we go from a compression of considerable magnitude to a planet in which the compression is somewhat less. But you will see

that although the polar compression is less, we have what I described when I was referring to Plateau's experiment. We have in Saturn exactly the condition which was observed by Plateau in his experiments with the oil and mixture of spirit and water. The all-absorbing feature in the case of Saturn is the wonderful ring, about which observations, fortunately for science, are being very rapidly accumulated, showing that considerable changes are going on in it.

We now know that we are in presence of a ring, or rather an infinite series of rings, of, let us say, meteorites, small satellites of Saturn, out of which at some future time larger satellites will be compounded. This is one of the most beautiful results of modern thought and work.

Laplace, who first considered the question of the mechanics of the rings, which were in his time considered to be solid, was content to leave them solid, provided the rings were very numerous and that the centre of gravity of each was not coincident with the centre of gravity of the ball. But modern mathematicians, among whom must be specially mentioned Peirce and Clerk Maxwell, have shown that the rings cannot be solid and cannot be liquid; in short, such a structure as that referred to above is the one now required by mathematical theory, and such a structure, moreover, is the only one which fits the facts. The brightness of different portions, the variations in brightness and breadth of each bright or dark part, the gradual widening of the whole system—twenty-nine miles a year according to one estimate—and many other facts are thus easily explained. Some recent observations made by the Washington 26-inch equatorial not only establish important changes which have recently been going on, but afford further evidence of the meteoric structure of the strange appendages; e.g. the dusky inner ring is said to be not now perfectly transparent as it once was; the planet can only be imperfectly seen through it, while the matter composing it is agglomerated here and there into small masses, which prevent the planet being seen at all.—*Good Words.*

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE SENSES.

BY HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D.

By hallucination is meant, in scientific phraseology, such a false perception of one or other of the senses as a person has when he sees, hears, or otherwise perceives as real what has no outward existence—that is to say, has no existence outside his own mind, is entirely subjective. The subject is one which has special medical interest; but it will be seen to have also a large general interest, when it is remembered how momentous a part hallucinations have played sometimes at critical periods of human history. Take, for example, the mighty work which was done in the deliverance of France from English domination by a peasant girl of eighteen—Joan of Arc, the famous Maid of Orleans, who was inspired to her mission by the vision which she saw, and the commands which she heard, of St. Michael and other holy persons. Now, as there are few persons nowadays who believe that St. Michael really appeared to this enraptured maiden, and as few, if any, will doubt that she herself sincerely believed that he did, one must needs suppose that her visions were hallucinations generated by the enthusiasm of a mind which was in a singularly exalted strain of religious and patriotic feeling.

The special medical interest of the subject lies in this—that there are a great many persons in the world who, suffering under some form or other of nervous disorder, habitually see figures or faces, hear threatening or insulting voices, even feel blows and taste poisons, which have no existence outside their own minds; and neither argument nor demonstration of the impossibility of what they allege they perceive, will shake their convictions in the least. "You assure me," they will say, "that I am mistaken; that there are no such persons as I see, no such voices as I hear; but I protest to you that I see and hear them as distinctly as I see and hear you at this moment, and that they are just as real to me." What are we to reply? I have replied sometimes, "that as you are alone on one side in your opinion, and all the world is on the other side, I must needs

think, either that you are an extraordinary genius, far in advance of the rest of the world, or that you are a madman a long way behind it; and as I don't think you to be a genius I am bound to conclude that your senses are disordered." But the argument does not produce the least effect.

Let me give an example or two of the character of these hallucinations, and of their persistence in minds that might be thought sane enough to correct them. The first shall be that of an old gentleman who was much distressed because of an extremely offensive smell which he imagined to proceed from all parts of his body: there was not the least ground, in fact, for this imagination. He was scrupulously clean in person, extremely courteous in manner, thoroughly rational in his conversation on every other subject, a shrewd and clever man of business; no one, talking with him, would, for a moment, have suspected him of entertaining such extraordinary fancies. Nevertheless, his life was made miserable by them; he would not go into society, but took solitary rambles in the country, where he might meet as few persons as possible; in his own house he slept for the first part of the night on the ground-floor, mounting up higher at a later period of the night; and this he did to prevent the bad odors from becoming too concentrated in one room. He believed that the people in the next house were irritated and offended by the emanations, for he often heard them moving about and coughing; and when he passed a cab stand in the street, he noticed that even the horses became restless and fidgeted. He used to hang his clothes out of the window at night that they might get pure, until his housekeeper put a stop to the practice by telling him that the exhibition of them would excite the notice and comment of his neighbors. All the while he was conducting his business with propriety and success; his own partners had no suspicion of his condition. Knowing this, I asked him how it was that no one of the many persons whom he met daily

in business had ever complained of any bad smell, and the answer he made was that they were all too polite to do so, but he could see that they were affected nevertheless, as they sometimes put their handkerchiefs to their noses—no doubt for a quite innocent purpose.

Another gentleman was the victim of a very common hallucination ; he was much afflicted by voices, which were continually speaking to him at all times and all places—in the quietude of his room and in the crowded streets, by night and by day. He had come to the conclusion that they must be the voices of evil spirits in the air which tormented him. They knew his thoughts and replied to them before he had himself conceived them ; the remarks which they made were always annoying, often threatening and abusive, and sometimes most offensive and distressing ; and they disturbed him so much at night that he got very little sleep. He had been driven to the expedient of buying a musical-box, which he placed under his pillow when he went to bed. The noise of the music drowned the noise of the tormenting voices and enabled him to get to sleep ; but, as he said, the measure was not entirely satisfactory, because when the box had played out its tunes, it stopped, and he was obliged to wind it up again. It was impossible to persuade this gentleman, sensible as he seemed in other respects, that the voices had no real existence, and that they were due to the disordered state of his nervous system. After listening attentively to my arguments he went away sorrowful, feeling that I had no help for him. I may remark, by the way, that auditory hallucinations of this kind are apt to occur in prisoners who are subjected to long periods of solitary confinement in their cells : they have no mental resources to fall back upon, and their brooding thoughts, not being distracted by the conversation of others, nor having their usual outlet in their own conversation, become audible by them as actual voices. I might relate many more examples, but these will suffice. Each sense may of course be affected, and sight stands next to hearing in its liability to suffer. In delirium tremens, hallucinations of sight are characteristic features : the patient commonly sees reptiles and vermin in

his room, serpents crawling over the floor, rats and mice running over his bed, and pushes them away in a state of restless agitation. In some forms of insanity, the sufferer mistakes persons, believing entire strangers to be near friends or relations ; or, again, he may see a person whom he imagines to be his persecutor, escape from the house, when there was really no such person, and buy a revolver, to be ready for him when next he comes prowling about ; and in one form of the deepest melancholy, which is known as *melancholia attonita*, he has sometimes terrible hallucinations—sees, probably, a deep abyss of roaring flames or a vast sea of blood immediately in front of him, and will not make the least movement, lest he should be precipitated headlong into it. There can be no doubt of the mental disorder of persons who suffer in this way ; but it must not be supposed that hallucinations of sight do not occur to persons who are free from mental disorder. I cannot help thinking that they furnish the explanation of the firm belief in ghosts and apparitions which has prevailed among all nations and in all times. A belief so universal must have some deep foundation in the facts of nature or in the constitution of man. One may freely admit that persons have seen apparitions and have heard voices which they thought to be supernatural ; but inasmuch as seeing is one thing, and the interpretation thereof quite another thing, it may be right to conclude that they were nothing more than hallucinations, and that the reason why no ghosts are seen now, when people pass through churchyards on dark nights, as our forefathers saw them, is that ghosts are not believed in nowadays, while we have gained a knowledge of the nature of hallucinations, and of the frequency of their occurrence, which our forefathers had not.

One does not fail to notice, when proper attention is given to the subject, a fact which is full of meaning, viz. that the apparitions which have been seen at different ages were in harmony with the dominant ideas or beliefs of the age. It is not probable that any one could be found at the present day to affirm that he had seen an old woman riding through the air on a broomstick, as a witch's mate-

ing, because the belief in witchcraft is happily well-nigh extinct; but two or three hundred years ago, when it would have been thought something like blasphemy to doubt the being and doings of witches, persons of character and veracity might have been found to avouch it solemnly. In like manner, apparitions of Satan were not very uncommon in the middle ages to persons who, like Luther, were in earnest spiritual conflict with him; but there is no instance on record, so far as I know, of such an apparition having ever been seen by an ancient Greek or Roman. The Satan of the middle ages who gave Luther so much trouble had not then been invented. Spirits, ghosts, then, and all apparitions of the same kind, I was prepared to have pronounced unhesitatingly to have been hallucinations, which would be found on examination to reflect pretty fairly the prevailing ideas of the time concerning the supernatural; but it occurred to me that it might be prudent, before doing that, to consult the article on apparitions in the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, lest perchance I should be outrunning current authority; and I have there discovered, to my no small surprise, that it is still an open question whether invisible inhabitants of the unknown world did not take human or other shapes and become visible to men. The writer of the article plainly inclines to the opinion that they do, and that there is more in the matter than science has yet dreamt of. So also think the spiritualists.

I now go on to consider the mode of production of hallucinations. At the first blush there might seem to be a great gap between such false perceptions of the senses as I have given examples of, and the faithfully serving senses of a person who is in good health of mind and body. But here, as elsewhere, in nature we find, when we look closely into the matter, that there is no break; we may be pretty sure, perhaps, that when we say of any phenomenon, however strange, that it is singular and quite unlike anything else in the world, we are mistaken, and that we shall not fail to discover other things like it if we search intelligently. Certainly we can trace gradational states between the most extreme hallucinations and such temporary

disorders of the senses as healthy persons often have. Let any one stoop down with his head hanging low for a minute, and when he raises it he will have, besides a feeling of giddiness, a sound of singing or of ringing in his ears, and may see a flash or two of light before his eyes; and there are some persons who, under such circumstances, see actual figures for the moment. These sensations are hallucinations; there is no light, nor sound, nor figure outside to cause them; they are owing to the stimulation of their respective nerve-centres by a congestion of blood in the brain, which has been produced by the hanging down of the head. Here, then, we have hallucinations that are consistent with the best health; they are due to temporary causes of disturbance of the circulation, and disappear as they disappear. Going a step further, we may watch at the beginning of a fever how gradually the hallucinations take hold of the mind, until their true nature is not recognised. At first the fever-patient is quite aware of his actual surroundings, knowing the persons and objects about him, and when strange faces seem to appear among the familiar faces, as they do, he knows that they are not real, and will talk of them as visions; perhaps they occur at first only when his eyes are shut, or when the room is dark, and vanish directly he opens his eyes or the room is lit up. After awhile they come more often, and whether his eyes are shut or not; he becomes uncertain whether they are real or not, assenting when he is told that they are phantoms, but falling back immediately into doubt and uncertainty. At last they get entire mastery of him, he cannot distinguish in the least between them and real figures, discourses with them as if they were real—is wildly delirious.

If the nature of the process by which we perceive and know an external object, be considered, it will be seen that it is much easier to have a false perception than might appear at first sight. When we look at any familiar object—say a cat or a dog—we seem to see at once its shape, its size, its smoothness of coat, and the other qualities by which we know it to be a cat or a dog, but we don't actually see anything of the kind. The proof is that if a person blind from

his birth, who knew the cat and dog perfectly well by touch, were to obtain sight by means of a surgical operation when he was thirty years old, he would not know by sight alone either cat or dog, or be able to tell which was which. But if he were permitted to touch the animals he would recognise them instantly, and ever afterwards the impression which they produce on sight would be associated with the impression which they produce on touch, and he would know them when he saw them. That is the way in which the perception of a particular object is formed—by the association of all the sensations which it is adapted to excite in our different senses, their combination in what we call an idea. For example, in the idea of an orange are combined the sensations which we get by tasting it, by touching it, by smelling it, by looking at it, by handling it, each sensation having been acquired by its particular sense in the course of an education which has been going on ever since we were born: when we have got them in that way, they combine to form the *idea* of the orange; and it is by virtue of this idea, which has been formed and registered in the mind, that we are able to think of an orange, that is, to form a mental image of it, when it is not present to any sense, and to recognise it instantly when it is. It is plain, then, how large a part, by virtue of its past experience, the mind contributes to each perception: when we look at an orange it tacitly supplies to the impression which it makes on sight all the information about it which we have got at different times by our other senses, and which sight does not in the least give us; the visual impression is no more in truth than a sign to which experience has taught us to give its proper meaning, just as the written or spoken word in any language is a sign which is meaningless until we have been taught what to mean by it. So true it is that the eye only sees what it brings the faculty of seeing, and that many persons have eyes, yet see not.

This being so, it is clear that the idea in the mind will very much affect the perception, and that if any one goes to look at something, or to taste something, or to feel something, with a strongly preconceived idea of what it is, he will be

likely, if it is not what he thinks it, to have a mistaken perception—to see, or feel, or touch what he thinks it is, not what it really is. This is, indeed, one of the most common causes of erroneous observation, and one which the scientific observer knows well he must always vigilantly guard against. If a man has a foregone conclusion of what he will see, it is not safe to trust his observation implicitly, either in science or in common life. We witness the most striking examples of this dominion of the idea over sense in persons who have been put into the so-called mesmeric state. The operator gives them simple water to taste, telling them at the same time that it is some nauseating and bitter mixture, and they spit it out with grimaces of disgust when they attempt to drink it; when he tells them that what he offers them is sweet and pleasant, though it is as bitter as wormwood, they smack their lips as if they had tasted something remarkably good; if assured that a swarm of bees is buzzing about them, they are in the greatest trepidation, and go through violent antics to beat them off. Their senses are dominated by the idea suggested, and they are very much in the position of an insane person who believes that he tastes poison in his food when he imagines that some one wishes to poison him, or sees an enemy lurking about his premises when he believes himself to be the victim of persecution.

Here, then, we are brought to one efficient cause of hallucinations,—namely, a vividly conceived idea which is so intense that it appears to be an actual perception, a mental image so vivid that it becomes a visual image. Everybody knows that the idea or imagination of a sensation will sometimes cause a person to feel the sensation; the mention or the sight of certain little insects which inhabit the body of uncleanly persons, seldom fails to make the skin itch uncomfortably. John Hunter said of himself: "I am confident that I can fix my attention to any part, until I have a sensation in that part." Sir Isaac Newton could call up a spectrum of the sun when he was in the dark, by intense direction of his mind to the idea of it, "as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen." Dickens used to allege that he sometimes

heard the characters of his novels actually speak to him ; and a great French novelist declared that when he wrote the description of the poisoning of one of his characters, he had the taste of arsenic so distinctly in his mouth that he was himself poisoned, had a severe attack of indigestion, and vomited all his dinner—a most pregnant proof of the power of imagination over sense, because arsenic has scarcely an appreciable taste beyond being sweetish ! Artists sometimes have, in an intense form, the faculty of such vivid mental representation as to become mental presentation. It was very notable in that extraordinary genius, William Blake, poet and painter, who used constantly to see his conceptions as actual images or visions. "You have only," he said, "to work up imagination to the state of vision, and the thing is done." The power is, without doubt, consistent with perfect sanity of mind, although it may be doubtful whether a person who thought it right for himself and his wife to imitate the naked innocence of Paradise in the back garden of a Lambeth house, as Blake did, was quite sane ; but too frequent exercise of the power is full of peril to the mind's stability. A person may call up images in this way, and they will come, but he may not be able to dismiss them, and they may haunt him when he would gladly be rid of them. He is like the sorcerer who has called spirits from the vasty deep, and has forgotten the spell by which to lay them again. Dr. Wigan tells of a skilful painter whom he knew, who assured him that he had once painted three hundred portraits in one year. The secret of his rapidity and success was that he required but one sitting and painted with wonderful facility. "When a sitter came," he said, "I looked at him attentively for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I wanted no more ; I put away my canvas, and took another sitter. When I wished to resume my first portrait, I took the man and set him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person—I may almost say more vividly. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure, then worked with my pencil, then referred to the countenance, and so on, just as

I should have done had the sitter been there. When I looked at the chair, I saw the man. . . . Gradually I began to lose the distinction between the imaginary figure and the real person, and sometimes disputed with sitters that they had been with me the day before. At last I was sure of it, and then—and then—all is confusion. I suppose they took the alarm. I recollect nothing more. I lost my senses—was thirty years in an asylum. The whole period, except the last six months of my confinement, is a dead blank in my memory."

Or, if the person does not go out of his mind, he may be so distressed by the persistence of the apparition which he has created as to fall into melancholy and despair, and even to commit suicide.

"I knew," says the same author, "a very intelligent and amiable man, who had the power of thus placing before his own eyes *himself*, and often laughed heartily at his double, who always seemed to laugh in turn. This was long a subject of amusement and joke ; but the ultimate result was lamentable. He became gradually convinced that he was haunted by himself. This other self would argue with him pertinaciously, and, to his great mortification, sometimes refute him, which, as he was very proud of his logical powers, humiliated him exceedingly. He was eccentric, but was never placed in confinement, or subjected to the slightest restraint. At length, worn out by the annoyance, he deliberately resolved not to enter on another year of existence—paid all his debts, wrapped up in separate papers the amount of the weekly demands, waited, pistol in hand, the night of the 31st December, and as the clock struck twelve fired it into his mouth."

Were illustrations needed of the production of hallucination by the intensity of the conception, I might take them from Shakspeare, who has given many instances of these "coinages of the brain" which, he says truly, ecstasy is very cunning in. Hamlet, perturbed by the apparition of his father's ghost, whose commands he was neglecting, bends his eyes on vacancy and holds discourse with the incorporeal air. A dagger, sensible to sight but not to feeling, points Macbeth the way to the bed

where lay Duncan whom he was about treacherously to stab ; he attempts to clutch it, exclaiming justly when he grasps nothing—

"There's no such thing :
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes."

In the well-known passage in which he compares the imaginations of the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Shakspeare sets forth the very manner of the production of hallucinations, and illustrates the gradations of the process :—

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven ;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

Or I might adduce the case of the great Protestant Reformer, Luther, who is said—I know not how truly—to have thrown his inkstand at the devil on one occasion ; at any rate the mark of the ink is still shown on the wall of the chamber which Luther occupied. True or not, there is nothing improbable in the story ; for Luther, though endowed with great sagacity and extraordinary intellectual energy, entertained the common notions of the personality and the doings of the devil which were current among the people of his age. He pictured him very much as a Saxon peasant pictured him. It was the devil, he believed, who caused a great storm, and he declared that idiots, the blind, the lame, and the dumb were persons in whom devils had established themselves, and that physicians who tried to cure their infirmities as though they proceeded from natural causes were ignorant blockheads who knew nothing of the power of the demon. He speaks of the devil coming into his cell and making a great noise behind the stove, and of his hearing him walking in the cloister above his cell in the night ; "but as I knew it was the devil," he says, "I paid no attention to him, and went to sleep."

This, then, is one way in which hal-

lucination is produced—by the downward action of idea upon sense. My illustrations of this mode of production have been taken from sane minds, but the hallucinations of the insane are oftentimes generated in the same way. A person of shy, suspicious, and reserved nature, who imagines that people are thinking or speaking ill of him or going out of their way to do him harm, nurses his habit of moody suspicion until it grows to be a delusion that he is the victim of a conspiracy ; he then sees evidence of it in the innocent gestures and words of friends with whom he holds intercourse, of servants who wait upon him, and of persons who pass him in the streets ; these he misinterprets entirely, seeing in them secret signs, mysterious threats, criminal accusations. It may be pointed out to him that the words and gestures were perfectly natural and innocent, and that no one but himself can perceive the least offence in them ; his belief is not touched by the demonstration, for his senses are enslaved by the dominant idea and work only in its service. Sometimes an insane patient who tastes poison in his food and refuses it when it is given to him by one attendant whom he suspects of poisoning him, will take the same food from another attendant, of whom he has no suspicion, without tasting any poison : a proof how much the morbid idea perverts his taste. There is a form of insanity, known as general paralysis, which is marked by an extraordinary feeling of elation and by the most extravagant delusions of wealth or grandeur, and the patient who labors under it often picks up pebbles, pieces of broken glass, and the like, which he hoards as priceless jewels : there is another form of insanity known as melancholia, which is marked by an opposite feeling of profound mental depression and corresponding gloomy delusions, and the patient who labors under its worst form sometimes sees devils in those who minister to him, hears jeers in their consoling words, and imagines torments in their anxious attentions. In each case the hallucinations reflect the dominant morbid feelings and ideas.

A second way in which hallucinations appear to originate is directly in the organ of sense or in its sensory ganglion, which for present purposes I may con-

sider as one. Stimulation of the organ or of its ganglion will undoubtedly give rise to hallucination : a blow on the eye makes a person see sparks of fire or flashes of light, a blow on the ear makes his ears ring ; in fact, any organ of sense, when irritated either by a direct stimulus to its nerve-centre, or by a perverted state of the blood which circulates through it, will have the same sensation aroused in it, no matter what the stimulus, as is produced by its natural stimulus. We can irritate the sensory ganglion directly by introducing certain poisonous substances into the blood, and so occasion hallucinations : for example, when a person is poisoned with belladonna (deadly nightshade) he smiles and stares and grasps at imaginary objects which he sees before him, and is delirious. Other drugs will produce similar effects. A French physiologist has made a great many experiments in poisoning dogs with alcohol by injecting it into their veins, and he has found that he can arouse in them very vivid hallucinations : the dog will start up perhaps with savage glare, stare at the blank wall, bark furiously, and seem to rush into a furious fight with an imaginary dog ; after a time it ceases to fight, looks in the direction of its imaginary adversary, growling once or twice, and settles down quietly.

The hallucinations which occur in fevers and in some other bodily diseases evidently proceed directly from disorder of the sensory centres, and not from the action of morbid idea upon sense ; for we have seen that before they are fixed the intellect struggles against them successfully and holds them in check. A well-known and instructive instance of hallucinations, due to bodily causes, and which did not affect the judgment, is that of Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin, who, being a person of great intelligence, observed his state carefully and has given an interesting account of it. He had been exposed to a succession of severe trials which had greatly affected him, when, after an incident which particularly agitated and distressed him, he suddenly saw at the distance of ten paces a figure—the standing figure of a deceased person. He asked his wife if she could not see it, but she, as she saw nothing, was alarmed and sent for a

physician. When he went into another room it followed him. After troubling him for a day it disappeared, but was followed by several other distinct figures ; some of them the figures of persons he knew, but most of them of persons he did not know. "After I had recovered," he says, "from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were—the extraordinary consequences of indisposition ; on the contrary, I endeavored as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me." He could trace no connection between the figures and his thoughts, nor could he call up at his own pleasure the phantoms of acquaintances which he tried to call up by vivid imagination of them ; however accurately and intensely he pictured their figures to his mind, he never once succeeded in his desire to see them *externally*, although the figures of these very persons would often present themselves involuntarily. He saw the figures when alone and in company, in the daytime and in the night ; when he shut his eyes they sometimes disappeared, sometimes not ; they were as distinct as if they were real beings, but he had no trouble in distinguishing them from real figures. After four weeks they began to speak, sometimes to one another, but most often to him ; their speeches were short and not disagreeable. Being recommended to lose some blood, he consented. During the operation the room swarmed with human figures, but a few hours afterwards they moved more slowly, became gradually paler, and finally vanished. This example proves very clearly that a person may be haunted with apparitions, and yet observe them and reason about their nature as sanely as any indifferent outsider could do. It illustrates very well, too, the second mode of origin ; for it is reasonable to suppose that they were produced by congestion of blood in the brain acting upon the sensory centres, and that they were dissipated by the removal of the congestion by blood-letting. This is the more probable, as cases have been recorded in which the suppression of a habitual discharge of

blood from the body has been followed by hallucinations, and others again in which hallucinations have been cured by the abstraction of blood.

Exhaustion of the nerve-centres themselves by excessive fatigue, mental and bodily, or by starvation, or by disease, will cause a person to see visions sometimes. I may call to mind the well-known case of Brutus, who, as he sat alone at night in his tent before the decisive battle of Philippi, wrapt in meditation, saw on raising his eyes a monstrous and horrible spectre standing silently by his side. "Who art thou?" he asked. The spectre answered, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus. Thou wilt see me at Philippi." He replied, "I will meet thee there." The religious ascetic who withdrew himself from the society of men to some solitary place in the desert or to some cave in the hills, there passing his lonely life in prayer and meditation, and mortifying his body with long fastings and frequent scourgings, brought himself to such a state of irritable exhaustion that he commonly saw, according to his mood of feeling, either visions of angels and saints who consoled him in his sufferings, or visions of devils who tempted and tormented him.* The shipwrecked sailor, when delirious from the exhaustion produced by want of food and drink, sometimes has attractive visions of green fields and pleasant streams, and cannot be prevented from throwing himself overboard in the mad desire to reach them. The dying person, in the last stage of exhaustion from

a wasting disease, has had his deathbed visions of joy or of horror: the good man, whose mind was at rest, has been comforted by visions of heaven; the wicked man, whose troubled conscience would not let him die in peace, has been terrified with spectres of horror—the murderer perhaps by the accusing apparition of his victim. These were thought at one time to be supernatural visitations; they are known now to be for the most part hallucinations, such as occur in the last stage of flickering life, when, to use Shakspeare's words,

"His brain doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality."*

I cannot of course enumerate all the bodily conditions in which hallucinations appear, but there is one more which I shall mention particularly, because it has been the foundation of a prophetic or apostolic mission. It is not at all uncommon for a vivid hallucination of one or other of the senses, of hearing, of sight, of smell, of touch, of muscular sensibility, to precede immediately the unconsciousness of an epileptic fit. It may be a command or threat uttered in a distinct voice, or the figure of a person clearly seen, or a feeling of sinking into the ground or of rising into the air; and a common visual hallucination on such occasions is a flash, a halo, or a flood of bright or colored light, which makes a strong impression

* In the Second Part of *Henry VI.*, Shakspeare gives an instance of a fearful deathbed hallucination, when Cardinal Beaufort is at the point of death:—

"*King.* How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Cardinal. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

Warwick. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto the trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands up-
right,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him."

* This is a Mohammedan receipt for summoning spirits:—

"Fast seven days in a lonely place, and take incense with you, such as benzoin, aloes-wood, mastic, and odoriferous wood from Soudan, and read the chapter 1001 times (from the Koran) in the seven days—a certain number of readings, namely, for every one of the five daily prayers. That is the secret, and you will see indescribable wonders; drums will be beaten beside you, and flags hoisted over your head, and you will see spirits full of light and of beautiful and benign aspect."—*Upper Egypt; its People and Products*, by Dr. Klunzinger, p. 386.

An acquaintance of his, who had undergone the course of self-mortification, said that he really saw all kinds of horrible forms in his magic circle, but he saw them also when his eyes were shut. At last he got quite terrified and left the place.

before the person falls unconscious. When he comes to himself, he remembers it vividly, and believes perhaps that it was a vision of an angel of light or of the Holy Ghost. There can be no doubt that angelic apparitions and heavenly visions have sometimes had this origin. Proceeding from the sensory centre, not from the higher centres of thought, they are calculated to produce the stronger impression of their miraculous nature; for if the person knows that he was not thinking of anything of the kind when the vision occurred, he will naturally be the more startled and affected by it. I might give many striking examples in proof of what I say, but I will content myself with an ordinary and comparatively recent one. Two or three years ago a laborer in the Chat-ham dockyard, who was epileptic and had once been in an asylum for insanity, suddenly split the skull of a fellow-laborer near him with an adze. There was no apparent motive for the deed, for the men were not on bad terms. He was of course tried for murder, but was acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity, in accordance with the medical evidence, but directly in the teeth of a strong charge of the judge, and much to the disappointment of certain newspapers whose editorial feelings are sadly harrowed* whenever an insane person escapes from the gallows. He is now in the criminal asylum at Broadmoor, and he has told the medical officers there—what was not known at the trial—that some years before the murder he had received the Holy Ghost; that it came to him like a flash of light; and that his own eyes had been taken out and other eyes, like balls of fire, substituted for them. A characteristic epileptic hallucination! Let us suppose that this man had undertaken some prophetic mission, as epileptics have done, and had put into it all the energy of his epileptic temperament, he would have declared with perfect sincerity, so far as he was concerned, that the Holy Ghost appeared to him in a vision as an exceeding bright light, and, behold! his own eyes were taken out and balls of fire were in their places.

Some persons maintain that the earliest visions of Mahomet, who, like Cæsar, was epileptic, were of this kind,

and that his change of character and the assumption of his prophetic mission followed an epileptic vision. Tradition tells us that he was walking in solitude in the lonely defiles and valleys near Mecca, when every stone and tree greeted him with the words, "Hail to thee, O messenger of God!" He looked round to the right and to the left, but discovered nothing but stones and trees. Soon after this, the angel Gabriel appeared to him in a vision on the mountain Hira, and announced to him the message of God. The origin of the hallucination seems to have been in this wise. While walking in the valley meditating in solitude on the degrading idolatry of the people, and girding himself to the resolution to undertake a great work of reform which might well seem beyond his strength and make him pause, the intense thoughts of his mental agony were suddenly heard by him as a real voice, where there was no voice; and the vision which he saw when he next fell into an epileptic trance was deemed to be the apparition of the angel Gabriel.

If this be so, and much more if all the apparitions and visions which mankind have seen at different times were really hallucinations, it is startling to reflect what a mighty influence illusions have had on the course of human history. One is almost driven to ask in despair whether all in the world is not illusion, whether "all that we see and seem is not a dream within a dream." But there are countervailing considerations which may abate alarm. If a great work in the world has been done in consequence of a vision which was not, as it was believed to be, a supernatural revelation, but a hallucination produced in accordance with natural laws, the work done, were it good or bad, was none the less real. And inasmuch as the hallucination, whatever its character, is in accordance with the habit of thought and feeling of the person to whom it occurs, and is interpreted, if it be not actually generated, by his manner of thinking, we may put it out of sight as a thing of secondary importance, as an incidental expression, so to speak, of the earnest belief, and fix our minds on this belief as the primary and real agent in the production of the effect. Had Mahomet never seen the angel Gabriel, it is

probable that the great mission which he accomplished—the overthrow of idolatry and polytheism and the welding of scattered tribes into a powerful nation—would have been accomplished either by him or by some other prophet, who would have risen up to do what the world had at heart at that time. Had any one else who had not Mahomet's great powers of mind, and who had not prepared himself, as he had done, by many silent hours of meditation and prayer, to take up the reformer's cross, seen the angel Gabriel or any number of angels, he would not have done the mighty work. Who can doubt that the mission of Mahomet was the message of God to the people at that time, as who can doubt that the thunder of the Russian cannon has been the awful message of God to the Mahometan Turks of this time?

So much then for the nature of hallucinations and their principal modes of origin. Although they sometimes originate primarily in the sensory centres, and sometimes primarily in the higher centres of thought, it is very probable that, in many instances, they have a mixed origin. It can hardly be otherwise, seeing how intimate is the structural and functional connection between the nerve-centres of thought and sense, and how likely so closely connected nerve-centres are to sympathise in suffering when the one or the other is disordered.

No one pretends that a person who, laboring under hallucinations, knows their true nature, as Nicolai did, is insane; but it is often said that he has passed the limits of sanity and must be accounted insane when he does not recognise their real nature, and believes in them and acts upon them. But the examples which I have given prove this to be too absolute a statement. I should be very loath to say that either Mahomet or Luther was mad. When the hallucination is the consistent expression of an earnest and coherent belief, which is not itself the product of insanity, it is no proof of insanity, although it may indicate a somewhat unstable state of the brain, and warn a prudent man to temper the ardor of his belief. When, however, a person has hallucinations that are utterly inconsistent with the observation and common sense of the rest

of mankind, when he cannot correct the mistakes of one sense by the evidence of another, although every opportunity is afforded him to do so, when he believes in them in spite of confuting evidence, and when he suffers them to govern his conduct, then he must certainly be accounted insane: he is so much out of harmony of thought and feeling with his kind that we cannot divine his motives or reckon upon his conduct, and are compelled to put him under restraint. Persons of this class are apt to be troublesome and even dangerous; believing that they are pursued by a conspiracy, hearing the threatening voices of their persecutors wherever they go, seeing proofs everywhere of their evil machinations, smelling poisonous fumes, feeling the torture inflicted by concealed galvanic wires, they endeavor to protect themselves by all sorts of devices—appeal to the magistrates and the police for assistance, become public nuisances in courts of justice, are, perhaps, driven at last, either from despair of getting redress, or by the fury of the moment, to attack some one whom they believe to be an agent in the persecution which they are undergoing. Some of them hear voices commanding them peremptorily to do some act or other—it may be to kill themselves or others—and they are not unlikely in the end to obey the mysterious commands which they receive.

Having said so much concerning the causation and character of hallucinations, I ought, perhaps, before concluding, to say something about the means of getting rid of them. Unfortunately, it is very little that I can say, for, when once they have taken firm hold of a person, they are seldom got rid of. When they occur during an acute case of insanity, where there is much mental excitement, they certainly often disappear as the excitement passes off, or soon afterwards, just as they disappear when the delirium of fever subsides; but when they have become chronic they hold their ground in defiance of every kind of assault upon them. Over and over again the experiment has been tried of proving to the hallucinated patient in every possible way, and by every imaginable device, that his perceptions are false, but in vain:—

"You may as well
 Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
 As or by oath or counsel shake
 The fabric of his folly, whose foundation is
 Piled upon his faith, and will continue
 The standing of his body."

There is more to be done to prevent hallucinations, I think, than to cure them; that is to say, by prudent care of the body and wise culture of the mind. Looking to their mode of origin, it is obviously of the first importance, trite maxim as it may seem, to keep the body in good health; for not only will bodily disorder directly occasion hallucinations by disturbance of the sensory centres, but by its depressing influence on the entire nervous system it hinders sound, and predisposes to unsound, thought and feeling. Every one knows how hard a matter it is to perceive accurately, to feel calmly, and to think clearly, when the liver is out of order; there is then a good foundation for hallucination. It has so long been the habit to exalt the mind as the noble, spiritual, and immortal part of man, at the expense of the body, as the vile, material, and mortal part, that, while it is not thought at all strange that every possible care and attention should be given to mental cultivation, a person who should give the same sort of careful attention to his body would be thought somewhat meanly of. And yet I am sure that a wise man, who would ease best the burden of life, cannot do better than watchfully to keep undefiled and holy—that is, healthy—the noble temple of his body. Is it not a glaring inconsistency that men should pretend to fall into ecstasies of admiration of the temples which they have built with their own hands, and to claim reverence for their ruins, and, at the same time, should have no reverence for, or should actually speak contemptuously of, that most complex, ingenious, and admirable structure which the human body is? However, if they really neglect it, it is secure of its revenge; no one will come to much by his most strenuous mental exercises, except upon the basis of a good organization—for a sound body is assuredly the foundation of a sound mind.

In respect of the mental cultivation to be adopted, in order to guard against hallucination, I can now only briefly and

vaguely enforce one important principle—namely, the closest, most exact, and sincere converse with nature, physical and human. Habitual contact with realities in thought and deed is a strong defence against illusions of all sorts. We must strive to make our observation of men and things so exact and true, must so inform our minds with true perceptions, that there shall be no room for false perceptions. Calling to mind what has been said concerning the nature of perception—how the most complete and accurate perception of an object is gained by bringing it into all its possible relations with our different senses, and so receiving into the idea of it all the impressions which it was fitted to produce upon them—it will appear plainly how necessary to true perception, and to sound thought, which is founded on true perception, and to wise conduct, which is founded on sound thought, are thoroughness and sincerity of observation. So to observe nature as to learn her laws and to obey them, is to observe the commandments of the Lord to do them. Speculative meditations and solitary broodings are the fruitful nurse of delusions and illusions. By faithfully intending the mind to the realities of nature, as Bacon has it, and by living and working among men in a healthy, sympathetic way, exaggeration of a particular line of thought or feeling is prevented, and the balance of the faculties best preserved. Notably the best rules for the conduct of life are the fruits of the best observations of men and things; the achievements of science are no more than the organized gains—orderly and methodically arranged—of an exact and systematic observation of the various departments of nature; the noblest products of the arts are nature ennobled through human means, the art itself being nature.

There are not two worlds—a world of nature and a world of human nature—standing over against one another in a sort of antagonism, but one world of nature, in the orderly evolution of which human nature has its subordinate part. Delusions and hallucinations may be described as discordant notes in the grand harmony. It should, then, be every man's steadfast aim, as a part of nature, his patient work, to cultivate such entire sincerity of relations with it;

so to think, feel, and act always in intimate unison with it ; to be so completely one with it in life, that when the summons comes to surrender his mortal part to absorption into it, he does so, not fearfully, as to an enemy who has vanquished him, but trustfully, as to a mother who, when the day's task is done, bids him lie down to sleep.—*Fortnightly Review*.

BELSHAZZAR.

AFTER HEINE. BY THEODORE MARTIN.

THE midnight hour was drawing on ;
Hushed into rest lay Babylon.

All save the royal palace, where
Was the din of revel, and torches' flare.

There high within his royal hall
Belshazzar the king held festival.

His nobles around him in splendor shine,
And drain down goblets of sparkling wine.

The nobles shout, and the goblets ring ;
'Twas sweet to the heart of that stiffnecked king.

The cheeks of the king, they flushed with fire,
And still as he drank his conceit grew higher ;

And, maddened with pride, his lips let fall
Wild words, that blaspheme the great Lord of All.

More vaunting he grew, and his blasphemous sneers
Were hailed by his lordly rout with cheers.

Proudly the king has a mandate passed ;
Away hie the slaves, and come back full fast.

Many gold vessels they bring with them,
The spoils of God's House in Jerusalem.

With impious hand the king caught up,
Filled to the brim, a sacred cup ;

And down to the bottom he drained it dry,
And aloud with his mouth afoam did cry,—

" Jehovah ! I scoff at Thy greatness gone !
I am the king of Babylon.

The terrible words were ringing still,
When the king at his heart felt a secret chill.

The laughter ceased, the lords held their breath,
And all through the hall it was still as death.

And see, see there ! on the white wall, see,
Comes forth what seems a man's hand to be !

And it wrote and wrote in letters of flame
On the white wall,—then vanished the way it came.

The king sat staring, he could not speak,
His knees knocked together, death-pale was his cheek.

With cold fear creeping his lords sat round,
They sat dumbstricken, with never a sound.

The Magians came, but not one of them all
Could interpret the writing upon the wall.

That self-same night—his soul God sain !—
Was Belshazzar the king by his nobles slain.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE NEW TRAGEDY.

HIS generous large nature fought hard to find excuses for her. He strove to convince himself that this strange coldness, this evasion, this half-repellent attitude, was but a form of maiden coyness. It was her natural fear of so great a change. It was the result, perhaps, of some last lingering look back to the scene of her artistic triumphs. It did not even occur to him as a possibility that this woman, with her unstable sympathies and her fatally facile imagination, should have taken up what was now the very end and aim of his life, and have played with the pretty dream, until she grew tired of the toy and was ready to let her wandering fancy turn to something other and new.

He dared not even think of that ; but all the same, as he stood at this open window, alone, an unknown fear had come over him. It was a fear altogether vague and undefined ; but it seemed to have the power of darkening the daylight around him. Here was the very picture he had so often desired that she should see—the wind-swept Atlantic ; the glad blue skies with their drifting clouds of summer white ; the Erisgeir rocks ; the green shores of Ulva ; and Colonsay, and Gometra, and Staffa all shining in the sunlight ; with the sea-birds calling, and the waves breaking,

and the soft west wind stirring the fuchsia-bushes below the windows of Castle Dare. And it was all dark now ; and the sea was a lonely thing—more lonely than ever it had been even during that long winter that he had said was like a grave.

And she ?—at this moment she was down at the small bridge that crossed the burn. She had gone out to seek her father ; had found him coming up through the larchwood ; and was now accompanying him back. They had rested here ; he sitting on the weather-worn parapet of the bridge ; she leaning over it, and idly dropping bits of velvet-green moss into the whirl of clear brown water below.

"I suppose you must be thinking of getting away from Castle Dare, Gerty," said he.

"I shall not be sorry," she answered.

But even Mr. White was somewhat taken aback by the cool promptitude of this reply.

"Well, you know your own business best," he said to her. "It is not for me to interfere. I said from the beginning I would not interfere. But still—I wish you would be a little more explicit, Gerty, and let one understand what you mean—whether, in fact, you do mean, or do not mean, to marry Macleod."

"And who said that I proposed not to marry him ?" said she, but she still leant over the rough stones and looked

at the water. "The first thing that would make me decline would be the driving me into a corner—the continual goading, and reminding me of the duty I had to perform. There has been just a little too much of that here"—and at this point she raised herself so that she could regard her father when she wished—"and I really must say that I do not like to be taking a holiday with the feeling hanging over you that certain things are expected of you every other moment, and that you run the risk of being considered a very heartless and ungrateful person unless you do and say certain things you would perhaps rather not do and say. I should like to be let alone. I hate being goaded. And I certainly did not expect that you too, papa, would try to drive me into a corner."

She spoke with some little warmth. Mr. White smiled.

"I was quite unaware, Gerty," said he, "that you were suffering this fearful persecution."

"You may laugh, but it is true," said she, and there was a trifle of color in her cheeks. "The serious interests I am supposed to be concerned about! Such profound topics of conversation! Will the steamer come by the south to-morrow, or round by the north? The Gometra men have had a good take of lobsters yesterday. Will the head man at the Something lighthouse be transferred to some other lighthouse? and how will his wife and family like the change? They are doing very well with the subscription for a bell for the Free Church at Iona. The deer have been down at John Maclean's barley again. Would I like to visit the weaver at Iona who has such a wonderful turn for mathematics? and would I like to know the man at Salen who has the biographies of all the great men of the time in his head?"

Miss White had worked herself up to a pretty pitch of contemptuous indignation; her father was almost beginning to believe that it was real.

"It is all very well for the Macleods to interest themselves with these trumpery little local matters. They play the part of grand patron; the people are proud to honor them; it is a condescension when they remember the name of the crofter's youngest boy. But as

for me—when I am taken about—well, I do not like being stared at as if they thought I was wearing too fine clothes. I don't like being continually placed in a position of inferiority through my ignorance—an old fool of a boatman saying 'Bless me!' when I have to admit that I don't know the difference between a sole and a flounder. I don't want to know. I don't want to be continually told. I wish these people would meet me on my own ground. I wish the Macleods would begin to talk after dinner about the Lord Chamberlain's interference with the politics of burlesques; and then perhaps they would not be so glib. I am tired of hearing about John Maclean's boat; and Donald Maclean's horse; and Sandy Maclean's refusal to pay the road-tax. And as for the drinking of whisky that these sailors get through—well, it seems to me that the ordinary condition of things is reversed here altogether; and if they ever put up an asylum in Mull, it will be a lunatic asylum for incurable abstainers."

"Now, now, Gerty," said her father: but all the same he rather liked to see his daughter get on her high horse, for she talked with spirit, and it amused him. "You must remember that Macleod looks on this as a holiday-time, and perhaps he may be a little lax in his regulations. I have no doubt it is because he is so proud to have you on board his yacht that he occasionally gives the men an extra glass—and I am sure it does them no harm, for they seem to me to be as much in the water as out of it."

She paid no heed to this protest. She was determined to give free speech to her sense of wrong, and humiliation, and disappointment.

"What has been the great event since ever we came here—the wildest excitement the island can afford?" she said.

"The arrival of the pedlar! A snuffy old man comes into the room, with a huge bundle wrapped up in dirty waterproof. Then there is a wild clatter of Gaelic. But suddenly, don't you know, there are one or two glances at me; and the Gaelic stops; and Duncan, or John, or whatever they call him, begins to stammer in English, and I am shown coarse stockings, and bundles of wool, and drugget petticoats, and cotton handkerchiefs. And then Macleod buys

a number of things which I know she does not want ; and I am looked on as a strange creature because I do not purchase a bundle of wool or a pair of stockings fit for a farmer. The Autolycus of Mull is not impressive, pappy. Oh, but I forgot the dramatic surprise—that also was to be an event, I have no doubt. I was suddenly introduced to a child dressed in a kilt ; and I was to speak to him ; and I suppose I was to be profoundly moved when I heard him speak to me in my own tongue in this out-of-the-world place. My own tongue ! The horrid little wretch has not an *h*."

"Well, there's no pleasing you, Gerty," said he.

"I don't want to be pleased ; I want to be let alone," said she.

But she said this with just a little too much sharpness ; for her father was, after all, a human being ; and it did seem to him to be too bad that he should be taunted in this fashion, when he had done his best to preserve a wholly neutral attitude.

"Let me tell you this, madam," said he, in a playful manner, but with some decision in his tone, "that you may live to have the pride taken out of you. You have had a good deal of flattery and spoiling ; and you may find out you have been expecting too much. As for these Macleods here, I will say this—although I came here very much against my own inclination—that I defy any one to have been more kind, and courteous, and attentive than they have been to you. I don't care. It is not my business, as I tell you. But I must say, Gerty, that when you make a string of complaints as the only return for all their hospitality—their excessive and almost burdensome hospitality—I think that even I am bound to say a word. You forget how you came here. You, a perfect stranger, come here as engaged to marry the old lady's only son—to dispossess her—very probably to make impossible a match that she had set her heart on. And both she and her niece—you understand what I mean—instead of being cold, or at least formal, to you, seem to me to think of nothing from morning till night but how to surround you with kindness, in a way that Englishwomen would never think of. And

this you call persecution ; and you are vexed with them because they won't talk to you about theatres—why, bless my soul ! how long is it since you were yourself talking about theatres as if the very word choked you !—"

"Well, at least, pappy, I never thought you would turn against me," said she, as she put her head partly aside, and made a mouth as if she were about to cry ; "and when mamma made you promise to look after Carry and me, I am sure she never thought—"

Now this was too much for Mr. White. In the small eyes behind the big gold spectacles there was a quick flash of fire.

"Don't be a fool, Gerty," said he, in downright anger. "You know it is no use your trying to humbug me. If you think the ways of this house are too poor and mean for your grand notions of state ; if you think he has not enough money, and you are not likely to have fine dinners and entertainments for your friends ; if you are determined to break off the match—why, then do it !—but, I tell you, don't try to humbug me !"

Miss White's pathetic attitude suddenly vanished. She drew herself up with much dignity and composure, and said—

"At all events, sir, I have been taught my duty to you ; and I think it better not to answer you."

With that she moved off towards the house ; and Mr. White, taking to whistling, began to do as she had been doing—idly throwing bits of moss into the rushing burn. After all, it was none of his business.

But that evening, some little time before dinner, it was proposed they should go for a stroll down to the shore ; and then it was that Miss White thought she would seize the occasion to let Macleod know of her arrangements for the coming autumn and winter. Ordinarily, on such excursions, she managed to walk with Janet Macleod—the old lady of Castle Dare seldom joined them—leaving Macleod to follow with her father ; but this time she so managed it that Macleod and she left the house together. Was he greatly overjoyed ? There was a constrained and anxious look on his face that had been there too much of late.

"I suppose Oscar is more at home here than in Bury Street, St. James's?" said she, as the handsome collie went down the path before them.

"No doubt," said he absently: he was not thinking of any collie.

"What beautiful weather we are having," said she to this silent companion. "It is always changing, but always beautiful. There is only one other aspect I should like to see—the snow-time."

"We have not much snow here," said he. "It seldom lies in the winter."

This was a strange conversation for two engaged lovers: it was not much more interesting than their talk—how many ages ago?—at Charing Cross station. But then, when she had said to him, "*Ought we to take tickets?*" she had looked into his face with those appealing, innocent, beautiful eyes. Now her eyes never met his. She was afraid.

She managed to lead up to her announcement skilfully enough. By the time they reached the shore an extraordinarily beautiful sunset was shining over the sea and the land—something so bewildering and wonderful that they all four stopped to look at it. The Atlantic was a broad expanse of the palest and most brilliant green, with the pathway of the sun a flashing line of gold coming right across until it met the rocks, and these were a jet black against the glow. Then the distant islands of Colonsay, and Staffa, and Lunga, and Fladda, lying on this shining green sea, appeared to be of a perfectly transparent bronze; while nearer at hand the long ranges of cliffs were becoming a pale rose-red under the darkening blue-grey sky. It was a blaze of color such as she had never even dreamed of as being possible in nature; nothing she had as yet seen in these northern latitudes had at all approached it. And as she stood there, and looked at those transparent islands of bronze on the green sea, she said to him—

"Do you know, Keith, this is not at all like the place I had imagined as the scene of the gloomy stories you used to tell me about the revenges of the clans. I have been frightened once or twice since I came here, no doubt—by the wild sea and the darkness of the cathedral, and so forth; but the longer I stay the less I see to suggest those awful stories.

How could you associate such an evening as this with a frightful tragedy? Do you think those people ever existed who were supposed to have suffocated, or slaughtered, or starved to death any one who opposed their wishes?"

"And I do not suppose they troubled themselves much about fine sunsets," said he. "That was not what they had to think about in those days."

"Perhaps not," said she lightly; "but, you know, I had expected to find a place from which I could gain some inspiration for tragedy—for I should like to try, once for all—if I *should* have to give up the stage—whether I had the stuff of a tragic actress in me. And, you know, in that case, I ought to dress in black velvet; and carry a taper through dungeons; and get accustomed to storms, and gloom, and thunder and lightning."

"We have no appliances here for the education of an actress—I am very sorry," said he.

"Now, Keith, that is hardly fair," said she, with a smile. "You know it is only a trial. And you saw what they said of my *Juliet*. Oh, did I tell you about the new tragedy that is coming out?"

"No, I do not think you did," said he.

"Ah, well, it is a great secret as yet; but there is no reason why you should not hear of it."

"I am not anxious to hear of it," said he, without any rudeness.

"But it concerns me," she said, "and so I must tell you. It is written by a brother of Mr. Lemuel, the artist I have often spoken to you about. He is by profession an architect; but if this play should turn out to be as fine as some people say it is, he ought to take to dramatic writing. In fact, all the Lemuels—there are three brothers of them, you know—are like Michael Angelo and Leonardo—artists to the fingertips, in every direction—poets, painters, sculptors and all the rest of it. And I do think I ought to feel flattered by their choice in asking me to play the heroine; for so much depends on the choice of the actress—"

"And you are still to act?" said he quickly, though he spoke in a low voice, so that those behind should not hear.

"Surely I explained to you?" said she in a pleasant manner. "After all, life-long habits are not so easily cast aside; and I knew you would be generous, and bear with me a little bit, Keith."

He turned to her. The glow of the sunset caught his face. There was a strange, hopeless sadness in his eyes.

"Generous to you?" said he. "You know I would give you my life if that would serve you. But this is worse than taking my life from me."

"Keith, Keith!" said she, in gentle protest, "I don't know what you mean. You should not take things so seriously. What is it after all? It was as an actress that you knew me first. What is the difference of a few months more or less? If I had not been an actress, you would never have known me—do you recollect that? By the way, has Major Stewart's wife got a piano?"

He turned and stared at her for a second, in a bewildered way.

"Oh, yes," said he, with a laugh, "Mrs. Stewart has got a piano. She has got a very good piano. And what is the song you would sing now, sweetheart? Shall we finish up and have done with it, with a song at the end? That is the way in the theatre, you know—a dance and a song as the people go. And what shall our song be now? There was one that Norman Ogilvie used to sing."

"I don't know why you should talk to me like that, Keith," said she, though she seemed somewhat frightened by this fierce gaiety. "I was going to tell you that, if Mrs. Stewart had a piano, I would very gladly sing one or two songs for your mother and Miss Macleod when we went over there to-morrow. You have frequently asked me. Indeed, I have brought with me the very songs I sung to you the first time I saw you—at Mrs. Ross's."

Instantly his memory flew back to that day—to the hushed little room over the sunlit gardens—to the beautiful, gentle, sensitive girl who seemed to have so strange an interest in the Highlands—to the wonderful thrill that went through him when she began to sing with an exquisite pathos, "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door"—and to the prouder enthusiasm that stirred him when she sang,

"I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them!" These were fine, and tender, and proud songs. There was no gloom about them—nothing about a grave and the dark winter-time, and a faithless lost love. This song of Norman Ogilvie's that he had gaily proposed they should sing now—what had Major Stewart, or his wife, or any one in Mull to do with "Death's black wine"?

"I meant to tell you, Keith," said she, somewhat nervously, "that I had signed an engagement to remain at the Piccadilly Theatre till Christmas next. I knew you wouldn't mind—I mean, you would be considerate, and you would understand how difficult it is for one to break away all at once from one's old associations. And then, you know, Keith," said she shyly, "though you may not like the theatre, you ought to be proud of my success, as even my friends and acquaintances are. And as they are all anxious to see me make another appearance in tragedy, I really should like to try it; so that when my portrait appears in the Academy next year, people may not be saying, 'Look at the impertinence of that girl appearing as a tragic actress when she can do nothing beyond the familiar modern comedy!' I should have told you all about it before, Keith, but I know you hate to hear any talk about the theatre; and I shan't bore you again, you may depend on that. Isn't it time to go back now? See! the rose-color is away from Ulva now; it is quite a dark purple."

He turned in silence and led the way back. Behind them he could faintly hear Mr. White discoursing to Janet Macleod about the manner in which the old artists mixed their own pigments.

Then Macleod said with a great gentleness and restraint,—

"And when you go away from here, Gertrude, I suppose I must say good-by to you; and no one knows when we shall see each other again. You are returning to the theatre. If that is your wish, I would not try to thwart it. You know best what is the highest prize the world can give you. And how can I warn you against failure and disappointment? I know you will be successful. I know the people will applaud you, and your head will be filled with their praises.

You are going forward to a new triumph, Gerty; and the first step you will take—will be on my heart."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

"PAPPY dear," said Miss White to her father, in a playful way, although it was a serious sort of playfulness, "I have a vague feeling that there is a little too much electricity in the atmosphere of this place just at present. I am afraid there may be an explosion; and you know my nerves can't stand a shock. I should be glad to get away."

By this time she had quite made up that little difference with her father—she did not choose to be left alone at a somewhat awkward crisis. She had told him she was sure he had not meant what he said about her; and she had expressed her sorrow for having provoked him; and there an end. And if Mr. White had been driven by his anger to be for the moment the ally of Macleod, he was not disinclined to take the other side now and let Miss White have her own will. The vast amount of training he had bestowed on her through many long years was not to be thrown away after all.

"I told him last night," said she, "of my having signed an engagement till Christmas next."

"Oh, indeed," said her father, quickly looking at her over his spectacles.

"Yes," said she, thoughtfully, "and he was not so disturbed or angry as I had expected. Not at all. He was very kind about it. But I don't understand him."

"What do you not understand?"

"He has grown so strange of late—so sombre. Once, you know, he was the lightest-hearted young man—enjoying every minute of his life, you know—and really, pappy, I think——"

And here Miss White stopped.

"At all events," said she quickly, "I want to be in a less dangerously excited atmosphere, where I can sit down and consider matters calmly. It was much better when he and I corresponded; then we could fairly learn what each other thought. Now I am almost afraid of him—I mean I am afraid to ask him

a question. I have to keep out of his way. And if it comes to that, pappy, you know, I feel now as if I was called on to act a part from morning till night, whereas I was always assured that if I left the stage and married him it was to be my natural self and I should have no more need to pose and sham. However, that is an old quarrel between you and me, pappy, and we will put it aside. What's more to the purpose is this—it was half understood that when we left Castle Dare he was to come with us through at least a part of the Highlands."

"There was a talk of it."

"Don't you think," said Miss White, with some little hesitation, and with her eyes cast down, "don't you think that would be—a little inconvenient?"

"I should say that was for you to decide," he answered, somewhat coldly; for it was too bad that she should be continually asking his advice and then openly disregarding it.

"I should think it would be a little uncomfortable," she said demurely. "I fancy he has taken that engagement till Christmas a little more to heart than he chooses to reveal—that is natural—I knew it would be a disappointment—but then, you know, pappy, the temptation was very great, and I had almost promised the Lemuels to do what I could for the piece. And if I am to give up the stage, wouldn't it be fine to wind up with a blaze of fireworks to astonish the public?"

"Are you so certain you will astonish the public?" her father said.

"I have the courage to try," she answered readily. "And you are not going to throw cold water on my endeavors, are you, pappy? Well, as I was saying, it is perhaps natural for Sir Keith Macleod to feel a bit annoyed; and I am afraid if he went travelling with us, we should be continually skating on the edge of a quarrel. Besides, to tell you the truth, pappy—with all his kindness and gentleness, there is sometimes about him a sort of intensity that I scarcely like—it makes me afraid of him. If it were on the stage, I should say it was a splendid piece of acting—of the suppressed vehement kind, you know; but really—during a holiday-time, when one naturally wishes to enjoy the fine weather

and gather strength for one's work—well, I do think he ought not to come with us, pappy."

"Very well; you can hint as much without being rude."

"I was thinking," said she, "of the Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin who were in that Newcastle company, and who went to Aberdeen. Do you remember them, pappy?"

"The low comedian, you mean?"

"Yes. Well, at all events they would be glad to see us. And so—don't you think?—we could let Macleod understand that we were going to see some friends in the north? Then he would not think of coming with us."

"The representation would scarcely be justifiable," observed Mr. White, with a profound air, "in ordinary circumstances. But, as you say, it would be neither for his comfort nor for yours that he should go with us."

"Comfort!" she exclaimed. "Much comfort I have had since I came here! Comfort I call quiet, and being let alone. Another fortnight at this place would give me brain-fever—your life continually in danger either on the sea or by the cliffs—your feelings supposed to be always up at passion pitch—it is all a whirl of secret or declared emotions that don't give you a moment's rest. Oh, pappy, won't it be nice to have a day or two's quiet in our own home, with Carry and Marie. And you know, Mr. Lemuel will be in town all the summer and winter. The material for *his* work he finds within himself. He doesn't need to scamper off like the rest of them to hunt out picturesque peasants and studies of water-falls—trotting about the country with a note-book in hand—"

"Gerty, Gerty," said her father, with a smile, "your notions are unformed on that subject. What have I told you often—that the artist is only a reporter. Whether he uses the pencil, or the pen, or his own face and voice to express the highest thoughts and emotions of which he is conscious, he is only a reporter—a penny-a-liner whose words are written in fire. And you—don't you carry your note-book too?"

"I was not comparing myself with an artist like Mr. Lemuel, pappy. No, no. Of course I have to keep my eyes open, and pick up things that may be useful.

His work is the work of intense spiritual contemplation—it is inspiration—"

"No doubt," the father said, "the inspiration of Botticelli."

"Papa!"

Mr. White chuckled to himself. He was not given to joking: an epigram was not in consonance with his high sententiousness. But instantly he resumed his solemn deportment.

"A picture is as much a part of the world as a human face: why should I not take my inspiration from a picture as well as from a human face?"

"You mean to say he is only a copyist—a plagiarist!" she said, with some indignation.

"Not at all," said he. "All artists have their methods, founded more or less on the methods of those who have gone before them. You don't expect an artist to discover for himself an entirely new principle of art, any more than you expect him to paint in pigments of his own invention. Mr. Lemuel has been a diligent student of Botticelli—that is all."

This strange talk amid the awful loneliness and grandeur of Glen Sloich! They were idly walking along the rough road: far above them rose the giant slopes of the mountains retreating into heavy masses of cloud that were moved by the currents of the morning wind. It was a grey day; and the fresh-water lake here was of a leaden hue; and the browns and greens of the mountain-side were dark and intense. There was no sign of human life or habitation; there was no bird singing; the deer were far away in the unknown valleys above them, hidden by the mystic cloud-phantoms. There was an odor of sweet-gale in the air. The only sound was the murmuring of the streams that were pouring down through these vast solitudes to the sea.

And now they reached a spot from whence, on turning, they caught sight of the broad plain of the Atlantic—all wind-swept and white. And the sky was dark and low down; though at one place the clouds had parted, and there was a glimmer of blue as narrow and keen as the edge of a knife. But there were showers about; for Iona was invisible, and Staffa was faintly grey through the passing rain; and Ulva was almost

black as the storm approached in its gloom. Botticelli ! Those men now in that small lug-sailed boat—far away off the point of Gometra—a tiny dark thing apparently lost every second or so amid the white Atlantic surge, and wrestling hard with the driving wind and sea to reach the thundering and foam-filled caverns of Staffa—they were not thinking much of Botticelli. Keith Macleod was in that boat. The evening before Miss White had expressed some light wish about some trifle or other ; but had laughingly said that she must wait till she got back to the region of shops. Unknown to her, Macleod had set off to intercept the steamer : and he would go on board and get hold of the steward ; and would the steward be so kind as to hunt about in Oban to see if that trifle could not be found ? Macleod would not intrust so important a message to any one else : he would himself go out to meet the *Pioneer*.

"The sky is becoming very dark," Mr. White said ; "we had better go back, Gerty."

But before they had gone far, the first heavy drops were beginning to fall, and they were glad to run for refuge to some great grey boulders which lay in the moist moorland at the foot of the mountain-slopes. In the lee of these rocks they were in comparative safety ; and they waited patiently until the gale of wind and rain should pass over. And what were these strange objects that appeared in the grey mists far along the valley ? She touched her father's arm, she did not speak. It was her first sight of a herd of red-deer ; and as the deer had doubtless been startled by a shepherd or his dog, they were making across the glen at a good speed. First came the hinds, running almost in Indian file, and then with a longer stride came one or two stags, their antlered heads high in the air, as though they were listening for sounds behind them and sniffing the wind in front of them at the same time. But so far away were they that they were only blurred objects passing through the rain-mists ; they passed across like swift ghosts ; there was no sound heard at all. And then the rain ceased, and the air grew warm around them. They came out from the shadow of the rock—behold ! a blaze of hot sun on the moist moors,

with a sudden odor of bracken, and young heather, and sweet-gale all about them. And the sandy road quickly grew dry again ; and the heavens opened ; and there was a flood of sunlight falling on that rushing and breezy Atlantic. They walked back to Dare.

"Tuesday, then, shall we say, pappy ?" she remarked, just before entering.

"Very well."

"And we are going to see some friends in Aberdeen."

"Very well."

After this Miss White became a great deal more cheerful ; and she was very complaisant to them all at luncheon. And quite by accident she asked Macleod, who had returned by this time, whether they talked Scotch in Aberdeen.

"Because, you know," said she, "one should always be learning on one's travels ; and many a time I have heard people disputing about the pronunciation of the Scotch ; and one ought to be able to read Burns with a proper accent. Now you have no Scotch at all here ; you don't say 'my dawtie,' and 'ben the hoose,' and 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk.'"

"Oh no," said he, "we have none of the Scotch at all, except among those who have been for a time to Glasgow or Greenock ; and our own language, the Gaelic, is unknown to strangers ; and our way of speaking English—that is only made a thing to laugh at. And yet I do not laugh at all at the blunders of our poor people in a strange tongue. You may laugh at us for our way of speaking English—the accent of it ; but it is not fair to laugh at the poor people when they will be making mistakes among the verbs. Did you ever hear of the poor Highlander who was asked how he had been employing himself, and, after a long time, he said, 'I wass for tree years a herring-fish, and I wass for four months or three months a broke stone on the road' ? Perhaps the Highlanders are not very clever at picking up another language ; but all the same that did not prevent their going to all parts of the world and fighting the battles of other people. And do you know that in Canada there are descendants of the Highlanders who went there in the last century—and they are proud of their name and their history—and they live

swords that were used at Falkirk and Culloden—but these Macnabs and Mac-kays, and Camerons, they speak only French ! But I think, if they have Highland blood in them, and if they were to hear the '*Failte Phrionsa !*' played on the pipes, they would recognise that language. And why were you asking about Aberdeen ?”

“That is not a Highland, but a Scotch way of answering my question,” said she, smiling.

“Oh, I beg your pardon,” said he hastily ; “but indeed I have never been to Aberdeen, and I do not know what it is they speak there, but I should say it was likely to be a mixture of Scotch and English such as all the big towns have. I do not think it is a Highland place, like Inverness.”

“Now I will answer your question,” said she. “I asked you because papa and I propose to go there before returning to England——”

How quickly the light fell from his face !

“——The fact is, we have friends there.”

There was silence. They all felt that it was for Macleod to speak ; and they may have been guessing as to what was passing in his mind. But to their surprise he said, in almost a gay fashion—

“Ah, well, you know they accuse us Highland folk of being rather too importunate as hosts ; but we will try not to harass you ; and if you have friends in Aberdeen, it would not be fair to beg of you to leave them aside this time. But surely you are not thinking of going to Aberdeen yet, when it is many a place you have yet to see about here. I was to take you in the *Umpire* to Skye ; and we had many a talk about the Lewis too.”

“Thank you very much,” said she, demurely. “I am sure you have been most kind to us ; but—the fact is—I think we must leave on Tuesday.”

“On Tuesday !” said he ; but it was only for an instant that he winced. Again he roused himself—for he was talking in the presence of his mother and the cousin Janet—“You have not been quite fair to us,” said he cheerfully ; “you have not given yourself time to make our acquaintance. Are you determined to go away as you came, the Fio-

naghal ? But then, you know, Fionaghal came and stayed among us, before she began to write her songs about the Western Isles ; and the next time you come, that must be for a longer time, and you will get to know us all better, and we will not frighten you any more by taking you on the sea at night or into the cathedral-ruins. Ah !” said he, with a smile lighting up his face—but it was a constrained gaiety altogether—“do I know now why you are hurrying away so soon ? You want to avoid that trip in the *Umpire* to the island where I used to think I would like my grave to be——”

“Keith !” said Lady Macleod with a frown, “how can you repeat that nonsense ! Miss White will think you are mad !”

“It was only an old fancy, mother,” said he gently. “And we were thinking of going out to one of the Treshnish islands, anyway. Surely it is a harmless thing that a man should choose out the place of his own grave, so long as he does not want to be put into it too soon.”

“It will be time for you to speak of such things thirty years hence,” said Lady Macleod.

“Thirty years is a long time,” said he ; and then he added lightly, “but if we do not go out to the Treshnish islands we must go somewhere else before the Tuesday ; and would you go round to Loch Sunart now ; or shall we drive you to-morrow to see Glen More and Loch Buy ? and you must not leave Mull without visiting our beautiful town—and capital—that is, Tobermory.”

Every one was quite surprised and pleased to find Macleod taking the sudden departure of his sweetheart in this fashion ; it showed that he had abundant confidence in the future. And if Miss White had her own thoughts about the matter, it was at all events satisfactory to her that outwardly Macleod and she were parting on good terms.

But that evening he happened to find her alone for a few moments ; and all the forced cheerfulness had left his eyes, and there was a dark look there—of hopeless anxiety and pain.

“I do not wish to force you, Gerty—to persecute you,” said he. “You are our guest. But before you go away, cannot you give me one definite word of promise and hope—only one word ?”

"I am quite sure you don't want to persecute me, Keith," said she, "but you should remember there is a long time of waiting before us, and there will be plenty of opportunity for explaining and arranging everything when we have leisure to write—"

"To write!" he exclaimed. "But I am coming to see you, Gerty! Do you think I could go through another series of long months, with only those letters, and letters, and letters to break one's heart over? I could not do it again, Gerty. And when you have visited your friends in Aberdeen, I am coming to London."

"Why Keith, there is the shooting."

"I do not think I shall try the shooting this year—it is an anxiety—I cannot have patience with it. I am coming to London, Gerty."

"Oh, very well, Keith," said she, with an affectation of cheerful content; "then there is no use in our taking a solemn good-by just now—is there? You know how I hate scenes. And we shall part very good friends, shall we not? And when you come to London, we shall make up all our little differences, and have everything on a clear understanding. Is it a bargain? Here comes your cousin Janet—now show her that we are good friends, Keith. And for goodness' sake don't say that you mean to give up your shooting this year; or she will wonder what I have made of you. Give up your shooting! Why, a woman would as soon give up her right of being incomprehensible and whimsical and capricious—her right of teasing people, as I very much fear I have been teasing you, Keith. But it will be all set right when you come to London."

And from that moment to the moment of her departure, Miss White seemed to breathe more freely, and she took less care to avoid Keith Macleod in her daily walks and ways. There was at last quite a good understanding between them, as the people around imagined.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AFRAID.

BUT the very first thing she did on reaching home again was to write to Macleod begging him to postpone his visit to

London. What was the use? The company of which she formed a part was probably going on autumn tour; she was personally very busy. Surely it would not much interest him to be present at the production of a new piece in Liverpool?

And then she pointed out to him that, as she had her duties and occupations, so ought he to have. It was monstrous his thought of foregoing the shooting that year. Why, if he wanted some additional motive, what did he say to preserving as much grouse-plumage as would trim a cloak for her? It was a great pity that the skins of so beautiful a bird should be thrown away. And she desired him to present her kind regards to Lady Macleod and Miss Macleod; and to thank them both for their great kindness.

Immediately after writing that letter Miss White seemed to grow very light-hearted indeed, and she laughed and chatted with Carry, and was exceedingly affectionate towards her sister.

"And what do you think of your own home now, Gerty?" said Miss Carry, who had been making some small experiments in arrangement.

"You mean, after my being among the savages?" said she. "Ah, it is too true, Carry. I have seen them in their war-paint; and I have shuddered at their spears; and I have made voyages in their canoes. But it is worth while going anywhere and doing anything in order to come back and experience such a sense of relief and quiet. Oh, what a delicious cushion—where did you get it, Carry?"

She sank back in the rocking-chair out on this shaded verandah. It was the slumbering noontide of a July day; the foliage above and about the Regent's Canal hung motionless in the still sunlight; and there was a perfume of roses in the air. Here, at last, was repose. She had said that her notion of happiness was to be let alone; and—now that she had dispatched that forbidding letter—she would be able to enjoy a quiet and languor free from care.

"Aha, Gerty, don't you know?" said the younger sister. "Well, I suppose, you poor creature, you don't know—you have been among the tigers and crocodiles so long. That crocodile is a present from Mr. Lemuel to—to me, mind,

not to you—and he brought it all the way from Damascus some years ago. Oh, Gerty, if I was only three years older, shouldn't I like to be your rival, and have a fight with you for him!"

"I don't know what you mean!" said the elder sister sharply.

"Oh, don't you! Poor, innocent thing! Well, I am not going to quarrel with you this time—for at last you are showing some sense. How you ever could have thought of Mr. Howson, or Mr. Brook, or—you know whom—I never could imagine; but here is some one now whom people have heard of—some one with fame like yourself—who will understand you. Oh, Gerty, hasn't he lovely eyes?"

"Like a gazelle," said the other. "You know what Mr. — said, that he never met the appealing look of Mr. Lemuel's eyes without feeling in his pockets for a biscuit."

"He wouldn't say anything like that about you, Gerty," Carry said reproachfully.

"Who wouldn't?"

"Mr. Lemuel."

"Oh, Carry, don't you understand that I am so glad to be allowed to talk nonsense? I have been all strung up lately, like the string of a violin—everything *au grand sérieux*. I want to be idle, and to chat, and to talk nonsense. Where did you get that bunch of stephanotis?"

"Mr. Lemuel brought it last evening. He knew you were coming home to-day. Oh, Gerty, do you know I have seen your portrait, though it isn't finished yet; and you look—you look like an inspired prophetess. I never saw anything so lovely!"

"Indeed," said Miss White with a smile; but she was pleased.

"When the public see that, they will know what you are really like, Gerty—instead of buying your photograph in a shop from a collection of ballet-dancers and circus women. That is where you ought to be—in the Royal Academy: not in a shop-window with any mountebank. Oh, Gerty, do you know who is your latest rival in the stationer's windows? The woman who dresses herself as a mermaid and swims in a transparent tank, below water. Fin-fin they call

her. I suppose you have not been reading the newspapers?"

"Not much."

"There is a fine collection for you up-stairs. And there is an article about you, in the *Islington Young Men's Improvement Association*. It is signed *Trismegistus*. Oh, it is beautiful, Gerty—quite full of poetry. It says you are an enchantress striking the rockiest heart, and a well of pure emotion springs up. It says you have the beauty of Mrs. Siddons and the genius of Rachel."

"Dear me!"

"Ah, you don't half believe in yourself, Gerty," said the younger sister, with a critical air. "It is the weak point about you. You depreciate yourself, and you make light of other people's belief in you. However, you can't go against your own genius—that is too strong for you. As soon as you get on the stage, then you forget to laugh at yourself."

"Really, Carry, has papa been giving you a lecture about me?"

"Oh, laugh away; but you know it is true. And a woman like you—you were going to throw yourself away on a—"

"Carry! there are some things that are better not talked about," said Gertrude White curtly, as she rose and went in-doors.

Miss White betook herself to her professional and domestic duties with much alacrity and content, for she believed that by her skill as a letter-writer she could easily ward off the importunities of her too passionate lover. It is true that at times, and in despite of her playful evasion, she was visited by a strange dread. However far away, the cry of a strong man in his agony has something terrible in it. And what was this he wrote to her in simple and calm words?—

"Are our paths diverging, Gerty? and, if that is so, what will be the end of it for me and for you? Are you going away from me? After all that has passed, are we to be separated in the future, and you will go one way, and I must go the other way, with all the world between us, so that I shall never see you again? Why will you not speak? You hint of lingering doubts and hesitations. Why have you not the courage

to be true to yourself—to be true to your woman's heart—to take your life in your own hands and shape it so that it shall be worthy of you?"

Well, she did speak, in answer to this piteous prayer. She was a skilful letter-writer.

"It may seem very ungrateful in an actress, you know, dear Keith, to contest the truth of anything said by Shakespeare; but I don't think, with all humility, there ever was so much nonsense put into so small a space as there is in these lines that everybody quotes at your head—

'To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

'Be true to yourself,' people say to you. But surely every one who is conscious of failings, and deceitfulness, and unworthy instincts, would rather try to be a little better than himself? Where else would there be any improvement, in an individual, or in society? You have to fight against yourself, instead of blindly yielding to your wish of the moment. I know I, for one, should not like to trust myself. I wish to be better than I am—to be other than I am—and I naturally look around for help and guidance. Then you find people recommending you absolutely diverse ways of life, and with all show of authority and reason, too; and in such an important matter ought not one to consider before making a final choice?"

Miss White's studies in mental and moral science, as will readily be perceived, had not been of a profound character. But he did not stay to detect the obvious fallacy of her argument. It was all a maze of words to him. The drowning man does not hear questions addressed to him. He only knows that the waters are closing over him—and that there is no arm stretched out to save.

"I do not know myself for two minutes together," she wrote. "What is my present mood, for example? Why, one of absolute and ungovernable hatred—hatred of the woman who would take my place if I were to retire from the stage. I have been thinking of it all the morning—picturing myself as an unknown nonentity, vanished from the eyes of the public, in a social grave. And I have to listen to people praising the new

actress; and I have to read columns about her in the papers; and I am unable to say, 'Why, all that and more was written and said about me!' What has an actress to show for herself if once she leaves the stage? People forget her the next day; no record is kept of her triumphs. A painter now, who spends years of his life in earnest study—it does not matter to him whether the public applaud or not, whether they forget or not. He has always before him these evidences of his genius; and among his friends he can choose his fit audience. Even when he is an old man, and listening to the praises of all the young fellows who have caught the taste of the public, he can at all events show something of his work as testimony of what he was. But an actress, the moment she leaves the stage, is a snuffed-out candle. She has her stage-dresses to prove that she acted certain parts; and she may have a scrap-book with cuttings of criticisms from the provincial papers! You know, dear Keith, all this is very heart-sickening; and I am quite aware that it will trouble you—as it troubles me, and sometimes makes me ashamed of myself—but then it is true, and it is better for both of us that it should be known. I could not undertake to be a hypocrite all my life. I must confess to you, whatever be the consequences, that I distinctly made a mistake when I thought it was such an easy thing to adopt a whole new set of opinions and tastes and habits. The old Adam, as your Scotch ministers would say, keeps coming back, to jog my elbow as an old familiar friend. And you would not have me conceal the fact from you? I know how difficult it will be for you to understand or sympathize with me. You have never been brought up to a profession, every inch of your progress in which you have to contest against rivals; and you don't know how jealous one is of one's position when it is gained. I think I would rather be made an old woman of sixty to-morrow morning than get up and go out and find my name printed in small letters in the theatre-bills. And if I try to imagine what my feelings would be if I were to retire from the stage, surely that is in your interest as well as mine. How would you like to be tied for life to a person who was continually looking back to her past career

with regret, and who was continually looking around her for objects of jealous and envious anger? Really, I try to do my duty by everybody. All the time I was at Castle Dare I tried to picture myself living there, and taking an interest in the fishing and the farms and so on; and if I was haunted by the dread that, instead of thinking about the fishing and the farms, I should be thinking of the triumphs of the actress who had taken my place in the attention of the public, I had to recognise the fact. It is wretched and pitiable, no doubt; but look at my training. If you tell me to be true to myself—that is myself. And at all events I feel more contented that I have made a frank confession."

Surely it was a fair and reasonable letter. But the answer that came to it had none of its pleasant common sense. It was all a wild appeal—a calling on her not to fall away from the resolves she had made—not to yield to those despondent moods. There was but the one way to get rid of her doubts and hesitations: let her at once cast aside the theatre and all its associations and malign influences, and become his wife, and he would take her by the hand, and lead her away from that besetting temptation. Could she forget the day on which she gave him the red rose? She was a woman; she could not forget.

She folded up the letter; and held it in her hand; and went into her father's room. There was a certain petulant and irritated look on her face.

"He says he is coming up to London, papa," she said abruptly.

"I suppose you mean Sir Keith Macleod," said he.

"Well, of course. And can you imagine anything more provoking—just at present, when we are rehearsing this new play, and when all the time I can afford, Mr. Lemuel wants for the portrait? I declare the only time I feel quiet, secure, safe from the interference of anybody—and more especially the worry of the postman—is when I am having that portrait painted; the intense stillness of the studio is delightful, and you have beautiful things all around you. As soon as I open the door, I come out into the world again, with constant vexations and apprehensions all around. Why, I don't know but that at

any minute Sir Keith Macleod may not come walking up to the gate!"

"And why should that possibility keep you in terror?" said her father calmly.

"Well, not in terror," said she, looking down, "but—but anxiety, at least; and a very great deal of anxiety. Because I know he will want explanations and promises, and I don't know what—just at the time I am most worried and unsettled about everything I mean to do."

Her father regarded her for a second or two.

"Well?" said he.

"Isn't that enough?" she said, with some indignation.

"Oh," said he coldly, "you have merely come to me to pour out your tale of wrongs. You don't want me to interfere, I suppose. Am I to condole with you?"

"I don't know why you should speak to me like that, at all events," said she.

"Well, I will tell you," he responded; in the same cool, matter-of-fact way. "When you told me you meant to give up the theatre and marry Sir Keith Macleod, my answer was that you were likely to make a mistake. I thought you were a fool to throw away your position as an actress; but I did not urge the point. I merely left the matter in your own hands. Well, you went your own way. For a time your head was filled with romance—Highland chieftains, and gillies, and red-deer, and baronial halls, and all that stuff; and no doubt you persuaded that young man that you believed in the whole thing fervently, and there was no end to the names you called theatres and everybody connected with them. Not only that, but you must needs drag me up to the Highlands to pay a visit to a number of strangers with whom both you and I lived on terms of apparent hospitality and good-will, but in reality on terms of very great restraint. Very well. You begin to discover that your romance was a little bit removed from the actual state of affairs—at least, you say so——"

"I say so!" she exclaimed.

"Hear me out," the father said patiently. "I don't want to offend you, Gerty, but I wish to speak plainly. You have an amazing faculty for making yourself believe anything that suits you.

I have not the least doubt but that you have persuaded yourself that the change in your manner towards Keith Macleod was owing to your discovering that their way of life was different from what you expected ; or perhaps that you still had a lingering fancy for the stage—anything you like. I say you could make yourself believe anything. But I must point out to you that any acquaintance of yours—an outsider—would probably look on the marked attentions Mr. Lemuel has been paying you ; and on your sudden conversion to the art-theories of himself and his friends ; and on the revival of your ambitious notions about tragedy——”

“You need say no more,” said she, with her face grown quickly red, and with a certain proud impatience in her look.

“Oh, yes, but I mean to say more,” her father said quietly, “unless you wish to leave the room. I mean to say this : that when you have persuaded yourself somehow that you would rather reconsider your promise to Sir Keith Macleod—am I right?—that it does seem rather hard that you should grow ill-tempered with him and accuse him of being the author of your troubles and vexations. I am no great friend of his—I disliked his coming here at the outset—but I will say he is a manly young fellow, and I know he would not try to throw the blame of any change in his own sentiments on to some one else. And another thing I mean to say is, that your playing the part of the injured Griselda is not quite becoming, Gerty : at all events, I have no sympathy with it. If you come and tell me frankly that you have grown tired of Macleod, and wish somehow to break your promise to him, then I can advise you.”

“And what would you advise, then,” said she, with equal calmness, “supposing that you choose to throw all the blame on me?”

“I would say that it is a woman’s privilege to be allowed to change her mind ; and that the sooner you told him so the better.”

“Very simple !” she said, with a flavor of sarcasm in her tone. “Perhaps you don’t know that man as I know him.”

“Then you *are* afraid of him?”

She was silent.

“These are certainly strange relations

between two people who talk of getting married. But, in any case, he cannot suffocate you in a cave, for you live in London ; and in London it is only an occasional young man about Shoreditch who smashes his sweetheart with a poker when she proposes to marry somebody else. He might, it is true, summon you for breach of promise ; but he would prefer not to be laughed at. Come, come, Gerty, get rid of all this nonsense. Tell him frankly the position ; and don’t come bothering me with pretended wrongs and injuries.”

“Do you think I ought to tell him?” said she slowly.

“Certainly.”

She went away and wrote to Macleod ; but she did not wholly explain her position. She only begged once more for time to consider her own feelings. It would be better that he should not come just now to London. And if she were convinced, after honest and earnest questioning of herself, that she had not the courage and strength of mind necessary for the great change in her life she had proposed, would it not be better for his happiness and hers that the confession should be made?

Macleod did not answer that letter ; and she grew alarmed. Several days elapsed. One afternoon, coming home from rehearsal, she saw a card lying on the tray on the hall-table.

“Papa,” said she, with her face somewhat paler than usual, “Sir Keith Macleod is in London !”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A CLIMAX.

SHE was alone in the drawing-room. She heard the bell ring, and the sound of some one being let in by the front door. Then there was a man’s step in the passage outside. The craven heart grew still with dread.

But it was with a great gentleness that he came forward to her, and took both of her trembling hands, and said—

“Gerty, you do not think that I have come to be angry with you—not that !”

He could not but see with those anxious, pained, tender eyes of his that she was very pale ; and her heart was now beating so fast—after the first shock of fright—that for a second or two she

could not answer him. She withdrew her hands. And all this time he was regarding her face with an eager, wistful intensity.

"It is—so strange—for me to see you again," said he, almost in a bewildered way. "The days have been very long without you—I had almost forgotten what you were like—and now—and now—oh, Gerty, you are not angry with me for troubling you!"

She withdrew a step, and sat down.

"There is a chair," said she: he did not seem to understand what she meant. He was trying to read her thoughts in her eyes, in her manner, in the pale face; and his earnest gaze did not leave her for a moment.

"I know you must be greatly troubled and worried, Gerty; and—and I tried not to come; but your last letter was like the end of the world for me. I thought everything might go then. But then I said, 'Are you a man, and to be cast down by that? She is bewildered by some passing doubt; her mind is sick for the moment; you must go to her, and recall her, and awake her to herself; and you will see her laugh again!' And so I am here, Gerty, and if I am troubling you at a bad time—well, it is only for a moment or two; and you will not mind that? You and I are so different, Gerty! You are all-perfect. You do not want the sympathy of any one. You are satisfied with your own thinkings; you are a world to yourself. But I cannot live without being in sympathy with you. It is a craving—it is like a fire. Well, I did not come here to talk about myself."

"I am sorry you took so much trouble," she said, in a low voice—and there was a nervous restraint in her manner. "You might have answered my letter instead."

"Your letter!" he exclaimed. "Why, Gerty, I could not talk to the letter. It was not yourself. It was no more part of yourself than a glove. You will forget that letter—and all the letters that ever you wrote—let them go away like the leaves of former autumns that are quite forgotten; and instead of the letters, be yourself—as I see you now—proud-spirited and noble—my beautiful Gerty—my wife!"

He made a step forward: and caught

her hand. She did not see that there were sudden tears in the imploring eyes. She only knew that this vehemence seemed to suffocate her.

"Keith," said she, and she gently disengaged her hand, "will you sit down, and we will talk over this matter calmly, if you please; but I think it would have been better if you left us both to explain ourselves in writing. It is difficult to say certain things without giving pain—and you know I don't wish to do that——"

"I know," said he, with an absent look on his face; and he took the chair she had indicated and sat down beside her; and now he was no longer regarding her eyes.

"It is quite true that you and I are different," said she, with a certain resolution in her tone, as if she was determined to get through with a painful task—"very seriously different in everything, in our natures, and habits, and opinions, and all the rest of it. How we ever became acquainted I don't know; I am afraid it was not a fortunate accident for either of us. Well——"

Here she stopped. She had not prepared any speech; and she suddenly found herself without a word to say, when words, words, words were all she eagerly wanted in order to cover her retreat. And as for him, he gave her no help. He sat silent, his eyes downcast, a tired and haggard look on his face.

"Well," she resumed, with a violent effort, "I was saying, perhaps we made a mistake in our estimates of each other. That is a very common thing; and sometimes people find out in time, and sometimes they don't. I am sure you agree with me, Keith?"

"Oh yes, Gerty," he answered absently.

"And then—and then—I am quite ready to confess that I may have been mistaken about myself; and I am afraid you encouraged the mistake. You know, I am quite sure I am not the heroic person you tried to make me believe I was. I have found myself out, Keith; and just in time, before making a terrible blunder. I am very glad that it is myself I have to blame. I have got very little resolution; 'unstable as water,' that is the phrase: perhaps I should not like other people to apply it

to me ; but I am quite ready to apply it to myself, for I know it to be true ; and it would be a great pity if any one's life were made miserable through my fault. Of course, I thought for a time that I was a very courageous and resolute person—you flattered me into believing it ; but I have found myself out since. Don't you understand, Keith ?"

He gave a sign of assent ; his silence was more embarrassing than any protest or any appeal.

"Oh, I could choose such a wife for you, Keith—a wife worthy of you—a woman as womanly as you are manly ; and I can think of her being proud to be your wife, and how all the people who came to your house would admire her and love her——"

He looked up in a bewildered way.

"Gerty," he said, "I don't quite know what it is you are speaking about. You are speaking as if some strange thing had come between us ; and I was to go one way, and you another, through all the years to come. Why, that is all nonsense ! See ! I can take your hand—that is the hand that gave me the red rose. You said you loved me, then ; you cannot have changed already. I have not changed. What is there that would try to separate us ? Only words, Gerty !—a cloud of words, humming round the ears and confusing one. Oh, I have grown heart-sick of them in your letters, Gerty ; until I put the letters away altogether, and I said, 'They are no more than the leaves of last autumn : when I see Gerty, and take her hand, all the words will disappear then.' Your hand is not made of words, Gerty ; it is warm, and kind, and gentle—it is a woman's hand. Do you think words are able to make me let go my grasp of it ? I put them away. I do not hear any more of them. I only know that you are beside me, Gerty ; and I hold your hand !"

He was no longer the imploring lover : there was a strange elation, a sort of triumph, in his tone.

"Why, Gerty, do you know why I have come to London ? It is to carry you off—not with the pipes yelling to drown your screams, as Flora Macdonald's mother was carried off by her lover, but taking you by the hand, and waiting for the smile on your face. That is the way out of all our troubles, Gerty ;

we shall be plagued with no more words then. Oh, I understand it all, sweetheart—your doubts of yourself, and your thinking about the stage : it is all a return of the old and evil influences that you and I thought had been shaken off forever. Perhaps that was a little mistake ; but no matter. You will shake them off now, Gerty. You will show yourself to have the courage of a woman. It is but one step, and you are free ! Gerty," said he, with a smile on his face, "do you know what that is ?"

He took from his pocket a printed document, and opened it. Certain words there that caught her eye caused her to turn even paler than she had been ; and she would not even touch the paper. He put it back.

"Are you frightened, sweetheart ? No ! You will take this one step, and you will see how all those fancies and doubts will disappear forever ! Oh, Gerty, when I got this paper into my pocket to-day, and came out into the street, I was laughing to myself ; and a poor woman said, 'You are very merry, sir ; will you give a poor old woman a copper ?' 'Well,' I said, 'here is a sovereign for you, and perhaps you will be merry too'—and I would have given every one a sovereign if I had had it to give. But do you know what I was laughing at ?—I was laughing to think what Captain Macallum would do when you went on board as my wife. For he put up the flags for you when you were only a visitor coming to Dare ; but when I take you by the hand, Gerty, as you are going along the gangway, and when we get on to the paddle-box, and Captain Macallum comes forward, and when I tell him that you are now my wife, why he will not know what to do to welcome you ! And Hamish, too—I think Hamish will go mad that day. And then, sweetheart, you will go along to Erraidh, and you will go up to the signal-house on the rocks, and we will fire a cannon to tell the men at Dubh Artach to look out. And what will be the message you will signal to them, Gerty, with the great white boards ? Will you send them your compliments, which is the English way ? Ah, but I know what they will answer to you. They will answer in the Gaelic ; and this will be the answer that will come to you from

the lighthouse—*'A hundred thousand welcomes to the young bride !'* And you will soon learn the Gaelic, too ; and you will get used to our rough ways ; and you will no longer have any fear of the sea. Some day you will get so used to us that you will think the very sea-birds to be your friends, and that they know when you are going away and when you are coming back, and that they know you will not allow any one to shoot at them or steal their eggs in the spring-time. But if you would rather not have our rough ways, Gerty, I will go with you wherever you please—did I not say that to you, sweetheart ? There are many fine houses in Essex—I saw them when I went down to Woodford with Major Stewart. And for your sake I would give up the sea altogether ; and I would think no more about boats ; and I would go to Essex with you if I was never to see one of the sea-birds again. That is what I will do for your sake, Gerty, if you wish—though I thought you would be kind to the poor people around us at Dare, and be proud of their love for you, and get used to our homely ways. But I will go into Essex, if you like, Gerty—so that the sea shall not frighten you ; and you will never be asked to go into one of our rough boats any more. It shall be just as you wish, Gerty ; whether you want to go away into Essex, or whether you will come away with me to the north, that I will say to Captain Macallum, 'Captain Macallum, what will you do now ?—that the English lady has been brave enough to leave her home and her friends to live with us ; and what are we to do now to show that we are proud and glad of her coming ?' "

Well, tears did gather in her eyes as she listened to this wild, despairing cry, and her hands were working nervously with a book she had taken from the table ; but what answer could she make ? In self-defence against this vehemence she adopted an injured air.

"Really, Keith," said she, in a low voice, "you do not seem to pay any attention to anything I say or write. Surely I have prepared you to understand that my consent to what you propose is quite impossible—for the present, at least ? I asked for time to consider."

"I know, I know," said he. "You

would wait, and let those doubt upon you. But here is a way them all. Sweetheart, why do rise, and give me your hand, 'Yes' ? There would be no mo at all !"

"But surely, Keith, you must stand me when I say that rushing marriage in this mad way is a dangerous thing. You won't look to anything I suggest. And really I think you should have some consideration for me——"

He regarded her for a moment, looking almost of wonder ; and then hastily—

"Perhaps you are right, (I should not have been so selfish, but you cannot tell how I have—) all through the night-time I have been thinking, and saying to myself that you could not be going away from me, and in the morning, oh ! the end of all the sea and the sky, and there to be asked whether you would go out to Colonsay, or round Scridain, or go to see the rock fly out of the caves. It is no time since you were with us, Gerty, to me it seems longer than half of winters ; for in the winter myself, 'Ah, well, she is now off the term of her imprisonment theatre ; and when the days come again, and the blue skies come again, I will use the first of her freedom and see the sea-birds about Dare. This last time, Gerty—well, I have doubts and misgivings ; and so I dreamed in the night-time that you were going away from me altogether, and I called to you, and you would not even turn your head. Oh, Gerty, I can see you now as then—your head turned partly as if you were strangers round you ; and then you were going farther and farther away from me. I jumped into the sea, how could I take you ? But at least the waves would come over me, and I should I getfulness."

"Yes, but you seem to think letters to you had no meaning ever," said she almost peevishly. "Surely I tried to explain enough what our relative positions were ?"

"You had got back to the

of the theatre, Gerty—I would not believe the things you wrote. I said, 'You will go now and rescue her from herself. She is only a girl, she is timid; she believes the foolish things that are said by the people around her.' And then, do you know, sweetheart," said he, with a sad smile on his face, "I thought if I were to go and get this paper, and suddenly show it to you—well, it is not the old romantic way, but I thought you would frankly say 'Yes!' and have an end of all this pain. Why, Gerty, you have been many a romantic heroine in the theatre; and you know they are not long in making up their mipsds. And the heroines in our old songs, too: do you know the song of Lizzie Lindsay, who 'kilted her coats o' green satin,' and was off to the Highlands before any one could interfere with her? That is the way to put an end to doubts. Gerty, be a brave woman! Be worthy of yourself! Sweetheart, have you the courage now to 'kilt your coats o' green satin'? And I know that in the Highlands you will have as proud a welcome as ever Lord Ronald Macdonald gave his bride from the south."

Then the strange smile left his face.

"I am tiring you, Gerty," said he.

"Well, you are very much excited, Keith," said she; "and you won't listen to what I have to say. I think your coming to London was a mistake. You are giving both of us a great deal of pain; and, as far as I can see, to no purpose. We could much better have arrived at a proper notion of each other's feelings by writing; and the matter is so serious as to require consideration. If it is the business of a heroine to plunge two people into life-long misery without thinking twice about it, then I am not a heroine. Her 'coats o' green satin'!—I should like to know what was the end of that story. Now really, dear Keith, you must bear with me if I say that I have a little more prudence than you; and I must put a check on your headstrong wishes. Now I know there is no use in our continuing this conversation: you are too anxious and eager to mind anything I say. I will write to you."

"Gerty," said he slowly, "I know you are not a selfish or cruel woman;

and I do not think you would willingly pain any one. But if you came to me and said, 'Answer my question; for it is a question of life or death to me,' I should not answer that I would write a letter to you."

"You may call me selfish if you like," said she, with some show of temper, "but I tell you once for all that I cannot bear the fatigue of interviews such as this, and I think it was very inconsiderate of you to force it on me. And as for answering a question, the position we are in is not to be explained with a 'Yes' or a 'No'—it is mere romance and folly to speak of people running away and getting married; for I suppose that is what you mean. I will write to you, if you like; and give you every explanation in my power. But I don't think we shall arrive at any better understanding by your accusing me of selfishness or cruelty."

"Gerty!"

"And if it comes to that," she continued, with a flush of angry daring in her face, "perhaps I could bring a similar charge against you, with some better show of reason."

"That I was ever selfish or cruel as regards you!" said he, with a vague wonder, as if he had not heard aright.

"Shall I tell you, then," said she, "as you seem bent on recriminations? Perhaps you thought I did not understand?—that I was too frightened to understand? Oh, I knew very well!"

"I don't know what you mean," said he, in absolute bewilderment.

"What!—not the night we were caught in the storm in crossing to Iona?—and when I clung to your arm you shook me off, so that you should be free to strike out for yourself if we were thrown into the water. Oh, I don't blame you! it was only natural. But I think you should be cautious in accusing others of selfishness."

For a moment he stood looking at her, with something like fear in his eyes—fear and horror, and a doubt as to whether this thing was possible; and then came the helpless cry of a breaking heart—

"Oh, God, Gerty! I thought you loved me—and you believed that!"—
Good Words.

THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

BY ARTHUR J. EVANS.

ENGLISH critics have failed to realise the true significance of the Austrian occupation of Bosnia. It is not a mere step towards the disintegration of Turkey in Europe. It is not a mere compensation to the "Monarchy" for the loss of Lombardy and Venice, or an equivalent for Kars and Batoum. Rather it is part of a far greater process, bringing with it as one of its results the certain dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as at present understood.

To begin with, not to waste words, let us call the proceeding "annexation" at once. The whole thing had been resolved upon at least as early as 1875, and well before the troubles in Bosnia and Herzegovina had begun to attract the attention of Europe. The project had always been a favorite one with the Emperor Francis Joseph, and when the Austrian agents in the two Turkish provinces indicated by their reports that Ottoman misrule was about to bear its inevitable fruits, and that a Christian insurrection was imminent, the Court and Military Party in Vienna resolved to profit by it. To this end the Emperor's Dalmatian journey was planned. Every effort was made to give it the air of a great political demonstration. The Dalmatian Slavs were flattered. The insurgents took heart. When the Emperor left Dalmatia the frontier officials had got their cue to favor the insurrection. Were it worth while, I could bring forward the most convincing evidence on this head. Reinforcements—Dalmatians, Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Bohemians, Italians—were allowed to pass into Bosnia and Herzegovina unhindered. The committees in the various Dalmatian and Croatian towns were allowed to collect military stores for their insurgent kinsmen, which were trailed across the frontier at various spots that might be named, under the very eyes of the Austrian officials. Russia was not then ready, and the Austrian "peacemaker" would willingly have received the European mandate for the tranquillisation of Bosnia at that moment. But that did not suit St. Petersburg. While Russia

prepared to make her voice heard in the future resettlement, the Serbian and Montenegrin war served her as an intermezzo. Austria was kept waiting; Hungary grew restive, and sops had to be thrown to the Magyars. It became necessary to kidnap a few insurgent leaders and to seize a few rusty cannon, which was effected by the Austrian authorities with a great flourish of trumpets. Lest the Hungarians should suspect the Cabinet of Vienna of any secret complicity with the aspirations of the Serbian national party in Bosnia, Count Andrassy could point to the fact that between the autumn of 1875 and the summer of 1878 from sixty to a hundred thousand Bosnian refugees of Serbian or Orthodox belief perished on Austro-Hungarian soil from hunger, exposure, and their attendant diseases. Passive atrocity and active chicane both served their turn.

So the time came when the current of events was too strong for Magyar opposition. The military party had its way, and the European mandate was obtained from the Congress of Berlin for the entry of the Austro-Hungarian troops into Bosnia. Count Andrassy still talked of "temporary" occupation; but soldiers have a habit of plain speaking, and General Philippovich, in addressing a deputation of the citizens of Slavonian Brood on the very eve of the passage of the Save, after hinting at the difficulties that might be experienced from the present race of Bosnians, did not hesitate to express his conviction that "*under wise government the next generation would grow up loyal subjects of the Emperor-King.*" Less began to be talked, even at Pesth, about the purely temporary character of the occupation. The Hungarians were now told that the troops were going into Bosnia "to put down the Serbs." It was a measure "for the protection of the Mahometan population of Bosnia and Herzegovina." Count Andrassy would fain have posed as "the friend of Turkey." But unfortunately for this official theory the astute Asiatic would throw difficulties into the way of the conclusion

of the Convention which was to smooth over all the Count's difficulties. The Porte easily perceived that whether the Court of Vienna was sincere or not in its professions, Austria, once in possession of Bosnia, would never willingly resign its grip. The temporary occupation theory was obviously a hollow pretence, and that being the case, why should the Sultan's advisers court the implacable hostility of Moslem fanaticism just to gratify Austrian vanity with a diplomatic triumph? The Porte knew besides that it was powerless to control the will of the Bosnian population.

There was just this difference between the policy of the military party and that of Count Andrassy. The Count seriously wished to make things pleasant for the Turks, and to use Bosnia as a lever for fresh diplomatic influence at Stamboul. The Generals and Fieldmarshalleutenants did not care a rap about the Turks. What *they* wanted was to test their new reserve organisation, to gain a province, and—it might be—to stand a fair chance of a shindy. Once more the Military Party triumphed, and this time in bloodshed.

There was something dramatic in the transformation of Austrian policy which resulted from the desperate resistance of the Bosnian Mahometans. Although the Austrian Consul-General in Serajevo, Herr Wassich, had repeatedly warned the Government that resistance was to be apprehended, his warnings seem to have been little heeded. The only chance of avoiding bloodshed lay in making an exhibition of force so imposing that even the most fanatic of the native Begs should see in the Swabian invasion the irresistible decree of Kismet. But the Cabinet of Vienna preferred to run the risk of encouraging opposition to confessing by the magnitude of its preparations that Bosnia was implacably hostile to its pacifiers. General Philipovich is said to have asked for 150,000 men. He was allowed little more than half that number.

Still it was generally believed at headquarters—as I myself can testify—that the troops, in sporting parlance, would have a "walk over." The Save was crossed, and the first day's march was signalled by nothing more inconvenient than the breakdown of the commissariat, a

hurricane, and flood. Flattering deputations of Turkish functionaries had audiences with the Commander-in-Chief. Correspondents—among whom I must rank myself—then present in the camp, had ample opportunity for imbibing the official theory of the occupation as it existed up to that moment. This opportunity was supplied them, free gratis and for nothing, by the presence at headquarters of an agent of the Austrian Official Press Bureau, who had been despatched from Vienna to supply correspondents with the only authentic information, and to kindly correct their telegrams when at variance with official "Austrian" notions. This gentleman (whom I have never ceased to regard as the highest product of "Austrian" civilisation) was at this juncture employed in disseminating among the representatives of the press a series of formulas almost laudatory of the official Ottoman. We heard very little about the native Bosnians at all, but very much about the Turkish Mutessarifs, and Kaimakama, and Mudirs, who for their exemplary subservience were to retain their offices under the ægis of his Apostolic Majesty. It did not strike this gentleman as at all strange that Austrian intervention should be employed to maintain undisturbed the scum of Ottoman corruption. But that was the way the wind blew at that moment from Vienna, and the gentleman with the wooden accent worked like a windmill.

What I may call "the Andrassy period" of the occupation lasted only three days and five hours. There was at headquarters a Captain Milinkovich, who having been Austrian Vice-Consul at Serajevo, was attached to the general staff as capable of giving valuable advice. Rumors of impending opposition in the passes of the Upper Bosnia valley began to pour in; but Captain Milinkovich, who "knew the Bosnians," expressed very decided opinions that it would all end in smoke. Give him, he said, a squadron of hussars and a sufficient sum of money, and he would ride forward and buy provisions in the very pass where the insurgents were supposed to be. The Vice-Consul and the fifth squadron of the seventh hussars were despatched on their mission. A day's ride brought them to Maglaj. From

Maglaj they rode forward next morning towards Zepshë—more than half of them never to return. One of the surviving hussars spurred his exhausted horse into camp with the news that the bulk of that splendid troop lay slain and mutilated in the defile beyond Maglaj, and from that moment the pacific period of the occupation was at an end. The whole fabric of the official "theory" collapsed. Martial law had to be proclaimed, and two days later the disillusionment was completed by the discovery that battalions of Turkish regular troops were fighting in the ranks of the "insurgents." From that moment General Philippovich and not Count Andrassy was master of the situation; if indeed events in Bosnia could be described as even under the General's control.

The officials at Vienna were not quite beaten yet, however. A desperate effort was first made to show that the resistance in Bosnia was due to the "Pan-slavists" and the Serbian element of the population, and not to the benevolent Turkish officials and the steady-going native Mahometans. But facts were too strong even for this revised edition of the official theory. Christian insurgents do not bear before them green flags with a crescent device. It was soon confessed, even by the official world, that the force against which Austria had to contend in Bosnia was mainly, if not exclusively, inspired by Mahometan fanaticism. The Head Centre of the "Insurgents" was the fanatical Hadji Loya, who, wounded, standing on a minaret, directed the fearful struggle in the streets of Serajevo. The other commanders, almost to a man, were Begs, or great native landholders, the renegade descendants of the old Slavonic nobility of Bosnia as it existed before the Turkish conquest. What rayah insurgents there were—and it must be remembered that the Christian insurrection against the Turkish Government and the Mahometan landlords had prolonged itself down to the very moment of the Austrian invasion—wisely resolved for the most part to submit to the new "occupants." The bands in Southern Bosnia under their chief, Golub Babich, sent a friendly deputation to General Jovanovich, and one band at least, but these

chiefly Roman Catholics, gave active assistance to the Emperor's troops.

As to the attitude of Serbia and Montenegro, a very elementary knowledge of the actual position of affairs in the Illyrian triangle would serve to exonerate the little principalities from the charge of lending active assistance to the Mahometans of Bosnia. Hateful as the Austrian occupation is to both Serbs and Montenegrins, fatal as it appears to them to be to the greater aspirations of Serbian race, there is at present a very active factor to be considered, which has the effect of almost forcing Serbia and Montenegro for the moment into the Austrian camp. The agitation of this spring in Albania which originated on the publication of the original treaty of St. Stefano, and which culminated in the formation of the Albanian League, did not attract nearly the attention it deserved. The Congress of Berlin seems to have taken very little count of the Albanians. But, as diplomatists have been rudely reminded by the murder of Mehemet Ali, the Skipetar is quite capable of asserting his existence, and the Albanian League has pledged itself to resist to the uttermost a settlement which hands over to Serbia, Montenegro, and Austria, territories where part of the population at least is Skipetar, and which Albanian pride has always included within the national limits. It was natural that community of interest should lead the Albanians to seek an alliance with the Bosnian Begs, and there can be no doubt that even in the earliest engagements Albanian volunteers were fighting in the Bosnian ranks against the hated Swabians. Indeed I noticed one myself among the slain after the storming of the "insurgent" camp at Maglaj. But as the Austrians advance into the pashalik of Novipazar, where a perceptible Albanian ingredient is to be found among the native population, they may expect to be opposed by a more formidable contingent. The difficulties of any advance along that narrow mountain neck which acts as a wall of partition between Serbia and Montenegro, and which forms the wasp's waist between Bosnia and Albania, are so great that Austria might well be inclined to bid for something more than the benevolent neutrality of these two free

Serbian principalities. Serbia, anxious as to Kurshumlje and Leshkovatz, Montenegro not yet in possession of her new acquisitions in the Moratcha valley, might well be desirous of securing Austrian aid against Albanian opposition.

To an outsider an actual alliance dictated by these obvious common interests between the monarchy and its two small Slavonic neighbors might have been considered at least within the bounds of possibility. Such, however, has been rendered almost out of the question by the frantic impolicy of Austro-Hungarian statesmen, which has devoted two years to repressive measures against the Serbs within the borders of the Empire-Kingdom, and to thwarting the legitimate aspirations of the Serbian principalities outside the Austrian limits. This "Austrian" policy, which reached its lowest depth of meanness in the efforts to cut off Montenegro from the sea-coast, to which she had fought her way, and in the actual ravishment of Spizza from the hands of its liberators, has borne its natural fruit. Although political considerations, due principally to the attitude of the Albanians, have led Serbia proper, Montenegro, and the minority of the Pravoslav population of Bosnia to hold aloof from the contest, a minority of Bosnian Serbs have actually joined the Begs and made common cause with them against the Austrians.

As to what that struggle may bring forth, even in the immediate future, it would be hardly wise to hazard a prediction. That Austria-Hungary will ultimately succeed in her present undertaking, is probable enough: but at what a cost in men and money! With what far-reaching effect on her own internal constitution, and leaving behind her what a heritage of hate! Already we see the conflict spreading from Bosnia to Albania, nor is it possible to say what freak of Magyar animosity, what triumph of Italian or Muscovite intrigue might not convert the temporarily politic neutrality of the Pravoslavs into active hostility. And yet, paradox as it may seem, the opposition which the Austrian troops are encountering from the Bosnian fanatics might no doubt be urged as the best justification for the present solution of the Bosnian difficulty. Before order and good government of any kind could be

re-established in the province, it was necessary to break the power of the haughty and oppressive ruling caste, whose tyranny provoked three years ago that "beginning of evils," the agrarian uprising of the Christian Serbs. The very desperation with which the Begs and their Mahometan supporters are resisting the "Swabian" invaders only shows their inexorable determination to accept no compromise. They at least have fully realised the issue that was at stake, so far as they themselves were concerned: the overthrow of their caste privileges, the intrusion of the hated Giaour, and the raising of the despised Rayah to an equality with themselves: and they have chosen to die hard. "I tell you," said one of the leading Begs of Bosnia to me, "the lot of the Rayah shall be worse than before." "Rather than submit to that," said another, speaking then of Midhat's Constitution, and the threatened equality of the Rayah, "we will shut ourselves up in our houses, with our wives and our children, and with our own hands we will slay our wives and our children, and last of all we will cut our own throats with our own hand-jars." * It is certainly hard to see who, besides Austria, could have been entrusted with the reduction of *intransigentes* such as these. Europe could hardly have called upon the Porte to undertake a war against the true-believing Bosnian subjects on behalf of Rayah outlaws. The Pravoslav majority of the Bosnian population would certainly have preferred the intervention of Serbia—but was Serbia equal to the task? Austria, both as a border-state chronically affected by the disturbances in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and as the official guardian of the hundred thousand and odd Rayah refugees from those provinces, still lingering out their exile on her borders, had certainly some claim to interfere, while her military might alone have qualified her to interfere with some prospect of success. Only, that salutary measure was too long postponed. Only, it was so inaugurated that Mahometan fanaticism

* I have recorded this speech in my *Illyrian Letters—Correspondence from the Illyrian Provinces of Servia, &c., addressed to the "Morning Star."* London: Longmans, 1878. P. 102

did not feel at once the paralysing arm of Kismet. Only, it was entered upon at last after Austria-Hungary had courted for years the hostility of the Christian as well as the Infidel population of Bosnia.

Let us assume, however, that Austria-Hungary ultimately succeeds even now in breaking down the native resistance. The inevitable consequence will be, so far as can be foreseen, the incorporation of the hardly-conquered province in the Hapsburg Monarchy. But this involves at the outset fundamental changes in the Constitution of the Empire-Kingdom.

The question at once arises—To which half of the Monarchy is Bosnia to belong? * So far as historic claims are to be allowed, it is evident that this old fief of the Crown of St. Stephen should be assigned to the Hungarian kingdom. Down at least to the Treaty of Passarowitz, in 1718, the Hapsburg kings of Hungary asserted their titular claim to Bosnia. So far again as geographical considerations weigh, it is evident that Bosnia belongs by nature to that part of the Monarchy which possesses Slavonia and Croatia, and this consideration again assigns it to Hungary. But Dalmatia, as being merely a strip of Bosnian and Herzegovinian coastland, cut off by the maritime rapacity of Venice, and inherited by Austria, must go with the mainland provinces. One of the evident advantages that would accrue from the annexation of Bosnia is the reunion of the Illyrian midlands with their seacoast. It would be preposterous to suppose that by placing Bosnia in Magyar hands, and leaving Dalmatia in Austrian, as it is at present, the mainland province should be perpetually debarred from its natural commercial outlets on the Adriatic; and the littoral province as perpetually cut off from its *Hinterländer* by the vexatious financial barriers with which either half of the Monarchy walls off the other. But supposing Hungary accepted Bosnia and Dalmatia, what then? It follows that the Magyar state, already over-weighted with Slavonic populations, would be fairly swamped, and Magyar

hegemoné might anticipate its natural end by at least a generation.

Supposing on the other hand Hungary refuses the gift of Bosnia, with Dalmatia, as it must be, attached, it is perfectly obvious that she must also forego the possession of Slavonia and Croatia.

The so-called "Triune Kingdom of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia," occupied, be it observed, by the same Serbo-Croatian race that peoples Bosnia and the Principalities, has been hitherto split in two—most conveniently for the German and Magyar Government administrators at Vienna and Pesth—by a wedge of Turkish territory. But assuming that Austria successfully "occupies" and incorporates Bosnia, what was formerly a wall of division between the Slavonic provinces will become a bridge of territory uniting them. Hitherto the Governments of Pesth and Vienna have, by the famous dualistic arrangement, coolly portioned out and shared between them the old Triune Kingdom: Hungary taking Croatia and Slavonia, while Dalmatia fell to Cisleithania. "*Divide et Impera*," alike with German bureaucrat and Magyar magnate; that has been hitherto the leading principle in controlling the destinies of the Southern Slavs. In the future the natural union between the four provinces of Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and Bosnia will be too strong for such artificial separation.

But supposing the Triune Kingdom, by the addition of Bosnia become quadripartite, is taken from Austria, this arrangement would be hardly less fatal to Magyar aspirations than the other. The Croatian under-kingdom divorced from Hungary, she would lose that which it has been her perpetual ambition to possess—a sea-coast. The three Slavonic provinces added to the Austrian half of the Monarchy which holds already Dalmatia *de facto*, Cisleithania would assume a preponderance intolerable to the Hungarian half of the Dual State.

There remains a third alternative, the grouping of these South Slavonic provinces into a third body politic, and their detachment from both Cis- and Trans-Leithania. In other words, there remains that last desperate expedient of Austrian statesmen, the reconstitution of the Monarchy on a "trial" in place of a dual basis. A pleasant outlook indeed

* I have here summarised some considerations, into which I entered more fully in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, from Agram, July 18th last.

for future Tisas and Auerspergs—a triple compromise! But stranger events than the incorporation of the German portion of the Empire—of the true Austria—in its natural Fatherland may well have taken place before a Hapsburg monarch reigns as Illyrian king in Agram or Serajevo.

At present we are more exclusively concerned with the fate of Bosnia; and the very gravity of the constitutional questions to which its future position in the Monarchy must inevitably give rise may justify us in assuming that some provisional arrangement, such as that with which the inhabitants of the Military Confines are well acquainted, will be continued in the province. Martial law will, in one form or another, be prolonged, perhaps by the very necessities of the case. Bosnia will remain dependent on the War Office at Vienna, and "will become," to quote the pregnant words of an eminent Croat, "an exaggerated version of the Military Frontier." The ultimate settlement cannot indeed be staved off forever, but measures will be taken which may be supposed to facilitate the ultimate solution in a sense favorable to "Austrian" ideas.

What those "ideas" were at the moment of the passage of the Save I have already pretty well indicated. Austria entered Bosnia "to put down the Serbs." That was a policy on which some unity of sentiment could be relied on both among the Magyar rulers of Hungary and the governing circles at Vienna. There was indeed this difference between the Magyar "view" pure and simple, and the Austrian "view" pure and simple. The Magyars hoped, and perhaps believed, that the Monarchy, after successfully employing its forces in reducing the unruly elements of Bosnia and Herzegovina, might see its way to handing them back to the Sublime Porte as a bulwark of Ottoman power which should effectually curb the future aspirations of the Serbian principalities. The iron wedge was to be driven anew into the heart of the Jugo-Slavs. The Military Party at Vienna, on the other hand, though quite at one with the Magyars so far as the inauguration of Anti-Serbian measures was concerned, differed from them in

this important particular, that, having got hold of Bosnia, they meant to keep her. They hoped, however, to be able, by occupying Bosnia, to drive an "Austrian," and not a Turkish, wedge between Serbia and Montenegro.

The Catholic dominant faction in Croatia, which, aided and abetted by the Magyar superiors, has distinguished itself during the last two years by its inauguration of a politico-religious persecution of the very considerable Serbian minority resident in the province, perceived that those in power at Vienna were about to plunge into what, if it succeeded, might be called a "Croatian" policy, and rejoiced accordingly. The idea of the Catholic faction at Agram has been that the whole Triune Kingdom and Bosnia as well might be moulded into a "Great Croatia," in the formation of which as good Catholics and loyal subjects of the Hapsburgs they relied at least on support from Vienna. Bosnia, they imagined, might be governed by an alliance between the small Roman Catholic minority of the province with the native Mahometans as against the Serbian majority of the population, and Croatian administrators were to preside over and direct this holy alliance. They believed, not without some show of reason, that the native Mahometan aristocracy, the Begs and Aghas, might easily be won back by the Roman propaganda from the faith of Islâm, which their ancestors had accepted as a social necessity. As the Serbs—the Pravoslavs, or members of orthodox Greek Church—representing the great independent traditions of the Southern Slavs, were to be everywhere trodden down, the little Croatian Government, not without many nods of approval from Pesth and Vienna, which in this respect were at one, set itself to "put down" the Serbian nationality under its immediate jurisdiction—the Croatian officials who were to undertake the same work beyond the Save wishing no doubt to get their hands in. Elsewhere* I have described some of that flagitious work. Elsewhere I have described—not from vague hearsay, but from personal obser-

* I must refer to my letters in the *Manchester Guardian* of June 24th and 29th of this year, on "The Politico-Religious Persecution in Croatia," and "The Proclamation of Martial Law in Slavonia."

vation—the shameless neglect of the Serbian refugees from Bosnia who had sought shelter within the limits of Christendom to find by scores of thousands but six feet of Austro-Hungarian soil. Elsewhere I have described the secret denunciations, the mock trials, the illegal imprisonments, to which leading Serbs of the province were subjected, without a possibility of redress, by the agents of a Government which, under the ægis of a sham constitutionalism, has furbished up anew the Inquisition tools of Metternich. For the object in view no means were too vile, no measures too high-handed; but the suppression—no other word will serve—of the Refugee Schools erected by the English ladies, Miss A. P. Irby and Miss Johnston, for the Bosnian children, by an edict of the Governor of the Croatian Military Frontier, the brother, be it observed, of the present Commander-in-Chief of the invading army, must stand alone for its infamy. Nearly two thousand children were turned adrift and cut off from the bread of knowledge by this Catholic Croat and military barbarian, for no other reason than that they were Serbs.

But this "Croatian" policy received its death-blow from the hands of the Bosnian Mahometans. When it was found that the Mahometan population of Bosnia obstinately refused to receive the Austrians as benefactors, and preferred to treat them as brigands, the hope of governing Bosnia in an anti-Serbian sense by an alliance between Roman Catholic and Mahometan, dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision. The effect of the invasion has indeed in many ways strengthened the position of the Serbian majority of the Bosnian population. The Mahometans have been led to bid for Serbian assistance. The Serbs, though for the most part passively acquiescent for the present, see that when "order" of any kind is re-established in Bosnia, what remains of the Mahometan population will be led to link itself with them in common political opposition to the hated Swabian and Magyar. The Austrian "occupation" has indeed had the effect of healing to a great extent the inveterate feud between the Begs and the Serbian Rayahs of the Province.

It almost seems now as if the Austrian invaders, the fine political combination having broken down, were determined to ground their usurpation on blood and iron alone. Those not behind the scenes can have no adequate conception of the precautionary measures taken by the Austrian Government to prevent any genuine information of what is taking place from reaching the outside world. *Experto crede.* When I, in company with the single other representative of the English press, was forced by refinements of "control" such as were never practised even by the Russians, to take leave of head-quarters on the road to Serajevo, the only "Austrian" institution that had been successfully introduced on to Bosnian soil was the "Press Bureau," to whose representative I have already in part introduced the reader. The telegraph lines from Pesth and Vienna have become mere instruments of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, and one at least of the chief agencies for the dissemination of intelligence in England, chronicles nothing but such items as have been already cooked for foreign consumption by the *officieux* of Vienna. The *Times*, that used to publish whole telegraphic columns from the Austrian capital, now that political interest centres with the Austrians in Bosnia, has to put off its readers with such paltry scraps and tags of information as have escaped the official scissors. Even the transmission to England of extracts from the Hungarian papers is prohibited by the censors at Vienna! If in spite of these unscrupulous efforts to gag the public press of Europe and to hoodwink public opinion, we hear through roundabout sources of the wholesale shooting of Mahometan prisoners; of the execution of forty Serbian merchants at a time "on suspicion;" of villages and towns given up to wholesale plunder; of mutiny among the imperial and royal troops, and the decimation of regiments by order of their own commanders;—if we learn that General Szapary at the defeat of Tuzla lost nearly 5000 men and two batteries of cannon; or that in his repulse at Bihacs General Zach lost more than double the 700 men given in the official reports;—and if these as well as the most exaggerated reports from Belgrade of

Austrian misdoings and disasters find ready credence, the Government of Vienna has only itself to thank. Reticence provokes suspicion, and those who shun the light cannot easily be acquitted of deeds of darkness.

The fact is, the statesmen of the Dual Monarchy are beginning to realise that behind the fiery ranks of the Bosnian Begs and their supporters there lurks a passive opposition which they cannot overcome. The first line of the Bosnian defences, if I may so phrase it, is Mahometan, the second line is Serbian. The arms of the first opponents to be encountered are physical, and may be overcome by superior brute force. The arms of the second line of defence are moral, and cannot be successfully opposed. The Begs, much as we may admire the grandeur of their resistance, are fighting partly, at least, for caste and sectarian privileges. The political opposition of the Serbian population, which will remain even when the military resistance of the Begs is broken down, is based upon the simple rights of man. They claim no exclusive privileges, but they claim that the majority of the Bosnian population should be allowed to choose its own governors. They claim a right to unite themselves to the other portions of their own people. They consider that national traditions that have survived four centuries of alien bondage justify them, at the very moment when their liberation seemed to dawn, in refusing allegiance to another foreign sovereign, and declining a sham citizenship in another foreign state, whose imperial crown ranks in point of antiquity with that of Brazil.

The Serbs, for reasons partly indicated, have chosen to bide their time; but the impartial observer must see in them, and in them alone, those who hold the future of Illyria in their hands. The little free principality, Danubian Serbia, has of late received scant justice from English critics. The resistance offered to the Turks during the first Serbian war was far more gallant than it has been described; indeed no less a personage than Midhat Pasha remarked to General Ignatieff that Europe had entirely underrated the powers of resistance displayed by the Principality. The fact that the Turks, with a total invading

army of over 170,000 men, only advanced a few miles in as many weeks into Serbian territory, cannot be explained away, as some have sought to do, by Turkish fear of provoking Russian intervention. The Turks, as afterwards became manifest, were quite equal to the feat of daring Russia and all Europe into the bargain. The Serbians were in truth grossly exploited by the drunkard Tcherniaeff, and his Russian boon companions, who, in order that they might play the game of the Moscow committee, and render the intervention of official Russia inevitable, resigned position after position to the Turks. Serbia was damned in England by an accident of "Special Correspondence"; but a death-tale of 40,000 is not the death-tale of a nation of poltroons.

But behind and beyond the small Principality extends a greater Serbia, bound together by undying traditions as well as by language and blood. Not only Montenegro, but Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and the old Voivodina in Hungary belong to the Serbian race area; although in the Triune Kingdom the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion forbids us to call the majority of the population Serbs in the present political sense, which often confines the term to Pravoslavs. Beyond this area the Wends or Slovenes of Carinthia, Carniola, and a good part of Styria are closely allied to the Serbian race in language and political aspirations. The Catholic Croats only, although belonging to precisely the same race as the Serbs, hold for the present aloof from those political aims which to-day are stirring these other South Slavonic populations to their depths, and which centre round the Serbs as the most powerful of the Yugoslav peoples.

There never was a more signal instance of political infatuation than when Count Andrassy despatched the troops of the Monarchy into Bosnia "to put down the Serbs." Austrian occupation with all its sanguinary accompaniments, may yet be useful. I have never wished to gain-say that. It may be useful even as paving the way for the break-up of that heterogeneous Empire, and its ultimate redistribution in such a form that patriotism may again become a possible virtue

among those who are to-day its subjects. It may be useful as cutting off the last shred of connexion between Bosnia and the corruption of Stamboul. It may be useful as probably the only possible means at hand to break the still half feudal domination of the Mahometan ruling caste in Bosnia. It may be useful, even, as paving the way for future liberties. But a government which is not a nation cannot give them, cannot secure them. It is not for Austria-Hungary to reap the fruits of her exertions. Her military might is great. Let her occupy her new Lombardy by all means. But in attempting, as she seems resolved to do, to stamp out the spirit of Serbian nationality, she is attempting something beyond the power of her arms. She will find the Mahometan as well as the Pravoslav element, both alike Serbian by blood, linked together in opposition against the Croatian bureaucrats by whose means she vainly hoped to Austrianize the province.

The spirit of nationality awakened now among all Serbian and potentially Serbian peoples is indeed in its way one of the most striking phenomena to be found in modern Europe. There occurs to me a little orphan child of nine years, a Bosnian Serb, who, with his little sister and parents, had fled across the Dalmatian border from the Mahometan Terror. The little lad and his sister, who both displayed a singular talent for music, had learnt to sing the national songs and to play the ghuzla or Serbian lyre, and as both their father and mother died with thousands of others of the hunger disease on Austrian soil, I suppose it was only their sweet tongues and nimble fingers that saved the little ones from the same grave. The small orphan had been found by Miss Irby in the mountain village, where hundreds of refugees were congregated, and taken to her school at Knin, where I saw him and heard him play. The "little minstrel"—*Mali Pivatz*, the Bosnians knew him by no other name—who had a ghuzla given him not too big for his small hands, sat down on a stool and played and sung a lay of Marko Kraljević, the old Serbian hero, that had been taught him by his father. He sang with a clear, fine voice and singular expression, his pretty boyish face completely

wrapped in the lay he sang, his keen eyes gazing beyond the listeners into another world—peopled with no visionary heroes; and as he rehearsed the mighty deeds of Serbian forefathers against the Turks his small face flushed with suppressed excitement, and his eyes, bright as those of a young falcon, flashed with all the pride of a great ancestry. When he had finished Miss Irby asked him what was most thought of in Bosnia—meaning what song. The boy, misunderstanding the question, replied decisively, "Heroes!" I do not hesitate to say that those old Serbian heroes and those national traditions of bygone freedom and unity which even little children serve to keep alive among the Bosnian people, excite a devotion against which the artificial Monarchy of the Hapsburgs has nothing to oppose. The bones of Dushan may yet work more miracles than the living arm of Francis Joseph. The Spirit of Nationality—the self-consciousness which makes a people a people—the self-confidence which enables a nation to read the prophecies of its future in the sublime traditions of its past—the self-knowledge which enables it to choose for itself a government in conformity with its true genius—that Spirit without which a body politic, under whatever government, must degenerate into a machine—will triumph yet in Eastern Europe. There may be renegade Englishmen who oppose in the Balkan peninsula the realisation of the very principles of nationality whose triumph they hailed in Italy and Germany; who would sign and seal the partition of a Southern Poland, and link, as far as in them lay, the destinies of their country with those of the most artificial and pettily tyrannical Power on the Continent of Europe, in order, it would seem, to secure the eventual triumph of a Power, tyrannical indeed, but not artificial. But the Spirit of Nationality which the Serbs have, which the Austrians have not, will survive their machinations. As I wrote on the eve of the Austrian entry into Bosnia so I now repeat. The artificial government of a Monarchy which cannot even call itself by a single name, is powerless against a nationality which has its stronghold in the hearts of peoples striving after union. No diplomatic

jugglery, no constitutional makeshifts, no show of military might, no laws, no police regulations, can avail such a government to crush out a nationality which finds its best propaganda, not in Jesuit

intrigues, not in an anti-national system of education and an inspired press, but in a thousand heroic lays and on the chords of the Serbian lyre.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

"FRED:" A TALE FROM JAPAN.

FRED was a stray dog whose origin and whose name even were shrouded in mystery. In 1861 he had landed in Yokohama from an English tea-clipper, in the company of a melancholy traveler. Nobody, of course, took any notice of the dog at the time, and he, on his part, avoided all familiarity with strangers, having, apparently, eyes and ears only for his master, whom he followed everywhere.

This master, Mr. Alexander Young, was a rather mysterious character. Nobody knew whence he came or whither he was bound. The captain of the *Georgina* had made his acquaintance in Java, and had given him a passage to Japan on very moderate terms. During the voyage, Alexander Young—or Sandy, as he was commonly called—spoke very little, but drank a good deal. The captain, who, when at sea, made it a rule never to take anything stronger than water, was not at all disinclined, when ashore, to indulge in an extra bottle or so. In consequence, he treated the weakness of his companion with compassionate fellow-feeling, and even felt, on that very account, a sort of sympathy for him, which showed itself in many little kindnesses. Sandy was very grateful; and in his sad, dreamy, blue eyes there was a tender and friendly expression whenever they rested on the rugged, weather-beaten features of the captain.

Fred was Sandy's constant companion, and the dog's nose was never many inches distant from his master's heels.

"Fred is a curious name for a dog," said the captain, one evening; "why did you call him so?"

Sandy was silent for fully a minute, and then answered slowly, "Because he was a present from my cousin Louisa."

The captain was much impressed by this unexpected explanation; but as he was himself accustomed to clothe his ideas in most enigmatical language, he made no doubt that Sandy's reply had

some deep hidden meaning; and without indulging in indiscreet questions, he made many and fruitless efforts to solve the problem unaided. From that time Sandy rose in his esteem. Neither Sandy nor he ever recurred to the subject; but when, at a later period, the captain was asked why Mr. Young's dog was called "Fred," he answered, authoritatively, "Because the dog was a present from his cousin Louisa."

Fred was a thorough-bred bull-terrier, snow-white, with one black round spot over his left eye. His fore-legs were bowed, his chest was broad and powerful, his head wide and flat as a frog's. His jaws were armed with a set of short, uneven, sharp teeth, which seemed strong enough to crunch a bar of iron. His eyes were set obliquely in his head, Chinese fashion; nevertheless there was an honest and trustworthy expression in them. One could see that Fred, though he was a dangerous was not a savage or a wicked beast.

Fred could smile in his grim way, if his master showed him a bone and said, "Smile!" But, as a rule, he was as grave and serious as Young himself. He was no bully or street-fighter. Confident in his own strength, he looked with contempt on the small curs who barked and yelped at him. But if a large dog, a worthy adversary, attacked him, he fought with mute, merciless fury. He neither barked nor growled on such occasions, but the quick deep breathing under which his broad chest heaved, betrayed his inward fury. His green eyes shone like emeralds, and he fastened his fangs into his enemy with such mad violence that it was a matter of great difficulty to make him loose his hold.

During six months Sandy and Fred led a quiet life at Yokohama. Sandy was known, it is true, to some in private circles; but in public, his behavior was unexception-

able, and no one had ever seen him intoxicated. A few days after his arrival, he had bought one of the rough ugly little ponies of the country. Those who, for some reason or another, strayed from the beaten paths usually frequented by foreign residents at Yokohama, declared that they had met Young, the pony, and Fred in the most unlooked-for places. The lonely rider, the horse, and the dog appeared, they said, equally lost in deep reverie. Young smoked; the pony, with the reins hanging loose on its neck, walked with his head down, as though it were studying that road of which its master took no heed; while Fred followed close behind, with his dreamy half-closed eyes fixed on the horse's hoofs. Young never addressed anybody, but returned every salute politely, and, so to speak, gratefully. The Europeans at Yokohama wondered at their quiet fellow-exile; and the Japanese called him, *kitchingay*—crazy.

Young rarely remained in town when the weather was fine. He would leave the settlement in the early morning with his two four-footed companions, and not return from his ride till dusk. But if it rained and blew hard, one might be sure to meet him on the *bund*—the street which leads from the European quarter to the harbor. On such occasions Sandy, with his hands behind his back, walked slowly up and down the broad road, with Fred at his heels as usual; though it was evident that the poor drenched animal did not share his master's enjoyment of bad weather. At intervals Sandy would stop in his walk and watch with apparent interest the boisterous sea and the vessels that were tossing on it. Whenever this happened Fred immediately sat upon his haunches and fixed his blinking eyes on his master's countenance, as though he were trying to discover some indication that he was going to exchange the impassable street for the comfortable shelter of his lodgings. If Young stayed too long, Fred would push him gently with his nose as if to wake him out of his day-dream. Sandy would then move on again; but he never went home till the storm had abated or night had set in. This strange aimless walking up and down gave him the appearance of a man who has missed his railway-train, and who, at some

strange uninteresting station, seeks to while away the time till the next departure.

Young must have brought some money with him to Yokohama, for he lived on for several weeks without seeking employment. At the end of that time, however, he advertised in the "Japan Times" to the effect that he had set up in business as public accountant. In this capacity he soon got some employment. He was a steady, conscientious worker, rather slow at his work, and evidently not caring to earn more than was required for his wants. In this way he became acquainted with Mr. James Webster, the head of an important American firm, who, after employing Young on several occasions, at last offered him an excellent situation as assistant book-keeper in his house. This offer Sandy declined with thanks.

"I do not know how long I may remain out here," he said. "I expect letters from home which may oblige me to leave at once."

Those letters never came, and Sandy grew paler and sadder every day. One evening he went to call on James Webster. A visit from Sandy Young was such an unusual occurrence that Webster, who, as a rule, did not like to be disturbed, came forward to greet his visitor. But Sandy would not come in; he remained at the entrance, leaning against the open door. His speech and manner were calm and even careless; and Webster was consequently somewhat surprised to hear that he had come to take leave.

"Sit down, man," said Webster, "and take a soda-and-brandy and a che-root."

"No, thank you," replied Young. "I leave early to-morrow morning; and I have only just time to get my things ready."

"So you are really going away?" said Webster. "Well, I am sorry you would not stay with us. As it is, I can only wish you good luck and a prosperous voyage."

He held out his hand, which Young pressed so warmly that Webster looked at him with some surprise; and as he looked, it seemed to him that there was moisture in Sandy Young's eyes.

"Why won't you stay?" continued

Webster, who felt a curious interest in the sad, quiet man. "The place I offered you the other day is still there."

Young remained silent for a few moments. Then he shook his head, and said, gently, "No, thanks. You are very kind, but I had better go. . . . What should I do here? Japan is a fine country; but it is so very small—always the same blue sea, the same white Fusuyama, and the same people riding the same horses and followed by the same dogs. I am tired of it all. . . . You must admit, Mr. Webster, that life is not highly amusing out here."

There was a short pause, after which Sandy resumed, but speaking more slowly and in still lower tones, "I think there must be a typhoon in the air; I feel so weary. . . . I do not think, Mr. Webster, that you can ever have felt as tired as I do. I thought we were going to have a storm this morning. It would perhaps have done me good. This has been a very close, heavy day. . . . Well, good-night. I did not like to leave Yokohama without bidding you good-bye, and thanking you for all your friendliness."

He moved away with hesitating steps; and when he had gone a few paces he turned round and waved his hand to Webster, who was following him with his eye.

"I thank you again, Mr. Webster," he repeated, with almost pathetic earnestness. "I wish you a *very* good-night." And so he disappeared into the darkness.

That night a terrific storm burst over Yokohama, but it came too late to revive poor weary Sandy. He was found dead in his bedroom the next morning, having hanged himself during the night. On the table lay a large sheet of paper with the following words, written in a bold hand, "Please take care of Fred."

Nothing was found in Sandy's trunk but some shabby clothes and a bundle of old letters which had evidently been read over and over again. They were without envelopes, dated from Limerick, 1855 and 1856, and merely signed, "Louisa." They were examined carefully in the hope that they might furnish some clue to Sandy's parentage and connections; but they were love-letters—mere love-letters—and contained nothing

that could interest any one but poor Sandy himself. There was frequent mention of a father and a mother in these letters, and it was clear that they had not been favorable to the lovers; but who this father and mother were did not appear. Other persons were mentioned, as "Charles," "Edward," "Mary," and "Florence," but their Christian names only were given. In the last letters of October, November, and December 1856, there was constant reference to a certain Frederick Millner, a friend of Sandy's, whom he had, apparently, introduced to his cousin and lady-love. In the first of these letters, Louisa wrote that her mother was much pleased with Mr. Millner, who was a most agreeable and charming companion. In course of time Mr. Millner became "Frederick Millner," then "Fred Millner," "F. M.," and at last he was simply "Fred." Fred had accompanied Louisa and her mother to Dublin, where they had all been much amused. Fred was a capital rider, and at the last meet he had taken the big stone wall behind Hrachan Park, in a style which had excited the admiration of all present. Fred accompanied Louisa frequently on horseback, and she had never had such capital riding-lessons as from him: he understood horses better than anybody, and that ill-tempered "Blackbird" that Sandy had never dared to ride, was as gentle as a lamb with Fred. At the last athletic sports, got up by the officers of the 19th, Fred had thrown the hammer farther than anybody; and would certainly have won the foot hurdle-race likewise, if he had not fallen at the last hurdle. Fred had a beautiful voice; Fred danced well;—Fred here, Fred there, Fred everywhere. In the last letter it was said how "poor daring Fred had fallen with 'Blackbird' at the last steeplechase and had broken his collar-bone. Yet he did not give up the race, and came in third! Mother has insisted on his remaining here to be nursed by us till he gets well. He sends his best love, and will write as soon as he is able."

These letters were sealed up and deposited in the archives of the British consulate at Yokohama. Inquiry was made officially at Limerick whether a Mr. Alexander Young and a Mr. Frederick Millner had been known there in

1855 and 1856. In due course of time the reply came, but brought no satisfactory answer to the questions. Alexander Young was quite unknown. A young man, called Frederick Millner, had lived at Limerick at the date mentioned. After bringing shame and sorrow to the daughter of an honored family, he had left the town in secret and had never been heard of since.

As Alexander Young left no property of any value, no further inquiries were made, and he was soon forgotten. He was buried very quietly; and James Webster, the constable of the English consulate, and Fred, alone accompanied him to the grave.

After the funeral the dog returned to Yokohama. For several days he searched anxiously for his master in his old lodgings and near the new-made grave; but he soon became convinced of the fruitlessness of his endeavors, and thenceforward he became, as a Californian called him, "an institution of Yokohama."

Sandy's last wish, "Please take care of Fred," was faithfully attended to. Many of the residents of Yokohama showed themselves ready to adopt the good dog; but Fred did not seem inclined to acknowledge a new master, and testified little gratitude for the caresses bestowed on him. He visited first one and then another of his numerous patrons, and did not object to accompany any of them in turn during a walk or a ride; but no one could boast that Fred was *his* dog. His favorite resort was the club, where, in the evening, all his friends met, and where he usually

remained till the last guest left. Then he took up his quarters for the night with one or other of his friends; and hospitality was readily extended to him, for he was both watchful and well-behaved.

A year had thus gone by, when the Georgina once more arrived in Yokohama harbor. The captain walking on the *bund* one day, recognised his former passenger Fred, and called to the dog. Fred snuffed at him deliberately, drooped his head, and appeared, for a few moments, to meditate profoundly. But suddenly he showed the wildest delight, leaped up at the captain and licked his hands, barking and smiling; then started down the street at full speed, and at last returned to take his old place at the heels of his new master. The captain, we have said, was a philosopher: he accepted the adoption as a decree of fate to which he bowed submissively.

One evening, not long after this, the captain was attacked by a party of drunken Japanese officers. Fred sprang at the throat of one of the assailants and would have strangled him, if another of the Japanese had not cut him down with a stroke of his sword. The captain escaped with a slight wound and took refuge in the club, from whence he soon sallied forth with a party of friends to give chase to his foes and try to save his dog. But his brave friend and defender was dead. He was buried in the yard of the club-house of Yokohama, where a stone, with the inscription, "Fred, 1863," still marks the place where poor Sandy's faithful companion lies.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

MUSICAL POETRY.

IT is a matter of general remark that the poetry of our time does not very readily lend itself to the service of the musician. The composer who is casting about in search of "words" for a song is still constantly driven back to the earlier sources of English literature; and, in the rare instances where he accepts modern aid, the kind of poetry that he finds suitable for his purpose is not, as a rule, that which bears the highest literary character. A number of obscure bards who would otherwise scarcely gain

a hearing at all find a brief immortality upon the covers of fashionable music-pieces. Their verses have for the most part little merit as musical compositions; they would indeed scarcely pass muster in the pages of a second-class magazine; but they are not the less constantly preferred by musicians, who discover in them some negative or positive quality lacking to the work of poets of established fame. Of course there are individual instances where the rule does not hold good. Mr. Tennyson's wide-

spread reputation has forced composers to essay the task of setting some of his songs to music. In a considerable number of cases these efforts have proved successful ; and we believe isolated experiments have also been made with the poetry of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris. But even Mr. Tennyson, who of all living writers seems to offer the greatest facilities to the musical composer, cannot compete in this respect with a writer like Herrick ; and we fancy that, as a matter of fact, a much smaller proportion of his work has actually been utilized by musicians. There are, no doubt, certain poets of our time in whose case the hesitation of the musical composer may be very easily explained. No one, we suppose, would think of asking Mr. Browning to write a libretto for an opera, and no one surely need be surprised that his rugged dialect has not been found suitable for association with melody. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Browning in this respect stands alone. The deliberate uncouthness of his utterance is not by any means a characteristic of the time ; on the contrary, there is reason for the belief that there never was a period in English literature when the suavity and music of versification were more sedulously cultivated, and the charge most commonly brought against the younger poets of the day is that they are too often tempted to sacrifice the claims of sense to the pleasures of mere sound. Even the bitterest critics of Mr. Swinburne, for instance, are ready to admit the extraordinary charm of his music, and a like admission is very generally and justly made in the case of Mr. Morris and Mr. Rossetti.

How, then, does it happen, we may ask, that, with all this musical poetry, there is such a scanty supply of verse that is fitted for musical accompaniment ? If the poets of our generation were exclusively employed in the service of dramatic literature, the question would admit of easy solution. But we know that this is not so. We know, on the contrary, that poetical dramas are few and far between, and even of those actually written only a very small proportion are seriously intended for representation on the stage. The experiments in this kind that have been made by Mr. Browning and Mr.

Tennyson have met with little practical success ; and if some persons still entertain the belief that Mr. Swinburne's genius is more dramatic, it is probably only because his dramas have not yet been tested in the same manner. And there is, it may be remarked, nothing surprising in this failure of our principal poets to write for the theatre. Apart from all other considerations, they are of necessity in a great measure influenced by a general tendency in modern English literature, and by the traditions established by their predecessors. When the satiric and didactic poetry of the last century fell back before the advent of a new era in our literature, there was no doubt a widespread impression that the poetical drama was about to be revived. All the leaders of the revolution were deeply penetrated by a profound study of the Elizabethan drama, and a few experiments were made which proved that even they themselves did not always appreciate the tendency of their own work. To us, however, it is no longer uncertain. In spite of the *Cenci* and of the dramatic essays of Byron, we now fully recognize that the genius of these men was lyrical and not dramatic, and that, however much they differed from one another, and both again from poets like Wordsworth and Coleridge, this one element of sympathy availed to give a certain coherence to the labors of the whole group. And since their time the impulse they gave to poetical art has only been further developed. Nearly all recent poetry, whatever the outward forms of its utterance, has been in essence lyrical. An increasing care has been bestowed upon the study of musical effect, and a more decided importance has been attached by the poet himself to this particular aspect of his work. Mr. Swinburne, who is a critic, as well as a professor, of his art, is constantly repeating the assertion that a poet must be, before all things, a singer ; and it may be said that he amply enforces the maxim in his own practice.

But the conclusion at which we have arrived, if it be well established, seems only to make the question with which we set out more difficult of solution. The fact that the poetry of the age is pre-eminently lyrical would seem to imply that it is peculiarly adapted to the pur-

poses of musical composition. And, if we could believe the most advanced school of theorists in music this is actually the case. Herr Wagner, we know, is constantly asserting that both the arts are eager for union. They have arrived, he tells us, at a stage of development when they are indispensable to one another, and when the only chance of further progress for either lies in their speedy marriage. And yet, when we turn to the arts themselves, we discover more of reluctance than we could have supposed possible with such eager lovers. In spite of their vaunted sympathy, they continue to stand apart, and if the foregoing facts are rightly recorded, the union is now more difficult than at any previous stage of their history. The few songs that were born in the great time of the English drama more readily lend themselves to the uses of the musician than the most musical verses of this age of lyrical poetry, and it is therefore idle in the face of these notorious facts to assure the world that the poet never stood so much in need of the support of the musician. If we would truly understand the reasons of the apparent contradiction, we must indeed look a little beyond Wagnerian theories. It is no doubt true that the development of the art of music which has taken place during the present century has very powerfully influenced the poetry of the same period, but the influence has been exerted in a manner that does not at all tend to bring the two nearer together. Poetry in relation to the other arts is essentially imitative, but its imitation is of a kind that will not bear the test of direct comparison. People who say, in the language of the æsthetic school, that a writer's verse is picturesque and full of color, do not therefore conclude that it needs to be illustrated by the painter. On the contrary, it is evident that the introduction of the realities of pictorial art can only serve to destroy the illusion that has been secured by the skilful use of language. The poet is cheated of his triumph when he is asked seriously to compete with the master of the brush; he is humiliated, not supported, by the pretended help. And what is true of the relation of poetry and painting is no less true of the relation of poetry and music. The musical effects of verse are carefully

calculated for the absence of music, just as the picturesque effects are calculated for the absence of painting. When we say, therefore, that Mr. Swinburne's way of writing is melodious, we do not mean that we feel the want of music, but rather that by artful combination of sounds he has contrived to supply its place. But in effecting this kind of triumph he does not pretend to challenge the musician to a competition; on the contrary, he must know well that so soon as they are brought together his carefully elaborated effects will go for nothing. All the other elements of his poetry may survive the alliance; its sentiment, its passion, and its picturesque force will each preserve a place; but in the nature of things, the music of the verse will be merged in the sounds that are supplied by way of accompaniment. We may therefore partly understand how it is that the development of lyrical poetry has not led to any closer connexion with the art of the musician. The poet begins to emulate the triumphs of the musical composer, and is no longer willing to work in his service. Conscious that his verses are to be read and not sung, he labors for a certain kind of melody that will be effective under these conditions. The versification must in a sense contain more of music than is needed for the words of a song, because it will receive no assistance from without, and the author is thus compelled to simulate the effects of another art. We may conclude, therefore, that the influence of music upon poetry is rather to increase the distance that separates them, while at the same time it adds almost a new faculty to the poet's resources. That combination of all the arts so dearly desired by Herr Wagner belongs to the period of their infancy. As they grow to maturity they become increasingly independent, and they cannot enter into alliance without some sacrifice, which the most eminent exponents of each art are the least willing to endure. For the higher we go in the scale of art production, the more completely does the artist exhaust the resources at his command, the more readily does he submit himself to inherent limitations. His work is done in the full view of these resources and limitations, and it is done in such a way that nothing can be added from without that will not injure the in-

tended effect. A second or third-rate poet is not injured by the help of the musician, because his work was not complete in the first instance, and music may possibly add what the author has failed to supply. But the poet of the first order wants nothing from any other art, nor in this case does the musician feel that he has anything to give. On the contrary, he is rather embarrassed and perplexed by the perfection of the material. He may turn it into something different, but he cannot improve it.

It may perhaps be a question whether the attention to the sensuous effect of the sound of poetry has not in our time been somewhat excessive. However our poets may pride themselves upon being singers, the fact remains that they do not sing in the strict sense of the word; and, by laying too much emphasis upon this one aspect of their work, they are apt to weaken the forces of an-

other kind. Even that element of poetry which we agree to call the musical element is partly dependent upon the sense, as well as the sound, of the words employed. We should experience no special delight in mere gibberish, however mellifluously arranged. The intellect must be charmed as well as the ear, or we become immediately conscious that we are being cheated by an easy trick of vowel sounds. It is this element of musical beauty which seems to be failing in modern poetry. The first impression of sweetness turns afterwards sour when we perceive that the word has not been chosen with as fine a sense of its meaning as of its ring in the ear. The music of Swinburne is, for this reason, far inferior to the music of Keats. It makes a stronger appeal, but it does not leave so sweet a recollection, and it will not bear the same close and searching scrutiny.—*Saturday Review*.

DO WE WELL TO MOURN?

YES, grieve! it can be no offence to Him
Who made us sensitive our loss to know;
The hand that takes the cup filled to the brim
May well with trembling make it overflow.

Who sends us sorrow means it should be felt;
Who gave us tears would surely have them shed;
And metal that the "furnace" doth not melt,
May yet be hardened all the more instead.

Where love abounded will the grief abound;
To check our grief is but to chide our love;
With withered leaves the more bestrewed the ground,
The fuller that the rose hath bloomed above!

Yes, grieve! 'tis Nature's—that is, God's—behest,
If what is Nature called is Will Divine!
Who fain would grieve not cannot know how blest
It is to sorrow, and yet not repine.

The Spectator.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

BY THE EDITOR.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield and Prime Minister of England, was born in London, December 21, 1805; and his career has been one of the most extraordinary in English history. Unaided by wealth or family influence, born

of a despised race, and always avowing pride in his descent, he has by sheer force of genius made himself a distinguished name in English letters, and successively leader of the House of Commons, Minister of F

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commercial of countries, and twice Prime Minister of one of the mightiest empires of the modern world.

His father was Isaac Disraeli, the author of "Curiosities of Literature" and other works; his mother's maiden name was Baseri. He received his education at home, from his father and from private tutors. An intimate friend of his father, an eminent solicitor, who had no son of his own, wanted to make Benjamin the heir of his business; and took him into his office for a time; but the law proving distasteful to the young man, he abandoned the solicitor's office, with its brilliant prospect of wealth and reputation, and devoted himself to literature. His first success was in society, where his personal beauty, refined manners, and remarkable powers of conversation, made him a general favorite. At the age of nineteen he visited Germany, and on his return to England published (in 1827) his famous novel "Vivian Grey," the chief characters in which were faithful portraits of himself, and of persons well known in English society. In 1828 he published "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla," a gay and good-humored but flimsy satire which attracted little attention. The next year he commenced an extended tour in Italy, Greece, Albania, Syria, Egypt, and Nubia, returning in 1831. Shortly afterwards he published his second fashionable novel, "The Young Duke," and in the following year appeared "Contarini Fleming, a Psychological Autobiography," which Heinrich Heine pronounced to be "one of the most original works ever written," and which received high praise from Goethe. Its subject is the development of the poetical nature, and it contains brilliant sketches of Italy, Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. At this time Disraeli made his first attempt to enter Parliament. He presented himself to the electors of High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, near his father's residence, as a Tory-Radical, and was defeated by the Whig candidate. In December, 1834, he was again defeated at Wycombe. He next appealed, in May, 1835, at Taunton, as a thoroughgoing Conservative. It was on this occasion that, when charged by somebody in the crowd with "O'Connellism" he called the great Irish agitator a "bloody

traitor," to which Mr. O'Connell made the retort, "For aught I know the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross!" Disraeli challenged O'Connell's son, Morgan O'Connell, who had taken up his father's quarrel; but the challenge was not accepted.

In the mean while Disraeli wrote and published several books. "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," an Oriental romance of extraordinary eloquence and power, depicting the adventures of a prince of the house of David, who, in the twelfth century, proclaimed himself the Messiah, and called the Jews of Persia to arms, appeared in 1833, accompanied by "The Rise of Iskander," a tale founded on the revolt of the famous Scanderbeg against the Turks in the fifteenth century; a political pamphlet entitled "What is He?" in 1834, in which he tried to explain his political views; "The Revolutionary Epic" and "The Crisis Examined" in the same year; and a "Vindication of the English Constitution" in 1835. In 1836 he published a series of letters in the *London Times*, under the signature of "Runnymede," which were read with great interest on account of their remarkable wit and sarcasm. Towards the close of the same year he published a love story, "Henrietta Temple;" and in the spring of 1837 appeared "Venetia," a novel in which he portrayed the characters and appearance of Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley. At last he achieved the great object of his ambition. In the first Parliament of the reign of Victoria, being then thirty-two years of age, he obtained a seat as representative of the Conservative borough of Maidstone. His maiden speech, which was highflown in style and delivered with extravagant gestures, was clamored down by the House, and he took his seat with the following words: "I am not surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

In July, 1839, this prediction began to be fulfilled; he made a speech which was listened to with attention and praised for its ability. In that year he contracted a most fortunate marriage with

the wealthy widow of Wyndham Lewis, his friend and colleague in the representation of Maidstone. The happy influence of this union upon his career he has himself acknowledged in the graceful dedication of one of his novels to a "perfect wife."

In 1841 he was elected from the borough of Shrewsbury; and subsequently published "Coningsby; or, The New Generation," which achieved great success, and had a wide circulation. It was regarded as an exposition of the views and designs of the famous half literary, half political party then attracting public attention under the name of "Young England," of which Disraeli was one of the most conspicuous leaders. In 1845 he published "Sibyl; or, The Two Nations," which depicts, with much care, the condition of the English people at that period, and especially the Chartist agitation. In 1847 he was returned as one of the members from Buckinghamshire, and in the same year he published "Ixion in Heaven," with other tales; and also "Tancred: the New Crusade," in some respects the best of his novels. He himself says in the preface to his collected works (1870) that "Coningsby," "Sibyl," and "Tancred" form a trilogy, the object of which was to delineate the origin and character of English political parties.

He now began to take a leading part in the House of Commons. His severe attacks on Sir Robert Peel for alleged treachery to his party in the adoption of his free-trade policy are among the most remarkable speeches in the annals of the British Legislature. They established Disraeli's reputation as one of the most powerful debaters and keen and polished satirists in that body. In 1849 he became the recognized leader of the Conservative party in Parliament. In March, 1852, in the first Derby administration, he received the appointment of Chancellor of the Exchequer, was made a member of the Privy Council, and became leader of the ministerial party in the House of Commons. He went out of office with the rest of the Derby ministry in December of the same year. In February, 1858, when Lord Derby again accepted the task of forming a cabinet, after the downfall of Lord Palmerston, Disraeli again became Chancellor of the

Exchequer; but the new administration only retained power till June 11th, 1859, when it was driven out by a vote of want of confidence. It was succeeded by the Palmerston-Russell cabinet, and on the death of Lord Palmerston (October 18th, 1865) by the Russell-Gladstone ministry, which remained in power till June, 1866, when it in turn was driven out by a vote of want of confidence, owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the reform bill proposed by them. During this period Disraeli was leader of the opposition in the House of Commons. A new ministry was formed July 6th by Lord Derby, Disraeli becoming for a third time Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was the chief supporter of the Reform Bill of 1867, which extended the right of suffrage to all householders in a borough, and to every person in a county who had a freehold of 40s. The Earl of Derby resigning in February, 1868, Disraeli became Prime Minister; but before the end of the year was compelled to resign by the dissatisfaction of Parliament with the position which his ministry took on the question of disestablishing the Irish Church. He was succeeded as Prime Minister by Mr. Gladstone December 2d, 1868.

In 1870 Disraeli published "Lothair," a politico-religious novel, aimed at the Fenians, Communists, and Jesuits; it had a great success. In 1868 he was offered a peerage by the Queen, which he declined for himself but accepted for his wife, who was made Viscountess Beaconsfield. She died December 23d, 1872. In February, 1874, the parliamentary elections having resulted in a Conservative majority, Mr. Gladstone resigned, and Disraeli again became Prime Minister. On February 17th, 1876, he introduced a bill into the House of Commons, authorizing the Queen to take, in addition to her other titles, that of "Empress of India." After much opposition the bill became a law April 27th. On the 16th of August Mr. Disraeli was raised to the peerage with the title of Earl of Beaconsfield. His latest achievements are the Treaty of Berlin, in the negotiation of which he played a conspicuous part, and the acquisition of Cyprus through a Convention with Turkey, which is now being subjected to fierce criticism.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WRITERS. By Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

The recollections of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke extend back into the first quarter of the century, and among their acquaintances may be numbered almost every man or woman who within the period thus covered has attained to eminence in letters. The names of nearly three hundred writers and artists appear in the index to the volume, and though some of these are the subject of a merely passing reference or mention, of the great majority there are details which may be fairly dignified with the title of reminiscences.

About a third of the book is taken up with what are called "General Recollections," which are partly autobiographical (as regards both the authors), and, for the rest, deal with such persons and experiences as can be disposed of in a sentence, a paragraph, or a page. In this section figure more or less prominently Coleridge, Percy Bysshe Shelley and his wife, Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley, Hazlitt, Godwin, Procter, Hood, Horace Smith, Cobden, Etty, Edmund Kean, Macready, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, Liszt, Mrs. Somerville, our own Emerson and James T. Fields, and a host of others. Following this chapter of general reminiscence are more detailed papers on Keats, "Charles Lamb and his Letters," "Mary Lamb," "Leigh Hunt and his Letters," "Douglas Jerrold and his Letters," and "Charles Dickens and his Letters."

The "Recollections of Keats," written by Charles Cowden Clarke, who was for several years a schoolfellow of the poet and afterwards one of his most intimate friends, are much the best portion of the volume's contents, and have a vigor and freshness which make most of the other reminiscences seem rather pallid in comparison. They throw new light upon that portion of Keats's life concerning which Lord Houghton's biography is least full and satisfactory—the years of youth and early manhood when his character and genius were forming. The chapters on Charles and Mary Lamb are among the best, and include several highly characteristic letters. The reminiscences of Mary Lamb are especially interesting, because it is so rarely that we obtain more than a glimpse of her, obscured as she usually is by the superior magnetism of her brother's personality. The chapter on Leigh Hunt is the longest in the book, but except for the letters (some of which are in Hunt's best vein) the interest is rather tenuous. The same may be said of the chapter on Douglas

Jerrold, though one aspect (and that the most pleasing) of the great wit's character is sympathetically portrayed. The liveliest chapter is that on Dickens, in which one of the most picturesque episodes in Dickens's life (that in which he acted as manager of the famous amateur theatrical company) is depicted much more effectively than in Forster's biography of him. Mrs. Cowden Clarke was a member of the company, and she describes their performances and triumphs, and their experiences on the stage and behind the scenes, thoroughly *con amore*. The only one of the Dickens letters which possesses much interest is the one reproduced in fac-simile; in it the great humorist signs himself with the names of eight of his stage characters, besides his own proper appellation—the handwriting of the various signatures being ingeniously diversified.

Of the Recollections as a whole, it may be said that their distinguishing characteristic is a certain amiable optimism, which sees nothing but good in everybody and everything. A more rosy picture of the world of literature and of the people who inhabit it was never painted. The Cowden Clarks evidently recognize no *gens irritabile*, and when they have encountered any one deficient in amiability, they have only needed to draw upon their own superabundant store. As to the literary quality of the work, it is simply familiar talk, scarcely aiming at the dignity of formal composition. If, at times, it rises to dramatic force and pointed characterization, more often it ambles along at the level of fireside gossip.

RESEARCHES INTO THE EARLY HISTORY OF MANKIND AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF CIVILIZATION. By Edward B. Tylor, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

This book was the fruit of almost the first attempt made to apply the scientific method to the study of prehistoric times, and to ascertain the condition and character of man before he entered the arena of authentic history; and though, since its first appearance, few branches of inquiry have been pursued with such zealous industry, it still ranks among the standard and authoritative works upon its special subject. Other investigators—Sir John Lubbock, Mr. M'Lennan, and Herbert Spencer—have cultivated and enlarged the field, and Mr. Tylor himself has in his "Primitive Culture" developed several of the questions and considerations first raised in the present work; but nowhere else can be found so satisfactory a discussion of the Gesture-Language and its relation to Word-Langu

of Picture-writing and Word-writing, of Images and Names, and of the bearing which the geographical distribution of certain myths, traditions, and customs has upon the great question of the origin of the nations and the spread of mankind over the world. Mr. Tylor not only performed the work of a pioneer in a new, untried, and most difficult subject; he really built a broad highway into the very heart of it, which later workers have indeed done much to strengthen, widen, and smooth, but which has hardly required to be modified at all either as to direction or method of construction. To drop metaphor, Mr. Tylor not only showed where facts bearing upon the early history of mankind were to be sought and how they were to be used when collected, but in the inferences based upon his then comparatively meagre accumulations anticipated the conclusions of a more recent period when the area of the facts had been multiplied to an indefinite extent. Especially valuable are the chapters on the Gesture-Language, which should be considered indispensable alike to the student of history and to the inquirer into the origin of human speech.

The "Researches" have been twice revised by the author since their first appearance in 1865, and though the changes are slight, they are sufficient to indicate the direction which later investigations have taken. This first American is from the third English edition, and is issued in a style befitting a work of permanent value and interest.

JOHNSON'S CHIEF LIVES OF THE POETS. And Macaulay's Life of Johnson. With a Preface by Matthew Arnold. To which are Appended Macaulay's and Carlyle's Essays on Boswell's Life of Johnson. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Having already reproduced (in our August number) the prefatory essay in which Mr. Arnold explains the special merits and advantages of this selection from Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"—embracing the lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray—we need only say that, after a careful perusal of the book in its present form, we cordially agree with Mr. Arnold's high estimate. We know of no work which will better serve the purpose of an introduction to English literature, or which will give the reader a more vivid idea of some of the greatest men whose works have conferred lustre upon that literature. The book, too, is more homogeneous than one would expect from a collection of disconnected essays. The six selected "Lives" conduct us consecutively through more than a century and a half, from 1608, the year of Milton's birth, down to 1771, the date of the death of Gray; and through this long

and important period, as Mr. Arnold says, we follow the course of what Warburton calls "the most agreeable subject in the world, which is literary history," and follow it in the lives of men of letters of the first class.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that in the concluding sentence of his essay, Mr. Arnold remarked that, in order to make his volume of selections "quite perfect," it should be prefaced by Lord Macaulay's "Life of Johnson." By the consent of the publishers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, this Life (which shows Macaulay himself at his very best) is included; and to the American edition of the work the publishers have added Macaulay's famous essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson, with Carlyle's equally famous rejoinder thereto. All these, with Mr. Arnold's own Preface and a very complete index, constitute a volume for which readers, students, and teachers of English literature should be alike grateful.

HOW TO PARSE. An Attempt to Apply the Principles of Scholarship to English Grammar. By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

This is altogether the most sensible, scientific, and practically useful treatise on English grammar that has lately come under our notice. Without exactly endorsing Mr. Richard Grant White's assertion that English is "the grammarless tongue," Dr. Abbott utterly discards a large part of the cumbersome classifications and phraseology which the earlier grammarians borrowed from the Latin; and we hear nothing of those terms which by false analogies have misled and muddled so many generations of students—Articles, Cases, Proper Noun, Conjugation, Decline, Nominative, Objective, and the like. How much the exclusion of this rubbish simplifies the study of the real "Parts of Speech" can only be comprehended by practical trial, and for this Dr. Abbott's little book furnishes just what is wanted. Besides the grammatical portion proper, which is divided into lessons, rules, and exercises for use in schools, there are valuable appendixes on Analysis, Spelling, and Pronunciation, and an exceedingly instructive chapter on the Growth of the English Language.

REMOSE. A Novel. From the French of Th. Bentzon. No. XIII. Collection of Foreign Authors. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The "Collection of Foreign Authors" grows apace, and maintains the high standard established by the earlier volumes. "Remose" is a story of slight texture, and its motif touches upon dangerous ground, but it is remarkably intense and dramatic in narrative,

and it is written with all that polish, precision, and vivacity of style which characterize the best class of French literary work. The story appeared originally in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where it attracted wide attention for the qualities already named, and also for the extraordinary subtlety and insight displayed by the author in his delineation of contrasted types of character. M. Bentzon's method of portrayal is not the tedious analytical-psychological method of the English school; it is essentially dramatic. He shows us men and women in action, and leaves us to infer from such actions the nature and quality of their motives. The superiority of this method in point of interest is undoubted; and it has the additional advantage of producing stories which can be enjoyed and finished at a sitting.

THE VOICE AS AN INSTRUMENT. By A. A. Pat-
toul. New York: *Edward Schuberth & Co.*

In this useful and suggestive little treatise, the author takes for his text the saying of Aristotle that "although nature has gifted us all with voices, yet correct singing is the result of art and study;" but he enlarges the scope of his text somewhat, and insists with much emphasis that vocalization is not only an art but a science. He shows that it depends primarily upon certain physiological and anatomical conditions which must be thoroughly understood before we can safely venture upon either the teaching or the practice of vocal music; and he explains what may be called the mechanism of the human voice with a clearness and simplicity and a scientific precision that we have not seen equalled elsewhere. The essay is destructive rather than constructive in its criticism—that is, it points out the mistakes and errors and even dangers of the common theories and practice, without explaining the precise method of rectifying them; but much is gained when we learn that our principles are erroneous, and the little book offers suggestions of great value, even if it does not fully expound the author's system. The suggestions, we may add, will prove useful not merely to teachers and students of music, but to those numerous individuals who are suffering from throat affections, which a sound knowledge of the mechanism of the voice and how to use it would totally eradicate.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

DR. CARL FULDA is preparing an interesting contribution to literary history in the shape of a Life of Schiller's wife.

A SOCIETY with the comprehensive object of

protecting their interests at home and abroad has been formed by German authors.

MESSRS. CALMANN LEVY, of Paris, have acquired the right of publication of all George Sand's works, and propose to issue in the course of the winter a considerable portion of her correspondence.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR'S "Life of Goethe" is approaching publication. It will contain important material hitherto quite unknown to English readers. Much has been gathered from oral testimony at Weimar.

THE *Jahrbuch* of the German Dante Society estimates that five hundred and fifty publications more or less concerning Dante have been issued within the seven years dating from July 1870 to July 1877.

M. LEON GAUTIER, of the Archives Nationales, Paris, is about to publish a collection of Latin liturgical pieces in verses from the eighth to the tenth centuries. Most of the inedited texts are collected from MSS. in the Library of St. Gallen.

THE Clarendon Press has, after some trouble, found a competent editor to continue the revised edition of the late Prof. Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, on which he had been engaged for many years before his death, but had not, we believe, carried beyond the letter G.

THE experiment of opening the public libraries and reading-rooms in Manchester appears to have been successful. An average of 500 visitors for each library is reported, and many of them are not the usual week-day frequenters. Mr. Alderman Baker, chairman of the Library Committee, considers that the result so far attained is most gratifying.

PHILOLOGISTS interested in mediæval and modern dialects will be glad to hear of the faithful reimpression of the Psalms in verses in the dialect of Béarn from a unique copy (1583) in the National Library in Paris, by Arnaud de Salette; and of Lucien Rigaud's "Dictionnaire du Jargon Parisien, l'Argot Ancien et l'Argot Moderne."

THE Eastern unsettlement threatens to create yet another nuisance, a new European language. The Albanians, in asserting their nationality, claim that Albanian shall be the official language of their country. The Albanians have two chief languages, the Tosk and the Guegh, and they cannot read them when other people write them, so they use Greek for written communications.

THE extraordinary persistency with which

unsuccessful candidates present themselves year after year at the Chinese competitive examinations is curiously illustrated by certain edicts in the *Peking Gazette* of last year, in which honorary degrees are conferred on forty-two candidates who were finally plucked at the age of ninety and upwards, and on one hundred and thirty-six who gave up the struggle when between eighty and ninety.

ONE subsidiary result of the late Eastern changes is the extension of the area of the Roman alphabet. The Austro-Hungarian Government has adopted for Bosnia and Herzegovina the Croato-Slav dialect in Roman type, instead of the Cyrillic type used by the Ottoman Government. The occupation of the Dobruja by the Roumans is attended by the use of the Roman character, which will, however, be displaced in Bessarabia by the Russian.

A STATEMENT has been published of the number of readers and of the works read in the thirty-two national libraries in Italy. The entire number of readers in 1877 was 806,388, being a slight increase on the number of the preceding year. The Library of Turin is the most frequented; next come those of Naples and of Rome. The libraries of Palermo and of the University of Rome reckon more than 40,000, but less than 50,000, readers, while that of Modena only boasts 1292. By various donations, and by books forwarded by the publishers in conformity with the law, the Italian libraries were increased last year by 32,014 works.

THE constant increase in the amount of unclaimed property and money seeking an owner in this country is one of its curious economic phenomena. It appears from the fourth edition, just published, of Mr. Edward Preston's *Index to Heirs at Law, Next of Kin, and Unclaimed Money*, that upwards of 50,000 persons have been advertised for in the last 150 years, and no fewer than 10,000 of these since 1871. It would follow that nearly 1 in 3300 of the population of the United Kingdom might find something to their advantage in Mr. Preston's *Index*, in connection with advertisements which have appeared in the last six years and a half alone. But a vast number of persons besides are interested without their knowledge in unclaimed property advertised about in antecedent years. Another curious economic phenomenon is such a subdivision of labor and of knowledge that there should be an indefatigable person like the compiler of the *Index* to collect the information requisite to put so many thousands of persons in the way of getting property they knew nothing about.—*A. G. G.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

A HINT TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.—A correspondent of *Les Mondes* calls attention to the fact that butchers, though they may be pale and thin when they enter on the business, quickly gain freshness of color, stoutness, and a generally comfortable look. It is a pure fiction, of course, that they put aside the best portions of the meat for themselves, and it is a known fact that most of them lose appetite. The correspondent attributes their general well-being to assimilation, through the respiratory passages, of nutritive juices of the meat volatilized in the air—a kind of nutrition by affusion. If this be really a fact, it is argued that young people, suffering from deficient or impure blood, and especially children of a weak or lymphatic constitution, might be subjected with advantage to hygienic treatment based upon it. A well-known French physician commends the idea, and offers the following plan for the treatment of consumptive persons, in place of sending them off to distant places with reputedly mild climates. In a well-ventilated, sunlit and sheltered room, with southern exposure, he would, by means of a Mousseron brazier, the high moist heat of which is salutary and favorable to respiration, form for the patient an artificial climate, like that of Nice or Florida, having all the advantages, without the inconveniences, of the real climate. To aid the antiseptic action of the warm moist air, rich in vapors, charged with dissolved carbonic acid, he would place in one or more corners of the room an open bottle of water saturated with sulphurous acid. By this arrangement he thinks the progress of the tuberculation would be arrested.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE EUPHRATES AND TIGRIS VALLEYS.—Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who was a companion of Sir Austen Layard's earliest discoveries in the Euphrates and Tigris valleys, has succeeded in obtaining from the Porte a most extensive firman for the exploration of the whole of Mesopotamia, Assyrian and Babylonian. Mr. Rassam will resume his explorations in the Nineveh district, at Koyunjik, in the palaces of Sardanapalus, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon, and at Nimroud. The excavations in the mound of Nebby-Yunus, close by Koyunjik, if carried out, may lead to the discovery of "some accounts, however meagre, of Sennacherib's second campaign against Hezekiah," from the Assyrian point of view, as this is the site of that king's later palace. In Babylon, Mr. Rassam will make it a special point to discover the site of the royal "Record Office," which has been kept secret by the Amis and

Jewish dealers, through whom we have obtained so many of the tablets, "representing every branch of commercial and fiscal transaction" found therein, and now in the British Museum. "The mounds of Tel Ibrahim, the site of the city of Kutha, the great sacred university of Babylon, whence Assurnipal obtained the originals of the Creation tablets," are also within the scope of the new firman. Mr. Rassam has also obtained a special firman for the exploration of north-eastern Syria, and Carchemish, on the Euphrates, the capital of the ancient Hittite kingdom. This is altogether new ground.

EYESIGHT AND TYPE.—By much study of the subject, Mr. Javal, of Paris, is led to the conclusion that shortness of sight is occasioned or aggravated by the forms of the letters of the alphabet as printed in books and newspapers. Similarities of form strain the eye by the effort to distinguish one from the other, and especially is this the case with Gothic or "black letter" characters. Short-sight prevails largely and increases in Germany, owing, as Mr. Javal believes, to the general use in that country of Gothic printing-types. It would be worth studying whether other alphabets are open to the same objection. The recently invented writing-machines, which write in capital letters, impose a new trial, for many readers find that whole pages of capitals fatigue and irritate the eyes in a very peculiar manner. In like manner a page of close-printed matter of any kind of type is more wearisome to the eye than a page broken up into paragraphs. The eye delights in a resting-place.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S RECENT EXPLORATIONS.—Dr. Schliemann has recently been engaged in exploring the island of Ithaca, the land of the much-travelled Ulysses. In a letter to the London *Times* he gives the results at which he has arrived. Beginning at the northern end, he found that the valley called Polis, which has generally been regarded as the site of the capital of Ulysses, and which Mr. Gladstone, in his recently published "Homer Primer," says "agrees with all Homer's indications of the capital," could not maintain its claim, its fancied Acropolis "never having been touched by the hands of man," and the Greeks not having been wont to build their cities on fertile land, especially "among these barren crags," where arable land was so precious. Proceeding southward, Dr. Schliemann came to the isthmus which joins the northern and southern halves of the island, on which Mount Aetos is situated; and here, on its "artificially but rudely levelled summit," which rises 1200 feet above the sea, found a triangu-

lar platform, with remnants of some cyclopean buildings, which he has satisfied himself formed the nucleus of the most ancient capital of the old lords of Ithaca, and among them of Ulysses. It appears that the summit of Mount Aetos was extended to the north and south-west by a huge cyclopean wall, still existing, "the space between the top and the wall being filled up with stones and debris." Thus a level surface, extensive enough for a mansion and a courtyard, was afforded. There are two circuit-walls, one fifty feet below the other, and immense boulder-walls run down and about the upper slope of the mountain. Dr. Schliemann thinks that a city of some 2000 houses once sheltered under these cyclopean walls, and has found the ruins of 190, the stones composing which are far larger than those in the cyclopean houses at Mycenæ and Tiryns. None of these ruins are visible from below, the sides of Mount Aetos being very steep, which accounts for the discovery not having been made before. The steepness of the slope and centuries of heavy winter rains also account for the disappearance of almost all remnants of ancient industry, which have been swept into the sea. At the southern end of the island he has found the very pigsties of Eumæus, the swineherd.

SOURCE OF THE SUN'S ENERGY.—Dr. Croll, F.R.S., in a discussion on the Origin of Nebulæ, assumes that the inquiry would be facilitated by first endeavoring to explain the origin of our sun. He does not mean the matter of which the sun is made; but in what way the sun came to be a sun, and what was the source of its light and heat? Difficult as the question is, it seems simple when we know that the sun must have derived its energy (light and heat) either from *Gravitation* or from *Motion in Space*. If it is not one nor the other, it is not worth while to pursue the inquiry. But, in the words of Dr. Croll, "the important difference between the two is that the store of energy derivable from gravitation could not possibly have exceeded twenty to thirty million years' supply of heat at the present rate of radiation, whereas the store derivable from motion in space, depending on the rate of that motion, may conceivably have amounted to any assignable quantity. Thus a mass equal to that of the sun, moving with a velocity of four hundred and seventy-six miles per second, possesses in virtue of that motion energy sufficient, if converted into heat, to cover the present rate of the sun's radiation for fifty million years. Twice that velocity would give two hundred million years' heat, four times that velocity would give eight hundred million years' heat, and so on without limit." From these statements some notion may be formed as to the character of

the discussion. Readers who desire to study the whole of the argument will find it in the *Philosophical Magazine* for July.

NEW CRATER IN THE MOON.—Last year an astronomer at Cologne, while examining the Mare Vaporum, a central portion of the moon's surface, discovered a crater which, after comparison of lunar maps and correspondence with other observers, was pronounced to be new. In the spring of the present year the discovery was made public, and the crater has been seen by astronomers in England, and other parts of Europe. It is described as "about three miles in diameter, deep and full of shadow," situated among a number of small craters. The fact, therefore, seems to be well established, and it opens an interesting field of inquiry. A newly formed crater implies an active volcano; and with a volcano in activity the moon cannot be the lifeless mass so often described by astronomers and physicists. Gases in large quantities must be present; chemical action must be going on accompanied by alternations of temperature; and after all, there is perhaps not such a deprivation of atmosphere as is commonly supposed. These are questions to which investigators may betake themselves with ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity and, it may be, advantage to physical science.

DIFFICULT LIGHTHOUSE BUILDING.—From Finisterre, the Land's End of France, a reef of rocks of ill repute among mariners stretches out seven miles into the sea. Wrecks were so frequent, that the French government caused a survey to be made, with a view to build a lighthouse; and Ar-Men, one of the outermost rocks, about fifteen mètres long and eight broad, was chosen as the site. But owing to violent currents and waters proverbially turbulent, it was as difficult and dangerous to land on as the Skerryvore. The work was begun in 1867, in which year landing could be effected seven times only, and in a total of eight hours' work fifteen holes were pierced. In 1868 there were sixteen landings, eighteen hours of work, forty holes were pierced, and the rock was levelled for the first courses of masonry. In 1869 the placing of the stones was commenced, while an experienced fisherman watched the sea and gave warning when a great wave was rushing in; and it was found at the end of the season that twenty-five cubic mètres of stone had been fixed. In 1877 the number of landings was greater than in any previous year, and the solid masonry was raised to more than twelve metres above the highest tides; and it is now expected that the tower, which will rise forty feet above high-water, will be completed by 1880.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.—*The London Lancet*

in a recent number points out the difference between the effects of hot and cold baths. The effects of the cold bath, it says, being mainly due to impressions made upon the cutaneous nerves, the modifications of the cold bath largely depend on their power of increasing its stimulating action. The colder the water, the more violent the impression. The frequent change of water, such as is found in the sea or in running streams, increases the stimulating effect. Great force of impact, as when water falls from a height or comes forcibly through a hose upon the body; the division of the stream, as is seen in shower baths and needle baths; and the addition of acids or salt to the water, all act, it would seem, by increasing the stimulating power which the water exerts upon the cutaneous nerves. Warm baths produce an effect upon the skin directly contrary to that brought about by cold water. The cutaneous vessels dilate immediately under the influence of the heat, and although this dilation is followed by a contraction of the vessels, this contraction is seldom excessive; and the ultimate result of a warm bath is to increase the cutaneous circulation. The pulse and respiration are both quickened as in the cold bath. The warm bath increases the temperature of the body, and by lessening the necessity for the internal production of heat, decreases the call made upon certain vital processes, and enables life to be sustained with a less expenditure of force. While a cold bath causes a certain stiffness of the muscles, if continued for too long a time, a warm bath relieves stiffness and fatigue. The ultimate results of hot and cold baths, if their temperature be moderate, are about the same, the difference being, to use the words of Braun, that "cold refreshes by stimulating the functions, heat by physically facilitating them; and in this lies the important practical difference between the cold water and hot water systems."

VARIETIES.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—Vice-Consul Gardner in his trade report on Poti gives an account of an ingenious method by which sturgeon are captured by fishermen at the mouth of the River Rhion during the spring and summer months. The process, he says, is simple in the extreme, yet difficult to describe and hard to believe. A strong line or lanyard about 100 feet in length, with short lines attached at a distance of six feet apart, and having a large hook at the end, very sharp but barbless; a small gourd is fastened to the back of each hook to keep it floating point downwards; these lines, hooks, and gourds are neatly arranged on the gunwale of a dug-

out, or boat made from a single log, and run out quickly across the river, and are visited morning and evening. If a sturgeon in its passage down to the sea is pricked ever so slightly by one of the hooks it remains stationary, without struggling, or making an attempt to escape. The fisherman on reaching his lines carefully overhauls them, and on finding a fish strikes it with his gaff, passes a rope through its gills, and tows it behind his dug-out to the shore. If the fish is not mortally wounded, it is fastened to a post on the river side, opposite the fisherman's cottage, where it remains alive until a purchaser arrives. These fish vary in weight from thirty-six pounds to 216 pounds, realizing sixpence per pound; the caviare obtained from the female selling at two shillings per pound. Gray mullet are also caught, in a rather unsportsman-like fashion, but in considerable quantities, by floating mats made of reeds, fifty feet long by five feet to ten feet broad, on the surface of the sea in bright fine weather. When the mullet in swimming reach the shade occasioned by the mat, they foolishly jump out of the water, fall on the mat, and are taken by the fisherman waiting in his boat to receive them. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

TO AN ICONOCLASTIC POET.

FIGHT not dead gods, nor think the incense-cloud
Which in our day hides the Eternal Face
Comes from a priestly hand. The heavenly grace
Thou see'st in a bare room or city's crowd,
Abides no less within the costliest fane
Which humble worshippers with patience rear
To speak their thought, and tell them God is near.
They have done what they could, and not in vain.
But love of wealth and of luxurious ease,—
These are our idols now. Poet, fight these!

J. E. S.

GREEK AND ROMAN SHOES.—Shoes may be generally classed as coverings for the feet, commonly made of leather. If furnished with a top for enclosing the lower part of the leg, it is called a boot. The oldest form is that of sandal, a flat sole to be worn under the foot, and secured to it by thongs in various ways. The ancient Egyptians made sandals of leather, and others, for the priests, of palm-leaves and papyrus. Specimens from their tombs are preserved in the British Museum, formed of strips of palm-leaves nicely fitted together, and furnished with bands of the stem of the papyrus. The Hebrews used similar protections for the feet, sometimes formed of linen and of wood, while those for soldiers were of brass or iron. Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the use of shoes was not general. Spartan youths were trained to go barefoot, and the heroes of Homer are usually described as without shoes when armed for battle. Greek women, however, wore shoes, and their

use finally became universal. There was great diversity in their fashion, and the several sorts were named from the person who introduced them, or from the place whence they came; as the "shoes of Alcibiades," "Persian," "Cretan," "Athenian shoes," etc. The Spartans wore red shoes, and the same were put on by the chief magistrates of Rome on ceremonial occasions. The *calceus* was like modern shoes in form, covering the whole foot, and tied with lachets or strings. Those of senators and patricians were high, like buskins, ornamented with an ivory crescent, and called *calcei-lunati*. Some were made with tops, and of all lengths, even to covering the whole leg; these were called *calceamenta* and *cothurni*. The tops were often of the skins of wild animals, lacing up in front, and ornamented at the upper extremity with the paws and heads arranged in a flap that turned over. The skin was dyed purple, or some other bright color, and the shoes were variously ornamented with imitations of jewels, and sometimes with canvas. It was common to make them open at the toe, so that this part of the foot was left exposed. —*Boot and Shoemaker*.

CHINESE FEMALE EDUCATION. — Chinese books for girls consist chiefly of exhortations to discharge all their duties, as daughters, wives, mothers, sisters, and especially daughters-in-law. If you go into a Pekin bookshop to examine what books are devoted to female training, you will find a little volume called "Nu er ching," which describes the daily routine of a girl's life before and after marriage. A larger work is "The Girl's Four Books," in two volumes. This contains the best results of Chinese thinking on how the female mind ought to be trained. The duties of daughter, wife, and mother are here explicitly laid down and illustrated by examples. The boys have their Four Books, which they read before the study of the Five Classics. These were fixed upon in the Sung dynasty, 700 years ago. A century of Mongol rule followed, when the family of Genghis Khan held the throne. Then came the Ming dynasty, which ruled for nearly three centuries. It was at this time that the little collection of works called "The Girl's Four Books" was made. Emperors wrote prefaces to two of them, in order to give them greater authority. Since that time these books have been much used as a sort of educational course. In what does this work consist? In moral instruction. The girl may read it herself, or its lessons may be taught her by an instructor. The publication of these works was not intended to furnish a curriculum for use in girls' schools, but in families. Girls' schools were not thought of then, and it is

only now, after the commencement of Christian missions, that the question whether China should have girls' schools or not has come up.—*Leisure Hour.*

THE BIBLE ILLUSTRATED BY ORIENTAL PROVERBS.—The road to heaven a narrow way. "Paradise is a good place, but often the getting there is by lacerating the heart."—Evil communications corrupt good manners. "A bear's friendship is to scratch and tear." "If intimate with a thief, take care of your ox."—Be sure thy sin will find thee out. "The man whom God disgraces is bitten by a dog from the back of a camel."—God uses means. "Though God is almighty, yet He does not send rain from a cloudless sky."—God's agency marvellous. "If God will, He preserves the kitten in the kiln ashes."—The righteous fearless. "What fear of the fire has pure gold?"—The wicked have no pity. "The kid's bleating is the wolf's laughter."—A change of nature necessary for heaven. "If an ass goes to Mecca, when he returns he is the same ass."—Riches make to themselves wings. "Wealth is a Hindu's beard," *i.e.* uncertain, as the Hindu's family connections are extensive, and he shaves when in mourning. This often occurs. There is a similar one: "Wealth is a cliff's shadow," *i.e.* always changing.—Mercy after suffering. "Though the cloud is black, white water falls from it."—A man trying to enjoy the world and religion at the same time. "When the birds are taxed, the bat says, 'I am a rat.' When the rats are taxed, the bat says, 'I am a bird.'" Similarly, in the Arabic: "They said to the ostrich, 'Carry.' It answered, 'I cannot, for I am a bird.' They said, 'Fly.' It answered, 'I cannot, for I am a camel.'"—The thoughts of the wicked are evil. "When the cat has dreams she sees rats."—The enjoyments of the rich like Haman's case. "The sleep of kings is on an ant-hill."—The Pharisees cleansing the outside of the cup and platter. "A white beard is useless if the heart be black."—Taking away may bring more and better. "The more a tree is lopped, the stronger it grows."—The penalties of trifling with sin. "He who plays with the cat must suffer her claws."—Pride of the wicked. "Like the dustman's donkey, who paces swaggering, and yet carries only dirt."—The wicked useful in certain things. "The invitation of the ass to the wedding is to (carry) wood or water."—The liar is so by nature. "The untrained cucumber is crooked."—*Sunday at Home.*

REMARKABLE ECHOES.—In the sepulchre of Metella, the wife of Sulla, in the Roman Campagna, there is an echo which repeats five

times, in five different keys, and will also give back with distinctness a hexameter line which requires two and a half seconds to utter it. On the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblenz, an echo repeats seventeen times. The speaker may scarcely be heard, and yet the responses are loud and distinct, sometimes appearing to approach, at other times to come from a great distance. Echoes equally beautiful and romantic are to be heard in our own islands. In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, when the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. If a single note of music is breathed, the tone ascends gradually with a multitude of echoes, till it dies in soft and bewitching murmurs. In this chapel is interred Margery, the daughter of Bruce, and the wife of William Wallace. The echo at the "Eagle's Nest," on the banks of Killarney, is renowned for its effective repetition of a bugle call, which seems to be repeated by a hundred instruments, until it gradually dies away in the air. At the report of a cannon, the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock, and die in seemingly endless peals along the distant mountains. At the Castle of Simonetta, a nobleman's seat about two miles from Milan, a surprising echo is produced between the two wings of the building. The report of a pistol is repeated by this echo sixty times; and Addison, who visited the place on a somewhat foggy day, when the air was unfavorable to the experiment, counted fifty-six repetitions. At first they were very quick, but the intervals were greater in proportion as the sound decayed. It is asserted that the sound of one musical instrument in this place resembles a great number of instruments playing in concert. This echo is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length, between which the wave of sound is reverberated from one to the other until it is entirely spent.—*The World of Wonders.*

THE COMRADES.

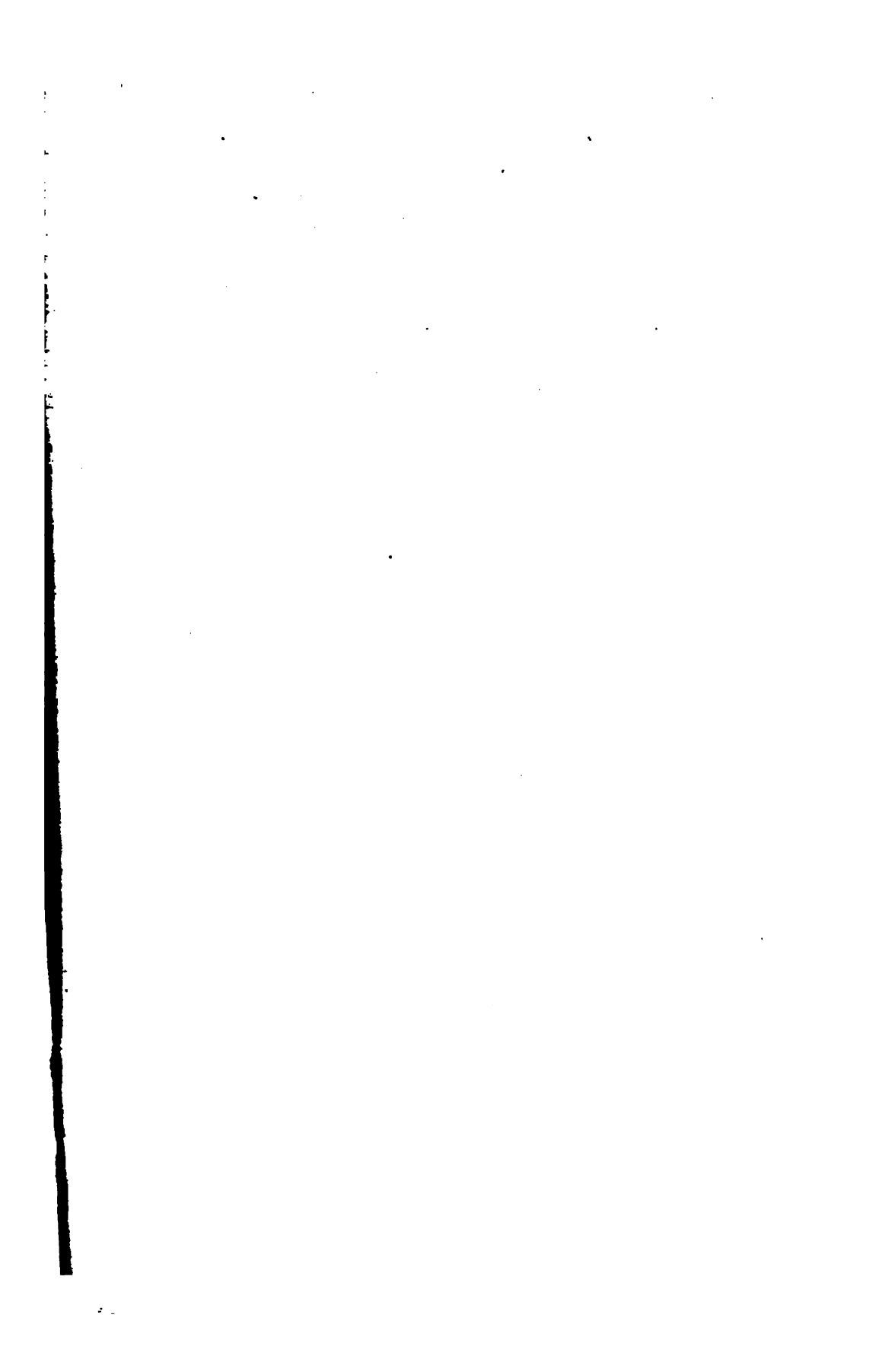
[From the German of Uhland.]

I HAD a mate in the regiment,
A better man ne'er stepped.
The bugle blew to battle,
And 'mid the roar and rattle
One step, one heart, we kept.

"Art thou, or am I, the billet
Of that bullet whistling here?
Ah! poor old mate, 'tis thee it's found!"
He fell beside me on the ground,—
'Twas a part of myself lay there.

"Dost stretch thy hand towards me?
I must load, and one more shot try.
I've ne'er a hand for thee, old chum.
Peace be with thee in kingdom-come,—
Good-bye, my mate, good-bye!"

C. S. M.



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